

This book reflects on an abusive childhood, a failed marriage, searching for God, a diabolical plan, surviving a brutal assault at the hands of a satanic man, recovery, and inspiration from God to share the truth of His Word. Must Read!

## **WHAT IS TRUTH?**

By Jane Ellen

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A black silhouette of a person on a cross is centered in the image. The background is a blurred sunset or sunrise with warm orange and yellow tones at the bottom and cooler teal and blue tones at the top. The text "What is Truth?" is overlaid in a white serif font, with "What is" positioned above the cross and "Truth?" positioned below it.

What is

Truth?

Jane Ellen

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# Table of Contents

<b>Abbreviations .....</b>	<b>xi</b>
<b>Introduction .....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>PART ONE - THIS IS MY STORY .....</b>	<b>5</b>
My Recovery The Miracle Call-A Message from God .....	32
<b>PART TWO - WHAT IS TRUTH? .....</b>	<b>39</b>
As a Man Thinks .....	39
You Go Where Your Thoughts Take You .....	39
Hell is Truth Seen Too Late .....	42
Lucy's Gift to me written in 1971. ....	53
A Case of Mistaken Identity .....	69
Carnal [man] VS. Spiritual [God] .....	69
And Now...The Rest of the Story .....	81
"I Was Blind, but Now I See!" .....	81
Creation-A Matter of Time .....	83
Adam's Apple .....	85
Three, Four, Open the Door .....	93
The Trinity .....	101
The Wedding Supper .....	103
The Three Measures of Meal .....	105
The Three Loaves of Bread.....	107
The First Tabernacle or Temple .....	109
Man's Spiritual Journey Back to God.....	109
The Gate.....	111
The Ark of the Covenant.....	116
Three Crosses on Calvary Hill .....	119
Putting Two and Two Together .....	122
Two, Two, Two Sticks in One.....	123
The 23 <sup>rd</sup> Psalm .....	126
The Twenty-Third Psalm .....	127
First - Spiritual Version.....	128
The 23 <sup>rd</sup> Psalm Third, Shorter Version .....	130
The Rod.....	131

The Oil of God's Spirit .....	133
God's Elect—Who Are They?.....	135
Circumcision—God's True Covenant.....	137
The Lion and the Lamb .....	138
The Passover .....	139
A Thorn in My Flesh.....	140
The Mustard Seed .....	142
A Table Prepared Before Me .....	144
Food For Thought.....	148
Philip and the Eunuch .....	148
Proverbs – Chapter 7 .....	150
“Thy Kingdom Come in Earth (man) as it Is in Heaven (God)” .....	152
God's Church and Redemption .....	157
Man's Spiritual Transformation .....	157
Let Freedom Ring.....	173
And the Truth Shall Make You Free .....	173
Down in the Valley.....	182
Here Comes the Judge! .....	182
The Anvil of God's Word.....	196
<b>In Closing.....</b>	<b>197</b>

Our parents loved to fish. Usually after breakfast they would leave us behind and head off down the river. The world was a safer place then, so never once did any of us ever question that leaving three young girls alone in a camp could be dangerous. In fact, I always felt a peaceful serenity there, even if I was completely alone, I felt safe. On one camping trip, while exploring the beauty of the forest, I happened upon a dead baby fawn completely riddled with gunshot rounds that some hunters had used for target practice. It seemed to be a reminder that reality was just around the corner. I cannot shake that memory to this day or the dismal shadow it cast upon my return to our camp site.

I do not recall what my sisters did all day because the woods were beckoning me and I was entranced by the great outdoors. The smell of the tall pine trees combined with the soothing sound of the White River was music to my soul. Within those forests I felt invigorated; nature's healing powers were all around me, life was good. Later in the day our parents would return with enough fresh trout for us all. Our time there passed much too quickly, and it saddened me to go home. These were genuinely happy times. Even now, camping and fishing is one of my favorite past times.

I was the only one in our family who dared to drive at 16. The rule was that we first had to drive with our father to get his approval. This was the hardest part of the process, but I was determined to get my license. It was my best hope for freedom and independence.

My boyfriend at that time (later my husband) had a 1949 model coupe painted metallic maroon with chrome side pipes; that was one sharp car! I mentioned I wanted to learn how to drive to get my license, he said he would teach me. He sure did and by golly, I learned in that car!

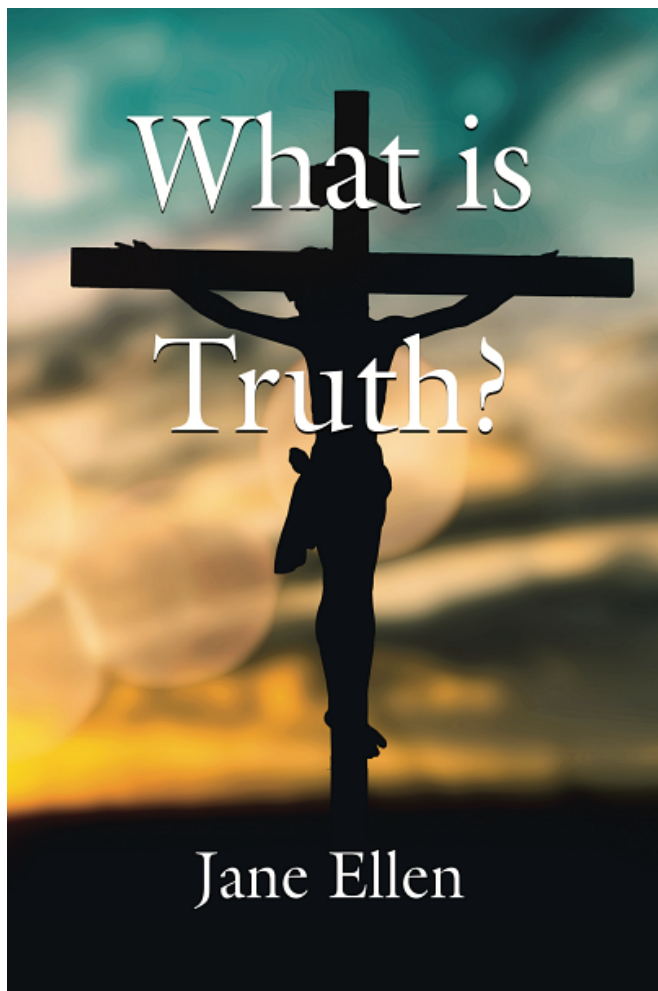
My family only had one car. It was the 1951 Chevy stick shift, we took on our camping trips, but to me, it was a Cadillac! I used to sit in it for hours pretending to drive and shift gears. The day finally arrived for my test drive with my father. We drove everywhere he wanted to go. I have no idea how long this went on, just that when we parked in our driveway and I turned off the engine, I was exhausted. We both sat there in total silence. Suddenly, he turned to me and said, "Well, I think you can drive. You did good. You can get your license." My heart exploded with joy as tears came to my eyes. I cannot remember how many times I must have thanked him. I was too excited to sleep much that night. I spent most of the time thinking about my new life and the freedom it would bring. Two days later, the very day I turned 16, I got my license. Though I did not anticipate it, I soon became the family chauffeur, which was not a bother at all. In fact, it gave me a deep sense of accomplishment and helped me rekindle my family bonds. Both of our parents drank, and our father eventually became an alcoholic, so he was quite content to let me do a lot of the driving. As time passed, I drove even more and noticed that whenever my father was drinking, he became a different person. He was often gentle and even quite funny. The most wonderful thing of all for me was that the abuse stopped...all of it!

I could not leave God out of this equation, because I knew and believed in my heart that He was with me all along. He was helping me, and His ears were open to my prayers. 1 Peter 5:7 says to "cast all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." (See also Ps. 34:15-19). He does work in mysterious ways; always on His time not ours. My life was beginning to change, and I know it was because God's Holy Spirit was strengthening me and guiding my life. I never gave up on God and He delivered me from my own father. Our father continued his rants of profanity and his bad temper, but I no longer felt captive to any of his abuse!

At age 18, I graduated from high school. Nancy and I rented a house together and became roommates. Anna graduated from college and later went on to teach high school in Sitka, Alaska.

In addition to doing some part time modeling on the side, I decided in April of 1961 to enter the Miss Valley of the Sun Pageant (see picture next page). Participating in modeling and entering this pageant made me feel normal and accepted. I was, at that moment, not a failure, not dirty but pretty and socially accepted, life seemed perfect; this was another way to leave the past in the past and the dark secret far behind. I came close but did not win the contest. It was a lovely time.





This book reflects on an abusive childhood, a failed marriage, searching for God, a diabolical plan, surviving a brutal assault at the hands of a satanic man, recovery, and inspiration from God to share the truth of His Word. Must Read!

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