

## WHATS YOUR WOUND?

I gave birth to a drug addicted child in 2005. I named her Lily. In her honor, and the two children I lost to the department of social services soon after, I am sharing my story and starting my **WHATS YOUR WOUND** campaign. I hope you will join us as we work to bring healing to our land by building Holy Spirit House. A place that my family needed then, but that was not available. A place where mothers and children can heal together, and that's main focus is on trauma, which is the root of all addiction.

Our hopes are to buy a building, publish my book, and give help to those who are struggling. You can support us by donating 10.00 to our ministry, or by purchasing one of our products.

This is the story behind WHATS YOUR WOUND. Below is a picture of my then five year old son Devin. He is 20 now.



The picture was taken on 9/11/2004. Just two months later, my son was put into a van driven by a social worker, in exactly the same spot. Notice that date is also in the picture. 11/4/2004. Holding his hand was my then 13 year old daughter. Soon after, I was handcuffed and put into a police car, again in the same spot. Today, both of those children are adults.

This is for them....

What I needed then was a place to heal. A place that understood that the unhealed trauma was what was driving my addiction. A place that knew how to help me process and heal the wounds in my heart. I needed a program that would help me care for my children while I was healing, not rip them from me. A place that would help me and my children heal together. What I needed was love, compassion, and help. What I got was a long list of things to do to even see my children. What I got was condemnation and accusation. What I got was a system that did not understand how to help me, and in truth, was not willing. What I got was not what me, or my children needed. Now, all these years later, with Gods help, I have been able to process this pain. It has been a heartbreaking and heart wrenching journey.

My vision is a program that puts together the pieces that have allowed me to heal, and my heart is to bring it to others who are in the same situation. I pray you will support us as we go forth with our vision to build Holy Spirit House.

We all remember “911.” It will forever be etched in our memory. Well, that day will forever be etched in mine. I am sure everyone has their own “911” experience. A day, or event that will forever be etched in your memory. That is what this organization is about...

There is a song by called “Beauty will rise,” sung by Steven Curtis Chapman. The song was written about the 911 tragedy. The words in the song go like this:

It was the day the world went wrong  
I screamed till my voice was gone  
and watched through the tears as everything came crashing down  
slowly panic turns to pain  
as we awake to what remains  
and sift through the ashes  
that are left behind

I watched that day as they led my two babies from our home, and as it says in the song, my world, and theirs, came crashing down.

This song was written about our nations “911.” It is also written about mine, and yours. While riding in the back of a van while in a recovery center, this song began to play. God gave me a vision to use our story to bring hope to all of us who have or are currently experiencing there our own “911.” That day my soul left me, and I gave up on God. I thought my life had ended, but God had other plans. I went into complete darkness for the next 10 years when I could not find the help I needed to heal. I know there are many who will relate to my story, and will realize, that any life can be redeemed, if they will turn to the one who can make it right, Jesus Christ, and begin the grieving process.

The song goes on to say:

But buried deep beneath all our broken dreams  
we have this hope

out of these ashes beauty will rise  
and we will dance among the ruins  
we will see it with our own eyes  
for we know joy is coming in the morning

In June of 2014, after 10 years of giving my life to drugs and giving up on life, I was arrested, or as I like to say, “rescued.” I was in a hotel room, and as close to death as I ever hope to be. Room 333 to be exact. That is the verse in Jeremiah that says, “Call to me and I will show you great and mighty things you did not know.” He did just that. That day, He opened my eyes and heart to Him, and the prophetic. That day, He gave me hope. He told me that if I followed His voice, He would heal me, and He has been true to His word. Today, I am sharing that gift with you, and hope you will join with me to bring to fruition my dream to build a facility to help trauma victims and their families.

The song goes on:

So, take another breath for now  
and let the tears come crashing down  
and if you can't believe  
I will believe for you  
out of this darkness  
new life will shine  
and we will know joy is  
coming in the morning

I was incarcerated for 110 days, and there began my journey of uncovering layers of pain and grief. For the next four years, I went through a healing process that has allowed me to heal by feeling all the emotions that were buried in my soul, and that were driving my addiction. This process has eliminated my need for drugs, medication, and self-abuse. My story shows how God, and grieving, did what almost four decades of therapy and programs could not.

Lastly, the song says:

In the morning  
I can hear it in the distance  
and it's not too far away  
it's the music  
and the laughter of a wedding and a feast

I can almost feel the hand of God  
reaching for my face to wipe the tears away  
You say, "it's time to make everything new."

I want to use this song, coupled with an event that took place in May of 1986. You may remember, it was Hands Across America. That day over 6 billion people held hands in a human chain for 15 minutes. That same day, I was being arrested in a hotel room in our nation's capital. I was 20 years old, addicted to drugs, being trafficked for sex to pay for those drugs, and overdosing daily.

Each person donated 10.00 to be a part of that event. Billions were raised for charity that day.

For that 20 year old young woman who lost three decades of her life, and the children she loved to a drug addiction that she was using to cover her trauma, I am asking you to join me in building "HOLY SPIRIT HOUSE." This will be a treatment facility for trauma victims and their children. A place like no other that will allow mothers to heal without losing their children. You can help us by donating 10.00 towards this project. This gift will be used to publish the book about my journey, to get it into the hands of those who need it, and to start a fund that will go towards the building of this facility. I can do nothing to change my past, but I can help others in the same position by giving them the chance I did not have.

The last lines in the song say:

It will take our breath away  
to see the beauty that He's made out of these ashes

I was 48 years old when I was sent to jail. I had nothing, and no one. Today, four years later, I am a college graduate, a friend of God, and an author of the book "50." I have dedicated the rest of my life to creating what I so desperately needed then to help those in need today.

Here is an excerpt from my book:

There are many of you who are reading this who will understand. The one's who's wounds no therapy, treatment, or medication have been able to heal. I pray you are willing to try Him. Ask Him, like I did. He will answer. Maybe not in the same way as mine, but in a way you can understand. Ask Him to reveal Himself to you in a way that you will know its Him. He will. I promise you. He will.

In Job 5:18 it say's "He wounds, but He also bandages up those wounds." He harm's us to heal us, much in the same way we are wounded when we have surgery. In the same way a cardiologist breaks the bones around our heart to help us, so God had to break those horrible walls around my heart to heal the wounded child within. Although I have not had that kind of surgery, and hope I never do, I assure you the pain I have felt is just as intense. But it was necessary and the whole time I was going through it, I knew that it was for my own good. He is a great God who never wants to harm us, but many times does for our own good. Had I not gone through this healing process, I would not be who I am today.

My time in the valley of grief was both breathtakingly beautiful and painful at the same time, and like the verse promises, He has indeed healed me and soothed those most broken places. He has indeed set me free. Will you join with me to help others get the help they need. You can help by contributing 10.00 to this cause or by purchasing a purple rose to support us.

The Purple Rose was created for the bruised heart of my mother who is named Rose and the wounds she suffered from being an unwanted child who grew up cold, hungry, and without love. And for my father, whose death when I was six years old left us broken and bleeding. The 10.00 because my father was hit in the head and left to freeze to death, all for the 10.00 he had in his wallet. And the purple is for the bruise in my soul caused by losing 35 years of my life to an addiction I was using to cover my pain, and for my savior, Jesus Christ, whose bruised body and shed blood gave me the courage to put down the drugs, face my pain, and begin to heal. Now, almost five years later, I am ready to use this experience to help others. I pray you will support me in using all this sorrow to help those who suffer today.

God bless you and please keep us in your prayers

Love,

Joy and God