

DECEPTION

Deceived to Delivered

THE FREEDOM SERIES
CREATED BY MICHELLE BORQUEZ



Julie Terwilliger with Paige Henderson

Deceived to Delivered

Julie Terwilliger
Paige Henderson
Sharon Kay Ball

The Freedom Series
Created by Michelle Borquez



AspirePress
Torrance, California

www.rose-publishing.com © 2013 Rose Publishing, Inc. Aspire Press

Permission granted to the original purchaser to print out. It is illegal to sell, email, replicate, duplicate, or post any part of this on the Internet.

Download catalog and sign up for Aspire Press Inspirations at www.aspirepress.com

Title: Deceived to Delivered Product Code: 181X ISBN-13: 9781596366268

Deceived to Delivered
© Copyright 2013 God Crazy/Bella Publishing

Aspire Press, a division of Rose Publishing, Inc.
4733 Torrance Blvd., #259
Torrance, California 90503 USA
www.aspirepress.com

Register your book at www.aspirepress.com/register
Get inspiration via email, sign up at
www.aspirepress.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, posted on the Internet, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the publisher. The only exception is brief quotations in printed reviews.

Scripture taken from the New American Standard Bible, © Copyright 1960, 1962, 1963, 1968, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1995 by The Lockman Foundation. Used by permission.

The views and opinions expressed in this book are those of the authors and do not necessarily express the views of Aspire Press, nor is this book intended to be a substitute for mental health treatment or professional counseling.

Printed in the United States.



Contents

Chapter 1

Julie's Story..... 5

Chapter 2

Bible Study17

Chapter 3

Steps to Freedom77

The Authors

Julie Terwilliger's emotionally deprived past set her up for spiritual deception and abuse. Believing the lies of a religious mentor, she fell into an adulterous relationship that entangled and threatened to drown her until God's redemption and healing broke through.

Paige Henderson is sought after nationally and internationally as a speaker who loves unlocking the passion in the hearts of women. Paige and her husband, Richard, founded Fellowship of the Sword Ministries [www.fellowshipofthesword.com].

Sharon Kay Ball, licensed professional counselor, is an expert in divorce adjustment, having counseled dozens of women and children in these circumstances. When the trauma of betrayal and infidelity rocked her own world, Sharon's own divorce resulted in newfound ability to blend knowledge with personal experience of divorce to help guide others through their own journeys.

Chapter 1**Julie's Story**

by Julie Terwilliger

“You are no daughter of mine,” he said, his words cutting into my heart like a knife. I tried to let them roll off my back and pretend I was okay. I can’t even remember what I did to make him mad; I just remember that this time, my dad turned his back on me and it seemed like once and for all. As mean, harsh, and abusive as he was, I still loved him. All I wanted to do was make him happy and proud of his little girl. I longed and ached for his big arms to hold me, keep me safe, and tell me it was okay.

Deceived to Delivered

But at some point, the hugs and kisses had stopped. Even as I watched him turn away this time, I wondered if I should try to go and give him a goodnight hug. Maybe even give him a kiss? Would he reject me, stiffen up and make me feel foolish for wanting that affirmation now that I was older and not a little girl? I decided he would. I said,

My father refused to love or bless me.

“Goodnight, Dad,” and ran up the stairs to bed.

I so easily forgave my dad every time he hurt me, my sisters, or my mom. Each time, I hoped he would see what a gem I was, hoped he would have an epiphany and finally recognize my sparkling joy and appreciate what a pretty girl he had. Nope. Quite the contrary, he despised the very precious qualities God had given me, and my resilience to his abuse only seemed to infuriate him further.

My father refused to love or bless me. When I

Julie's Story

met the love of my life, my husband Keith, my dad refused to bless our marriage. He would not walk me down the aisle or even attend our wedding. He convinced the rest of my family not to attend or be part of it either. Even then, I kept telling myself, forgive, forgive. It's okay, he will come around.

Eventually, my parents divorced; and my dad promptly married a very young woman—a woman who was surprisingly similar to me, the daughter he had rejected all these years. His new wife was bubbly, joyful, happy, pretty and all I could think was, “Wait a minute, Dad, you've had a girl like this in your life all along. I've been right here!” Then my dad moved far overseas, and slowly I began to feel what I had been pushing back all my life—the rejection and abandonment of my father.

That's when a man I'll call “The Counterfeit” slipped into my life. He was a strong man, a powerful man, like my dad. He was also a

Deceived to Delivered

spiritual man, a man to be respected. Unlike my father, at first he was a source of affirmation and encouragement. He scared me at times, like Dad had, but if I made him happy he was a safe man.

The Counterfeit sowed into me and encouraged me. Only later

He kept me off balance by reminding me that I was nothing.

did I discover that his careful attention was only given to win my loyalty. First, he encouraged. Then he humiliated me and confused me. He kept me off balance by reminding me that I was nothing until he found me and helped me become something of worth. Still, when he was happy with me, we would talk and laugh and do life together. There were no better times than those. This man was my pastor, my boss, and now he was giving me the attention my father never had. Never mind that he threw in a little verbal or emotional abuse from time to time. I was used to that, and like any victim of

Julie's Story

abuse, I felt like I had to take it from him. The Counterfeit and I worked together and battled in our codependency, all the while building his successful ministry. This man was there for some of my biggest, proudest moments and the lowest moments of my young adult life: my parents' divorce, my first time recording for a live CD, and the birth of my husband's and my child.

Others fought for The Counterfeit's approval, so being part of his inner circle made the humiliating manipulation seem not so bad. But the man I admired so much now drew my little family in so close that we began to become isolated from our families and friends. He did not want anyone to be a greater influence on us than himself, and in our naive foolishness we clung to every word he said. It was an honor to be on the "inside" and spend time with him, even our weekends, our evenings, and our holidays. What he said influenced our every move, from who we hung out with

Deceived to Delivered

to what car we bought. He even imposed his opinion on my haircuts and the shoes I liked. One word from him and we skittered around to make it happen.

Over time, Keith and I began having some trouble in our marriage from the abuse and abandonment I had suffered from my dad. The Counterfeit sat me down one day and told me that the issues that I was having were because I didn't have a dad. Then he told me that he wanted to be my dad and said that he would heal my wounds. At first, this seemed almost exciting. He wanted to be my dad? He would step in and give me what I had been denied—the love of a father? Still, a very faint, quiet voice in my spirit raised a red flag, whispering, “He can't heal your wounds. Only I can.”

I argued with the voice: “But God, surely this must be from you. You know my every need. Thank you, Jesus, for sending me this blessing.” The faint voice was silenced with my own reasoning.

Julie's Story

The Counterfeit began our daddy-daughter relationship by praying over me, saying that he

I ignored the signs that something was not right.

received me as his daughter. All the while, he rubbed my back, his breathing getting a little bit heavier.

Then came our first daddy-daughter date. I was thrilled! I asked him to take me out for pie. On the way there he held my hand and rubbed it too. Then his wife sent a text to his phone asking where he was. His reply said he was on the road, when we were actually at the lake. I questioned him and he responded breezily, "Well, we are about to get back on the road." I began to wonder if his wife knew he was with me. Still, I ignored the signs that something was not right.

As our daddy-daughter relationship progressed, The Counterfeit would hug me. I would run to his arms, his big strong arms that I had once

Deceived to Delivered

dreamed of as a child, and he would hold me. I felt so safe, like a hurricane could come and as long as I was with my “daddy” it would be okay. Then the hugs became longer, and I would also give him innocent kisses. But he would abruptly let go of me if someone saw us. I was hurt and frustrated.

“They won’t understand,” he told me.

“Why? They know you are my daddy now,” I would protest.

“They won’t understand,” he told me.

I wanted to shout from the rooftops that I finally had a loving daddy, but he wanted to hide it. As quickly as the red flags popped up, I would bop them down with a little plastic hammer of reasoning. I was quick to defend him, even in his dishonesty. He made a few feeble attempts to point me to the real Father. However, I think he enjoyed “saving” this poor, pathetic girl from her

Julie's Story

daddy wounds too much to let God get the glory.

“I think God brought you into my life more for me than for you,” he said.

I wanted more of him—more time, more snuggles, more hugs, more kisses.

Then one day he kissed me inappropriately and asked me how I liked it. I froze, mortified and disgusted. I couldn't believe what had just happened. I was in shock. Then I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to tell him how I really felt because I didn't want to crush him or make him upset. So I didn't answer at all, and our relationship changed.

Now our relationship became even more inappropriate with other physical overtures. I kept telling him I did not want that, yet I didn't stop him either. I even began to enjoy it. A few times I tried to end it, but then he would shut off from me emotionally and that would hurt so badly that I wouldn't follow through. I needed

Deceived to Delivered

the texts, the hugs, and the affirmation, but he wanted my body. We plunged right into the dark, swirling pool of sin, the trap the enemy had waiting the whole time.

**A dark cloud hung
over me everywhere
I went.**

A dark cloud hung over me everywhere I went. My brightness dimmed. I was sick to my stomach and tired of everything. I became nervous and irritable, a fractured egg ready to spill. I remember thinking that if only someone would ask me what was going on, I would tell it all.

Too scared to come forward, too fearful of The Counterfeit, I suddenly realized I could ask God for help. I cried out to God and asked him to stop everything since I was too scared to end it. My God, my Savior heard me. In one fell swoop, it all ended. It was ugly, but it was over. I felt relief at last. It wasn't easy. We lost

Julie's Story

everything, our ministry jobs, our ministry “friends,” our “dad,” our safety net, and six years of our lives.

Then came the healing process as I broke the soul ties that had formed. I threw away the beautiful necklace he had bought me. I physically felt an amputation by renouncing the ties; it felt like part of my heart was being torn away.

The Counterfeit never admitted to anything. His cowardice in his lack of taking responsibility dumped buckets of guilt and condemnation on my already broken and feeble heart. Not only would I still have to heal from the old father wounds and now the freshly inflicted abuse, I would somehow have to come through that thick, dark cloud of deception to see clearly enough to shed this new unrighteous burden I had taken on.

My counselor kept telling me I was abused, but I could barely believe or hear her, as I could

Deceived to Delivered

only hear the loud voice of guilt and accusation.

Then one day a new (and now, very dear) friend of our family passed along some teachings on CD about healing from spiritual abuse. I had never even heard of spiritual abuse before! Tears were streaming down my face as I sat and listened and identified with every single symptom.

I started attending a ministry where I could receive healing. I, the once professional and paid minister who was trained to have all the right answers, was now humbled, vulnerable, and being ministered to! Words of life were being spoken into me, and I clung to them.

My husband and I pursued and found more truth. We began to see through the fog, realizing the horror of what had truly happened. Walking from deception and abuse into freedom and light took more than seeing clearly—it took hearing Jesus' voice and believing it. Every time a negative voice crept in, I referred back

Julie's Story

to God's words. They were life and healing.

My Savior redeemed what the locusts had eaten. Over the years, he lovingly brought restoration to every area of my life. He restored us to our families. He restored our marriage and continues to help it bloom. The greatest

**My Savior redeemed
what the locusts
had eaten.**

victory of all is that he restored himself to his rightful position in my heart as my Abba Father, my one true Daddy. He has won my heart and the victory!