

89 Victories X 7

By Joycelyn Myers

My name is Joycelyn Myers. I was born in Long Beach, CA but I spent my childhood being raised in Cuba for 7 ½ years. My family was very dysfunctional and carried many secrets. Both my parents had a substance abuse problem. I didn't meet my dad until we returned to the United States. When my mother was a teen, she suffered greatly at the hands of a US Government Project called "Operation Peter Pan.", a clandestine exodus of over 14,000 unaccompanied Cuban minors ages 6 to 18 to the United States over a two-year span from 1960 to 1962. They were sent by parents who feared, on the basis of unsubstantiated rumors,^[1] that Fidel Castro and the Communist party were planning to terminate parental rights and place minors in alleged "communist indoctrination centers."

In many ways I inherited my parent's brokenness, beliefs and lifestyle. My mother met my dad who was in the US Navy when they were both 19 years of age, and then married within a month. A lot of my trauma derived from cultural shock, oppression, poverty, sexual abuse, child forced labor and parent abandonment from both sides. Because of so much excessive trauma, my Mental Health crippled me. I suffered from multiple personalities, which is now called Dissociative Identity Disorder. I had clues here and there that something was off, but didn't understand what was happening to me, so I couldn't quite pint-point the problem. My Mental state eventually led me to years of a destructive path that included depression, anxiety attacks, compulsive behaviors, memory loss, phobias, initial drug abuse, alienation from people and an unsuccessful suicide attempt at the age of 14.

Since childhood, I lived my life in oblivion. I could hardly retain any information, or process it normally. Metaphorically speaking, I spent most of my life in the back of someone else's car watching them drive.

Seldomly did I take the wheel. I was only an observer looking thru the lenses of someone else's life and not having any control of my own mind.

In 1981, My family and I were given permission to return to the United States. We were able to leave Cuba due to a true miracle from God, one that I asked for in a brief sincere prayer. Within a year, while adjusting to the cultural shock and relearning English, we suffered a family crisis which forced everyone to split up and find other living arrangements without my mother.

I was 12 years old during the crisis. I felt abandoned, was very angry and ran away a couple of times. Three years later, I soaked my mind in satanic music, believing the message that God was dead and that satan was my only friend. My hatred from the betrayal and displacement, caused me to turn to the devil for answers and revenge. I prayed to satan at the age of 15 and swore my allegiance to him. It was the most horrible door I ever opened, and it brought grave consequences which I have paid for very dearly. I did a lot of horrible things. I was heavily demonized. Shortly after that, by God's Grace, the Gospel was presented to me by a family member. I didn't understand the message of the Good News and it was my first time seeing a Bible, but God began pursuing me, even though I was still oblivious to His existence or who Jesus was.

One year later, God cornered me and I ended up in a Christian Rehab Home for drug addicts for 6 months and eventually invited Jesus into my heart. Three years after that, I drifted from God because of sexual abuse and left the Church. I put a picture of Jesus in my wallet and convinced myself that I would just live my life as a good person. I gradually separated myself from God and lived an ungodly life for 14 years.

During that time, my mental health condition worsened. When I sought out counseling and or took medications to address my symptoms, it did help temporarily, but it lead me in a circle not knowing what the root of my problem really was. I used different tools to cope, in order to survive.

But I didn't want to survive, I wanted to thrive and have a full life with normalcy.

I studied philosophy, practiced new age, humanism, and metaphysics. I was mentally disturbed, physically unstable, and moved around more than 48 times. I became a workaholic and a shopaholic. I marinated myself in entertainment and music. I lost myself in promiscuousness, looking for the wrong kind of love.

In 2003, I knew something had to change drastically. I came to a crossroad and to the realization that I was suicidal again, extremely depressed, and at the initial stages of drug abuse again. My marriage was ruined, but worse than that, I stood at the edge of losing my children in court. I was also at risk of losing my job with the School District.

However, just in the nick of time, a Christian lady was hired to work in the Parent Center where my desk was situated. Thru God's unconditional love, she led me back to Christ. I cried out to God in desperation as loud as I could. I cried for salvation, for help, for deliverance. I then gave my life to Jesus Christ because I need Him and could no longer handle nor carry my shattered broken heart. At that very moment, something changed. I felt shackles drop in an instant. I felt freedom, and peace that surpassed all understanding. I didn't feel depression anymore, nor the urge to drink and smoke. I made a pact with God to not just believe in Jesus, but to follow Him wholeheartedly as Lord and Savior. I got baptized in the Name of Jesus and began to walk with God and in the power of The Holy Spirit.

It took 40 years to heal from Dissociative Identity Disorder and from all my phobias. This was a very delicate and complex slow process. I believe I shared at least 5 personalities throughout my life unknowingly, although deep inside I suspected their presence. I do know that demons were attached to these personalities, which made things a lot worse. The last two personalities within me disappeared in October of 2020.

One was an elementary child, and the other was a rebellious defensive teen (my protector). It was a bittersweet experience to let the personalities go. On one hand, I was completely whole and felt free to be me and think for myself. On the other hand, I felt sad because they were part of me all my life, accompanying me as a coping mechanism. I actually cried bitterly when I realized I was completely whole. God made it very clear that He had healed me and sealed my heart. I now feel relieved that the devil can no longer infringe on my free will. I am 100% convinced that God was able to make me completely whole (the persona) by choosing to forgive others. I needed to forgive those people who hurt me, and this can only be done thru the power of God's Holy Spirit.

In my walk with Christ, God has given me the grace to grow, to change, and to serve Him by serving others. I have found a love of another kind, the One who satisfies my soul, no other than Jesus Christ. Back in 2003, I made a special request to God. I asked the Lord to help me sing again, and to give me songs that would honor Him. I now have 67 songs that I dedicate to The Lord. I also asked The Lord for a second chance in life, and He gave me a wonderful husband and a beautiful life together. God has granted us to have a Ministry called "Need 4 Jesus" and together we form a band called "No Time to Waste." Since our move to Arizona, we have been seeking God's will and His direction on how to best serve Him in His Kingdom.

The Lord has never left me, even when I didn't know Him, even when I walked in rebellion. He helped me maintain a career in the educational field for 26 years and gave me the strength to raise my children. Everything that I have gone thru, and all the evil that I have confronted, He has turned it around for the good. From what I can recall, I have counted at least 89 traumas since childhood. I should be dead or in a Mental Institution. But God flipped the traumas and turned them all into 89 victories X 7. This is the title of this Testimony, **"89 Victories X 7"**, because the victories are never ending. God has made me more than a conqueror thru Jesus Christ who died for me, and I know how the story

ends. He will continue to fight my battles even until my very last breath, which is a victory in itself.

I would be lying to you if I told you that I didn't have remanent issues of the heart such as fresh wounds, and trust issues. I do admit, that since 2020 I have been vulnerable. But God uses broken vessels to touch other broken vessels. The journey toward healing and restoration is not easy, but it is possible thru faith in Jesus Christ. He clothes me with His strength during the time that I need it. He has taught me to always look at my enemy in his eyes, so that he can see The Lion of Judah within me. We all know who our true enemy is.

The Potter is still shaping me with such gentle hands, into the woman of God that He has redeemed me to be. Problems and triggers may always be there, but the Armor of God is also there, giving me power and authority to overcome any giant, in the Name of Jesus. Sin will no longer have dominion over me, and the enemy of my soul will never split me again. No longer do I live in darkness, only in His marvelous light. How wonderful to know that God's promises are packed with a glorious future by His side. How marvelous it is to know that God really does bring beauty out of ashes.

I stand in awe just thinking about how much He loves every single one of you. If God can take a shattered heart like mine, that was broken into thousands of pieces, and put it back together, then He is more than capable to demonstrate His power in your life. With God, nothing is impossible. We are all wonders, His treasured possession.

I wish to close with the following scripture:

Psalm 18:1-6, 16-18, 28-33

¹ I love you, Lord, my strength.

² The Lord is my rock, my fortress and my deliverer; my God is my rock, in whom I take refuge, my shield^[b] and the horn^[c] of my salvation, my stronghold.

³ I called to the Lord, who is worthy of praise, and I have been saved from my enemies.

⁴ The cords of death entangled me;
the torrents of destruction overwhelmed me.

⁵ The cords of the grave coiled around me;
the snares of death confronted me.

⁶ In my distress I called to The Lord;
I cried to my God for help.

From his temple He heard my voice;
my cry came before him, into his ears.

¹⁶ He reached down from on high and took hold
of me; He drew me out of deep waters.

¹⁷ He rescued me from my powerful enemy,
from my foes, who were too strong for me.

¹⁸ They confronted me in the day of my disaster,
but The Lord was my support.

²⁸ You, Lord, keep my lamp burning;
my God turns my darkness into light.

²⁹ With your help I can advance against a
troop^[e]; with my God I can scale a wall.

³⁰ As for God, his way is perfect:
The Lord's word is flawless;
He shields all who take refuge in him.

³¹ For who is God besides the Lord?

And who is the Rock except our God?

³² It is God who arms me with strength
and keeps my way secure.

³³ **He makes my feet like the feet of a deer;
He causes me to stand on the heights.**