

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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Jane Ellen

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the while we were begging my father to stop the car. Well, my father stopped the car and that dog jumped in the back seat with us girls. When we got to the river, my father came around and opened the car door to tell him to get out and that dog just growled at him, he was not going anywhere. He had found his new home right then and there sitting smack in the middle of his three new best friends! We all had a good chuckle about it later and named him Red.

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 totally alone, I felt safe. On one camping trip particularly, 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 felt like a reminder that reality was just around the corner. I cannot shake that memory to this day and the dismal shadow it cast upon my return to our camp site.

I do not recall what my sisters did all day because I was so entranced with 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. 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 back home. These were genuinely happy times. Even now, camping and fishing in the woods 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. I knew 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 the chrome side pipes; that was one sharp car! I mentioned I wanted to learn how to drive so I could get my license and he said he would teach me. He sure did and by golly, I learned in that car!

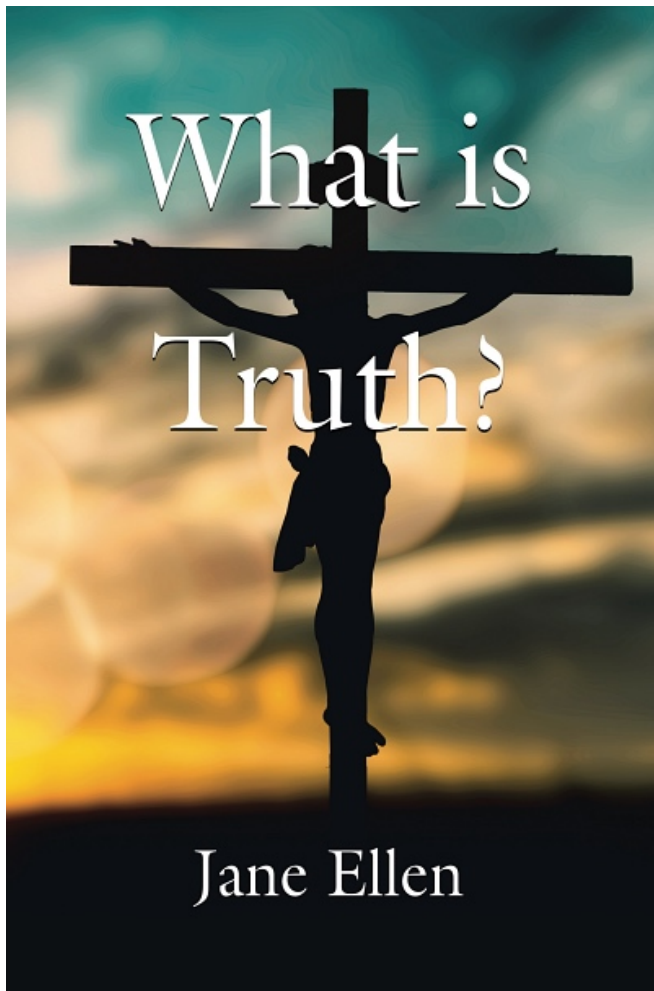
My family only had one car. It was the 1951 Chevy stick shift, we took on our camping trips, but to me, now ready to drive myself, it was a Cadillac! I used to sit in it for hours pretending to drive and shift gears. The day finally arrived for my test drive with my father. I drove him everywhere he wanted to go. I have no idea how long this went on. I only know that when we drove into 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 did not bother me at all. In fact, it gave me a deep sense of accomplishment and helped me to 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 family driving. As time passed, I drove even more. I 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 mine. My life was beginning to change, and I know it was because God’s Holy Spirit was somehow strengthening me and guiding my life. I never gave up on God and He delivered me from my own father. Our father still continued with 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 but pretty and 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 crown, what a terrific time it was!





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