

**WHO SEES?**



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**By  
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# Acknowledgements

I still believe I have the three best girls in the world as my daughters. I love you Nadine, Miranda and Sally. Thank you Jenny, for drawing more out of me for the purposes of clarity for this book. Your time has been invaluable. Thank you to my Mum and Dad. Thank you God, for everything, and that this book and season, is finally over. Thank you to everyone, for all your moments of gentleness, that has touched another and lightened their load.

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# Foreword

My purpose is to encourage. Some things may be troubling to some readers, but please bear with me. Several of the issues raised, you may desire to research further. I have included in the back pages a list of websites for various, more in depth understanding or support.

This is the inside take on my physical, emotional, mental and spiritual, journey throughout my life and during a most difficult time, lasting 14 years. Things I treasured and held close, and things I lost. I was almost certain the journey had no good end, nor space for resolve, at least during my life time. It ended up being the very journey that brought me to a place of greater understanding, closeness to the human condition, compassion, and hope.

Every human being has some extraordinary value and unique purpose. Freely given to each are different gifts, talents and administrations or ways of expressing them. We do not get to chose all aspects of our lives but, we do get to choose to make the best or worst of the life and time we have been given. Strengths are often cultivated or preened during such testing times, and hopefully lessons learned.

Circumstances and things that happen to us alone do not define us, and ought not be judged so, for that is far too limiting. How we approach or handle what happens to us, eventually will define us, individually, in families, corporately, nationally, globally... eternally.

My hope is that the reader will carefully, and with trepidation step into my shoes, and be raised in their level of awareness at how naive we all can be at times, about the many rising complex issues that eventually touch us all in some way or another. For it is as individuals and organizations and organisms, nationally and as a fellowship of nations we get to create a wonderful global village or safe neighborhood and affect changes for the better. Healthy families are the backbone.

Perhaps if in stepping... and you find yourself with answers along the way, you are the one to be moved to action I desired to reach.

x

I would love to hear from anyone who desires to contact me via email, so please feel free to write. I will endeavor to answer personally every persons letter as promptly as possible.

Kind Regards  
Rose Jamieson

\* \* \* \* \*

*I now share...*



# Chapter 1

I had a very bright and happy childhood with a satisfyingly sound heritage. I am quite pleased with my more recent ancestors' lifestyles and accomplishments. My grandmother and grandfather left England with their first three children to pioneer a farm here in Australia. They chose to settle in the southwest of Western Australia. Clearing some land and using the local timber, they built three houses over the years as the family grew to eight children - four girls and four boys.

The farm was named 'Woonanup', meaning 'plenty water' in the local aboriginal language. The plot of land they chose was twenty-five miles from town. In those days, my grandfather made the trip approximately once per month. When he passed someone, he would wave and stop the horse and buggy, boil the billy by the roadside, and exchange local news. That was how it was back then.

They built everything from scratch and mostly lived off the land. Sometimes they would have roast rabbit or kangaroo stew. Before too long, the children were all helping on the farm and walking three miles to school each day. There was only one teacher available to teach children of all ages. Writing and arithmetic were learned on a slate.

From what I saw of my grandma, whom I was named after, she was very sweet and pleasant.

She had such a gentle and generous way about her. When we visited, she opened every cupboard, bringing out delicious treats, including homemade cakes, fruitcakes, biscuits, or licorice allsorts to go with the lovely, large lunch she had prepared. She loved to fuss over us and listened intently to every word we spoke. She would always chuckle with joy and pride at every bit of good news and the interesting incidents that sometimes happened on the farm.

She passed away at age ninety-eight, shortly after a large family get-together of over two hundred people. It was held in a hall near the farm. I last saw her at the nursing home on my way back to Perth, just

after the reunion, which she was unable to attend. Even so, she was radiant and full of good humor. In our last visit she told me funny stories concerning some goings-on with the nurses. She was still an attentive and warm woman. My grandfather was outwardly rugged, but a gentle soul. I had the impression he had worked long and hard and had thrived on it. He passed away when I was twelve, and I was sad to lose him.

Out of their eight children, my dad happened to be the one to eventually purchase the farm. He had owned his own house in town at age nineteen because he had worked since age thirteen. My dad married a schoolteacher. Apparently, when she walked out of the local supermarket, she caught his full attention. He thought, 'What a classy lady!' think it was my mum's long, blond hair and the way she is so cultured and stylish that swept him off his feet.

My dad is tall, dark, and handsome. As a kid, I especially loved watching him comb his hair just before going out. He would usually be smiling, and when he was nearly finished, he would give a little push to the right to make a curl. I loved giving him a kiss goodnight every night on his cheek. Often, I would be pricked on my lips and chin by his stubble.

My dad's a very nice man with a dry sense of humor, and he has always worked hard and long. He would not hear a bad word about anyone. He enjoyed seeing his children happy as much as counting the calves during hay feeding. He liked his cup of tea and the occasional beer or two on Friday nights with the other farmers after the cattle sale at the local Top Pub. There they talked politics, economics, and farming strategies.

He worked a number of jobs - bulldozing dams and welding during the week and farming during the weekends and evenings. Somehow, he still found time to take us to the beach in summer.

My mum remained a schoolteacher. She was quite spirited and was an amazing pianist, gardener, and artist. My favorite pastime with my mum, which I thoroughly enjoyed, was straightening the house every Saturday morning and hanging out the washing. A record with bright music would be playing very loudly throughout the house and garden. Mum had an acre of garden to play with around the farmhouse that she beautified wonderfully. She also taught me to play the piano.

I especially remember the Sunday family roasts we shared together in winter. Dad would do the carving. My brothers and I liked pancake

days, too. The bacon and eggs that came out of the frying pan were the very best I have had anywhere. Among many other things, Mum often made pretty chocolate cakes and butter cookies. We often had visitors because I had many uncles, aunts, and cousins. In short, my childhood was perfect.

I loved the farm, the cattle, the chickens, the open spaces, and the quiet. I had a horse, a motorbike, a room to myself, and two annoying little brothers who didn't like girls. I had found a lost kitten, whom I named Tom, under the pine trees. Perhaps he was put there by someone who didn't have the heart to destroy him. After the cute little thing bit me, I gave him a little milk and we became the best of friends.

The farmhouse was always left unlocked. One time, my brothers and I found lollies on all of our pillows. Even the spare bed in my room had some, so the person who left the lollies wasn't someone who knew us. Nothing was missing. We often found money at the front gate also.

We had the most beautiful farm with sweeping hills, creeks, and pockets of field and forest. The driveway to get to the farm was two miles long, with virgin forest from the edge of the road for one and a half miles. In the last half mile, we would pass the front gate, cross the bridge over the creek, and pass the super shed. We would go over the cattle pit, and then there were tall poplar trees on either side of the driveway up to the farmyard, where there was a large flowering wattle tree, a row of pine trees, and a Cyprus pine hedge my grandma had planted, now well matured.

There was a horse paddock to the right, and an orchard enclosed by an old-fashioned rock wall on the left. The orchard provided apricots, plums, mulberries, apples, walnuts, and almonds. It also contained a large boulder - about a hundred meters wide by thirty meters long and five meters high - much the same shape as an iceberg. We often played there while eating walnuts and fruit.

In addition, there was an old chimney nearby, where the original homestead had been. There were cattle yards, a hay shed with a workshop, a blue tractor, and a red farm-all tractor that was over fifty years old but still in great working order; it was the type that used a crank handle to start.

I had a cubby near the hay shed and caught field mice. We had a milking cow called Olive. She was peaceful, pleasant, and very fat. It was

one of my brother's chores to milk her each morning. My other brother was responsible for gathering wood for the water heater and fireplace.

Our neighbor, who had six children, lived three miles away. It was fun getting there, whether on foot, with our bicycles, or by horse. We would have races, swim in the dams, and build tree houses to play in. Neighbors were always looking out for each other and supported each other during shearing, crutching, hay season, or drafting and drenching.

I discovered the best way to get through the paddock on foot in summer when the yellow daisies covered the landscape – run very fast! This way, the bees don't have time to sting. We had fish in the swamp and freshwater crayfish called jilgies. There were swans, ducks, and swamp hens, too. I spent hours looking at the wildlife and knew the right time to help the baby bluebirds learn to fly. I also knew when storms were coming because there were hundreds of green frogs just before them.

My Aunt Audrey had a shack at Cheynes beach, where we went for holidays. The whole front wall of the shack opened up straight onto a small lawn. We would walk twelve steps, straight onto the squeaky, white beach sand. While visiting, we liked to go dune bugging, three-wheel motorcycling, and trail biking. We also collected seashells and shark teeth and looked for rock pools with starfish, anemones, and small fish. Sometimes we went boating or fishing, and other times we just watched the waves crashing on the rocks. We would also go swimming in the pristine, still bay water and watch the fishermen unload the many fish they caught. Often they would offer us free fish, and once, we even found a penguin.

Our aunt had a caravan shop on the left with a free lollies policy if you helped serve. It wasn't uncommon to sit in the caravan for two hours, eating lollies and talking, and only serve one customer. Aunt Audrey was an adventurous lady, and it was very exciting to have her around. She had spent twenty-five years living in Baltimore and was full of fun and laughs. When I was little, she sent a bicycle, a seesaw, and a treadle car over from America. Plus, she sent me the prettiest watch I had ever seen.

Once, my Aunt Audrey's vehicle was caught way around the beach in an incoming tide. There were no mobile phones back then, so she couldn't call us for help. We grew concerned as we waited in the shack, as she should have been back already. She and my cousin had to walk several miles back to the shack to let us know. Before we could get to it, her car



was claimed by the waves. It certainly was rusty and unable to start after a swim in the salt water.

My favorite person on earth was my nana – my mum’s mum (and my Aunt Audrey’s mum). My brothers and I referred to her as ‘Danum’. Apparently, I called her ‘Granum’ when I was a toddler, but when my little brother tried to say ‘Granum’, it came out as ‘Danum’. The name stuck.

Danum is an extraordinary woman. She has a very strong character, having been through the Great Depression and the First and Second World Wars. She also had to bring up two girls on her own due to her husband’s alcoholism after being to war in Palestine.

She taught me how to cook and all about the best quality fruit and vegetables. She knew all the horticultural names of plants and made much of her furniture herself. She was a strong contender at the annual show and won many of the first and second prizes for flower arranging.

Danum had a large, sprawling house on two acres of land overlooking the harbor in Esperance. She had terraced much of the sloping block herself in her earlier days. Apparently, she built the large stone walls by carrying sand and cement in buckets. I spent many hours there when I was little, wandering her garden, where she had ponds, bridges, and flowerbeds. I loved the well-established garden, the glass house, and the huge pine tree.

I can still recall the fragrance of the huge trellis full of large climbing roses. Never unoccupied, Danum had earned a living by working in the town library as well as sewing clothes and knitting garments, even though she had won a scholarship at Perth Modern School and was a trained teacher. I used to say to her, ‘I love you more than all the stars in all the sky.’

I only briefly remember standing and looking into a horse paddock with my granpop. I must have been about five. He was talking to me about horses. He had a cheery, thoughtful face. Not long after that, I remember us all rushing to Perth in the middle of the night so my mum could see him at the Royal Perth Hospital. Shortly afterwards, he was transferred to a local hospital, where he passed away.

He had given my brothers and me a gift each. I had a doll, and my brothers each had a large metal car. Unfortunately, we played with them in the pond at the front of the hospital while my granpop was dying. Mum was very upset because the cars went rusty. Looking back now, I realize she was more upset over his death than what we had done in

ignorance. Yet, my perception at the time was that I had been very thoughtless.

I was recently given a small diary of my granpop's for the year 1942, which would have been during his time at war in Palestine. Wartime certainly is another world when compared to times of peace.

One of my cousins was an expert speedway driver, so, as children, we were keen to keep up with that scene, too. We enjoyed cheering him on when we heard he was in the next race. I understand he and his sons are still some of the best on the track.

\* \* \* \* \*





## Chapter 2

As a teenager, I was very outgoing, adventurous, and fearless. Having friends and earning money was no problem for me. A few months of the year, whilst still at school, I could make fifty dollars for a short day picking boronia, or a hundred dollars for a six-hour day planting boronia seedlings, which was good money, considering I earned only seventy-three dollars for a whole week in my first official job at Woolworths. I also worked in a Cafe' and in a Farm Stay Guest Lodge on the river during my teens.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was seventeen, I was given a capsule and told it was hash oil. I received no further instructions, such as, 'There is enough here to get eighty people stoned for three to four hours. It needs to be smeared on cigarettes and smoked, it is very strong.'

I swallowed the thing whole. After laughing almost nonstop for a couple of hours, everyone in the house I was visiting went to bed to sleep. I was still quite awake, but feeling very strange. I lay on my mattress that was set up in the lounge room, and thought the fridge was making a very loud ticking sound. My head began to hurt. I was on my knees, curled up and holding my head that was buried into the pillow.

I began sinking through the floor into a tunnel that had arrows spinning around, and the ticking sound had now turned into bangs. Much like the sound of a four-inch by two-inch jarrah wood board would sound if it were slammed on the side of an empty corrugated iron rainwater tank. Only, it was getting louder and louder, more like a jet taking off. The sound was so intense, I thought my head and body would shatter with the noise. I held my head, screaming. Just then, I came to the bottom of the tunnel; the bangs were behind in the distance now.

I viewed a scene before me... of a cavern that had bubbling lava with black rocks jutting out.

As I looked closer, I saw there were people in the lava, much like people would be in a swimming pool. Only this was hot lava. They had their mouths wide open, screaming... and had outstretched arms. The terror on their faces was frightening. Just then, a large dark shape began to ascend out of the lava to welcome me. I called out to God with everything within me.

“GOD, I REPENT!”

I began ascending the tunnel. Though the noise was almost unbearable, I knew I was escaping there, which was hell. I was finally laid down to rest in a field, surrounded by scenes of hills and green valleys. All was very quiet. I do not know where this place was, perhaps paradise. But I do believe I died, and my soul left my body to then return, to have more insight and a second chance. It shows some of the lengths God goes to to reach us with His compassionate heart.

Three days after I had taken the capsule, my friends, though worried our illegal drug taking would be discovered, were more concerned that I was still gravely ill, and not responding nor improving. They took me to hospital. I was still in quite critical condition. My temperature was one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit which is dangerously high. I eventually recovered.

This had been a wake up call of God's grace to alert me to the realities of death and the continuation of the soul. Many people are being shown heaven and hell in this era, because God is merciful and desires to reveal the truth about the various dimensions He has created and stored up for rewards for mankind. Hell was made for the devil and his hordes. Unfortunately many people unknowingly are following the devil there.

From this time on, I sought to find God. I did not want to find a group or a person. I wasn't going to be content with less than finding the true God. After much searching, I found Jesus is the way the truth and the life.

On September 12, 1982, almost three years after the death experience, I was baptized and was in pursuit of finding His righteousness. I put it that way because we can not attain righteousness of ourselves. Baptism is initiation into dying to sin and death and coming out of the water in newness of resurrected life. All this was done for us by

Jesus on the cross. We just get wet after we repent and it seals our obedience. This was after I realized I can just be accepted as I am. It took me so long, because I had thought I had to get perfect and then I could follow Him.

I learned, Christianity is not rules, laws, rituals or working off or paying for our sins. It is relationship. It is trusting Jesus instruction through out our life and walking in unison with His words and ways where we are. He knows best, he made everything. Thankfully a small child can easily follow him. God is the enabler! He can make saints out of sinners.

The pastor asked me how I felt after I was baptized. I said radiantly, "I feel joy such joy! I'm clean... I feel so clean!"

\* \* \* \* \*

During my childhood I was made aware through Danum, who was a member of the Salvation Army, that there was God, the Creator. Though my parents were not practicing Christians, they were quite moral in their encouragement. Being moral is a noteworthy pursuit for sure. Salvation is by grace through faith, not works, yet works follow.

I now had purpose, and wanted to be a nurse and eventually a missionary. I ended up becoming a nurse in a nursing home which I loved doing, and then being a missionary to an aboriginal Wongi tribe in Warburton mission, near central Australia for a short time.

One time, I went to a prayer meeting held at four am. It was very difficult for me to stay awake. Lance spoke these words directly to my spirit. "My lamb, my lamb, my little lamb."

Then, I was thinking three questions ...and those three questions were answered without me voicing them. I can't recall exactly what those questions were, but they seemed to matter to me at the time. Then, He said, "Love you, love me, love your brethren." I guess we are often told to love others, but God wants us to be kind to ourself too. He already knew I loved Him and others. Throughout my life this seemed to be a hard lesson for me to learn. At times finding it difficult to not put other peoples welfare in front of myself. Yet in a more broad sense I have done the opposite also.

\* \* \* \* \*

I worked as a secretary for a motorcycle sales shop for six months between jobs. The boss was asking me many questions about the bible, church, and my lifestyle. I was praying for him.

One day, he verbally shred the things I had told him to pieces. I went to the toilet to cry, and asked God if I had said anything wrong. I had a vision God gave me to impart his knowledge. It was not my own thoughts or desires but in the vision, the toilet door was open, and my boss was bowing down to me. The scripture quickened to my mind. "I will cause your enemies to bow before you and to know that I have loved you."

God knows how to sort things out in a flash. I could easily get back to work, knowing I hadn't let him down, and I had done the right thing by my boss. (Enemies are not people, but demons.) Besides, how could I keep crying or exact any further conversation about it after I had just witnessed my boss bowing to me? I noticed when I went back that he was taking notice that I was not moved.

I believe I was with the small group of believers I ought to have been with, for the purpose of the solid grounding and discipleship I received. I read the bible daily and prayed every day, morning and night. We all did. It made for a very vibrant group of believers. I had read every word in the bible twice through in order, and other books of the bible and many chapters many more times over. I didn't bother to count after reading the new testament thirty-four times through in order. Most of all, I was encouraged in discipline. All areas of my life, mental, emotional, and physical, had streamlined.

I refer to these days as my discipline time. The group of people were extremely enthusiastic, active, serving, respectful, giving young marrieds and early twenties and thirties gathering and children. We fellowshiped in each others houses. Spontaneous worship, prayer and praise times would often blossom. Several of us played guitar.

We rented two houses for the singles. One was for the single girls and had a large family room or sun room where we gathered on Sunday mornings, and evenings and on Wednesday evenings at a specified time.

The single boys rented a house too. We knew where everyone lived including married and other smaller groups, and were always welcome. There truly was a sense that we were family. Brothers and sisters.

At fellowship times in the sun room the chairs were arranged in a circle. We sang, danced, prayed and sometimes fell on our knees together



not aware of each other but focused upon Jesus. There was liberty for each person to bring something to share. Either testimony, psalm, scripture or gift or just share troubles. We had a pastor who was very good at keeping us on track. We usually heard really practical encouragement from the bible with much joy.

We all read the King James Version. Most of us prayed for everyone else in the group of between forty to sixty people each and every day. This causes cords of love that seem unbreakable, and perhaps are.

Time flies when you are so completely absorbed and interested. On one occasion we started church at 9am. I remember walking out after closing, saying to someone while still feeling an after glow of wonder, "Well, I better get the BBQ going for lunch." I looked at my watch. It was after 4pm! None of us had even thought of food. We were having such a great time. Children included. These children had read through their bibles before they were six years old.

One little boy Adam, heard his mum reading the section about the pharisees wanting to kill Jesus for healing on the Sabbath. This little boy aged four exclaimed, "And they thought it was okay to kill on the Sabbath?"

After experiencing four years reading only the bible and being established and having been nurtured in such a protective group, I spent several months attending all churches of every kind in the city. It was the perfect eye opener to help me understand human influence, varying gifts, or ways of expression and touching various needs, also some traps. It is important I believe, not to assume the same established order in leadership with each group, nor the same resources nor the same gifting or ministry. Everyone can, and ought to expand though not everyone can cater for the homeless.

Not everyone can minister to the alcohol and drug addicted. Some minister to the sick, and others minister healing. But all who do minister are believers if they are actively listening and loving Jesus, yet all can expand in understanding more. People can and should find help and treatment in specialized situations with people trained in those specific areas.

If you have been attending the same church all your life or for many years, I recommend going to other churches to get a bigger picture of God's greater love. However I feel it is possible to ask Jesus for more of a capacity to love people and it will happen in various ways.

All year long, church is a living organism of love to all she meets. Beware though, not all have pure intent. Search for the lost and found sheep. They could be anywhere on the streets. Each church group I visited over the years and my couple of visits to the synagogue was for a purpose, and none fell to the ground unfruitful.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whilst visiting at the synagogue on one occasion, unknowingly to those around me, I sat there silently crying, yet deeply, as I heard the Torah being revered and watched the service, all pointing toward Jesus. The scripture from Jeremiah came to mind where God is speaking and says, "Mine eye shall weep in secret places for your pride." Many Jews now are becoming Christians and Muslims are experiencing visions of Jesus and miracles.

It costs greatly for them to pursue Jesus but the miracles are greater. I heard of one teenage girl who underwent three attempts by her father to electrocute her to death for becoming a Christian. He gave up and told her to take off her clothes and leave the family home never to return. She ran through the street that evening to her friends house where her friend gave her clothes.

After hearing the story at church someone who saw the girl that night mentioned they were wondering why a lady dressed so beautifully would be running so fearfully. She had been miraculously clothed to others eyes as she ran, as well as miraculously not electrocuted. God loves all.

\* \* \* \* \*

My righteousness counts for nothing in the grand scheme of things, though I helped build a very large house with seven bedrooms and three bathrooms and a large fellowship gathering room. The intent of the house was for church use and orphans. I spent many a happy hour while wearing out a hammer chipping away at mortar and concrete on secondhand bricks, stripping oak doors, being trade assistant, answering the phone, sweeping, or child minding. I paid for around a tenth of the full cost.

The people with whom I spent this time are very deep in my heart. Very special and precious are the moments I was with them. I still think of them and occasionally pray and sometimes cry thinking of them. The

bonds of love stand the test of time, space, absence and changing circumstances.

\* \* \* \* \*

I used to love going out street preaching and we went quite often. We used to pray for about five or ten minutes in the park beforehand. One day, my eyes were opened to the warfare that was really going on as our group of Christians was walking to the place where we played guitar and handed out leaflets.

In the next dimension that is usually invisible to the eye, yet just as real, there were about twelve demons flying overhead. They were festive and mischievous as if off to a party. They were dressed colorfully. They would work at causing an uproar through a group of youths sitting nearby, at crucial moments. The demons worked on people's fears, insecurities, embarrassment, or pride of appearance. Alternatively, they would work by getting religious people coming along, talking about nothing, so as to stop us reaching the people walking by. They would use anything to distract someone from listening to us.

From this, I learned that it is more important to pray for an hour and prepare for five to ten minutes. There is a wrestling for souls of men and women going on in the earth today.

\* \* \* \* \*

I attended Bible School two evenings a week studying Church History, Evangelism, Leadership, and The Privilege of Prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

At age twenty-five, I met and married my Romeo. Tall, dark, and handsome, his name was Mario. We were married in February of 1987. After approximately three years of marriage, on the only occasion he had said anything remotely like this, he had a glint in his eye as he held me and whispered, "Let's make a baby." Conception occurred that night. I could hardly believe that there I was, about to have a baby. You see, some years before, I had been coldly and clinically informed by a specialist that I would not be able to have children. Hearing the news

back then, I felt like half a woman. Now, there I was, so thankful that the doctor had been wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

I went into labor ten days before the due date, perhaps due to a near miss on the freeway. I was traveling at a hundred kilometers per hour, through haze caused by very fine rain. It was generally still safe to do so. However, in the distance, a car had broken down on the inside lane, and was being pushed by two men across three lanes to the emergency stopping lane. This caused the car in front of me to slow down suddenly, almost to a halt. My right lane, which could have been my escape, was soon to be taken up by a police vehicle that was in the process of overtaking me and traveling ten kilometers faster than I. There was no lane for me.

I thought, 'All I can do is soften the impact by easing on the brakes, so as not to go into a skid and cause a major multi-vehicle pileup.' I closed my eyes... 'No impact!' I opened my eyes... 'Somehow, I must have squeezed through and made an extra lane.' So labor began later that evening.

A beautiful blue-eyed girl was born at 8:30am in front of a midwife, doctor, around fifteen student doctors and nurses, and my husband. I was too tired to kick up a fuss. My feet were in stirrups, so I don't think it would have achieved anything anyway. Our new daughter was named Nadine, meaning 'hope.'

Nadine was such a blessing to watch grow. She did however develop a rather awkward habit of waking up at the break of day, which wasn't a particularly pleasant hour for me nor Mario to be up, bright and bushy tailed.

We thought we had safety proofed the house extremely well. Until when she was a little over one year old we discovered Nadine had artistic abilities. She had happily found the butter and enjoyed spreading it all over the lovely fabric lounge suit and lounge room carpet, as well as herself. I preferred spreading hardened butter after this.

The joy of first time parenting and the things you think are quite difficult makes you just smile. Mario loved Nadine so much he often woke her just so he could cuddle her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years later, on Mother's Day, I gave birth to a bonny girl named Miranda, meaning 'to be admired.' I could barely contain my joy. I was a happy, contented, fully switched-on mum. I thrived on the demands of motherhood.

My husband did not earn much money, but I did not mind. In my mind, all that was required of him was his presence. We had a pleasant marriage. We only had a couple of tiny bumps very early on in our marriage. Mario was thoughtful, placid, kind, and a walking encyclopedia with a great sense of humor. We enjoyed home making together. He was a very proud dad, showing off his daughters everywhere we went.

Nadine loved holding her baby sister. Mario took Nadine to Toddlers Group, he was so proud of her. He was quite comfortable talking with mostly other mothers about the joys and traumas of teething, night time sleep shortages, bedtime stories and tips. We had a wonderful selection of close mutual friends.

I worked with the Sunday school department. I loved children, and had previously earned a Certificate in Childcare and Development that enabled me to manage and/or own a Childcare Center. After fellowship meetings, I generally gravitated toward talking with the children. Life was very good.

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## Chapter 3

Previously, I had made a long standing offer to my nana, Danum, that I would support her in her old age should she need assistance, seeing as I had experience in nursing geriatrics. She was not fond of nursing homes at all. She said, “There are a lot of old people there.” Mario and I had agreed this would be the right thing to do. Should we be required, we would drop everything and relocate to support her. I had just paid for preschool enrollment for Nadine at a synagogue then...

Well... the phone call came. My brother was distressed. He said he didn't think Danum would make it too much longer. He was taking her to stay at my other brother's house.

At this stage, I had a three-year-old and a seven-month-old. Mario took time off work and let me drive the long distance that night alone, while he stayed and took care of the children.

I arrived at my brother's house early the next morning. My Nana was very happy to see me. She was quite ill. She had a temperature and cough. She did not look herself at all. I made a few telephone calls and arranged for a doctor to make a house call. He ordered an ambulance to take her to the hospital, as she had pneumonia.

I visited her each day in the hospital, while staying at her house. She had a smaller house now. She had sold the other one, bought one of my brothers a house, and had helped my other brother set up his trucking business.

I gave it a spring cleaning and tidied the garden. It had a wonderful garden she had planted herself in her eighties. She was getting better. The doctor had been concerned because she had not been seen to for too long. But thankfully, she began to recover... I still had my Danum. It seemed she was very weak from the antibiotics afterwards, and was not confident to drive. I decided with Mario over the phone we had better make the move to Esperance. He was looking forward to the change. I found a house to rent just around the corner.

My brothers were taking turns seeing to her while I rushed back to Perth to pack our furniture, clothes, toys, etc. Mario was offered two jobs, one with each of my brothers. One job involved collecting and delivering firewood. The other was in the construction industry. Mario enjoyed both types of work and was to be paid quite well. I had never worked so quickly to perfect every detail for a smooth move.

The synagogue returned our full fees. Although it was written on the enrollment form that the fees were nonrefundable, upon hearing the reason why my daughter was unable to attend, they kindly understood.

Once we were settled, Mario was hesitant to accept either job. He seemed disoriented and withdrawn. I didn't know how to help him. The withdrawn part had been present since our second child was born. In hindsight, it seems he suffered undiagnosed postnatal depression. Yes, men can get that too, especially after a second child.

I found a pamphlet that helped married couples work through various issues. It was from a seminar Mario had signed up for a few months earlier, but had not attended. It was well organized into questions and answers, 'he speak, she speak' style. However, he just read right through to the end and said, "It looks like I will be leaving first thing in the morning." Huh?

That was all he said, and I did not press him after there was no answer when I had asked, "Why?" I thought he would change his mind. Even though he said it with the same strength of conviction as when he had said, "Make an appointment for us for marriage." The next day, I saw him gather his things into the family car and drive off. I felt certain he would come back.

Why did I pick a house built on the corner? It sounded like him coming into the driveway each time I heard one of several other vehicles owned by the other residents of the area. I rushed to the window to welcome him home, only to catch a glimpse of yet another vehicle simply turning the corner.

I was shocked about the sudden end of my marriage. He left two weeks before our seventh wedding anniversary. In some measure I guess, I was in denial. Perhaps a mechanism that numbs pain in the interim. Sometimes, I absentmindedly made two cups of coffee, too. Until eventually, it did sink in. He was not coming back.

I was left with Mario's restoration project, an old Morris mini with sliding windows and a hole in the rusty floor. There was a bit of loose



metal covering it so the driver's seat did not end up on the road. I wondered how I was going to go about raising children on my own. I certainly did not want to tell them what I feared was fact, that their dad would not be coming home. They were aged eight months old, and three years old.

Long since that time, Mario has told me, "It was the worst thing I ever did, leaving you and the children." and he said, "I didn't know what I had, till it was gone."

So now, I was a single mother of two beautiful girls, taking care of my Nana who lived just up the road. I had left my very good friends behind in Perth and grew apart because I did not want to tell them the embarrassing news that my marriage had now failed. This was a huge mistake. I should not have assumed they would cut me off. I should have allowed them to make their own choice about the situation. It was a very bad decision that made me exposed to extreme isolation and very vulnerable.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning, three months later, I thought it must have snowed in this cold town over night. I sat on the back step in the full sun to try to warm up. I gradually realized that I had a roaring fever, and it was not the weather. I was still feeding the baby and had developed mastitis, but this time it did not respond to the usual antibiotic. I must have been dehydrated as I was placed on a drip. The children were admitted to hospital with me. The little one was brought over by the nurses from the children's ward for feeding. I had three courses of antibiotics in order to recover...

Then, six months after Mario had left us, I took the children to Perth to see their dad. I stayed with my mum for the few days as she lived in Perth. Whilst there, I had the most intense headache I had ever experienced. It caused me to walk off without explaining, because of the sheer pain. Normally, I could talk pleasantly, and make certain mum was okay even if I was in pain, but not this time. I looked rude, but I was about to collapse. Panadol did nothing. The headache remained for the next few days. I also heard water rattling between my skull and brain when I tilted my head.

Shortly after returning to Esperance, I was bed bound for three weeks. I could not get myself out of bed. It was not like me at all. I loved housekeeping. I loved my children and enjoyed reading, teaching, and playing with them. I loved singing and going places together. What was wrong? My dishes were piled up. The fifty cloth nappies I had were all used and filling the trough. Washing was overflowing from the laundry basket.

I dragged myself to the front door. I stopped the first person that walked past our house. I asked her if she could please get me some disposable nappies from the shop, about two blocks away. I would pay her ten dollars for her trouble and the cost of the nappies when she got back.

The next day, a lady named Debbie from bible study visited. She insisted on doing my laundry. I was extremely reluctant, as I knew the nappies would be a disaster for me to make my way through even in a well state, let alone the extra difficulty for a stranger.

What an extraordinary woman! She did the dishes and made tea for us all, too. I had been living on water and vegemite sandwiches that my three-year-old, Nadine, had been making for us all. I thought it must have been some dreadful flu. It ended up being Myalgic Encephalomyelitis. I recovered enough to get out of bed, but I did not seem to have the same stamina I had previously.

My nana, now ninety-four years of age, failed her driving test for the first time. I think, deep down, she wanted to fail so I would be company for her on her shopping expeditions. I was beginning to have unexplained aches in my arms and shoulders. They would be so intense that at times, I had to stop what I was doing. Other times, I would have a frozen feeling that would set in if I had to sit still for a while. I called it rigor mortis. It was becoming difficult to get moving afterwards.

I would experience headaches in various places and would wake up after sleep as though I hadn't slept a wink, still with a headache. I would occasionally get my sentences mixed up like, "Put your slate in the pink," when what I meant to say was, "Put your plate in the sink." I had tests run. It was not my thyroid, nor Ross River virus, no lack of iron...

One time, a dear lady I had known for several years invited me to her church for a ladies meeting. Once I was there, she told me, “The lady ministering is a prophetess.” Well, I didn’t know if there really was such a thing today. So I prayed the first chance I got, after the sermon, while she was praying for people who had gone to the front.

I asked God, “If she really is a prophetess, in your sight, get her to come over here and affirm the evangelism I am doing by handing out those leaflets in that neighborhood.” She finished praying for all the ladies who were at the front shortly afterward.

Then, she looked up and walked straight toward me. I was halfway toward the back in the auditorium, to the far right from where she was. There were about a hundred other people still sitting, but she stood before me. She said, “Stand up.” I did. She continued, “You have a servant’s heart... Do what is in your heart to do... You are about to enter a season of training.”

I thought, ‘Yay! Training.’

\* \* \* \* \*

I began reading Christian books for the first time at this time. Also my prayers seemed to entail missions in other countries primarily. I am very passionate about empowering poor and developing nations and interested in different cultures and peoples. I like diversity.

One time, at bible study that was taking place at my house each Wednesday evening, Nadine woke up in the next room crying, which often happened since her dad left. I mentioned this and we all prayed that Nadine would have a settled sleep. Later that night, after all had left, Nadine woke again. I started to get out of bed, until I felt Jesus put his hand gently on my leg to stop me moving further, and said, “It is my turn to get up.” Well, Nadine stopped crying from that point on and never woke like that again. I was greatly comforted that Jesus was so close to us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Debbie was the main person who kept encouraging me to remarry. She sent me off to a singles camp to help me recover, although I was quite strong and positive concerning my marriage breakdown, and there I heard that God does not hate divorcees and does not punish the one

left behind by the unbeliever. I began to think that perhaps I was being rigid and selfish concerning the childrens' future in my stance toward the idea of not remarrying. I now believe I should have remained with my first resolve not to remarry.

\* \* \* \* \*

One time, Nadine and Miranda were happily playing outside, when I happened to need a lay down. As I lay there, I heard, "There is going to be a trip to the hospital before the day is through." Not too long after, Nadine came in the back door, crying. I ran to see what had happened. She had a splinter about a centimeter wide and five centimeters long stuck straight through her foot. I considered taking it out but thought better of it. It was possible that she could have become distressed at the blood that would spurt out, and there was no guarantee that there would not be a small splinter left behind. I had to make a trip to the hospital.

Sweet little Nadine was five years old, and she was her teacher's favorite student for that year. Her schoolteacher confided in me that she would have liked a whole class of Nadines.

\* \* \* \* \*

Around this time, at a combined church gathering, I fell to the floor for the first and only time after prayer. I was not pushed. As I lay there, I heard spoken direct into my ear these audible words, "He wakens your ear, morning by morning, to hear as the learned that you may give a word in season for ones who are weary."

\* \* \* \* \*

I was at Debbie's home having lunch one day and there was a knock on her door. I was introduced to Bill. Somehow I was intrigued with him. I knew there was more to this man than appeared on the surface. My first impressions about him made me curious and a little self determined to find out what this hidden element was.

Debbie invited him to the bible studies at my house. A pastor and his wife, a few ladies, and sometimes others would come too, including members of 'Youth with a Mission' and 'Open Doors'.

As months went by Bill began inviting the children and I to the beach for swimming or fishing. Bill would bring his brother Tony with us.

Tony suffered severe depression that had emotionally crippled him into being unable to work. This was after an incident, years earlier, where Tony had drunk a bottle of whiskey, gotten behind the wheel of his vehicle, and accidentally run over a pedestrian. He was found guilty of manslaughter.

The trips out were good for all of us, with the sunshine, breeze, and salt air. The children frolicked in the shallows, and for some moments, it seemed the children had not missed out on having a dad. Mario was busy with his girlfriends, and I was the one who reminded him to visit or we visited him.

Bill's mum and dad were going away from winter here, back to Holland for a holiday. Bill and Tony were going to be looking after the house and themselves, but were usually waited upon by their mum. I took it upon myself to bring around lunch for us all most days, just to make sure the boys were eating well. This seemed to cheer Tony up quite well, and Bill was happy heating the food with the wood-fired stove. The children enjoyed feeding the birds that Bill's mum kept, and playing in the sandpit. Often, his sisters, Janet and Penny, with her little one, would drop in, too. It was all very pleasant.

I had known Bill for about eighteen months. Around two years after Mario had left, Bill started talking about buying an engagement ring. It was pretty much just as unromantic as that, just plain old attraction. He was a muscular gentleman, with a mustache, friendly and very charming. He had never been married and was thirty-eight years old. He very much enjoyed the outdoors and said he wanted to be a missionary. I was happy with the way he seemed so caring toward the two children. I agreed and we thought we would marry in about three months.

He borrowed money from Tony for the ring. That same week, I found out Bill also purchased a four-wheel-drive (4WD) vehicle with some more money borrowed from Tony, so we could all go off-road. Bill said he would pay him back. That weekend, we went to a river mouth spot we knew, where the children happily played in the shallow water. Tony was swimming placidly.

Bill and I, being newly engaged, were talking and sitting in the vehicle. Bill looked at me with flashing approval on my neck, and I asked, "What are you looking at?"

He said, "My future wife." Then, shortly after, he said, "I'm not what you think I am." I hardly took any notice, thinking that he didn't know what I thought. I don't know what made me so hazy and not alert to find out what the meaning of this was. (Hint one.)

Not long afterward, Tony got out of the water and started making his way over to the 4WD to get a towel. Bill started the engine and moved the vehicle out of Tony's reach. His brother walked toward the vehicle. Yet again, Bill moved the vehicle forward several feet and laughed. (Hint two.)

I was telling Bill to stop doing this. I attempted to climb from the front seat to the back to get the towel and give it to Tony. Bill blocked me from exiting the vehicle. Bill was very determined and strong in holding me back. Along with tinted windows, he had the car positioned in such a way that Tony could not discern my actual reaction.

Bill repeatedly moved the vehicle out of Tony's reach. I could see it greatly affecting Tony, as his face and arms dropped and he finally gave up. He stood a defeated man. Bill then took the vehicle with me in it over to the other embankment within view of Tony and the children, four-wheel driving and testing it. I wasn't enjoying it at all. (Hint three.) I wanted to get back with the others. Eventually, he did go back to pick up Tony and the children, and we all went four-wheel driving.

I could sense the deep depression into which Tony had fallen. I was trying to cheer him up, telling him that when Bill and I got married, he would be more than welcome to accompany us on our trips, and we could all go on a camping trip shortly.

He said he wasn't going to make it to his fortieth birthday. He was 39. I tried to give Tony hope. I told him that he would always be welcome to continue his relationship with Bill and they would still go fishing.

That evening, whilst I was back at home, Bill and Tony were at his parents' house. Janet, Bill's sister, was trying to encourage and comfort Tony. He was unresponsive. Tony drove away from the house the next morning for the last time, to nearby bushland, and hung himself from a tree.

\* \* \* \* \*

I gave Bill the benefit of the doubt. I thought he must not have realized how he had pushed his own brother too far. Well... marriage seemed like the last thing we wanted to talk about after the devastation of

Tony's death. So we postponed the wedding date a further three months down the track.

At this point if I had been alert I should have seriously considered canceling altogether.

\* \* \* \* \*





## Chapter 4

The wedding day was set. The highlights of the day were the fact that some of the people I cared about most were there, and the tiny drops of rain that cooled my face after the ceremony. I was still suffering bouts of unexplained pain and aching, even on my wedding day.

Janet thought it was Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, but I did not have depression and I was eating healthily. It was only a month or so before this date that I understood the self diagnosis of Myalgic Encephalomyelitis, yet there seemed to be little medical information or support. It had a friend who had previously been diagnosed that picked it up and gave me the information.

I wanted to get back to my children, so our honeymoon was only a few days long. We went back to the house I had rented in preparation for Bill moving in. He only had some clothes and tools for the shed to put away. We opened our presents.

One night, two weeks after our wedding, Bill coldly rolled over after five seconds of making love to go to sleep. I was briefly stunned. I thought, 'Well, if he wants to do that now and then, maybe that is okay.' Yet I felt it a little unloving.

So, I nicely said to him, "Bill...please...just give me a kiss before you go to sleep." He angrily shouted back at me, "I can't even have a f--- without you going on about something." I was aghast and felt instantly degraded.

Nothing could have offended me more than that word. I had just married this man in front of my family, and he said he would love me always. Before I knew it, my arm hit his back with the back of my forearm about as hard as some people jab another in the ribs playfully. I did not do it with vicious intent, nor was it done very hard. I was upset and hurt. It was a reaction I was surprised to find in myself yet clearly not an effective way with Bill.

Well... he suddenly became awake enough to pound me a few times with his fist where ever it landed, push me off the bed with his feet, spring over to me, and then, punch and kick me repeatedly. I was shocked! I tried to leave while he was still hurling insults and threats that had no basis in reality. He was following me out, calling me degrading names. He threw several oranges, two of which hit me and one of which hit the windscreen of the car as I drove out of the driveway. I drove down the road and cried...

I had to return to the house because I had to be there for the children in the morning. That Sunday, at church, a sweet lady came up to me and said, "That was a beautiful wedding!" I just smiled, but thought, 'Yes, but what sort of a marriage is it?'

\* \* \* \* \*

Bill seemed content with himself, as though he had arrived by being married. Most of the time, he waited for his food and lived like a bachelor, off with his mates. He did not work. I did not recognize the person I had seen during our friendship and engagement. My family had given a generous amount of money for our wedding gift. So, to try to heal the rift, I suggested we get an even better 4WD for Bill, by trading in the other one, which he did.

Soon afterward, Bill started an unnecessary fight with me. After knocking me to the floor, he was kicking me viciously for no reason. This was now two months after our wedding. Thankfully, he left of his own accord. I was unable to put his things out of the house, because of the aching and bruising.

Our marriage was over in just two months. We formally separated here. This was the second time he was violent to me, and he had hurt Danum. Just two weeks earlier, Bill had broken Danum's rib and bruised her spleen, while doing gardening at her house.

All the family were well aware Danum would often get a little dizzy upon standing. We all knew including Bill that it is best to allow her to gain her own composure. Bill had pretended to be helping her regain her balance and squeezed her hard and pushed her into a brick built, raised garden bed. She had x-rays done that showed the broken rib. She suffered pain in her spleen the rest of her days.

He had said it was an accident. She had paid him family rates of a hundred dollars an hour. This is how generous my Nana is concerning family who help in her garden. I believe that he tried to push her to an early death to gain her property. He knew I was the sole beneficiary. He had grabbed her very hard and squeezed unnecessarily. My Danam was on to him, and knew he was no good from that point on.

I did not vow to be his punching bag. I rang my mum who had recently relocated to live in Esperance too. I asked if she could come and put his things out of the house onto the veranda. She did...and she completely understood my decision, but she did not want to have to do it again.

Mum discovered a club under the bed in Bill's room. It was made of jarrah, which is a very heavy and hard wood. It had been roughly shaped by a knife. If anyone were hit with it, they would likely be seriously injured or killed. She was concerned upon this find, and took it to police. They did nothing.

Later that day, after mum had left, I was quite scared when Bill's car arrived at the house. I locked the children and myself in. I could barely move. I called the police because he started yelling when he saw his stuff out of the house. It was neatly stacked with a note on top. He called the pastor. The police and the pastor arrived at the same time. The pastor sent the policeman away, saying he would deal with it.

Bill was talking with the pastor outside for some time. Afterward he knocked, I opened the door to the pastor. I was quite distressed. The pastor spoke to me in such a way that put all blame and responsibility for the situation on me. He justified Bill hitting me and using that word. He gave me little time to talk, and spoke to me as if I had committed adultery. I don't even know what Bill had told him. To this day, his understanding is probably based on the lies that Bill said to cover his violent tracks. I no longer called him my pastor. My new friends listened to Bill and drifted away.

\* \* \* \* \*

After this devastating incident, my illness took a turn and, I believe, became Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. My immune system failed me and I know I had some type of active viral activity. I was sliding fast into even deeper physical pain and now for the first time depression, with severe

short-term memory loss, poor concentration, and a heaviness that held me to the bed. A little like someone heavy was weighting me down.

Sounds in the shopping center sounded like elephants in the jungle. My hearing was very pronounced. I had intense chemical sensitivity. I could not breathe while walking down the cleaning aisle in the supermarket or I felt I could pass out. I now used salt deodorant. Many perfumes and air fresheners are not good for you either, by the way. I could have told you at the time, if a property had poisons nearby or if a room contained high levels of formaldehydes.

I had just several weeks previously committed to homeschooling the children. It was a decision I had made because there were two parents at the time but now just one, and I was still unaware of the fact I had a possible long-term illness that was getting worse and not better due to my lack of a formal diagnosis. I tried to continue doing the homeschooling; even though my relationship and health had changed, I wanted to succeed and had goals and dreams. I wanted to live, love, and laugh. I wanted my children to be loved and to have the best possible opportunities.

I wasn't doing well on my own adjusting to rapidly changing circumstances.

I should have rested, but this was the last thing I wanted to do. It was like a fight for survival. I didn't know how to stop being a doer. The usual things that help depression, such as walking or exercise are the very things that physically cripple you into a worse physical and mental state of exhaustion with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. So I kept pushing myself, which I now know is not recommended.

I was beginning to spend more and more time in bed. I ached all over. It was crippling, especially in my back, arms, and legs. My fingers felt swollen and my feet felt like footballs... No exaggeration! Yet to look at, they were not. I had extreme headaches that made me scream or howl with the intensity of the pain. I could barely drag myself to the bathroom. I found talking and finding words very difficult. I was very clumsy in the kitchen, accidentally cutting my fingers and dropping things. Meal preparation was out of the question and wasn't helped by the constant nausea I experienced.

Another time, I crawled to the kitchen on my elbows and knees, because my wrists and ankle joints were in agony. It was impossible to bear putting any pressure on them. I made the children and myself a peanut butter sandwich, with great difficulty. Just putting pressure on the knife to spread was hurting my wrist. The pain was much like carpal tunnel.

I was alone because old friends I did manage to keep had been chased off by repeated hang-up calls from my phone number during the two months we were together. It was Bill who had done this. I didn't want to bring up the subject either. Yet another mistake. And the new friends did not know me long enough to know my true character or what I would and would not do. They were told (inaccurately by Bill) that I had locked him out of the house because I would not let him go fishing or camping.

People just stepped back to give our marriage some breathing space. Little did they know that I was too ill to look after my children or myself. At times, I would feel well enough to walk to the front mailbox just outside our house about thirty steps away. But then, I would not have the strength to walk back. It was not due to any mail I received. It was as if the wind had gone out of my sails. I had not a drop of energy left. The doctor wanted to put me in hospital. But there was no one to look after the children.

I did not tell people about the things Bill had done to hurt me, because I did not want to ruin his life or his chance of recovery. We lived in a small town and the news would have traveled very quickly. He would be shunned and unable to get a job. He had moved back in with his folks.

I think being ill did not help me at all to work through finding solutions plus misconceptions thinking I can take it, but needed to protect him. Well I did not have to dish it out, but to tell people what is really going on is not malicious in anyway. It was he that was malicious. I should have given others a chance to step forward to protect. Yet I assumed again and perhaps accurately in my case, as you will see as more unfolds that the means was not there for any to protect anyway.

Besides, there was an extra sentence added to our vows on my wedding day, where I had to say "Yes" to loving Bill for the rest of my life. It was added unbeknownst to me until I was confronted with it. I swallowed before answering. However, that was not mentioned nor agreed upon during the wedding preparations. I was trying to fulfill that promise, whether people were looking or not. I finally realized I could still fulfill that vow by having Gods love which I did.

\* \* \* \* \*

My brother took over taking Danum shopping. My mum had remarried and was very busy. She was only married six months when her new husband had a stroke, the type from which one does not recover. He was soon placed in a nursing home with my mother loyally visiting him each day. So I spent nine months racked with pain, bedridden, and all alone. Thankfully, my mum had organized Nadine to get to a primary school on the bus. I could not even do that.

A current friend of mine commented here. "Peoples kindness will constantly surprise you, but you have to ask." Well I did not want to say, but I did ask. The church would go on rosters and prepare meals for people who recently had babies or who had suffered the flu or just returned from hospital or were frail and elderly. After learning along with me that my illness was long lasting the pastors wife said it was too much to have people doing so much for one person.

I know what it is like from both sides having served others and been served. Perhaps to give people the opportunity to say yes or no is a better solution instead of some leaders constantly bearing all responsibility and not sharing or giving people all information. I too have done this same mistake.

My Nana was too old to help, though she tried, with simple things, like patiently removing knots in Miranda's tight curls and reading books to her. She even managed to make me a cake at the age of ninety-six, using a hand beater and starting from scratch. It was perfect and delicious. She was much more capable than I was at the time.

Bill visited, or rather, he was already inside the house often, and I could do nothing about it. He saw the dishes filling the sink and bench once. He proceeded to throw and smash the dishes into the bin. He struck the large plates against the tap to snap them in half so they would fit into the bin. The noise throughout the house was very unsettling. I feared for the children's happiness. I was in disbelief that this was my life. He looked quite proud of himself with his hands on his hips as he said, "There... the dishes are done!"

I hadn't even asked him to do the dishes. The dishes and glasses he broke were from special sets I had bought with nursing money, and a special gift set from one of my precious friends. Moreover, the glasses were ones I bought as a special gift to celebrate our marriage.







## Chapter 5

I felt like I had previously juggled many details wonderfully and capably when Mario was around. Now, they all crashed to the ground, one by one, with little resistance possible.

The dashing of dreams became more evident when Nadine was almost seven. She had to organize her own breakfast and lunch. All my grand hopes of being a great mum, homemaker, and friend disintegrated before my very eyes. All that was important to me – my children, keeping a clean and organized home, and offering my loving support to others for odd jobs or times of need – was impossible.

I found it somewhere between difficult and completely impossible to put sentences together. My speech came out all jumbled. Talking on the phone was impossible. Holding the phone receiver up to my ear made my arm ache too much, even with changing arms. My capacity to understand what people were saying on the other end was also impaired. I had many a disastrous time ordering food whilst using the drive thru. I had not the strength to walk into the shop and stand. I should not have been driving.

I was a danger whilst driving because I was only able to focus on one thing at a time; I would almost not give way to another vehicle if my children were talking. I was always present for them above all, and it was very hard to bear when I could not do two things at once. I was very dizzy, too. But who would help? (Again my friend commented here. “Plenty of people!” But there really was no one in the situation as I lived it. Of course times have changed for me now and I can say I have a wonderful support network again.)

\* It ought to make you realize just how many things in your life work beautifully each and every day. \*

Money was very limited, and somehow, when I was the sickest and poorest, I would be shortchanged. I did not have the mental capacity to calculate how much change I should have gotten back, as I was using all my strength sitting or standing and getting the order, in severe pain and

with much difficulty. When I got home later, I could concentrate on adding whilst lying down with more oxygen getting to my brain. But by then, it was too late to rectify.

The illness causes added stress not usually experienced in daily life. In addition, to have stress severely alters one's chance of recovery. However, information such as this was not readily available to me at this time.

While on the subject of money, I spent several hundred dollars or more on so-called cures for more energy and health products with no positive affects whatsoever. Do not fall for sales tricksters saying they were made well by the product. There are five different types of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome that the University of Newcastle in N.S.W. has discovered. Perhaps mild cases may respond.

I realized I could not make commitments or appointments and keep them. This was very hard for me to accept. I could not learn to function being able to do, literally, nothing. I began to despise the questions people often asked, "How are you?" for they often were not really looking for the answer.

I found it hard to organize my thoughts. I wanted the children to have a better life than this and to be loved. The neglect of my children was very apparent to me. They were aged seven and five at this stage. This was the most painful aspect of my illness.

My mum would take care of the children only if I was in hospital. So I admitted myself to hospital. Mum came and took the children to her house.

I didn't plan on taking the pills I was given at the hospital. I escaped out the back door. I went home, wrote a note, and attached it to the back door.

*Do not go to the shed.*

*Call the police if you are reading this note.*

*I love you all.*

I then got a knife. I was going straight for the jugular, and if I had any strength left, the wrist too. I also got a sheet of plastic, generally used for painting, and laid it out on the floor of the shed. I sat on a chair to say my last prayer.

“Dear God, I asked you to heal me. I know you can do it, but you haven’t. I cannot go on not being able to do things. The children need someone to look after them and no one seems to understand how incapacitated I am. Forgive me.”

I then felt someone touch my head. I opened my eyes to see who had touched me. I saw nothing... though I know now, it had been a holy ministering angel. I suddenly thought, ‘I should not be doing this!’

It was amazing, before the prayer, my thoughts were very cloudy, but now, they were very clear. I had mistakenly thought the bible said, ‘Thou shalt not murder,’ but it says, ‘Thou shalt not kill.’ That includes yourself. I knew that, but my foggy brain did not reveal it before.

God was not fazed by my prayer or my confused state. It was not beyond Him to rescue me. He knew exactly what was happening. He does not turn His ear away from our sincere cries. Man does so often, but not God. I simply acknowledged Him along the path of life and He heard me. He set me straight. I packed up the plastic and threw out the note.

I immediately went to pick up my children. God did not want me dead. So if it was okay with Him that I be a mother, it was okay with me. I loved those children, and surely hoped that would be enough. I accepted that all I could do was my best. I was often in bed though I wanted desperately not to be.

I was informed I had been removed from Danum's will. I could understand the reasoning behind this decision but felt a little more cut off. My family were I guess, trying to compel me to completely leave Bill, but my choices would never be influenced because of a reason such as this.

Everything within me wanted to escape from Bills presence but I had nowhere safe to go. Let alone the energy to go. Now any chance to financing escape had gone also. No energy, no finances and no secret friendships. Besides, friends and family members left behind at this stage would have been in danger of repercussions.

I withdrew from family members for their safety, as I began to realize just how much he truly was dangerous. I explained to Bill that my family and I had disagreements. I made it sound as if it were irreconcilable. Perhaps my family wondered why I withdrew, but it was best for them.

It was a lonely place. I had a vision while singing. There was a large dark valley before me. There were hideous ugly things lurking and black

things peeping from behind rocks; snakes were slithering among scattered bones and skulls. There was a foreboding stench of death. I received courage to walk through the valley.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once during around this period of time, I heard my children playing outside. They were a little out of control and playing too noisily for girls. Perhaps it was due to the absence of parents and the negative influence from neighbors on both sides, who swore, yelled, and cursed their children daily. I would not have believed people lived like that, if I had not seen and heard it for myself.

My life had turned into a nightmare on every side. How does a child recover lost years with such wicked things said over them?

Back to me in bed... I tried to call out to the children... I could not speak ... I tried again to open my mouth... move... something... nothing would move at all! I tried to move my eyes under my closed eyelids ... nothing. I thought, 'Surely I can move my little finger... No...' I tried to change my slow rate of breathing, all to no avail. My heart was beating very slowly. There I lay in a comatose state... I drifted off to sleep again. I don't know how long I was like this.

Another time, it seemed like for a few days, I could not help but have my teeth clenched down hard against each other, top and bottom. The pain had been so bad for so long. My jaw now ached, but I could not stop clenching. At one time, I had a cobweb over my bed from the ceiling almost to the bed. 'If I could just raise my arm...I could sweep it away... No.' I was too exhausted to lift my arm.

When I went to the bathroom in the next room, I would do only what was necessary and fall back into the bed. Brushing my teeth was out of the question. I tried to reach that cobweb on the way back into bed, but could not. I don't know what I ate, what the children ate, or if Nadine made it to school. I remember struggling to go and buy multiple bus tickets a couple of times at the depot.

\* \* \* \* \*

I went to the doctor's office. My name was called by an unknown doctor, and I tried to get up... no response. He called my name again.

This time I rose slowly. I had been trying to stand as soon as I heard him the first time. I think he thought I must have been ignorant. He did not allow me the time or opportunity to explain why. My body just did not obey the commands from my brain, telling it to move.

The confused look on the doctors' faces did not help me to feel better. I had a scary disease that repelled people, and I was in pain that no one seemed to acknowledge. I think by this stage nothing of the illness surprised me nor concerned me except the ignorance of the doctors. Perhaps it's that same coping mechanism that ignores the trauma yet still quietly works at survival. I was very concerned about the children that they were going without loving support daily. I was in constant, crippling pain, and the only person who came to see me was Bill who I did not want to visit.

When I went to the doctors, I would usually only mention the main symptoms affecting me at that moment and did not list the symptoms that plagued me at other times. My vision appeared to me to be, that I was looking through binoculars backwards. My memory and verbal expression were not functioning well enough to get his attention. Nor could I describe many of the symptoms, nor can I now. I was usually rushed out in a hurry for the next patient. So I did not bother struggling to keep the doctor informed.

I walked quite strangely for several weeks, if or when I walked. My femur, hip, ankle, and knee joints were all extremely loose, and I walked like a cripple with rheumatoid arthritis.

One time, elasticity went from my face and the skin hung. My lower eyelids sagged, showing the inside, as much as if they were being pulled down. At the same time, my mouth was white inside on my gums and sides of my mouth. My teeth imprints were very clear around my white tongue. The insides of my cheeks sagged heavily, like slime, and the outside of my cheeks drooped.

Here I was in my mid thirties where it is supposed to be a lively, vibrant and industrious time and I looked like a train wreck. Okay... slight exaggeration.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am so sorry to have allowed Bill into my life. Anyone can be fooled and tricked and manipulated by someone like Bill. They are clever at what they do. The string of destruction was becoming more and more apparent.

Another time, when Bill was in the house, he began hitting me for no reason whilst I am seriously ill. I somehow got to the phone dialing 000. He ripped it from the wall. I tried running out the back door, but he was right behind me. At this moment Nadine came running out of her bedroom to see what was happening. I shouted out to her, "Go back to your room." I was terrified he would hurt her if she stepped in the way. Little Nadine stayed just out of his sight watching.

He grabbed my arm, twisted it very roughly and forcefully behind my back, and proceeded to pummel me repeatedly with his fist, at full force into the back of my head. I lost count, but it was something like fourteen times. After five, the pain leveled out. I thought I would be murdered there. He left.

I could barely move. My head was very sore, my right arm hurt from being twisted but more so than normally would be the case because of inflammation from Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and my left arm hurt from my using it to stop my head slamming into the concrete. My illness took yet another turn, as well. My hypothalamus was roaring into action and spreading excess heat in my brain and head. I felt constantly faint. The gland at the base of my brain in back of my head made a sound too, as hormones oozed into action.

The police instructed me to get a Violence Restraining Order. This still gave him the opportunity of recovering and becoming a sound citizen, and saved me from putting an assault charge against him. I just could not imagine witnessing him being taken off in the back of a police van.

I knew it would not solve the safety issue for me either anyway. People like him are vengeful and soon out of prison, if at all charges are heard and affirmed accurately and it gets that far. Another difficulty with the issue of domestic violence is the measure of severity and the accuracy of the parties and the cost.

In my mind family violence is no different than street violence in measurement of severity or harshness of crime, but is more insidious, because it is abuse of position. In this case position of step father and husband. Domestic violence is vicious and deceptive. Very close to murder, rape and fraud in my understanding. Australia says "No! to Domestic Violence." This has been advertised as our stance. Yet do we truly say "No."?

Note Bill's self-control, evident from the fact that he hit me where it would not show. He was fully sober each and every time, as he very rarely

had a drink. I think this is a more sinister type of violence than that induced by alcohol.

The new pastor and his wife were well aware of my situation, but did not confront Bill. They had agreed with me that getting the Violence Restraining Order was the right thing to do. I was afraid that if they confronted Bill, they would be in danger, too. Really the pastor and his wife must have seen the danger for what it was also, because self protection became the norm for them instead of stepping out in authority.

People around me were too afraid to act. It is the children who end up suffering and they are the most important!

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## Chapter 6

Back tracking just a bit... The following took place between the time I was discovering just how ill I was, a few months after my marriage, to a month or so after the Violence Restraining Order. Spiritually, I discovered that I had an affliction. The instruction or remedy is to pray. So I prayed every waking hour for six months. There was nothing else I could do, but pray. I was too ill to attend church at all during that time.

I now forced myself to attend a ladies meeting hosted by an all-day special speaker from out of town. The lady pastor who was ministering said some good things in her sermons. I was especially encouraged by her simple words, "Walk and keep on walking," meaning, spiritually, keep on keeping on. I knew most of the ladies there. At the end of the day, she asked for anyone who was weary to come forward for prayer.

Well, I guessed that was me; that word 'weary' pretty much covered everything I was experiencing. So I did. Though I was smiling and hiding my exhaustion and pain all day pretty well, I stood there, barely able to hold myself up, although not obvious to anyone but myself.

Well, she started shouting at me, in front of everyone, "You suffer condemnation, you are too busy, and you don't pray enough!"

I whispered in her ear so no one would hear. "I don't believe you!"

How could I have been busy, being bedridden? And I had just put in a concerted effort in prayer, and I hadn't suffered condemnation for well over seven years.

She then asked what I thought it was. I said, "I am sick."

She then got everyone to pray for me. After this, everyone, except one lady, went forward for prayer.

While I sat in my seat, God showed me a vision of the future. He said, "When you are healed revival will come." There were two women

behind me. They were praising God because of His wonderful works. They were speaking about miracles God had done through me.

\* \* \* \* \*

This lady was still learning. Though people move in gifts, it does not mean they cannot get it wrong. We ought not be alarmed at this because Gods instruction can still reach through all our mistakes and others too. I saw her again a couple of years later. Many things in her personal life had changed, and so had she.

Many of those ladies completely withdrew from me after that day. I was not acknowledged nor smiled at again. Simple things that lifted my load were taken from me, but I was found in a place where I only had God, which is still a good place to be. See how things can still turn out for good in the long run...

\* \* \* \* \*

I tried with all my might to make it to church each Sunday. Often, I was racked with extreme pain. I remember, once I had to lie down around the corner from the auditorium because I just did not have strength to hold up my head because of the pain and weakness in my neck. Often, it took every bit of physical strength I had to get there and be there.

Once, I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror and realized another reason why people looked at me strangely. The face I saw looked as if I were perplexed, upset, and distressed... which I was... concerning Bill, the illness, my children, and virtually everything.

I thought I was still hiding the physical and emotional pain, but it showed. I then noticed I could no longer smile. My face did not bend into a smile anymore. I began hiding behind sunglasses everywhere I went including inside church.

Bill would turn up at church and sit next to me as though we were together, while he appeared to be so kind to all. It would appear to onlookers as though I were thoughtless or rude if there were no seat saved next to me for him.

It seemed the pastor had me looking like a fool each week. He would preach about sin and then ask people who needed prayer for that sin to come forward for prayer in closing. Then he would add, "And any

who are sick.” No one else really took the time to know I was sick. If they did know from the aforementioned ladies meeting, they probably wondered why their prayer had not been answered. His prayers gave me some help, but socially, were to my further detriment.

\* \* \* \* \*

You see, Bill had a way of controlling people... all the people he dealt with. He had two friends, too, who were suffering from schizophrenia and depression.

One of these friends was named Paul. He lived with his mum even though he was almost forty. Bill would visit Paul and be praised by Paul’s mum for the attention he gave to her son. If ever Paul was in hospital having one of his turns, Bill was there. Faithful, loyal Bill. Paul would get better after Bill’s visit. Bill would call Paul’s mum to make sure she knew he had put in time with her son. Praise be to Bill.

I went visiting Paul once with Bill, just before we were married. I went outside, as I could not bear the stupidity of the conversation. Bill was telling Paul that his mum should be pleased because there was a vase full of flowers on the buffet, but I could plainly see there was nothing there. Paul would look and look at the spot at which Bill had said there was a vase in frightened agony. Shortly after that visit, Bill got a call from Paul’s mum. Paul had admitted himself to the mental ward.

I understand now that these turns were brought on by Bill. The cure was Bill’s too. So he could get praise and appear useful. He did this with his other friend, Noah, too.

Bill’s sister Penny, often had family get-togethers at her house. Bill’s brother’s wife Kathy was a little ostracized, but this was all done behind her back, of course. Apparently, every time there was a family get-together and Kathy was there, various ornaments got broken. No one owned up to it. Yet, Kathy was blamed.

Once, I recall seeing Bill in Penny’s house alone. From the veranda, he was checking to make sure that everyone was in the yard; he was looking suspicious. There was something broken that day. It was a souvenir from Canada that was recently acquired.

Kathy eventually left Bill’s brother, and moved to a town a few hundred kilometers away. Shortly afterward, Bill went on an expedition with Paul to that same town. I thought it odd, because Bill did not like

non-coastal towns or towns without rivers. I do not have the proof, but I believe Kathy's possessions were harmed in some way.

Another time, I found Bill's mum crying in the Woolworth's car park. Bill was doing the shopping for her. It was very unusual for Bill to shop. She told me that she was very distressed because an intruder had stolen photos of Tony, her son who had hung himself, and the photos were discovered in a gutter, damaged by rain. She was beside herself with grief. Of course, there was Bill, being the hero. But was he? I believe he stole those photos. Who on earth would bother breaking into someone's house to steal photos? Jewelry, yes. Valuables, yes. But photos?

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A couple of times, Bill came to my house with soup that his mother made. Once, he brought biscuits his sister made, and a couple of times, he brought apples from their trees. One day, a couple of months after the Violence Restraining Order, I felt well enough to strip my bed. I pulled it out from the wall.

To my horror, I discovered an axe, a tomahawk, and a machete under my bed. I still remember the chill that swept over me. There could be no other explanation for the intent of these weapons... One for each of us... my two children and myself...placed there by Bill... perhaps while I was sleeping.

I thought, 'We have got to get out of here!' I got the children ready and we got into the car. The car ran out of petrol less than a block away. It had been siphoned. I abandoned the car and all its contents. I walked on with my children. It was pouring rain. I did not know where to go or what to do.

Bill knew where the women's shelter was, and he knew all the people I knew. Somehow, to tell the police seemed more endangering than ever, because no crime had yet been committed so no charges would be laid. I knew this, because of what happened with the club found previously by my mum.

By telling the police his plot would be uncovered, and this would only serve to cause him to be greatly vengeful and even more deceptive. There just is not in place anywhere, any safety net for someone trying to escape their violent dangerous husband, especially if others divulge women's shelter information. Then there isn't even a temporary place of safety.

I eventually saw a quiet paddock with an abandoned house. It had an electric fence, so I lifted the children over it and then jumped over the

fence myself. We took shelter from the rain under some trees. After some time, I still could not come up with a solution.

By the end of the day, I decided to go home as if I had seen nothing. It seemed the only choice. I tried getting out of the fence in numerous different ways, but got an electric shock each time. I waved down a passing motorist. He happened to be a nurse from the abattoir, the same place Bill worked after we separated. (Or rather signed in for the day and hid in the locker room until knock off time.) He was happy to hold down the fence for us to exit the paddock, and he took us home.

Upon arrival, I could see there were two police cars, Bill, and Debbie at my house. Debbie seemed cold and distant. It was almost as though she were not really Debbie. Now I understand why. She had been lied to by Bill and had made up her mind that I was the enemy.

Apparently, the children and I had been on the news and had been listed as missing persons. I quietly told Debbie that Bill had placed axes under the bed whilst he was outside talking to police. The police came inside and wanted me to get us out of our wet clothes. Formally to the police I said I was trying to get away from buzzing power lines which was a tiny part of the truth. Bill was present when they asked me, so of course it didn't make sense. The children were taken to stay with my mum. They took me to the mental ward. I was put on some sedatives.

Interestingly, the hospital did a urine drug test and found traces of cannabis. I later pieced together where this had come from, the biscuits Bill had given me that were made by his sister Penny. I do not believe Penny would have been privy to this, but I do know this is where Bill attained those biscuits because he told me his sister Penny had made the biscuits. It was only later I found out they grew marijuana at their property.

I would never have knowingly taken illegal drugs at this time in my life. This may be evidence that I was poisoned at other times, too. I certainly was not myself, and had other distressing symptoms that I have not heard of other Chronic Fatigue sufferers having. I know I wondered at least one other time if I may have been poisoned.

Whilst in hospital, Bill came to visit me, and announced to the nurse that his name was John and that he was my husband. I disagreed that he was my husband. The nurse was trying to set up a bed in my room for Bill to stay. I was not happy. I was given more pills. Bill had intercourse with me. I conceived.



## Chapter 7

I wondered how I was going to manage caring for a baby. I could not even look after myself. However, gratefully, I began recovering from the deep depths of pain from the illness during pregnancy because of the hormonal change. Being a woman has its perks in recovery from such a disease. ☺

The Violence Restraining Order, which lasted only two years, was repeatedly breached, as you will soon see. In fact, except for the three incidents before the V.R.O. all other acts of physical violence were committed during the following twenty two months, V.R.O. period. With two more incidents just weeks outside of that time frame.

Once, I told Bill that I was so weak I could hardly stand. He jumped on my back, putting his whole weight on me. I fell precariously to the floor like a sack of potatoes onto my left leg, hoping the baby was okay. My leg still hurts in cold weather. Bill also punched me to the ground when I was around seven or eight months pregnant for no apparent reason.

I was very anxious when I arrived at the hospital in labor. I wanted the midwife to know that I may not have been able to handle the pain, as I already suffered from great pain in my muscles, at this point still, from the Chronic Fatigue Syndrome.

However, I felt no additional pain during childbirth. I had no pain relief whatsoever, whereas I had had pethidine and oxygen during both of my prior deliveries. So that told me that the pain of childbirth is less than the pain of C.F.S., from which I suffered.

When I first saw my new baby, who I named Sally, I knew she was very special and a gift from heaven. Despite circumstances surrounding a child's heritage or conception, they belong to God, who is able to reach through all types of impossible circumstances. As long as there is breath, there is hope, and in some cases, even after that. Remember Lazarus?

After Sally was born in July 1999, I allowed Bill back into our home because he was her father. Unfortunately, I had no memory whatsoever of the axes until September 2007. I only wondered why I thought of Bill as 'The Axe Man.' However, he contributed nothing but anguish and sorrow.

He broke Nadine's little finger, before my eyes, after he had told her to shut up. I was so afraid to rock the boat and take Nadine to get treatment because things had just begun to become more peaceful. How could I explain to the hospital staff how her finger became broken? My high blood pressure had just come down enough to allow the milk to flow for the tiny baby that was dangerously below weight.

Usually, the hospital would not have allowed a baby and mother home in such shape, but I was sent home because there was a shortage of beds due to a sudden baby boom. I wasn't doing too well, with my hospital roommate knowing almost a hundred people who wanted to welcome her new daughter, Isabella, into the world. So they allowed me to go home earlier.

To this day, my greatest regret is the fact that I neglected Nadine's broken finger. My sweet, little girl, Nadine, aged only eight, deserved much better. She is a remarkable, strong, thoughtful girl. She helped change nappies and settled Sally from crying. She was her wonderful big sister. Bill shunned these things, as he was busy waiting for his meals, hurting us, or organizing bachelor trips.

Bills psychotic behavior continued when he got both Nadine and Miranda, one after the other, and hung them over a very high cliff over the safety railing. It was a 360-degree lookout, that was over a five hundred meter long drop to the rocks below. He did this in a secluded place while I was feeding the baby in the car. Miranda was terrified and ran to tell me. I told her to pretend she had not told me. I quietly feared he could throw us all over, as there was no one around.

One sunny day, he chased both Nadine and Miranda with a chainsaw, revving it loudly, with an expression of mad glee. The children were terrified and screaming as they ran away from him into the house. Bill thought it was a great joke. I saw this happen from the veranda. No one else was laughing.

He ran over Miranda's foot with the vehicle, deforming its appearance. Since the age of six, one toe ceased growing. Bill had no time for the children unless it was in front of people. He locked the children



out of the house unbeknownst to me, without blankets or food. They tried to sleep in the cubby while fighting off mosquitoes. They told me a year or so later.

Another time, he picked me up and threw me into a wardrobe like a rag doll. He had just given me a beautiful smile. It seemed to come to his mind to act as if he was being sweet, but then to throw me just when I was expecting a kiss. I had large bruises on my upper arms, a little whiplash, and a bump on the back of my head. What hurt more was the disregard for family life, respect and love.

Bill didn't work again since Sally was born. Often he raised his fist above his head at us all threateningly, blocked the door, tied up the children, broke their toys, spat out cruel insults, shouted, punched, pushed, pulled, bit, twisted, squeezed, squashed, scratched, threw things, smashed holes in the wall, pulled hair, moved or vandalized important papers, didn't pay bills and talked continual rubbish.

My children behaved very badly in front of people. Bill liked the fact that they were naughty in front of people. He was an actor and con artist to the outside world. He made it look as if he were the perfectly patient dad. Regardless of their behavior, there was no difference in the way they were treated at home. I think they learned to make the most of the kindness when they were out.

It seems petty listing these details, but I want you to see the affects and appearance to the outside world. He also kept people from us, by ordering takeaway fish and chips through an unknown female via phone for delivery whilst he wasn't home to make me look like a prankster, and the list goes on.

There were too many disturbing actions that continually gave the message that this man was unable to function normally. He was very clever, and used every opportunity to make himself look great to others outside our family of five. I had to be very clever for us all to be able to escape to safety.

I learned by now that what would stop the worst of incidents was for me to appear to be subdued in front of him. This worked a treat to keeping everyone safer. Obviously he just simply enjoyed crushing his so called loved ones.

At one point, I had pneumonia. People made a big fuss over me upon finding out I had been in hospital with pneumonia. I didn't think it was a big deal. I guess this was because everyone knows it is an illness, whereas the serious pain and disruption of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome is not understood. There were many symptoms far worse and far more painful and distressing than what I experienced with pneumonia. I sponged up the kindness.

My usual doctor only admitted me to hospital because I told him I wanted to be admitted. He did not really think I was ill enough, but admitted me anyway, and then went on holiday. This was the same doctor in whom I confided about the violence I endured from my husband. Later, during the Family Court investigation, he denied having it in his reports. That may have been true. But he knew very well, and recalled what I had told him. He was concerned for his own welfare, not for that of his patients. I was diagnosed with pneumonia by a fill-in doctor.

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Many C.F.S. sufferers commit suicide. I can understand why. It is long term and you lose almost everything in a distressing, unexplainable way both within yourself and concerning others. A capable person is no longer capable of doing simple things. But there is no one to speak up for your welfare. You are left breathing enough to feel the loss and pain of your former self while you look on at your former life and friendships through forced change, without anyone seemingly having experienced it before.

I have seen people greatly shaken after a flu lasting a week. Imagine that for years! Additionally, add pain of the next day after horse riding all day, climbing a mountain all day, picking strawberries all day, pruning bushes all day, throw in a migraine and weariness of working forty-eight hours straight, and you may just grasp the picture. Personally, I cannot relate to anyone wanting to live a lazy life. For me, there is absolutely no joy in that to be found.

Friends and family ought to remember the positive aspects about the sufferer before they were ill, and remind themselves and the patient that they are still that capable person, but they must rest completely – emotionally, physically, and mentally. Great gift ideas for C.F.S. sufferers

include an electric toothbrush, meals, massages, childcare, housework or listening ears free from advice. If they are working through complex situations, affirmations can be a useful, or if they have lost the ability to think or speak (utter mental exhaustion, a complex situation in itself) do not wear the patient out by asking them what they want you to do, just do it.

I have heard that in the United States, a person with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome simply calls a phone number and arrangements are automatically made for someone to come and fully support the patient. The housework, bills, and meals are dealt with. Because for most C.F.S. sufferers, it seems you are just managing...just managing...just managing...and then, NOT managing. When you reach the stage where all is impossible, you can't even pick up the phone and make sense.

At varying stages of the illness, varying degrees of support are needed. An army of very sensitive and compassionate people is greatly needed. If you or someone you know is suffering with C.F.S., hang in there. Recovery is possible, but cannot be forced. The greater the rest at the first sign of symptoms, the better the chance of a full recovery. I was very severely affected. Of course, not all people are surrounded by the added aggravating conditions I was.

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In my understanding I had Myalgic Encephalomyelitis for about two years, because the symptoms were definitely viral or bacterial in nature, affecting the nervous system. There were moments of full flu-like symptoms, and other, more subtle, symptoms. Basically, I was myself, functioning and coping, except for short periods of time, I would feel quite ill and experience muscle pain that would come and go suddenly for no apparent reason. It was relatively easy to deal with because I still had momentum and memory from being healthy.

I had Chronic Fatigue Syndrome in the very severe to severe category for five years, which is totally incapacitating. It affected me neurologically and was also affecting the autoimmune system and endocrine systems. Your brain is your control center. Without that, all systems fail. Everything is very hard every moment, in virtually every way at different times, and symptoms can change from hour to hour, day to day, week to week, or month to month, along with other variables and is very intense.

These variables have no rhyme or reason. Once I saw a list with around seventy symptoms that are common to sufferers. There were about ten things I could not relate to though. This is where the controversy starts because sufferers don't have all symptoms and each person has different symptoms to another person which vary.

I found a medical article that presented C.F.S. as a mutation of the polio virus. This would explain the paralysis, rigor mortis, and delayed response. Also the breathing difficulties and muscle pain. Every detail of ones life slip through your fingers daily. Eating away at what once was, with faded memory of how it felt to be well.

Interestingly, long-term memory supersedes short-term memory. I can now recall things that happened even during times of severe short-term memory loss and my thoughts and reactions to the distress of the knowledge of memory loss and the fine details of circumstances.

I also had Fibromyalgia and Arthralgia, which allows one to function (painfully) in most areas of daily living, but not full time and not at the start of a relapse. For me, I believe it is the after effects of trauma, and seems like ingrained pain affecting the immune and autoimmune systems. It's almost as if a pain switch has been left on when the pain should have gone long ago. It affects breathing and heart rate. I am mildly affected at present with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, which apparently is what I have had all along.

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A week or so before Sally's first birthday, Bill got back after being away for a couple of weeks. It wasn't long before he was smashing into me with his fists and feet. The baby was sleeping just meters away as he was trying to destroy me for no logical reason.

I thought, 'I must get this baby away from this.' I would wait until after her first birthday as I knew he would be more violent if I told him to leave or locked him out of the house just then. So, a week after her birthday, when he had cooled down, I sent him away peacefully without any worry. That was July 2000. We lived as a married couple for only fourteen months altogether, one year for the sake of the child. It became apparent that it was much wiser to have my daughter live without a dad than to have that type of dad.

Maybe I could partly understand him hitting me if I were a bad wife – if I were unfaithful, spent all his money on silly things, tried to harm him or the children in any way, or if I chatted or nagged. But none of these were the case. I was running the household to satisfaction and keeping a tidy house all through the marriage. I didn't spend any of his money. I didn't complain. I was grateful that Centrelink who are responsible for the Australian Government payments had recently changed the distribution of money and gave both partners a share and mothers had the children's money.

I visited another church one evening just after Bill had punched my eye when visiting at my door a couple of weeks after he left, when I had reaffirmed our marriage was over. I covered my eyebrow area with makeup and hair. The pastor there received a word of knowledge, as he knew absolutely nothing about me. He said, "The enemy is trying to destroy you because of what your calling is." The enemy being the devil, who works through people who allow evil in their lives.

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Shortly afterwards, Danam moved out of her house to live with my Aunt Audrey. She wanted me to live in her house. She thought I would be safe, as she had forbidden Bill to trespass her property. Yet, I was stalked almost daily with him driving past and phoning. When we were not there, he trespassed and snooped through the yard. He looked through the windows, terrifying Nadine by shaking the front door and shouting. One time, he did this when she was home alone while I went to the shops.

\* \* \* \* \*

One time, I arranged for Mario to come to Esperance and stay with a compassionate couple, Susan and Blue, who I knew, who lived around the corner. We all talked much over dinner and into the evening, except for the brief time Mario went out front to smoke a cigarette. He discovered Bill hiding near the front wall. He had on a black beanie, come balaclava. Mario coaxed him out from behind the bushes.

The next day, Mario took the children out for a whole day. It was a day of doing anything and everything they wanted to do. MacDonald's,

lollies, ice creams, the indoor swimming pool, park, beach.... They enjoyed it.

However, when they returned, I noticed something was amiss with Mario's manner. Mario had recently before this been diagnosed as having Bi Polar. The post natal depression had been a precursor. I saw a dark spirit of death. I confronted Mario for the first time ever about his full intentions. He stormed off to his car and drove around the corner to get his gear. I could hardly walk, but pushed myself to maximum, though still walking extremely slowly. He was about to get back into his car when I caught up. He started saying he was going to kill himself. This was his intention since before he came to visit.

I grabbed the passenger door handle of his car. The door window happened to be down. I yelled out, "No! I won't let you, because I know where you will go. I am not letting go of this handle no matter what!" As he sped off up the driveway and road, I suddenly got the legs of Elijah. He eventually stopped. Amazingly I was not even puffing and panting nor out of breath.

He looked at me differently now and said, "I won't kill myself. I am going away, to think about it all." I made sure he had truly changed his mind, and then I let go of the handle.

He went back to Perth, went to church, and recommitted himself to God's outstretched arms of grace.

\* \* \* \* \*







## Chapter 8

When the children and I went to church, Bill would arrive ten minutes late and sit next to me as though we were still together. Bill would take Sally to the toddler's room.

The other mothers complained to their husbands about how selfish they were, because Rose's husband loved her and Sally so much, and sacrificed sitting and relaxing, hearing the sermon. Why could they not look after their toddler? Why not give the mothers a break, after all? Besides, they had had the children all week.

These other husbands had worked all week and been present with their family, and yet, here was the master manipulator messing with them. I wasn't even living with him, nor did I gain anything from him. He purchased a fridge. That is the total sum of his financial contribution, and you just got a load of his physical and emotional contribution.

He would make sure I had no friends by seeing who I was talking to, which rarely happened anyway. He made Nadine and Miranda miss out on food by telling them to sit down. He let them get some food when the tables were empty, except for a few slobbered on items the small children hadn't finished. Others at church surely misunderstood my children and me very much. I could not tell them what was really going on, because they would quite possibly come into the firing line.

My children were last. Nadine was given the job of changing the baby's nappies. Games were ended and lollipops ran out just as it got to Miranda and Nadine. The strong children who had a mum, dad, and extended family were well loved, approved, and praised, while in the children's church. My girls had holes in their shoes and were shunned. Two ladies did give me some very nice clothes for the children, however.

I brought along their broken little cousin aged seven, to a special children's day, once. While the mother flew to Detroit to meet her online romance she had sent little Anne to my brother's home by taxi at the age of two. The taxi driver recalls it was the saddest trip he had ever made.

Anne was so excited she was going to learn about God. It is awesome what God does, despite people's sometimes-ignorant ways. I think that child was so focused on God she did not notice the fact that no one took any notice of her. We all miss the mark at times. Hopefully, by hearing others' stories and listening for opportunities presented before us by God, we can become more effective in loving unattractive, unlovely people, and at the same time, not be deceived by the treachery of the wicked.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eventually, I was tired of Bill's stalking, and left that group to attend another some distance away. I had to leave home at different times, exiting the street in different ways, and checking my rear view mirror to see we were not followed.

My children got attention there, and things got a little easier. Please don't ever think I was unforgiving toward anyone at the previous church, or even the previous pastor who had gotten it wrong. I understood their perceptions, and I had said nothing to the contrary. If I had, would they have believed? They were not aware of the pain my children and I had. For their own safety, it was imperative that they did not know the truth about Bill anyway. That is, unless it was through divine intervention; then, it would be coupled with divine wisdom.

Bill was allowed to see Sally and I on Wednesdays at the park or beach. I wanted to be present because I did not trust him. He was still being difficult. He used these times to belittle me, speak rubbish, and interrogate Sally. He also stalked us by driving past the house up to five times a day, and telephoning the house several (sometimes up to thirty) times a day.

I was apprehensive about answering the phone, and if it were a pleasant person on the other end, they would wonder why I had answered the phone sounding half-dead. It was another way Bill used to sabotage friendships.

I spent virtually all of my time in the house, and if I ventured out, I had big sunglasses on to hide my sad face. I would be looking down, too, just so no one would talk and ask about my husband or my life. Not that he was actually my husband, except on paper. Often, I would be in

the supermarket or at the ATM, and I would turn around, and there was Bill, having sneaked up behind me, looking over my shoulder.

I was experiencing a string of sabotage against my vehicle too. Someone was purposely letting the air out of my tires on many occasions. I discovered a bottle that had been placed behind my rear wheel after I reversed out of the drive another time. I had broken hose pipes from knife cuts, even though I had new pipes. It caused many over heating problems. I remember once being stranded on the side of the road with steam pouring out from under the bonnet. A car of youths drove past pointing and laughing loudly. This is when I got a mobile phone.

One Wednesday, I was too ill to sit up or stand for too long, but I knew Bill would resort to an explosion of anger if I told him he couldn't see Sally. I knew he would shout and break something, giving no thought to Sally, thus hurting her psychologically. So I let Sally go with Bill alone, unfortunately.

Bill was to have her home by 3pm. However, he did not bring Sally home until 6.15pm. She was distraught and crying inconsolably. It was as if she had been bawling her little heart out for a very long time. Bill told me it was because, "She was naughty," and left without answering my question as to what she had done. Sally had nightmares that week. She was not one to cry about nothing, and was never naughty. Even if she were naughty, why was she crying so? He had obviously hurt her. I came up with an idea. I could get the first homeowners grant by buying a small country town house, then sell it, and flee to freedom away from Bill.

All was set. Oh no! When Bill came to pick us up, Sally walked out with the key to the house I had purchased for nine thousand dollars in Gnowangerup. The address was on the key ring. So my house was uncovered, but not my plan. After a year, I sold the property for fifteen thousand dollars. The bank made three thousand dollars. We were about to escape. Yay!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh no! I got a phone call from my Aunt Audrey. She had been having angina attacks and had been scheduled to have open-heart surgery for a triple bypass. I had to go and pick up Danum. The great escape had to wait...

I looked after my nana for a little over a month while we waited for a room at the nursing home to come up. She was very happy with what I had done with the garden. She was ninety-nine years old now. I felt terrible putting her in the home when I had previously said I wouldn't allow it. She understood; she always was a very sweet and smart lady.

I was still ill and in constant pain, and just coping, looking after the three children. Some hours of some days, I had to lay in bed, yet I was functioning getting meals and doing housework. I was depressed, too, and maybe distressed. I guess anyone would be, being trapped to a destructive relationship that blocked every other relationship and having the flu or flu-like symptoms constantly. Bill trespassed and destroyed Danum's favorite rose bush she had growing at the front door of her house.

I usually visited Danum in the nursing home two to four times a week for about a year. She had her hundredth birthday and received her card from the queen. Aunt Audrey came to visit for her birthday. She was getting well and agreed to take Danum back to live with her a couple of months later.

Eventually, it was just too much on the Wednesdays with the harmful things Bill was saying in front of Sally. They were beginning to have a negative effect on her. She was now old enough to understand his words. Are you sick of hearing about all the negative things Bill did? Unfortunately, there are no positives. Thankfully, you only read it...and not all of it. I forgive you Bill, but I will not allow my children to suffer because you do not want to love, learn or grow.

Amazingly, my mum had just sold her house and needed somewhere to live temporarily, until she found another house. She agreed she would mind Danum's house. Mum willingly put herself where she knew she would come under Bill's stalking and threatening attacks. I love you mum.

I went to the police station and informed them I was leaving town, there were no Family Court Orders in place, and I did not want Bill to find me. I left Esperance under the cover of darkness. The furniture removal company was quite okay with the unusual request. I was free.. "FREE!!!" I say.





## Chapter 9

You would not believe how different it was to be able to sit in my house and not think about blue 4WDs driving past, and to be able to answer the phone without some hateful person demanding, insulting, or messing with me with mind games.

I did not get strange looks from people anymore. The church we went to was glorious. All the people there wanted to welcome us and the pastor was so supportive.

While living in Perth for that nine months, I met a prophet. He seemed to be the only one who saw the truth about the whole scene of the state of my life without me saying a word. He was the only human who in affect reached down and lifted me up out of a dark, slippery pit.

I have great respect for true prophets. This moment was a bright highlight for me and pivotal in shedding joy and hope in my heart. To know I was on track and having that affirmation that I really was not alone nor had been, and knowing that in a clearly tangible way. This is what he said to me through divine knowledge of God as he did not know me personally nor anyone else who knew me.

“You have depression, so much so, you don’t care if you are alive tomorrow. You have grief, and you are uptight... Don’t blame yourself, for what happened... You have been fighting an intense warfare. There were two sentries blocking your way. They are now removed.”(Then he said, word for word, a prayer I had prayed in my bedroom in Esperance whilst all alone. Then he continued..) “The just shall live by his faith. You will be shifting, shifting, shifting. There will be fighting on the borders. Finances will be supplied. The agony of the hurt and pain will be evident. The darts will be stopped. There will be peace on the borders. You will be as Esther. You have sought righteousness. There will be a series of miracles. You will find security, for Jesus is your security.”

Those very words became my life breath and hope through the next leg of the journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

While worshipping during a gathering once, I saw an open vision of Jesus descending into the room, much like the motion of being on an escalator, yet Him stepping also into the room. His arrival was certainly coinciding with the music and the welcoming worshipers.

He stood there at the front. He was looking intently at a lady. He looked very lovingly toward her. He then looked at the next lady, and seemed to see something different, yet He gave her the same proud, loving look of approval. Then, he repeated this with the next person.

There was such beauty in His thoughts and appreciation. I was not jealous of His gaze being on someone else. It seemed he was present for us all at once. But I did think passionately. 'Oh it's Him! ... It is going to take ages for Him to get to me.' I was half way toward the back and there were hundreds of worshipers there. So I closed my eyes and worshiped Him. I then felt His embrace. I felt His beard upon my cheek. He revealed Himself to me as Father, Shepherd, Friend, and Mentor.

I was surprised by the fact that he revealed himself to me as Father. However, Jesus says in the bible, "He who has seen me has seen the Father." In addition, the sermon later that evening was on that very subject. Afterward, I told the pastor what I had seen. He was very happy. I now understand how it feels to not want to wash your cheek.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pastor had an outreach program, in which he taught people computer basics. I decided after gentle leading and coercion from the pastor I had to learn how to use one, if I wanted a chance at functioning in society that had changed so much since I had been incapacitated.

At this time, I was also relearning how to speak, socialize, and function properly whilst being around people. I had previously had difficulty in these areas, mainly due to poor concentration and memory ability and impaired fine motor skills. I was also learning how to converse without offering service, though I couldn't stop myself from doing the vacuuming of the auditorium occasionally.



I will forever be grateful for the kindness shown to us there at that church group, in many practical ways. Just having them accepting us and coming along side went such a long way... It was as if we finally had permission to have friends. Though I know no one needs permission to have friends, in essence I had formally been forbidden because of Bills behavior, whether by my choice to keep others safe, or his controlling nature, or my not wanting to risk involving others who would be forced into action of one type or another.

I felt I was recovering well with the added support and reduced stress. A physician now finally diagnosed me with Fibromyalgia and Arthralgia. I still had Chronic Fatigue Syndrome but in the milder stages now. Nine years after my initial illness and it was officially acknowledged I was ill, yet still no cure.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had a silent phone number and a post office box. I went to Legal Aid to see if I could get a Protection Order. "No, they would not finance that." I was told to go to a shop front lawyer. I paid twenty-five dollars for twenty-five minutes, including walking in and out the door, just to find out I would need around four thousand dollars. I did not have that.

I was told if I started proceedings, I would have more clout. If Bill were to start proceedings, he would Order Interim Contact.

Nine months after moving from Esperance, I found out through secret intelligence that Bill had started proceedings. So I had a garage sale and gave lots of things away. Including Danums antiques and handmade furniture etc. We packed our clothes and important stuff. We had a suitcase each, as we flew out of Perth airport to Sydney in January 2005.

Some of our important stuff was stolen at the Perth airport by a staff member who was caught several months later with a camel's head, which he had also stolen. A garage full of loot was uncovered, but we were too far away to reclaim our small items.

In Sydney after sightseeing for a week, I bought a car with the proceeds from my garage sale and drove to Cootamundra. I had read many interesting articles printed by a church group there. I knew no one else on that side of the continent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very shortly after arriving, I had a dream that Bill was at the Post Office of Cootamundra. This dream was a warning to me, that this would happen, and eventually we would need to leave. I withdrew from the people in that group without explaining this, so as to protect them. This way people will respond naturally and honestly, giving no place for the devil. I then went and told the police why I was in the town and gave them my details.

Then, the Family Court were making demands that forced me to travel two hundred kilometers, round trip, to Wagga Wagga. In order to post a Declaration Statement and to keep our location confidential, the mail I received from the Family Court was forwarded through my post box in Perth. I was unable to access Legal Aid through N.S.W. It had to be submitted to Legal Aid W.A..

The answer was still "No." I could hardly believe the Family Court was still pursuing me when I told them the situation, and that Legal Aid was funding him, the perpetrator of violence but not me.

\* \* \* \* \*

The house we lived in was situated on a cul-de-sac. Often, there would be up to nine children playing out front on the lawn. Our front yard was very welcoming. Nadine and her friends would play tennis on the road. There was only local traffic. Miranda played games well with the smaller children, including everyone fairly. I can think of nothing sweeter than the sounds of children's laughter. I received many compliments on my children's good behavior. However, in all honesty, I attributed all praise to God, for I could not accept my contribution as being very significant.

After six months in Cootamundra, I knew the time had come to leave because the reality of that warning dream I had previously, about Bill being at the Cootamundra Post Office was becoming inevitable. The Family Court was making it a danger for us to settle by forcing me to divulge our location through Orders. At the time, I felt that if the Family Court had lined us up in front of a firing squad and shot us, it would have been just as scary, but seemingly less cruel.

\* \* \* \* \*

I thought we would go on a holiday throughout Queensland and maybe I could get to see the Daintree Rainforest. I had always wanted to go to a thick, deep, wet, jungle-like, green rainforest – either the Daintree or the Amazon – for as long as I could remember. We had never enjoyed a holiday together, and it was legal to take six months off school for travel. So after following Orders we left.

The day we drove out of Cootamundra going North... was the day before...Bill drove into Cootamundra coming from the South...!!!

I found out this later, through a Family Court hearing he went to the Post Office, the Church group, and the police. He found nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*



## Chapter 10

**M**y Danum had sold her house and the money was just sitting in the bank. According to the will, it was all mine again, apparently. So Aunt Audrey sent money for me when we absolutely needed it. I had purchased a Ford Forte station wagon and loaded it up for the trip. Our furniture was stored in a locked storage shed we rented for twenty-five dollars per week.

We went to an Observatory and looked at the stars; we went to The Bunya Mountains, Emerald, and Bundaberg...we saw many beautiful, diverse and interesting things. It was an adventure.

The children were very happy and excited. We ended up in Townsville and loved it so much, we decided to stay for a few months. I had purchased a ten-man tent and we had 'the best spot' under a huge fig tree. There, the birds sang to us all day long. They had such a happy tune, perhaps because of the beautiful weather...sunshine and more sunshine.

There was a free water park in town and a wonderful beach front walk with many thick, tall palm trees. Our caravan park was in the next bay on the beach front. It had a tennis court, swimming pool, and barbecue areas. I was enjoying the children with no fear or persecution. We visited the museums, the Under Water World, and Wildlife Sanctuary. We met many interesting characters at the caravan park. I learned how to breathe and smile again. I got more confident talking about normal things, (I had lost the ability to decipher social cues when ill.) like finding out all about coconuts, mangoes, sugar cane, and swimming spots. Crystal Brook was worth the trip, by the way.

Using my limited energy reserves solely for the children's happiness was a joy. They each met special friends and expressed themselves in added talents and happiness. This, in place of regimented routine getting them to school and running a household I could easily endure. Of course

holidays don't last forever, but it was a needed highlight for these children that is for sure.

Once, while in the communal kitchen, I got talking to a few people about some of the violence I had experienced. Later, one man who was there spoke to me and wanted to show me something. He showed me a handgun and told me he could wipe Bill out for me, no strings attached. He had a motorcycle and money for the trip, he had every means to do it efficiently and anonymously. I just had to give the nod.

I was adamant that was not going to happen. There is no way I would entertain such a thought, nor tolerate him being serious about such a thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Finally, after I had traveled to Cairns, just to post my affidavit, I was sure the Family Court would leave us alone. So I thought we would find a place to settle ready for the children to start the school year. I gave my tent away. I didn't make it to the Daintree Rainforest.

I decided on living in Tin Can Bay, a quiet coastal town with dolphins, soldier crabs, and a country calmness. It was possible that I could have owned some property near there. Or so I thought. I was going to purchase an ant-infested house for fifty thousand dollars. I would fix it up with steel in the corners and new roof, eventually, and fill in the walls bit by bit with wattle and daub or mud brick.

Three years later, I found the property selling for two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. It did not seem fully repaired from the outside as the roof still sagged, and many of the palm trees had been removed.

After three months, it was evident the Family Court was not going to let up, and I could not afford to keep traveling miles to throw off the scent. There were only two policemen in that town, too, with many kilometers to cover in their work.

\* \* \* \* \*

So I thought we would move to the city of Brisbane where it would be easier to remain hidden from Bill but I would be able to deal with the ongoing Family Court case with added protection of city streets and added resources. It was my only option. When we arrived I would apply

for emergency housing, such as was available to families in Western Australia. Uh-oh! Was I wrong with that assumption!

I was not recognized as a resident of Queensland, and would not be able to access state housing until after two years. I had run straight into a slight private rental housing shortage as well, as around one thousand people were moving to the Southeast of the State of Queensland each week. In addition rents were double what I had been used to paying.

We spent a little over a month in a caravan park paying over \$400 a week, and then we spent three nights in the car so we could eat. Sleeping in the car may have protected us from mosquitoes, but the veins in your legs and arms don't get a rest from gravity. So the last night, the children had a little more room inside while I slept outside the car on the bitumen car park ground with a sheet over my head.

\* \* \* \* \*

The people who dealt with the housing for us were not interested in making us feel like dignified human beings, except, perhaps, one lady. Going through that experience left a great deal to be desired.

I asked a pastor at a church if he could ask the congregation if anyone had a wardrobe-sized space in a shed for storage I could use so we could sleep horizontal, until I got a house. I didn't ask for a house, room, or bed. The pastor refused. I have since heard of two extremes; some people get new furniture and a nice house, while some are content to give a homeless person some old bread. Some of the church has lost its way because of being funded by the Government and becoming an organization, thus being used and weary with it. They have lost focus of family, the law of love, and the understanding that all members of church are a part of one body.

We were given crisis housing through another organization, but it was only for a period of three months with no possibility of an extension. It ought to be called temporary housing because it doesn't heal the crisis. My ID wallet was stolen, along with my special photo of Danum, holding me when I was a baby. So I had another run around and expense, reestablishing my important documents paperwork.

I could not put the children into the school there in all practicality, as we would be moving again and I did not know where. The local school was huge. My children did not need yet another daunting situation. They

had had enough school upheavals. So I got a tutor in, one day a week so that they could at least brush up. During this time, another Family Court affidavit was required. All this along with being as ill as someone with the flu who would be taking days off work.

\* \* \* \* \*

About this time, I received another personal prophetic encouragement. I have it on tape. It is quite long. I will share with you the following section from this message...

“The children are safe in my hands, and your loved ones are safe. Heavenly Father is going to make up the difference with the children. They are called. You have a message. You have lived the message. You are the message. There are things you had to go through like the Josephs and Davids in the world. You had to live through it. On the wings of the wind, you are going to rise up. You will be amazed at what is going to come of this.”

\* \* \* \* \*

We had to live in motels for about three weeks, paying around seven hundred dollars per week for one cheap room which was paid for by money sent from Aunt Audrey. We lived this way, until I finally got a rental house through a real estate agency, which was willing to accept telephoning interstate to check my references. We moved into a lovely four bedroom, two-level house. I organized my furniture to be picked up from N.S.W. by a removals company. I sometimes had overseas students stay in our home for a week at a time. This made things interesting for the children.

\* \* \* \* \*

I attended another gathering, where, upon arrival, I discovered there was a prophet ministering. The evening was awesome! In closing, he took an offering. It was the only one taken. He said to all, “You have paid your tithes and your offering; now, if you have money for the kingdom, that is what this offering is.”

I was quietly talking to God in my mind. ‘Oh I wish I had finances for your kingdom. You know I would do that if I had it.’ Just then, the



prophet asked me to stand up. He said, “You are going to receive great riches, you have the gift of miracles. Say after me the scripture... Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.” I did... A strong fiery wind blew. I felt blown away.

\* \* \* \* \*

We did homeschooling. Thankfully I was not required to do the parent/teaching course again. This was so the children could pick up the math that they had missed due to varying curricular standards throughout the different states of Australia and the time they were out of school. They could fill in gaps, catch up, and excel, as it is diagnostically tested and pace set. The home school program was also, encouragingly, based on goal setting, and I had the answer keys.

I found I had seriously underestimated the previous harm done to Nadine concerning homeschooling, because she related it to Bill, telling her to “Do your math,” or, “Go read the dictionary.” However, we persisted.

I thought because I was getting better health wise, I could help the children in other areas, where only I saw the need for things to be fixed. For example, Miranda needed help with spatial perception, by practicing throwing and catching a ball, and measuring momentum. She needed help with things, such as gauging when it was safe to cross the road. She was without a parent when these things are generally developed.

Nadine needed order, encouragement, a strong role model, and to learn the ability to now function in a peaceful and safe family life. She had in the past taken on the role of chief protector. She learned other practical things like budgeting and tips with shopping. Her ideal occupation she thought she would like to do, was police work.

Nadine and Miranda went to youth group for their social time. Sally was enjoying just being a child and learning responsibility by looking after her pets.

We had a little over a wonderful year there, where we were all together, safe, and in a good suburb. There I was, becoming even more physically and mentally enabled. I’m very grateful for the relatively settled feeling we had. We also went to a large church. I received another confirmation from an Apostle. He knew nothing about me on a personal

level, but God had revealed to him what I was to hear. As he held both my hands, he said, “You are an evangelist, release the message.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I taught the children and myself more cooking, and I had to gather the evidence for the next affidavit and the upcoming Trial Hearing. Thankfully, I knew how to use a computer. I would have had no chance of keeping Sally safe without that knowledge.

Interestingly, speaking with the psychologist as part of routine procedure for Family Court violence cases helped me recover significantly from some tension. I became aware that muscles on my ribs had been tense, though if someone had asked me if they were before, I would not have thought so. Yet, being able to profile Bill to someone who would understand, gave me such a release.

No one else anywhere can help put an affidavit together unless they were a lawyer and paid around a hundred dollars per hour. I found a place where I could print out affidavit copies for free. That was the sum of support, until, amazingly, Legal Aid gave me a lawyer based in Western Australia for a brief time before the Trial Hearing date.

I have not discussed in detail many of the procedures nor insights I received through dealing with the Family Court in order to protect the system from being exploited or lied to. Not that I agree with the way things are done either. Straight from the lawyers mouth I was told it is not about what is right but rights. Scary!

Can you believe that the changes in The Family Law Court are being implemented under instruction from the United Nations? Why are police powerless to stop the most heinous of crimes happening within families under ones family home roof? Are so called liberties and freedoms such as divorce without fault, actually allowing families to lead more fulfilling lives? If something becomes law does that automatically mean we are obliged to accept it even if it ends badly for many? What society are we trying to build?

During the week before that Trial date, the Family Court canceled the hearing, of which I was to attend in Perth and I had already made plans as to how I would go about it and had saved money especially to fund the trip.





# Chapter 11

We were all so looking forward, to be catching up with family while we were in Perth. So, I didn't change my decision to travel still by car to Perth. I had already told Aunt Audrey we were coming. I was going to surprise Danum, for her one hundred and third birthday. I felt this visit to see my Danum was important.

Mario's dad had recently passed away, so I wanted to cheer up the family there too. In addition, his mum, Nona, had arranged her trip to Italy around us visiting. She had been looking forward to seeing her grandchildren.

We had arrived in Perth by traveling south from Brisbane and making a special stop in Nowra, in New South Wales. Beautiful! Then, we went west crossing the Nullabor. Yes.. I got caught going a hundred and ten kilometers per hour coming down that large hill outside Eucla in South Australia. Why the speed limit is one hundred kilometers per hour in such a barren place I do not know. The hill puts such momentum on a loaded vehicle too. I guess it keeps them busy.

The children were excited about seeing their cousins and other loving family members. My lawyer found out I was still coming to Western Australia and there were now Orders that Sally attend the Child Contact Center in Perth to see both her dad and Bill's mum. The Child Contact Center is a house with a playground set up for one parent to drop off said child/children and the other parent to have a psychologist supervise the visit.

Here this man Bill was, still destroying and interrupting our life. He had no intention of building a healthy relationship with Sally. On the day, I was too ill to facilitate contact. I had a kidney infection and was hospitalized. I was also too ill to fully enjoy family or facilitate the trip arranged by Nadine's and Miranda's Aunt and Uncle. They had planned a few days of snorkeling, boating, bike riding, and fishing at Rottnest Island with their cousins.

Whilst I was in hospital, my car was stolen from the front of Mario's mum's house. It was not insured.

Afterwards, we traveled by train to stay with Aunt Audrey and see Danam for a few days. I was still on antibiotics. Aunt Audrey gave me ten thousand dollars to replace the car.

My Ford station wagon had been discovered burned out. No one knows who stole it, but perhaps it was stolen by youths? Ironically, I had filled the petrol tank up to the top for the very first time ever, with premium petrol, since it had just gotten us halfway around Australia safely. This only helped to melt the color, wheels, and engine to an unrecognizable state, the policeman told me.

I tried to spend special time with Danum. She was grateful we had come to see her, and very happy to see the children and me. Amazingly, she was still quite alert and playing the card game, 'Patience.' She walked on her own, with her walker, and still had all her wits about her. Not too bad for one hundred and three!

When we said our goodbyes, I just choked up with the knowledge that I would not see my Danum again, on earth. I could not hold back the tears. She passed away peacefully while holding Aunt Audrey's hand a few months later.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were being bombarded by text messages from Bill, opened up by the Family Court, directed to Sally. However, many of them were not worth showing her as they were repetitive, interrogative or accusing.

There was a hole left in Miranda's heart as she departed from her dad, and Nadine began to show effects of depression, too, after this. I think it was because of the text messages. Nadine took it upon herself to shield Sally, seeing I was occupied driving.

I had purchased a Ford Explorer 4WD. Later, I found out I really didn't need a four-wheel-drive, as the main roads were the best I had ever seen in the Northern Territory, compared with throughout all of Australia. The legal speed limits were as high as one hundred forty kilometers per hour. I was pleasantly surprised with how beautiful the north end was. I enjoyed the trip back to Brisbane, our home with the children.

\* \* \* \* \*

The 4WD was not very fuel-efficient in comparison to my previous vehicle. Shortly after seeing Kakadu National Park, just north of Katherine, we traveled South. I thought it best to stop at the next fuel stop showing on the map after Three Ways Roadhouse. This was mainly because of the large line up of vehicles there, for food and petrol. It was only a further seventy kilometers as shown on the map. We drove and drove and I was looking carefully to the left and right, hoping I had not missed the town, Likkaparta. It soon became evident that I had definitely passed the spot where the fuel should have been, but there was no other option other than to keep going.

“Chug, chug, chug,” the 4WD said. It began to splutter and then faded. I pulled over to the side of the road and turned off the key. I made a sign to wave to passing motorists.

## PETROL

In over an hour, only two motorists went past, without slowing, and kind of looked worried at our predicament. I said to the children, “Okay girls, we are going to have to pray.” So we did.

I don’t think I ever saw all three of them being so earnest in prayer as in this prayer. I said, “Okay, now I want you to praise Jesus, and keep praising Him and thanking Him.” I turned the key... It started! I placed my foot on the accelerator; it went. I was praising, praying, thanking God, and not letting up.

The motor was definitely responding to acceleration, and the motor was running, yet I felt we were being pulled along also. After a while of realizing this was a miracle, I looked at the odometer. I wanted to see how far this would go. Just after eighty kilometers, I noticed a truck stop ahead. There was no petrol or shop, but there were four vehicles parked there for the night that was soon approaching. I asked God, “Should I keep with the miracle or stop and ask these people for help?” I swung in alongside the campers, turned off the motor, and got out of the car. I asked if anyone had a jerry can of unleaded fuel. “No, only diesel,” came the reply.

I asked again, just as another young man joined the group. “Oh, sure!” he said. “But you can only have half of it.” I offered him fifty dollars. He refused, but told me, I think from memory, “It is exactly

fifty-four kilometers to the next town, Barkley Homestead Roadhouse.” There, we found out Likkaparta had been burned down seventeen or more years before, yet was still shown on some maps.

As we left that truck stop, I saw two bright lights ascend into heaven. They were two angels that had waited until we were safe. I was a little upset with myself for the way I relaxed now, because of petrol being in the tank. Difficulties allow us to see His miraculous intervention.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day, a couple of months later, whilst driving this thirsty vehicle around in Brisbane, I found myself with a lot to do, a big list of things. One of them was to ‘put petrol in car’. I had just dropped off two Chinese home stay students at College on the other side of the Story Bridge.

I thought I would easily make it to a petrol station. It was early morning rush hour and the 4WD started to splutter. I quickly pulled over. Afterwards, I realized I had just made it... to the last possible place on the median strip to pull over... before the Story Bridge.

I just sat there for a while. I thought, I might just test and see if the car would restart without prayer. I tried a few times. No, it did not start. I prayed and asked God what I should do. My attention kept going toward a driveway-cleaning vehicle that was parked a short distance away. It was just down a loop road, from the main road. I got out of the vehicle and zigzagged across the four lanes of intense, tight knit, slow moving commuters.

I saw a man walking toward me. I asked him where the nearest petrol station was. While pointing, he said, “It is miles that way...or miles that way... ha ha. You are in for a hard time.” I thanked him and walked on. I didn’t believe him.

As I approached the man cleaning the driveway, he bounded over to me as if he were an old friend. He willingly gave me the petrol in his small jerry can. He was telling me about his son who had been suffering with kidney trouble as he was putting the petrol in the car. I knew I was to pray for his boy.

Just imagine if I had run out of petrol on the Story Bridge. Other than the huge traffic jam it would have caused, I would have also received a large fine and a towing bill, and many people would have been upset at



being late for work with a potential many hundreds of thousands of dollars lost.

God provides so that His children do not need to beg, especially for food. Most often, he provides through pure love and generosity in people. If people will not allow themselves to be used in serving others God will send angels. There are enough resources for everyone. God has many resources. Though I did ask someone for petrol and help with a wardrobe-sized amount of space, I never begged for food, or went to any charities for free handouts. Yet the prophecy was fulfilled that finances would be supplied, and there would be a series of miracles.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Trial Hearing was now heard via telephone conference. Debbie happened to be Bill's witness, and she mentioned axes. It rang a bell, but I could not recall any specific circumstances. One day, a few weeks afterward, the memory flooded back into my mind. I must have previously blocked it from my memory. Along with gaining that memory I now recalled Danum's broken rib and Nadine's broken finger.

I really am amazed at how victimized, ostracized and judged insignificant by many in the secular system and in many of the situations I endured through those past several years. I often wonder how people make it through who did not have a sound childhood or healthy point of reference with mental and emotional strength found in the love of truth, and faith which I believe was pivotal in getting me through, plus the added divine intervention.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shortly after the Trial Hearing, I hosted Mario's brother, sister-in-law, nephew, and niece for a week, on their way around the world. Then, I received a small inheritance. I had used half along the way, during our travels. I bought a few things we needed for the house and children, and a small, fuel-efficient car.

Gary and Lucia, who is Mario's sister, and my two nieces then came to stay. Gary had some business seminars he was to attend. By staying with us, the whole family could visit. Lucia is a lot of fun and a great cook. I enjoyed their stay.

Nadine wanted to go back to Perth with her aunt, uncle, and cousins. She was now sixteen. After much consideration, I allowed it. I thought it would be good for her to have the opportunity to receive love and support through Gary and Lucia and see a happy functioning marriage. In addition, it would be beneficial to have the opportunity to get to know her dad better, and Grandma Nona.

I think what she really wanted, more than anything, was her own youth allowance. Anyway, I was grateful someone else wanted to have a positive impact on Nadine's life.

Miranda pleaded with me to allow her to continue homeschooling. I was reluctant, but she convinced me. As I needed to go back to work in order to pay the rapidly increasing rent, I would have to check her work in the evenings. I wonder, do people really need to follow real estate agents' dictates about the cost of rent? I had to push myself so hard to work. I had physiotherapy to try to relieve the pain and knots that was set in my shoulders and neck.

I cleaned houses. It was something I was good at and could do without too much thought, and even though it was quite difficult for me to do, it was the only thing I thought I could possibly sustain. Another year had been lost in added stress fighting unnecessary battles in Family Court that should have been put to rest. A psychiatrist did a report as part of procedure for domestic violence cases. In his report he stated I was paranoid. Just to make certain he was accurate in his assessment he divulged the suburb I lived in. Bill was flown over by plane paid for by legal aid for supervised contact at a Contact Center. He was flown out shortly after, without seeing Sally. I do not know why.

It is not as if it is possible being ill to be an expert mum, dad, lawyer, breadwinner, cook, and budgeter. Especially when one is isolated, and suffering emotionally, physically, and mentally. How is one expected to do it all while enduring such a bombardment of stress and pain? Who suffers most? Children. The Department of Child Safety do not need aggravating Governmental departments causing more work for them.

The Fibromyalgia now relapsed and that made it impossible to clean houses. Miranda and I were devastated at the intense return of the illness. Relapses tend to knock you out much more than consistent illness...if that is possible. I think it is because when intense pain is there, it is as though it has always been there, and when you relapse, your hope additionally takes a beating.

Well, the rent still had to be paid. I was hoping to recover enough to get back to work. It wasn't happening. I had to face the Small Claims Tribunal to explain my fall behind in rent, and how I proposed to correct it.

On the way there, I checked my bank account. To my pleasant surprise, there was an extra thousand dollars. I still do not know where this money came from... perhaps a fish's mouth? All I can say is that it was there, at the perfect time. I was able to let the magistrate know I could pay that amount immediately, and cover the rest with the Government Stimulus of two thousand dollars just before Christmas if I could stay until 12 December 2008.

I could cover all money owing. When I explained the fact that the rent had increased from three hundred and twenty dollars per week to four hundred and fifty dollars per week in just over two years, along with the fact that I was ill and losing my job, the magistrate understood and agreed.



## Chapter 12

I know, without a doubt, that miracles have happened, can happen, do happen, and will happen again. God is the great physician and maker. He knows and is capable of healing every infirmity, every illness, and every torment. God is love. I know that, within my lifetime, we will see all kinds of disease healed. It is happening in lots of places all over the world as we speak.

There are going to be many different restorative ministries needed to help people adjust to functioning in life after being made well, when previously, they were incapacitated. For example, a blind person is going to need a crash course in reading and, perhaps, driving lessons. A deaf person will need instruction and guidance about the sounds they hear and, maybe, music lessons. A lame person will now need a job. So many details build our daily life. Many people may not be aware just how much one thing builds upon another. These are the areas to be aware of for your brothers and sisters.

Just think about someone crying in front of their burned house, sorrowfully saying, “I have lost everything!” Well, that is not entirely true. They stand there with their health, family perhaps, friends, and occupation. Though the amount of details that goes into the physical restoration alone is phenomenal, there are as many details for each of the other aspects to one’s life, too. People can never get to where they are going without interaction with others.

Christians prepare for these changes, so as to keep the momentum going. Be happy for the person out of the wheelchair. I have seen true visions of miracles happening and they will happen soon. A man with no legs got legs, ran, and danced. A partly blind, deaf, and lame lady, became whole and beautiful in every way. Abused children were healed emotionally. It is coming! I want to faithfully pray for people, and know they will be relieved of sickness and pain and none go to that bubbling lava place nor anywhere near there. Jesus is like that, and more so than any other. His love is perfect! The cost He paid is tremendous and is more than enough. He is the deliverer!

I don't want to pray for people and them not get healed. Jesus healed all who came and comes to Him. I have prayed for an autistic six year old girl who had twisted hand movements and unintelligible speech. When I saw her next she was just like the other children her age, singing in the school assembly. A deaf lady had a demon leave. I have yet to find out what changes occurred. A young mans wrist was healed, also a depressed man who dressed weirdly, I saw several weeks later looking much better after a time of prayer and counsel. With these four instances God led me to the two females with a passionate compassion, and the other two incidents unfolded through the person asking me to pray for them after testimony.

I had to relearn many simple things after the trauma of domestic violence. To varying degrees, this is what anyone needs who has suffered any type of trauma, abuse, or distress, whether it be affliction from demons, or people being used by demons. Some terrible things go on in the world. Listen to God for who you can affect change for.

When your life is sweet you have the health and strength to show people without that, how it is walked out. It is not for you to think you are better than another. It is not my purpose to burden anyone, but just to lift your eyes to beyond yourself and your loved ones. If distress of nations were to hit all of the population at once who can remain strong? These are near realities that are worth your serious consideration. Prepare! I do not desire for you to be tricked into thinking you will be whisked away from hardship, only to find you were and are called to be light in the darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

To speak or write about something that someone has done to harm me does not mean that there is not forgiveness on my part. I have heard people want to say that, but it is just not true. We are still on earth. There has to be repentance before God for sin to be forgiven even with Him. If people do not apologize, however, we as humans are to forgive. It counts as mercy for us, from God, for times when we may have overlooked a shortfall in ourselves. I think the difference is that there cannot be the forgetting, because to do so would be folly on our part.

In other words, when someone is still holding a loaded gun, there is action to take. It has nothing to do with forgiveness, but wisdom. It is

possible to grieve and pray and cry for that person to not fall into hell, but until there is repentance there cannot be reconciliation.

We are stewards. It is correct to shield children. My children would not profit by remaining in a relationship with such an angry, destructive man. I think about the cleansing of the nation of Israel done through the ministry of Nehemiah where unequally yoked marriages were annulled. Please do not ever leave a marriage without proper godly counsel and direction.

To deny that it hurts to see someone destroying themselves is not right. But those people walk past us each and every day if we are out and about. But all hurt does need to be given up to Jesus, because only He carried the load for the lost. We can be action with Him, and love, even our enemies.

\* \* \* \* \*

I now live in a two-bedroom unit. It was a miracle find where I did not need a reference and I was able to move in directly from the other house. I downsized the rental property. Sally and I now live alone. I remain separated and unmarried.

Shortly after the Small Claims Tribunal Hearing, I was hospitalized after taking only one antidepressant tablet that I was reluctant to take, though my doctor convinced me, saying it would relieve many of the Fibromyalgia symptoms. I was weary and worn out. Unfortunately, I was all washed up and tired of resisting. I just wanted to get better. The cymbalta made my jaw tremble uncontrollably and my muscles twitch. I had a temperature and very high blood pressure. The doctor ordered an ambulance to take me to hospital from the doctors office. I had a rare side effect reaction after just one pill.

While in hospital, as soon as they heard that my admittance was due to an antidepressant, they sent me to the mental ward. Upon gathering history from me the psychiatrist there said he thought I was delusional about the violence I had endured long ago. It was the ultimate insult and made me determined to write this book. I do not approve of someone superficially looking at your life and wanting to write it off after ten minutes, without true knowledge. I'm also not happy that I was sent to the mental ward. To be frank, nothing has made me more angry than professionals imposing inaccurate boxes upon me, and insultingly

perpetuating the trauma with potential costly repercussions because of their false information.

My symptoms were physical. I would have been better off at home. This is all due to the lack of research funds for Myalgic Encephalomyelitis, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and Fibromyalgia. The World Health Organization and Centers for Disease Control and Prevention acknowledges the impact and reality of these illnesses.

The Center for Disease Control has a new criteria for Chronic Fatigue Syndrome just now, that classifies Chronic Fatigue Syndrome different from and separate from patients suffering from Major Depressive illness or other mental illness. Great news and about time.

Anyway, going to hospital moved things for me. I realized how I had at least four good friends who rallied around for me. Both my daughter's school friend's parents took the girls in. Another one told me about the unit available, and another one was remarkably loving. I met and helped a young man in the hospital who was very grateful, and insisted on being of service to help move my furniture into my new residence. It makes me cry.

Everything looked impossible, but walls were brought down seemingly by that wrong tablet. Really, God was never caught off guard, because a day before hand I heard His still voice tell me I was going to hospital.

\* \* \* \* \*

I thought I would fast track Miranda's return to her dad Mario. She was missing him terribly. We had intended for Miranda to live with her dad while attending University. Miranda had now had a little over two years settled, with her mum being quite functional. I hoped it was enough. My time with my two eldest children was up. It happened suddenly and too soon, really. I miss those two sweet girls.

I am very proud of them and the characters they have become. They are a little bruised, but very insightful and understanding. Both are doing well and doing something special with the lives that they have been given. Sally is also a wonderful child. There is a very delicate and articulate quality about her. She has a purity of heart and nature that is quite unique. She does a great job at school and enjoys her friends.

\* \* \* \* \*



Finally after fourteen years just now, I finally found a doctor who specializes in understanding and treating Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. Blood tests were done that confirmed past infection of Epstein-Barr Virus and Cytomegalovirus Serology. These are two viruses believed involved in contributing to C.F.S..

Also the presence of a protein showing elevation in CRP which indicates activity of an inflammatory, infective or neoplastic nature. CRP is a more sensitive early indicator of an acute phase response than is the ESR. It returns towards normal more rapidly with improvement or resolution of the disease process.

Higher than normal amount of Lactate was found even though I had not eaten a large meal nor exercised before the test. Lactic acid in excessive amounts is a sure sign of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome.

Lower than recommended levels of vitamin D also evident, even though I live in the Sunshine State and enjoy fish, eggs, mushrooms and milk.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Final Hearing has not happened yet. There have been no new Orders for over a year now, yet the Independent Childrens Lawyer had contacted me several times, and police did a Child Safety Check. The police woman must have spoken to Bill because she was full of accusation and interrogation in front of Sally. In fact doing harm to Sally rather than focusing on the childs' safety. The last remaining Order forbids Bill from attending the school where Sally is. Contact is to happen only at a Contact Center with supervision. There are no phone calls, texts nor letters Ordered. All has been quiet. If I did not have the prophets words, to be assured of peace on the borders, I would still be unsettled within myself about it all left hanging.

\* \* \* \* \*

I now write this book. It is not the easiest thing to do to share openly the important secret times, treasures, thoughts, and the painful things I experienced. I am hoping it will encourage you or someone you know in some way.

I wanted to just lay it out as it happened to put it in perspective. It doesn't mean all the answers are easy or even here. I'm just one person. However, to endure and grow in love and understanding has been invaluable to me. Through it all, I realized the shortage of human comfort and understanding is grievous, and I can only do better by relying on God's love flowing from me, and being relentless in fighting for those without voice in whatever opportunities are before me.

Perhaps, if I pray daily, I can make a difference. I really do not know how people survive without God's love. Throughout this book, His love, comfort, intervention, and provision have been the grandest things. Imagine my time on earth without those bits where God lifted me. I want to let go of the past pain, though many people seem to want to force the past upon me. I want to step into my future, ministering to those around me with the little more knowledge gained now with compassion and understanding.

I have a child to raise and neighbors to love.

\* \* \* \* \*

You could have met me or known me briefly at any point of my life, and you would have a different opinion about who I was and what I was about. One thing has remained consistent. I am loved by God and so are you. Bill is too. Only he has not acknowledged that in truth, or he would be a changed man. Anything is possible with God and repentance.

I, too, to varying degrees, may have had different opinions about myself. But the saving thing for me has been to continue hearing and looking for what is really going on. Search, and you will find the truth and the living Word of God is always constant and sure, and perfectly sustaining.

Opinions matter when it is based on an accurate understanding of facts, truthfully perceived, pure love, and experience. I think that is why each person is given just a portion. There are multitudes that no man can number that make up the redeemed, in heaven with each having a small part, in comparison to Jesus, who makes up as much as all that multitude of all nations, tribes and languages. No wonder he is the head of the Church.

The one thing human kind cannot live without is God's provision. We receive it every day, through the raindrops we drink, the food we eat.

God, the creator of heaven, earth, sea, and all things therein... Most of all, we need the provision of Jesus, being our Passover and High Priest. I thank God for the days of grace. Soon, that dispensation will end and just rewards will be given.

Jesus suffered every pain with me, and has known much, much more.

I am so sorry for my sins. They hurt Him; my sins put Jesus through great suffering, and all He wanted to do was rescue me from worse torment in hell, which is where I was headed without Him. Take it from the One who knows and the One WHO SEES even in the dark, the Only Wise, Living God. If you have peace with God, you have everything you need.

We are all loved by someone, even when we feel all alone, when no one believes our story, though we saw it with our own eyes. Through misunderstandings, it is possible to come out the other end a little, hopefully, wiser for it. It is God's opinion that truly matters.

Thankfully He is a good God who has good plans and can be found. He wants to share His love with all who come to Him; He will not cast out anyone who comes to Him!

\* \* \* \* \*

I just got a text message from Mario:

Saw Nadine on weekend.  
She is blossoming.  
It is Miranda's 15th  
birthday tomorrow.  
They are beautiful!

The next day, for Mother's Day, Miranda sent me this poem that she wrote:

*Dear Mum, I'm not the greatest...  
But anything great I owe to you...  
I'm not the most supportive...but,  
What else can a fifteen-year-old do?  
I guess it comes down to reality...*

*Who taught me to dress?  
Who put a band-aid on my boo boos?  
Who gave me everything she had?*

*Who said she's useless at providing for us...  
But Who was there when we were sad?*

*YOU, ROSE, are the best!  
You gave all, when you needed rest...  
Now, I'm strong like you,  
And I'll stand beside you,  
With Sally because I know you are her best carer...  
Happy Mother's Day!... I love you forever,  
And that's the way it'll stay.  
XXX Love from Miranda.*

Be Blessed!

<http://www.cdc.gov/cfs/>

<http://mecfshints.com/resources.htm#advocacy>

<http://www.pandoranet.info/>

<http://www.mecfs.org.au/>

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<http://www.familycourt.gov.au/wps/wcm/connect/FCOA/home/judgments/newjudgments/>

<http://www.fahcsia.gov.au/sa/women/progserv/violence/Pages/default.aspx>

[http://www.google.com.au/search?sourceid=navclient&aq=0&oq=biblegateway&ie=UTF-8&rlz=1T4ADBF\\_enAU321AU321&q=biblegateway.com](http://www.google.com.au/search?sourceid=navclient&aq=0&oq=biblegateway&ie=UTF-8&rlz=1T4ADBF_enAU321AU321&q=biblegateway.com)

