

“A Dancer For Money..Sometimes Love Is Not Enough”

To state it bluntly this is my testimony...what does it involve? Marriage, wife, unevenly yoked, obeying, trusting, sexual abuse by the one you love, abuse of physical nature, verbal abuse, mental abuse, manipulation, lies, deceit, love, hate, alcoholism, drugs, control and bondage (as in brain washing). If I wrote day by day about the 23 years in my desert (because frankly you do not want to know) it might be a readers digest version.. Only three know the history; God, me and him. My kids only know in part, because I shielded them. My parents are deceased, and so is that husband. So I will be blunt and frank, but I also do not want to cause any trauma to my kids whom are adults now.

I was born in Kansas, the great plains, and lived here some of my life. The amazing thing is that I was called back to this town; when I fled it. I realize now that even though God called me back here to serve, and I did not want to come, that He had called me here for several purposes: 1. exile 2. To serve 3. To deal with the past. I obeyed doing it as unto the Lord to come back here, you bloom where you are planted, but it has to be done in Love, no matter the circumstances, you have to lay those emotions down and do His will, not yours.

JB and I met as teenagers, we were both sort of with the crowd. When I was in high school, I met JB he was a high school drop out. It did not matter to me, because I don't put people in classes. We went together a year, I knew his family and well, I introduced him to mine. He was raised around bars his whole life, I was not, I had been raised in a Christian family and a strict one. To be able to date, we had to be in church on Sunday, or we were not allowed to date or go out. JB and I decided we loved each other and wanted to get married, I was 17 and he was 17; my parents said NO, so I knew I would be 18 within the year, so we decided that we would wait till I was 18, so that no one could say anything. So the day after my 18th birthday we got married, and he was still 17, his parents had to sign permission for him. This was in 1966. We had started bar hopping, and to me it was just something new, everyone else was doing it. JB was very outgoing, charismatic I was a rebel but somewhat shy. We had met Daddy-O at this time he owned the bar we used to go to. It was the 60's and all that went with it hit, somewhat slower in Kansas. We were struggling to make ends meet as I was still in high school, we married in Oct., I was supposed to graduate in that spring. Than..4 months later I discovered I was pregnant, the high school would not let me go to school because I was pregnant and they did not want me to set a bad example for the other students, even though we had gotten married first....they frowned on married students, and then pregnant one's..So I had a choice go to night school or quit. In the mean time JB's brother called and asked us to move to Washington, so we did, in a 54 Ford we left and made it in two days (non stop, except for gas, and switching drivers), when we got there we had 24 dollars in our pockets, but we lived with his brother and wife. His brother and wife took us all over the west coast and we had a blast, than we decided it was time to get our own place. We rented a 6 foot wide mobile home, just right for us. In the mean time, the schools there would not let me finish high school there either so I dropped out. JB loved to gamble and was a pool shark, well known on the west coast and in the plain states. So my education in the world began..

After we moved into our own place, we started bar hopping more and more, for the pool hustle, sometimes he would play pool for one, two, three days or more straight, in this time he would not stop to take me home, so I slept on pool tables many a night. At this time I was so ill with morning sickness that against his wishes I stayed home. He also at this time during the day worked in a auto body shop with his brother, if he wanted off he just called in so he could play pool. He met more and more people but I was staying home, as just too ill to go. He met this guy named Louie, from California and he eventually rented a room from us when we moved to a two bedroom apt. First, before the apt move I had to of course give birth.

I had gone to the doctor because of problems and they discovered I had a severe kidney infection, so the doctor put me on high powered antibiotics. Well I kept getting sharper pains, so I went to the doctor and he told me nothing to worry about just my kidneys, and I had told him I thought I was in labor. The doctor followed protocol and there was NO evidence of labor. So I went home. The next morning my husband went to work, at 7:00 A.M., by 8:00 A.M.; May 5, 1967, I knew I was in labor, we had no telephone, he had the car, and my sister in law was 3 blocks away. I saw my neighbors window rolled open, so I yelled, HELP ME..several times (there was not much space between the trailers) she rolled her window shut. So I thought what do I do.. it was to late. I had read a book on pioneer child birth (God lining things up) so I went and laid on the bed and I delivered my first born daughter. I was so afraid, but it was as though I knew what do, she was not breathing, I tried everything, than the auto pilot kicked in, I remembered the steps in the book, so I grabbed her and ran to the kitchen sink, ran tepid water to warm her, swabbed her mouth out with my fingers, still nothing, so I grabbed her by the heels and swatted her bottom, and finally she drew breath. I than remembered the new baby blankets that people had sent, so I grabbed the packages shredding them, and wrapped her in them, I remembered he had some new shoe strings so I tore those open and tied off her cord so it would stop bleeding, I was covered from head to toe in blood, in a robe, grabbed his house shoes because I could not find mine, grabbed the baby and started running down the street to my sister in laws (yes, running). There was a man standing on top of a house roofing and he turned white as a sheet, but I yelled and said;" just what do you think you are looking at?" My sister in law opened the door to my furious pounding and almost fainted, like I said I was covered in blood head to toe, and the baby had some on the blanket. My daughter was a preemie born in the beginning of the 7th month. My sister in law did not wait for the ambulance she got us in the car and rushed us to the hospital at 100 mph. (If we would have waited the baby would have died). Misty weighed 5 pounds 2 oz. When we got to the hospital they took over, they said my baby was born on the green, (no licensed personal present). They of course checked me and her to make sure there were no infections or traumas to her, I was in the hospital for two weeks, she was in almost a month, they would not let her come home till she reached 5 pounds (her weight had dropped because sometimes preemies organs are not fully developed, in this case her stomach, she dropped to four pounds) and she had to have oxygen for a while, the doctor felt so bad, that he gave all the money back I had paid him, and the hospital bill was at a reduced rate. Anyway I was ready to move back to Kansas, but .., not yet. The newspaper came to the hospital and my house to interview me, and I told them no comment, that I hated all the people in the state of Washington. So.....he printed it, than all the people in the town of Auburn, Washington and from across the state, sent gifts to my baby, each day gifts arrived, the mail man was

always crying when he delivered them. I got over my anger, than the hospital sent a Nun out to help me with child care, and to help take care of me. She asked also, to tape the process of how I delivered Misty by myself for the medical college there. She taped for about a week to get all the facts to train medical students for birth's on the green, so that if they were in a situation in the field what they might be able to use. I basically consented to that to help any new mom's whom might be in that kind of situation. I was worried about retardation and etc. so they tested Misty for some time, just said that she would be slow in catching up. In the mean time...

JB started drinking more and more, and than the drugs hit. So to fast forward a bit, he decided he wanted to come back to Kansas for a visit, told me to pack what we needed, so I did. We came to Kansas were supposed to be back in two weeks, and he got into a poker game and lost all the money. So all our belongings were in Washington, so we lost everything, furniture, clothing, baby furniture, everything except for.. the two suitcases I had packed. (I had thought I was being a good wife, by doing what I was told, he could be very forceful) Please know, during all this time I had not been going to church, I thought I did not need it now that I was grown, and yes, I was already saved. I fell away.

Fast forward some more..the man Daddy-O whom owned the bar and several bars, since we were stranded in Kansas; offered JB a job as bartender (I could not go to my parents as I knew they would have been very upset by what had happened as they did not want me to marry him) So, JB went to work for Daddy-O, and in the mean time I had had another baby, so we had two at this point. The bar was a go-go bar. So he made good money but was drinking heavily. It got to the point that he might take off and be gone two days and sometimes more. He then tells me we need more money so I needed to train as a waitress at the bar. So I did. It was difficult a different world, dancers. He kept asking me to be a dancer and I kept saying NO. Than one night he came home and said, (he was drunk and doing drugs) either you will be a go-go dancer, or I am throwing you out on the street and the kids, and I refuse to buy any more food for these kids. (I had been taking my tip money to buy food, and there were two candy bars left) So, I became a dancer. (I could not go home, and I was horrified that my babies would die from no food). So more and more abuse started, and again I thought I was a good wife, and I did not believe in divorce. All this water under the bridge, things kept piling up, he decided I needed to be on diet pills, so I would, have more energy from doing all those sets of dancing, I danced at two clubs, so, I had thought what would it hurt, so I did. Than I was driving down the street one night (I got down to 100 pounds) but with all the exercise and not eating not in to good of health, I saw big black holes in the street, and I started freaking out because the kids were in the back seat and I thought we were falling into the cavern; car, kids and me and that we were going to die (God's intervention, again) so I refused to take any more diet pills. I also had a vivid; vision of looking at satan face to face. Than a customer came in one night, and offered me a check any amount I wanted up to 10 figures to go out with him, me being the good wife, I went to my husband expecting him to defend me, instead, he said; I think you should consider it....(Just so you know; I did not ever go out with customers, I never committed adultery, I never danced nude in anyway shape or form either) Today I think that, that customer was trying to show me in a crude way what kind of husband I had, it was strange everyone else knew but I didn't, I trusted him (that was God's intervention, again). Many things happened and of course would be a 120 page book, of 23 years. In this time also, Daddy-

O knew I was honest, so he taught me all phases of the bar business; purchasing, books, customers, bartending all of it. My husband would pick up my pay check to save me time he said, but then I wondered why my wages were so much cheaper than the others, when I worked so much more, so without my husband's knowledge I went to the boss, and demanded a raise, he looked so dumbfounded and so did I, he said I pay you more than all the others are you broke? So he and I discovered my husband was stealing 75% of my pay check (God's intervention, again). So I was furious and asked him, he denied it. So than a couple of nights later I could not get the car to start (I carried all the deposits, and dropped them at the bank at closing each night), so the bouncer would not leave, till I did, so he tried to start the car, and it wouldn't so he drove me to the bank to make the drop and dropped me off at the house. My husband at this time had managed to get rid of all my friends (except the one's he chose) and turned me against my family, so I was isolated, he owned the car, etc, etc) He timed me everywhere I went and always wanted to know where I was at, who I talked to, and if I was late it turned into a full blown war. He of course was drunk, and we both always packed guns. I at this time did not have mine. He wanted to know why I was a hour late, and I told him why and that his friend the bouncer had dropped me off, because he would not leave me with the bag of money alone, at closing. He said ok. So than I sat down in this chair, he pulled out his gun, and said I know you are lying and you were cheating on me with him, and he shot, a complete, circle around my body, I knew enough not to move, so than there was a noise I don't remember what, and he put the pistol up and I just sat there, he passed out.

Things went on like this for years I was forced to do many things I did not want to do sexually, etc. and if I didn't than he just did what he wanted anyway. In all this time I shielded my kids, I didn't want them to be hurt. Most of the time they were at baby sitters, a couple of times they woke up, and he would cease what he was doing, strange as it might seem, he didn't want them to see it. (I still thought I was being a good wife by obeying, I never told anyone or confided in anyone)...but instead of getting weaker I got stronger. We separated at a point after all this he decided he loved someone else and wanted to go live with her, to see if he loved her or me. I knew I was pregnant with my third child, but I never told him, I went through the night, I had NO car, NO telephone, NO money, NO food...I dug through the furniture and a old car (not running) and found 1 dollar, so I bought two candy bars (the big one's) for the girls after the third day I knew, that I had to do something, so I called my parents, and they came and got us. (I still did not confide in my parents, I knew, somehow if I did my Dad would have probably ended up in jail for taking care of the matter) In the mean time JB wanted to see the kids so I took them to see him, and then he would not let me have them back (abducted) he was drunk, and on drugs so I called the police and got them back, they had to use force. By this time people could tell I was pregnant and of course he used that to.....so the divorce was almost final but they said I had to wait till the baby was born, so I waited, my parents supported us (pregnant women were not allowed to work)..but time went by and he started coming around before the divorce was final, he told me he was clean and sober that he had changed and wanted us back. I loved him so I believed him. It lasted about 6 months the no drinking than back into the same pattern. In the mean time I gave birth to my third daughter. Shortly after that we separated and I divorced him, I had to move out of state to be closer to my parents because I knew he would probably harasses me, and he did try to strangle my sister, to find out where I was. We knew people from all

walks of life, and some that you just don't want to know about, and I knew that he could use one of those people also. A year passed and no problems, I felt like chains snapped off me, and a ten thousand pound weight had lifted away. I started going to church. Then he came back into my life again, I forgave and believed him...we were then together about 5 years, the same old pattern came about, by this time had given birth to my fourth daughter. (I had thought the kids needed their Dad, I realize now they needed the right kind of dad) So during this time I finished high school by correspondence, went to CNA /CMA classes and was thinking about nursing. I just went ahead and did it, and quit working in the bars, I kept thinking if he was going to cheat, than he would anyway, and he did, with several.

In this time span we had moved to a quaint house in a quaint small town, and I got to know the neighbor lady, she went to Church (God intervened again) she knew I did not have a car and most of the time I walked to work. So she offered to take me and the kids to church, or she said the kids could ride the bus. I did not want my kids to go to a church that I knew nothing about, so I went with them, sometimes I rode the bus with them, sometimes she took us. I started wearing this cross. In the mean time the husband starting working at the bar again(he had quit for awhile), so he would ask me to close the bar(I was also working in a nursing home so his job and mine), so he could drum up customers and he would leave. So I was tending bar one night and this man walked up to the bar, ordered a shot, and then he said I should not be in here, I go what do you mean? He said:" I work for a evangelist and I should not be in here, and I asked why?" So he told me he was back sliding. Than he said; he noticed the cross..he said; "lady if the Lord's calling you, you had better listen" I go what? He repeated it...so I went home and thought about it (God's intervention again)....shortly after that I told my husband I was leaving could not take any more, it was over and I left moved out of state.

Five years passed, I saw him once in a while so the kids could see him, but told him no drinking or drugs. Well than he came to me and said his dad needed a place to stay, no one wanted him, so ..he was 92, so I took him in, so during that 6 months he kept telling me he was sober, clean..he seemed to be; and the kids were enjoying him, so we went back together. During this time I went to church almost every time it was open. This is where I met Pastor Dave and Joy and another couple that sort of adopted me and the girls, and mentored me in Christ. Pastor Dave and JB became friends which floored me, but I liked it and we started counseling. Than JB told me the counseling was for me, I needed it, he didn't so he quit going. He had started drinking again and running with another wrong crowd, so I knew one of us was going to die with all the warring, and I knew it was not going to be me or the girls, or his dad. So I told him to leave and he did. Six months later, he called me told me he was sick and we talked about it, and I hung up. I went in the bedroom and started crying (God intervened again) He gave me a vision and knowing that he was dying. So I called him back told him to go to the doctor to use my insurance, I had not taken him off, and no one would give him any money to go to the doctor. They did exploratory surg. on Feb. 12.....and they told me he was dying on Feb. 14. We remarried on March 17,1990 and he passed away March 21,1990. During the time before the diagnosis a friend came up to the hospital and I had been praying for a pastor to come, and Phil walked in, a street preacher, that knew my husband because he had done the same thing, and he led JB to Jesus Christ, right there in the hospital room after we got the diagnosis. Pastor Dave before that

had been witnessing to JB, and I used to leave the TV on the Christian channel and once or twice I saw JB watching it, my love walk was just beginning than again and it was very strong. There were many things I witnessed at this time and I wrote about that at one time also, my first testimony was about those last days with my husband and him being led to Jesus. At JB's funeral I wrote a letter to the family and friends about our life together.....and I said; "all my life I have waited for JB to be sober, and now he is....." I loved him, so I don't apologize for that ,but sometimes, the love you have isn't enough, I suffered and the kids suffered...God has to be the head

Sometime after his death, I felt God calling me back to Kansas, so Pastor Dave and I prayed about it, and he anointed me at the altar and for confirmation I asked the Lord if I was truly hearing Him to open the door, provide the way, etc. Within two weeks I had enough money to move and a place to stay and I thought a job. I was almost destitute by this time, all the bills from cancer, so I obeyed and came.

To shorten this because in a actual time frame it is 42 years. I went to college and was almost into the nursing part, the program, clinicals when God called me again, and I said;" I am beginning to think you don't want me to be a nurse...and I heard a voice say I don't, you would be happier working for Me."I fought it but.....but....."Lord nursing is my whole life it is all I know, You don't want me to be a nurse?" I heard a voice again say:" I don't, that was just a idea someone put in your head." So, I thought about it some time, and knew He was right, the happiest times in my life have been serving the Lord. I did get married again but that is another testimony, this marriage lasted almost nineteen years, but he passed away, 3 years ago due to heart failure after surgery. That marriage was good, for some time, but that's another chapter in my life. My error in this last part of my testimony was I did not heed God's warning what He told me and I went out of His will into my will, He did not have to correct it but He did and delivered me.

During this time I changed my college and went to Bible school and finished college. He also stimulated my gift in art and have been doing that and as He bids, and I can tell you my learning has tripled in the past 6 years, we are always learning, and with Him I have gotten to do things I would never have done without Him, and I have peace.

To the end of this I just want to add this...there is a difference between control, and love.....and control has nothing to do with submission. Don't ever let someone control you, you are creating a false idol, a false god, because you are in essence placing them above God.

Romans 12:12 Rejoice in hope, be patient in tribulation, be constant in prayer.

Battering is not part of God's order.....period.....He hates abuse also. When a person batters someone, the person has already left the marriage, the leadership is forsaken. You than become come unevenly yoked. The husband has forsaken the marriage when battering is involved (they may say they are a Christian but it is unlikely) If they choose to leave the spouse is not held accountable. God also hates abuse...

Malachi 2:16(AMP) 16 For the Lord, the God of Israel, says: I hate divorce and marital separation and him who covers his garment [his wife] with violence. Therefore keep a watch upon your spirit [that it may be controlled by My Spirit], that you deal not treacherously and faithlessly [with your marriage mate]

. ...Note in the Scripture....it deals with violence ..also..if a spouse male/or female.....stays in a abusive marriage than they are allowing themselves to be controlled/manipulated/abused...they allow it....because they are a victim...to end the abuse the cycle has to be broken...otherwise you are allowing it by letting them be in control....which makes you an enabler.....verbal, emotional, physical is all battering.....and the one whom verbally abuses sometimes later becomes a batterer (even if they abuse just you, next it will be the children)...the abused person is so down trodden they have lost all hope....are in despair.....and eventually may lose their will to live (some become very ill).....so don't be a victim.....be a victor.....

if you allow it.....than you are in agreement with them.....

there are two wives in the Bible.....that were held accountable.....one did the right thing and was not in agreement with what was not right and lived....the other was in total agreement with what was wrong....and she died. Abigail (married David, OT).....is the first.....the second involved land, when it was sold the husband did not give the gains as he was supposed to the wife was in agreement so she died to..... Sapphira (NT) is the second wife.....

If anything is against God, immoral, or breaking the law.....you do not have to do it....the leadership has been forsaken; God than becomes your husbandman...you seek Him, keep Him first, and obey Him....

To date I share my testimony with women; mostly one on one to some going through...one in a trauma of life and death her life and her son's life were saved..if it will save any woman, or child than my life has not been wasted and God uses it as He wills.

Yes, I am healed and I forgave them, I pray they forgave me for my part.....and I joyfully serve the Lord.

Again I have not given all the testimony, some is just better left unsaid.....be blessed.

Chapel Flock;

Cj Avery (Dec.2011)

