

TESTIMONY OF CINDY MILLER

Hello, my name is Cindy Miller. I had a great mother and father, two great sisters (twins, 6 years older than me). My childhood was great except for a step grandfather and an uncle who molested little girls and made me feel like dirt, all the time telling me it was my fault so that I wouldn't tell my mom and dad what was happening. At the age of 13, I was introduced to pain killers and found out it took some of the emotional pain away. I started taking lots of them along with drinking alcohol. I hardly felt anything anymore. The next thing you know, I'm starting fights at school and skipping school altogether. At the age of 15, I was hanging out with much older people and getting even deeper into the drug scene. One night, there was a bunch of us at a park party. This guy asked me if I wanted to go for a ride on his motorcycle. That's a day I will never forget. He took me to a secluded area, put a knife to my throat and raped me. When he was finished, he got on his bike and rode away, leaving me there all alone. I had to walk about three miles to the nearest phone where I called my mom to come and pick me up. When she got there I told her what had happened but we never really talked about it. Things only got worse for me after that. I knew how to deal with my pain now. It just took more drugs to get the job done. I started on meth and found out all that mattered was the next shot to numb the pain. I had 3 arrests from the age of 15 to 18 for various misdemeanors. I just stopped caring at all until I got pregnant at the age of 20. Then, I had to make a choice between my son and the drugs. I chose my son and did well for 3 years. I went to church and was saved but began to get lonely. I got out of church, found a man and the drugs, and another unmarried pregnancy at the age of 24. Two wonderful children now, but no husband. I quit again for 3 years. Once again, I got lonely and I went back to the mess again. At the age of 27, I moved from Texas to North Carolina thinking that would help. Different place but the same old problems. You see, the thing is, I never gave 100% to God. I always kept out that 1% for me. So, I have a total of 30 years running from God and His purpose for me. After my dad passed away, I moved back to Texas. On September 6, 2007, I ended up in jail, asking my Father above to help me. "I'll surrender 100%!" I called my mom and asked her to find me a place to get help. She talked to my sister who goes to this great church. She gave me an Arsenal prayer that some preacher-actor sent her to have me pray it every day. It was on spiritual warfare of which I didn't have a clue. I went into rehab. It is not just a drug rehab, it is a sin rehab. Also, it is a place to call home away from home. I finished the 90-day program and decided to stay on for a year just to get a little stronger in God's Word. I have learned more than I ever thought possible. Only with God's help can each one of us make it through life's trials. But you must remember one very important thing, God wants 100% surrender. I am excited to get back to my family and church so they can see the change God has made in me. May God bless everyone!