

My name is Rachel and I am 29 yrs old. I was raised in church and my amazing parents did the best they could with me. When my teenage years hit, I decided to listen to the world instead of them. Satan started taking me step by step, further and further away from my upbringing and God. I started getting kicked out of schools and cutting myself. Then, I started running away because I was too ashamed of myself to be around my parents and I wanted to hang out with my “friends.”

My parents didn’t know what to do with me. We were attending Turning Point Church at this time and Bro Mark Conrad recommended Camp Tracey troubled teens home. So at 14, I was sent to Camp Tracey for a year. It was a faith-based program on a farm out in the middle of nowhere. But when I got out it didn’t take long before I was back doing the same things which lead me back to Camp Tracey 8 months later. My parents ended up moving out to Camp Tracey to be in service to God and so they became staff.

At the age of 16, I moved out to go conquer the world. I started hanging out with the REALLY wrong crowd which quickly led to jail. I was 17 the first time I went to jail. From 17 to 28 I had been to jail 15 times for various things. When I was 23, I let drugs into my life. Wasn’t long before they took ahold of me, and I was then living a life that I couldn’t even recognize as my own. I didn’t know how to get free from the patterns of this life. I hated myself for who I had become and for hurting my family. So, I kept self-destructing. I would do anything I could get my hands on. Sure enough at 27 I mixed some things that were not supposed to be mixed and woke up in the hospital. I had overdosed and my oxygen level was at 26% - I was unconscious for about 15 hours. You would think THAT would have gotten my attention, but it didn’t. I just kept on going. I exhausted all my resources and at age 28 I became homeless for about 6 months living on the streets. By this time God had spoken to me twice about going to The Women’s refuge but I wasn’t ready yet. So, God let me run my life into the ground. I had no one and nothing. **That’s when I was finally broken.** I could only look up at that point and give God the broken pieces of me and my life. I didn’t want to live that way any longer. So in a jail cell, thanksgiving of 2019, I made Jesus lord of my life. I was released and tried to do it on my own. I was living with my parents and leaning on God hard for about 3 weeks. But not being rooted and grounded, and not knowing how to take my thoughts captive or how to really protect myself against satan - I found myself back in the streets stuck in the same destructive patterns. I knew the only way to get sober again was to go back to jail, so a month later I found myself in jail again. This time I was done playing with my life and decided to go straight from jail to the Women’s Refuge. I really had to let go and let God. The Refuge provides a safe environment where I can work out my issues and get to the root of them to have lasting results. It wasn’t easy because I had to face the person I had become; but God gave me strength. When I wanted to walk out the doors and go back to what was familiar (even though it was hell on earth) He got me through it. I have finally forgiven myself and I am finally free from my past. I have learned so much this past year and looking forward to what God has in store for my life. For the first time in my life I am so excited about my future. I am so glad for this opportunity and I am thankful for Gods amazing grace. I finally know my purpose in life and my true identity in Christ, and my power and authority I have in HIM. The refuge and all of what it stands for has saved my life and for that I am eternally grateful.



~Rachel~