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Hi, my name is Rebecca, and this is my story.

I believe that the rejection and abandonment issues started when I was in my mother's womb. My parents told me that I had died at the age of one from a fever. They said I got a fever, and my dad believed he could cover me up because he thought I could sweat it out. My mom said I started convulsing and seizing, so she turned on the water in the bathtub, and my dad put me in the warm water. He said that when he put me in the water, my body stretched out, and he said I died right there in his arms. He prayed, saying, "God, if this is not part of your will, then bring her back to me, and I'll dedicate my life to you."

My mother called my grandparents to start praying. They called the pastors, and she wrapped me up in a sheet because she thought I was gone. They got in the car and started driving to the hospital, praying the whole way. By the time they got to the hospital, after about 20 or 30 minutes, they said I was fine and could take me home. They were shocked, saying, "How is she fine? She was dead, and there's nothing wrong with her." From that moment, when they told me my story, I knew that God had a calling on my life and that I had a purpose here on Earth.

At the age of four, I had my first incident with a neighbor. I remember him taking me to a barn away from my house and doing things to me that were improper. I didn't know any right or wrong, and I just remember looking back at my house and wondering why I was so far away from home and why these things were happening. I didn't tell anybody about this until I was 14 or 15. I was afraid to tell anyone.

At the age of five, I remember my mom and dad always fighting. I would walk up to my mom, who was always crying, and she would tell me, "Your grandparents are coming for us; they're coming for us." I remember getting in the car, and my dad coming down and pushing my grandma. We were all crying in the back of the station wagon, scared, going to my grandma's house. My grandma had to go to the hospital, and that was really traumatizing for all of us.

At the age of six or seven, I remember wanting to take my life, but I knew in the back of my mind that if I did, I would go to hell. I didn't want to live anymore; I felt unwanted and rejected. Around that same time, I remember the neighbor molesting me again, and I felt so uncomfortable. I would ask myself why this was happening to me and if it was okay. I thought maybe because I was rejected, this was supposed to be happening to me.

At the age of nine, I had my third encounter with a family friend who sexually abused me. I remember I couldn't go to my mom with it, so I didn't say anything for a while. When I was in fifth grade, there was a teacher my mom talked about who was going to be my teacher. I remember he sat me in the corner because I talked a lot in class. One day, I looked to my right and witnessed him putting his hands in one of my good friend's shorts and touching him. My friend had a scared look on his face. For a while, I didn't say anything, but it was eating me up inside. I finally went home and told my mom, but she told me not to say anything, that I would get in big trouble.

In the back of my mind, I knew I had to say something. I told my friend, "I've seen what the teacher's doing to you." He said, "I don't know what you're talking about." When he started crying, I felt broken inside for him because I understood what he was going through. One of my other classmates heard us talking, and the next day, everything broke out. The word was out, and I remember the teacher pulling me and several other students into a room. He said, "Rebecca, I called your mother," and I was afraid. He asked why we were saying those things about him. I stood up for all of us and said, "I've watched you do this."

We had to go to the principal's office to talk about it. My mom was there, and I was afraid to go home that day. I felt like she told me not to say anything, but I still spoke out because I wanted my friend to have justice. After everything happened, I was interrogated by his lawyer. I had to give my story several times, and he recorded it. I remember being in there for four hours, afraid because my mother wasn't allowed to be with me. When we finished, I thought it was over, but then we had court dates, and my mom still wasn't allowed to go in with me. I was upset and afraid to be in front of the judge.

During the court proceedings, they brought out a doll and wanted me to touch it the way the teacher had touched my friend. It was hard for me to do that in front of all those people. I had to do it several times, and that traumatized me. After the court ended, I had so much hate in my heart for men and authority figures. I didn't want anything to do with school. As a child, I had big dreams of being a lawyer or a cop, but after that, I felt like those dreams were shut off. I became rebellious and angry, wanting to fit in somewhere. I felt insecure and lost my innocence.

My frustration and anger led me to start smoking, drinking, and having sex, trying to fit in with the wrong crowd. I remember my mom had to call the sheriffs repeatedly to bring me home because I kept running away. I knew what my friends were doing was wrong, but I just wanted to feel something. Throughout my life, I knew God had a calling on my life. I could hear His voice telling me, "Becky, I'm waiting." I wondered why He was waiting, but I knew I belonged to Him.

I dabbled in homosexuality at a young age, which I think stemmed from the mistrust I had in men. I felt comfortable with women, even though I knew it was wrong deep down. At 16, I had my son, but I didn't want to be with his father because he cheated on me. I decided to stay with girls because that's what I liked and knew. After having my son, I went back to drugs. I wasn't there for him, and my mom took over. I never lost custody, but I let her take care of him.

I thought I could use drugs to lose weight, so I heavily used cocaine, marijuana, and alcohol. I remember taking my son to my mom's, and she would be upset because he smelled like marijuana. I got really plastered and was heavily on cocaine. I wanted to end my life because I did a lot of things I wasn't proud of. I tried to kill myself but didn't die. I knew God had spared my life, and I wanted to be the loving mom my son needed.

I got a job and started traveling around New Mexico and Texas, trying to bring money to my mom and be there for my son, but I was still hurting inside. I kept that job for about three and a half years, and that's when I met the girl I was in a relationship with for 12 years. She was really broken, and our relationship was toxic and abusive. I remember one day getting so upset that I tried to throw her off the balcony because I was tired of her hitting me. I was cheating and doing things that weren't right, but the whole relationship was a mess.

My family was supportive, even though I was with a woman. They told me it was wrong, but I still felt their love. My dad was very upset about it. I was afraid because I thought if I stayed in this relationship and died, I would go to hell. I knew it wasn't part of God's will, but I chose to continue because I felt comfortable due to my mistrust of men.

There was a time when my girlfriend and I separated, and I went to a revival. A prophet spoke into my life and told me to get on my face before God because He wanted to show me something. I remember getting home and asking God what He wanted to show me. I fell asleep while praying, and when I woke up, I felt like I was in hell. I saw a demon torturing a woman, and I could feel God's presence next to me. I was terrified and gasping for air, realizing there was no life in hell.

When I woke up, I was drenched in sweat, and I asked God why He showed me that. I felt Him telling me it was to let me know that hell is real and that people go there for eternity. After that vision, I still went back to my old ways. I started selling drugs and moving around a pound of meth in Roswell. I felt convicted and would buy groceries for families who were struggling because I knew I was doing wrong.

I was robbed at gunpoint four times, and every time I asked God for help and forgiveness. He spared my life each time. I remember getting sober and encountering physical illnesses like blood clots and tumors, leading to emergency surgeries. I called my mom one day because I felt death was there to pick me up. I was scared and wanted her to pray with me. She showed me tough love and eventually came to pray with me.

Even after that, I continued to struggle with addiction. My dad came over one day and prayed for me, and I was delivered from methamphetamine, but I still smoked weed and drank. I knew the prayers of my family were keeping me safe, but I felt I needed to get my life right. I owed God my life after everything He had done for me.

One Sunday morning, I woke up feeling exhausted and realized this life wasn't getting me anywhere. I didn't have a job or anything to offer my son. I decided to go to church that day, and that's where I met my future husband. He told me to sit down, and when I did, he said I was going to be part of the prayer team. I felt like it was God talking through him, and I knew I had to stop smoking.

After that day, I smoked one more time and got really sick. My mom left me outside for hours, and when she finally came out, she told me I knew better. I realized I had to stop because God was calling me. It's been seven years since I've been set free, and I'm on fire for Jesus. There's a hunger inside me to reach the lost, especially those dealing with homosexuality.

I now serve at Church on the Move as a co-leader in Freedom and Recovery, helping others with their hurts and addictions. I also serve in the Prayer Ministry and the greeters team. My husband has his own ministry, and we have prayer meetings in homes and go out into the streets to reach people where the church sometimes doesn't go. I share my story and how God set me free, and people are touched by it.

I tell them it's not me; it's the Jesus inside me. My husband has played a significant role in my walk by supporting and praying for me constantly. I thank God for sending the right person who understands everything I've been through. Knowing what I know today, everything I went through has had a purpose—to reach lost souls and those affected by trauma.

If I could go back and tell my younger self that everything would be okay and that God would turn everything meant for evil into good, I would. My name is Rebecca, and Jesus is enough.

Thank you for watching today and hearing this incredible story of God's amazing grace. The beautiful thing about God's grace is that it's available to every single one of us. If at any point while watching this, you thought, "I want my story to be like that," know that God can be part of your story. You can have eternal life with Jesus Christ by placing your faith in Him.

One of the best ways to do that is to pray a prayer to affirm your decision. Paul tells us that if you believe in your heart and confess with your mouth that Jesus Christ is Lord, you will be saved. So, if you want to make that decision today, I invite you to pray this prayer with me.

Prayer: Dear Heavenly Father, thank you for loving me so much that you sent your son, Jesus Christ, to die for me. I want to place my faith in you today. I believe that your son, Jesus Christ, died on the cross for my sins and rose again on the third day. I'm trusting Him for my salvation and eternal life. Please forgive me of my sins and help me to follow you all the days of my life. Thank you for loving me. It's in Jesus' name I pray. Amen.

If you prayed that prayer and placed your faith in Jesus Christ, I want to be the first to say welcome to the kingdom of God! You are now a follower of Jesus Christ, and you will inherit eternal life. No matter what your story looked like before, now it includes eternity with God.

The next step is to find someone and tell them what God has done. The best way to do that is to get plugged into a local church—a Bible-believing place that can help you grow in your walk with Jesus. They will help you learn new things about how to be a better follower and how to share your story.

So, I encourage you to get plugged in. Again, welcome to the kingdom of God. God bless you on your journey with Jesus Christ.