

**Business Address:**  
882 W. Grand Ave.  
Grover Beach, CA 93433

**Mailing Address:**  
P.O. Box 1272  
Grover Beach, CA 93483-1272

**Phone:** 805 481-4500  
**Fax:** 805 904-6800



**August 2016**



**Email:** [captive.hearts@att.net](mailto:captive.hearts@att.net)  
**Web:** [www.captivehearts.org](http://www.captivehearts.org)

## Robyn's Story



I was born into a prominent, upper-class family—one based entirely on outward appearances and behind the scenes full of abuse and fear. Expressions of affection were entirely absent and faith in anything other than one's self non-existent. My parents divorced when I was 10, and my mother immediately remarried another performance-driven self-made man. I was a very depressed, lonely child. At 15, I drank alcohol for the first time—an event that would put in motion a life-long struggle with addiction.

At 18, I married a man twice my age, thrilled to be wanted by anyone and unaware that I had left one abusive home life only to walk straight into another one. My first son was born the following year, and he became my whole life. For the first time I felt loved, important, and vital to someone's existence. After a few years, I left my son's father with the help of advocates from a local women's shelter for abused women, and my son and I began a life together, just the two of us. It was a beautiful time. However, my need to self-medicate my deep insecurity with who I was, soon resurfaced. This led to several years of living a split life—one where I played the role of perfect, loving, devoted mother whenever my son was with me, and one where I binge-drank until I dropped whenever he wasn't.

At 28, I joined AA and surrendered myself to God. Over the next 15 years, I met and married my second husband, gave birth to two more sons, and remained an active member of AA and Al-Anon. I finished a BA in philosophy and psychology at UCSB and began a Ph.D. at UCSB. I established a career, bought several homes, traveled, and put my sons in private school. I ran 7-10 miles seven times a week and had a strong relationship with God as I understood Him. Everything seemed perfect. And then my entire world suddenly spun violently out of control.

In 2008, my left hip spontaneously shattered. The following month, I became critically ill with MRSA, a deadly blood infection. In 2009 and 2010, I was diagnosed with three incurable diseases, and in 2011, leukemia. I was in physical agony and heavily medicated with anything that might save my life.

By 2012, I was exhausted, abandoned by my husband, and terminally ill. My husband divorced me and took our children against a Court order that they remain in my custody. He took all of our assets and short sold the home I was living in. I was so ill, devastated, and so suppressed on medication that I couldn't even summon the strength to fight to get my children back.

In 2013, I suffered respiratory and cardiac arrest due to severe pneumonia. The bronchitis in my lungs ruptured and I internally bled out in arterial hemorrhage. A pulmonary surgery team attempted to revive me for close to an hour and then gave up. A time of death was called and a certificate of death filled out. Just as the team was leaving the room, they noticed in sheer amazement that with no heartbeat, somehow my lungs were pulling in air—all on their own. They watched, stunned and doing nothing, as my lungs began to breathe again, which then started my heart to beat again and to resume a completely normal rhythm. With nothing else to do, the doctors wheeled me into the critical unit of ICU and simply had me observed for the following three days

until I woke up from a profound coma—laughing, they told me. I was released from the hospital the next day with a full bill of health—no damage from the pneumonia nor the extreme resuscitation attempts and the previously ruptured lung bronchitis mysteriously healed.

At this time, I was still emotionally reeling from the loss of my family and my health. I felt I had nothing to live for and no understanding of how a God who had previously felt so close could abandon me so thoroughly. I was living a nightmare, beyond despair, and defenseless to attack. I couldn't understand why God, if He cared at all, wouldn't just let me die.

A short time after, I was offered a drug for the first time in my life—meth. For a year, I played roulette with this drug on a daily basis, not caring if I woke up the next day or not. By the end of 2014, I was utterly spent—exhausted, penniless, abandoned by everyone I loved, and unable to do anything to save myself.

On Jan. 27th, 2015, as I was crying and praying, begging God to do something—anything—that would tell me what to do or where to go, I drove right by a building with a huge sign: *Chemical Dependency Treatment Center*. At this point, all I knew was that I had just told God that if He would just show me where to go, I would follow where He led, and I didn't want to break my half of the bargain. I parked my car, walked in, and admitted myself. This admission led to a transfer to a hospital for severe PTSD, followed immediately with a sober living home and then to Captive Hearts. All this has been put into place by others. All I've had to do is keep my promise to follow wherever He leads me, even when I've had no idea why and what He is doing.

It has now been over a year and a half since I last put any drug into my body. I am entirely medication-free, an amazing fact considering my previous diagnoses. I have been tested and retested by my doctors, only to find no evidence of any kind of disease. My specialists are dumbfounded. Even they—people deeply mired in the science of medicine—have told me that my medical recovery can only be attributed to some kind of divine intervention. You are a medical miracle, they have told me.

After coming to Captive Hearts, I began to learn much more about the miraculous nature of our living God, the amazing healing power of Jesus, and I began to connect the dots about what has happened to me. I know now that God allowed for the devastation of my former life because He knew—He knew—that the Holy Spirit He had already instilled in me would eventually bring me into a far deeper, mind-blowing, intimate relationship with Him that I'd ever had before.

He has restored me fully: I am completely healthy, I again am experiencing the sweet bond between me and my sons, and I now understand the relationship between PTSD and substance abuse. And I smile to see the rest of my family shocked into speechlessness at the obvious miracle that has played out through me. I know God means for me to shine His light out to others through the telling of my story, and I deeply know that where He does so much for one—me—HE will do for others. He is our true Father, our Creator, our Rescuer, and our closest, sweetest friend. May His light shine ever brighter through the light He continues to build in me.

—“Greater is he who is in me than those that are in the world”  
(1 John 4:4).  
—Robyn

<b>UPCOMING EVENTS</b>	<b>SEEDS &amp; NEEDS</b>
 <p style="text-align: center;"><b>“Sunset Walk-a-Thon”</b></p> <p>On <b>Saturday, August 6th</b> at 6:00 PM, the upcoming walk-a-thon is being held at the end of Grand Ave. to Dinosaur Park. We will meet at the end of Grand and walk as far as we can along the beach to the Pismo pier, then take Price Street to Park. The round trip walk is about seven miles. Walk as far as you can to celebrate “Recovery.” Find some friends and family to sponsor you and pick up your Captive Heart T-Shirt to celebrate this fundraiser and time together!</p>	<p>⇒ We desperately need ladies who can come to our Second Chances store and give at least four hours a week. If you can operate a cash register, that is in your favor. We need people who can sort and price items for sale.</p> <p>⇒ Mentors for women in our home</p> <p>⇒ New donors</p> <p>⇒ Volunteers in all areas. Please contact Chaplain Judy if you feel God calling you to be a volunteer at the jail. If you have been incarcerated, you would have to be out at least five years to qualify.</p> <p>⇒ PRAYER, PRAYER, PRAYER</p>
<b>Rotary Club</b>	<b>Women’s Seminar</b>
<p>On <b>Thursday, August 18th</b>, Chaplain Judy will be the guest speaker at the Arroyo Grande Rotary Club at the Rooster Creek Grill in Old Town Arroyo Grande. If you are a member of the Rotary Club there, come and support us.</p>	<p>Chaplain Judy has been invited to Indiana the 28th and 29th of October to teach a women’s seminar, “<i>Unmasking the Face of Grace.</i>” This is a powerful study course the Lord gave her several years ago.</p> <p>After the seminar, she and her sister, Deb Smith, will be leaving on October 31st, traveling to Honduras, through November 13th, sharing the same message in three, perhaps more churches. They covet your prayers for strength, anointing and protection for this time of excitement in seeing the lives of broken women restored in both Indiana and Honduras.</p>
<b>Fundraiser</b>	<b>PRAYERS &amp; SHARES</b>
 <p>On <b>Friday, August 26th</b>, take your donation flyer to the Original Roadhouse Grill restaurant in Santa Maria, right off Hwy. 101 at the Stowell Rd. exit. Enjoy their great food for lunch or dinner and help sponsor our ladies in the recovery home.</p> <p>20% of your bill will go toward this endeavor. They are open until 11 PM.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">See you there!</p>	<p>◇ Continue to pray for our country and the upcoming elections. God has chosen the person He wants in office, but unity is essential.</p> <p>◇ Pastor Ron Salsbury needs continued strength for both him and his family during this trying time in his life.</p> <p>◇ Chaplain Dee Adams to bounce back from the months of chemo and be totally healed of cancer.</p> <p>◇ Strength for our staff who operate the homes so faithfully.</p> <p>◇ Gwenn Wood for the effects of diabetes in her body.</p> <p>◇ Those who have lost family members due to drugs and alcohol. Our love and condolences go out to the families of Tiffany Kikuchi and Angela Evans, who were taken way too young, but are experiencing Jesus face to face.</p>
<b>PRAISE REPORTS!</b>	
<p>⇒ Yea! We now have a new transitional home for our ladies who have graduated our program and still want to stay in the program for an additional six months. Thank you to the wonderful people who have contributed to bring this into existence, from donating items to those using their pick-up trucks to deliver the furniture.</p> <p>⇒ Thank you to our own Kathy Roemer who so graciously donated a 2003 Honda CRV to Chaplain Judy, who was in such need of another vehicle. Blessings, Kathy!</p>	