

IN THE NAME OF
THE FATHER, THE
SON, AND THE
HOLY GHOST

Love And Compassion Ministries News Letter

Volume 1, Issue 6

November 1, 2006 In The Year of Our LORD

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My Testimony

By: Cassie Weaver

My testimony begins when I was three years old, my father wanted a different life and so he left us and my parents got a divorce. Later my mother remarried. My biological father was rarely there for me in the years that followed and when he was, I was ridiculed and degraded because I could never measure up to his expectations.

My step father took me as his own and raised me in a Christian home and for a short while I was living right other than my attitude that had always been bad. I believed in God but it wasn't a real genuine relationship.

At the age of twelve, I came down with a rare nerve disorder called Neuro Cardiogenic Syncope. My blood pressure would drop so low that I wasn't able to stand for more than four minutes without passing out. My doctors told me that as long as I had it I would not be able to drive, I would have to use a wheel chair for activities that required me to stand for long periods of time, and have several limitations. And because of my disorder I was home schooled for the next two years.

I went through several tests and medicines for many months and during that time my biological father finally gave up on me all together and paid the lawyers for my step dad to adopt me, but my Lord did not give up on me and within a few years He healed me. Today I drive, walk, and function normally.



My Life Fell Apart

After my father left me I was ripped to pieces with no explanation as to why or how my father could have just left me without even saying goodbye. I didn't understand and I was so hurt that I became very distant and cold toward my family. Soon, my attitude grew worse than it had ever been. I was excessively negative towards everyone and everything and I shut them out completely.

My Parents Tried To Help

When I turned fourteen my parents placed me in a Christian school. There I met a boy and very quickly we started "going out", but I was not allowed to date technically so we hung out at school and at church. I became very frustrated with the rules that my parents had placed on me with no calling or dating

boys, so I completely rebelled and in doing so my boyfriend and I became pretty intimate. It seemed that the closer my boyfriend and I became, the more I began to hate my parents.

My friends and my boyfriend's mother began to say very negative things about my parents. I began to believe the things being said and I started to make up lies about them saying that they were insane and abusive towards me. I contacted my biological father and begged him to help me get away. One thing led to another and I ended up getting the police and HRS involved. After a few months of conniving and scheming, my

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parents began to catch on to what I was doing and wanted to get me help, but I ran away.

I Found Freedom

Everything changed in an instant it seemed, I went from what I saw as no freedom whatsoever to all the freedom I could have ever imagined. My father had no idea what it meant to be a parent and gave me free reign.

Less than a month later I lost my virginity, I began smoking cigarettes and pot, skipping school, lying to my dad, sneaking out, shoplifting, and due to a verbally abusive boyfriend I became bulimic to top it all off. I had fallen so far away from God that I completely shut Him out and took my life into my own hands. After dwelling in this sin for several months my father moved us into an apartment complex in Ft. Myers.

Soon after the move I got a job at a nearby restaurant and that is where my real trouble began. I was the youngest employee they had hired and the rest of the employees were around 18-34 years old and they always went out to clubs or bars after work. I convinced my dad that I was working to 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, but was actually going out to the clubs and bars with my friends after work.

Each time we went out I would drink more and more until I was coming home drunk almost every night. I lived in my drunkenness and sunk deeper into sin each day that passed.

I switched between friends at work and each friend had a specific indulgence of sin that I too would take part in. My dad and my boyfriend were unaware of my actions and my relationship with them both started to deteriorate. My dad was always working and never had time to check up on what I was doing and when he did have time he was out with his girlfriends or I would be out partying with my friends.

Running Wild

My boyfriend and I began to also have many problems. I used this as an excuse to run wild! I was sick of the verbal abuse and when I realized that other men were attracted to me, I began to not care about my boyfriend like I thought I did. I began to flirt around with countless men, going to clubs, and going to after parties with the bouncers.

At one of the parties I met a bouncer and we hit it off. I began to hang out with him more and more at the

clubs and after parties. We even met up outside of that atmosphere. Then one night my girl friend and I went to one of the clubs. The guy she liked was also a bouncer and a friend of the guy I liked, so they told us that we could hang out after they got off of work that night.

More Pain

We found ourselves going to a hotel where I found out that the bouncer was married and had just had a baby. He said that his wife was so horrible and didn't treat him right, but I fooled around with him anyway. Then he wanted more, but I got up and grabbed my friend and we left. My guilt for what I had done overwhelmed me. I could not conceal it any longer from my boyfriend so I told him what I had done and it ended our relationship. Or so I thought, but a few days later he called me saying that he loved me and we would make it work. He came over and we talked for a while and I ended up sleeping with him and that's the last I heard from him. I was so hurt and so angry that I completely lost it! After that, I was rarely sober and I let myself go... I didn't care anymore what I did or who I hurt by doing it.

My life had hit its worst, I knew then that there was nothing to look forward to in my life,

About a month later I met a boy at a party I was throwing while my dad was at work for a couple of night shifts. The boy lived in the apartment underneath me and soon we started going out. I figured I had gone so far I had nothing to lose so I slept with him shortly after that. He began to introduce me to some of his friends that lived in the apartment complex with us and I found out that they were drug dealers and he helped them too.

My Life Hit Bottom

I began to hang out with them, smoking pot, but then I began to snort cocaine with them and began to deal a little myself and go on some runs with my boyfriend. My life had hit its worst! I knew then that there was nothing to look forward to in my life. I screwed up and slept with two guys, lost track of the number of men I fooled around with, getting addicted to drugs, failing school, and destroying my family, not to mention everything else I had done.

Nothing mattered to me anymore other than drugs and partying. All the drug dealers would get together and have these huge hang outs where all sorts of drugs and drinking went on. I was at just about everyone of them. At one of them I had a very large amount of cocaine, pot, a whole bottle of vodka, and several beers. I know now that it was God that kept me alive that night, but at the time I didn't care! I would sneak

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out almost every night and party like this. I would either go to school still messed up or not go at all. The severity of this went on for about three weeks, until the weekend that school was ending. I told my father that I was going to my moms house for the weekend, which was plausible because I had used that excuse many times before, even though I hadn't even seen my family in over a year and a half.

He didn't question it other than saying that I needed to be home Sunday morning for my grandma's birthday party at noon. Then I could go back to my moms. So I left, but I was actually going downstairs to my boyfriend's house for an all weekend marathon of partying with drugs and alcohol for a friend that was moving. Saturday night was the peak of our partying and we stayed out until around nine the next morning. When we got back to my boyfriends house we passed out until around 2:00 when I saw that I had several missed calls from my dad. I called him and he was asking where I was. Startled I said that I was on my way home and I raced upstairs.

When I got there I was still messed up from earlier and not realizing everything that was going on around me. I came up with this elaborate story as to why I was late. Little did I know that my dad had contacted my mom after not speaking to her for over several years and they knew everything now!

The Truth Found Out

He told me that my life was basically over as I knew it, he told me that they knew about the drugs and everything else I was doing. My grandma was on her way with some drug tests and they were going to send me away to get help. I freaked out and ran into my room and packed all my things in a bunch of garbage bags, cut open my window, and leaped out from the third story bedroom window. I remember waking up on the ground screaming because my back was hurting but I got up somehow and walked along the lake and up the hill to the back of my boyfriend's house so I wouldn't be seen. I went into his room and passed out.

I woke up four hours later to the police banging on the window. They came in and spoke with my dad who had figured out where I was, because a friend had called my cell that he had taken earlier from me. The police suggested that I should be taken to the hospital since there might be something wrong with me, and it should be checked out just in case.

Neither my dad nor my mom believed that I had jumped; they thought that I had made it look like I jumped and really just snuck out the door. So instead

of taking an ambulance, dad drove me to the Cape Coral Hospital where we met my mother. I will never forget the look in her eyes when I saw her. There was so much grief, hurt, and anger. Both my parents looked at me with devastation and unfamiliarity to whom their daughter had become.

Thank You Lord

After many tests in the hospital, they found a massive amount of cocaine in my system and blood in my urine from bulimia. They told my mom that I would be Baker Acted and sent away to an eighteen month program in Texas for help. I had not heard this yet, but they left my mother and me in the room to wait for the x-ray results. I was scared out of my mind so I begged my mom to pray for me. She started to realize that I was seriously hurt and began to pray that I would be alright, but I interrupted her and desperately cried out to God to forgive me of all that I had done and to come back into my life. I was terrified, not because of my being in trouble, but I knew that if I died I would be going to hell that night. I can't describe the feeling I felt that night as I clung to my mom's hand.

Shortly after praying with my mom the doctor came in and told us that my back was broken and those pieces had shattered and projected fragments into my spinal column. They had to air lift me to a trauma unit in Tampa for surgery and due to an extensive injury the Baker Act was temporarily lifted. They took me in an emergency helicopter and when they tried to wake me up they couldn't. The cocaine had magnified the effects of the pain killers. Time after time they would yell, shake, and poke me to remind my body to breath. Once there I had to go through a parade of physicians and specialists, x-rays and tests, both external and internal.

Sixteen hours after my fall, they had to completely immobilize me in a bed that had every part of me strapped separately as it rotated my body. I had several IVs, monitors, and blood pressure gages attached to my ankles and arms, along with several other medical devices attached to my body. The doctors came in and said that my parents had two options, the first being they could keep me in the rotating bed for eight weeks followed by surgery where they would place steel rods halfway up my back, or secondly I would go immediately into surgery and have full rods placed all the way up my back.

Minutes later, as my parents were trying to decide, the doctors came back and no longer gave them the first option because the fragments were far too deep in my

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spinal column. If they waited any longer I would become paralyzed. In surgery they could only partially remove the fragments because if they took them out completely I would leak spinal fluid and the infection could kill me. So they kept them partially there to act as plugs, and to keep everything together and from moving they placed two steel rods in my back.

I was in ICU for a week and doctor after doctor came in amazed that after such an extensive injury I was alive, and could still feel my legs. I was fitted with a body brace that would be my total support for the next few months 24/7.... and an electronic brace I had to wear at night, but, there were no signs of paralysis! It would be a long journey to recovery, but I would be walking in it.

After the surgery I was released from the hospital within a few days. I could barely move after I came home. I was on very strong pain medicine but the pain was so severe that the medicine barely helped. No one could touch me or touch the bed I was on, because even the slightest movement sent massive pain waves up my back. I had to be rolled over by my mom to move at all when my side would begin to hurt.

Miracle

I needed help for everything...even the simplest things I used to take for granted, like taking a shower or doing my hair. My feet and ankles were still black from the jump and hurt badly when I walked. I was exhausted within a few minutes of being out of bed. After a few weeks things were a lot better. I quit the medicine early because I didn't want anything more to do with any form of drugs. I still had to wear my brace for four more months, but my hopes were high in Christ.

At the six month check up, I received news that the pieces in my spine had fused together successfully but my bone had disintegrated. I was crushed because they said now that I would have complications later down the road, may have to go into surgery again and that I would also have a very hard time having children.

However, I had higher faith than that of the doctor. At my one year check up, I sat in the waiting room as the doctor checked out my new x-rays. When she came in she looked at me in bewilderment then held up the six month x-rays next to the new ones. She showed us where the bone had been missing and then she pointed over to the new one and said "It looks like you've been healed," as it showed that my bone had grown back. The impossible was possible. The doctors just sat there in awe of it and stated that I was to live life normally

with sky diving being my only limitation!

God gave me a miracle in my body but an even bigger one in my soul. All the things that had taken place in the year and a half I was gone, all that I had done and the people I hurt cannot be counted. They are phenomenal in number! I am ashamed of what I did and the memories haunt me every day. I am so undeserving of God, and I should be looked down upon as something of disgust and filth. *God should have turned His face from me. But from that moment in the ER when I asked Him back into my heart He has breathed new life into me. No questions asked or without hesitation He forgave me and even more He embraced me and loved me. He instantly took away all the desires of my past and filled me with a desire for Him.*

He has given me more than I could have ever imagined. I have fallen in love with the most amazing Prince of Peace who has swept me off my feet and held me through everything. I am so taken with His love and so grateful that He could forgive me, the worst of sinners, and restore my relationship with my family. They allowed me back into their home and it blows me away every day the closeness that we have come to have with one another because of this.

I have been consumed and set ablaze with His beautiful presence that I would have never known to the fullest if this had not happened to me. He loved me so dearly, so much to catch me when I fell and gave me a second chance to truly live. He renewed my heart and by His never-ending and sufficient grace I am washed white as snow.

Cassie Weaver is now taking appointments for speaking engagements at churches, schools, and other Christian organizations. If you wish to have her speak at your gathering, please contact her through this ministry at:

Cassie Weaver

In care of

Love and Compassion Ministries

P.O. Box 152636

Cape Coral, Florida 33915-2636

Or call us at 239-574-5683

Please join me in giving God thanks for the miracles He has done in this young lady's life!

Please Give!

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Your gift is tax deductible.

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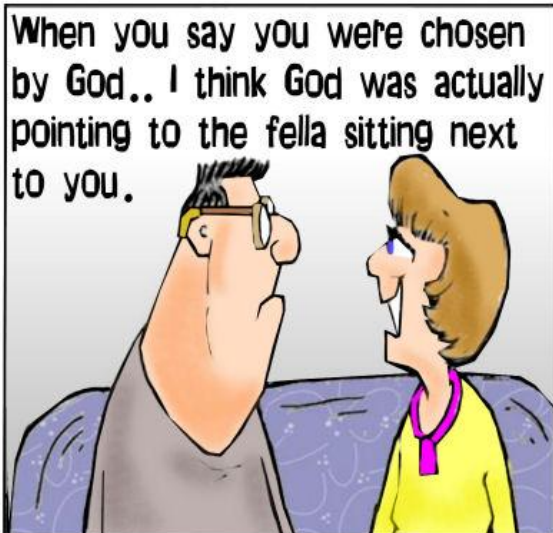
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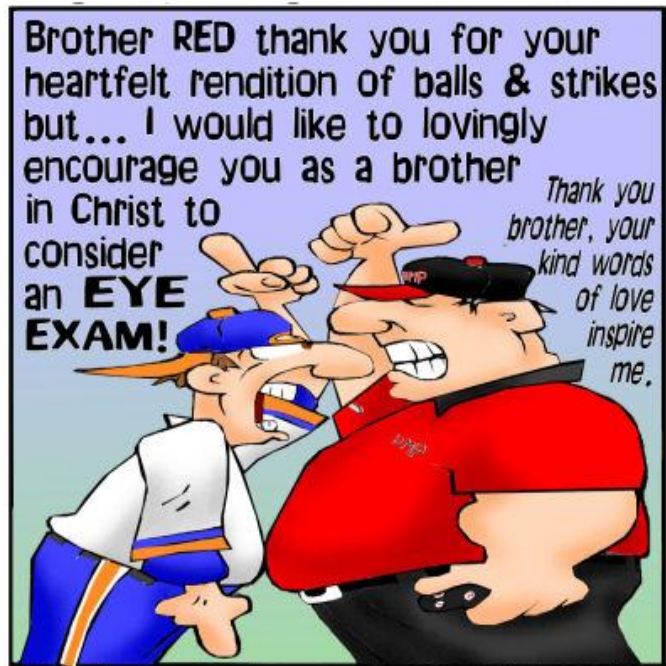
Coach would you not yell at me no more.. it makes me sad.

An anxious heart weighs a man down, but a kind word cheers him up. **Proverbs 17:25**



When you say you were chosen by God.. I think God was actually pointing to the fella sitting next to you.

Even when reflecting on a beautiful verse like **Jeremiah 1:4**, Sally could find a way to 'zing' her husband Karl.

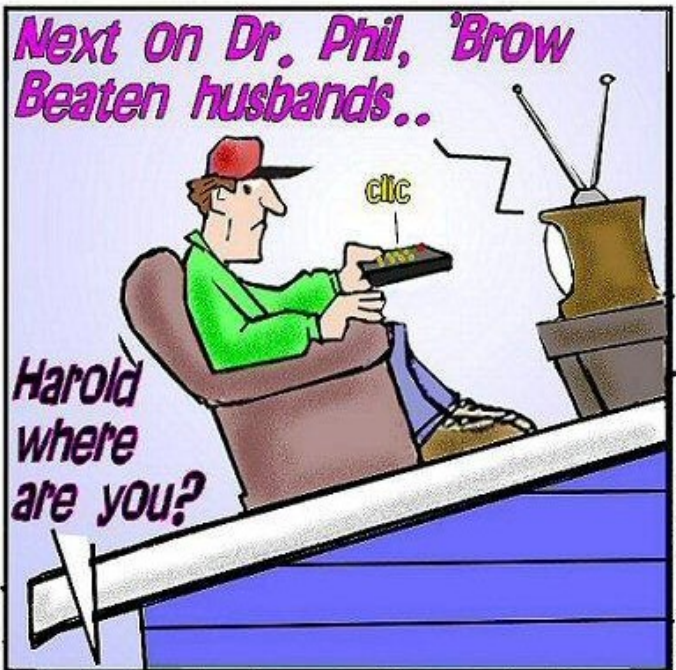


Brother RED thank you for your heartfelt rendition of balls & strikes but... I would like to lovingly encourage you as a brother in Christ to consider an **EYE EXAM!**

Thank you brother, your kind words of love inspire me.

THE SPIRIT OF SOFTBALL

A gentle answer turns away wrath, but harsh words stir up anger. **Proverbs 15:1**



Next on Dr. Phil, 'Brow Beaten husbands..

Harold where are you?

It is better to live on the roof, than to live with a **NAGGING WIFE!! Amen**
Proverbs 21:9

God Loves You, So Smile!

God Will Provide...

There once was a man who had nothing for his family to eat. He had an old shotgun and three shells. So, he decided that he would go out and kill something for dinner.

As the man went down the road, he saw a rabbit. He shot at the rabbit and missed! Then he saw a squirrel and fired a shot at the squirrel and missed it. As he went further, he saw a wild turkey in a tree. He had only one bullet, but a voice came to him and said, "Pray first, aim high, and stay focused." However, at the same time, he saw a deer, which was a better kill.

He brought the gun up and aimed at the deer, but then he saw a rattlesnake between his legs about to bite him, so he naturally brought the gun down further to shoot the rattlesnake.

Still, the voice said again to him, "I said 'pray, aim high and stay focused.'" So, the man decided to listen to the voice. He prayed, then aimed the gun high up in the tree and shot the wild turkey. The bullet bounced off the turkey and killed the deer. The handle fell off the gun and hit the snake in the head and killed it. When the gun had gone off, it knocked the man into a pond. When he stood up to look around, he had fish in all his pockets, a dead deer and a turkey to eat.

The snake (Satan) was dead simply because the man listened to God.

The bottom line is, always pray first before you do anything, aim and shoot high in your goals, and stay focused on God. Never let others discourage you concerning your past. The past is exactly that - "the past." Live every day one day at a time! And remember that only God knows our future and that He will not put you through any more than you can bear.

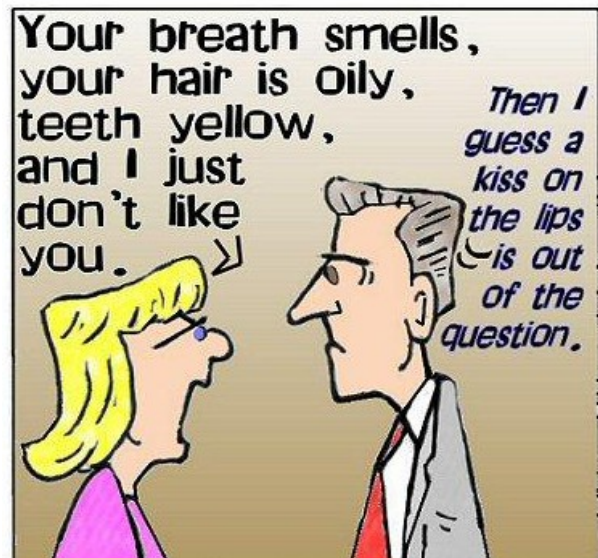
Do not look to man for your blessings, but look to the Lord. He can open doors for you that only He is able to do. Doors that you will not slip through, but doors that only He has prepared in advance for you in your favor. Keep God first and everything else will follow.

P.S. When Satan is knocking at your door, simply say, "Jesus, could you please get that for me?"

With God all things are possible!



Talk Show host turned Evangelist 'Harry Stringer' blends faith & TV in his creepy reality show CASUAL CHRISTIANS where contestants attempt to get to Heaven by the skin of their teeth instead of living out **Mt 22:36-40**



An honest answer is as pleasing as a kiss on the lips. Proverbs 24:26



Love And Compassion Ministries

In The Name of The FATHER, The SON, and The HOLY GHOST

November 1, 2006

I send you peace, love, and blessings from our LORD and SAVIOR. I pray that all that read this letter will feel the love of GOD and the compassion from our SAVIOR as The HOLY SPIRIT ministers, directs, and guides you!

Question? Can anyone define Love And Compassion Ministries in a sentence or two? Can anyone define what Christians are suppose to do in a sentence or two?

Love And Compassion Ministries is made up of many ministries! We introduce people to our LORD and SAVIOR! / We pray for so many people of all walks of life. / We help people get their cars fixed. / We help people pay electric bills. / We help people with their medications. / We have a web-site to give people information about us and help them with their needs. / We counsel people. / We give out Bibles, tapes, sermons, and pamphlets. / We send cards and letters to prisoners. / We provide good wholesome books to read. / We produce a News Letter. / We help people get into drug programs. / We work with state prosecutors, attorneys, probation officers, and judges to get people into drug programs rather than into prison. / We work to help stop the same person from reentering the prison system again and again. We teach prisoners to confess to God, the person they have wronged, and to the court system of their sin (wrong doings) and commitment that they will make things right. / We are teaching the ex-prisoner and the homeless the basics of life. Not to just give them a fish but to teach them how to fish! / We help people find a job, housing, and transportation. / We take the homeless, ex-prisoners, and the elderly to hospitals, and doctor's offices. / We make hospital visits. / We help get people back into their local Churches. / We help the homeless find shelter, food, and the necessities of life. / We direct people to a discipleship source or program which will minister to their individual needs. / We work to combat juvenile delinquency by working with the youth and their families. / We work to raise money needed for and operations of the ministry. / We work with volunteers to help in all aspects of the ministry. / We educate people about the problems in and around Lee County and how we can help alleviate some of these problems, such as suicides, abortions, and homeless deaths, as we extend the supporting hands of friendship in time of crisis. / We hope to lessen neighborhood tension through speaking engagements. / We defend good and right while fighting evil and wrong doing. / We work with the State, County, Local Government, Churches, and other organizations to help maintain a clean and drug free jail. / We hope to have an internet radio station setup and running very soon to reach our youth!

All these things we do are nice, but are for nothing if we forget why and who we do these things for. If CHRIST is not in everything we do, shame on us. GOD has given us an enormous opportunity to reach out to the lost of this world in love and compassion and teach them about our LORD and SAVIOR.

If there was ever a time when the uncompromising message of our LORD and SAVIOR needs to be spread, it is now. Please pray with us that our LORD will continue to provide our needs as GOD guides us as we spread the Gospel to the hurting, hungry, imprisoned, and homeless people. We anticipate a great harvest.

In the presence of GOD,

Ron Willis

Ron Willis, Director / President
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If you would like to be a part of our exciting prayer team, please send us your email address and we will send you updates of people who need our prayers. *The LORD is near to all who call upon HIM, to all who call upon HIM in truth.* Psalm 145:18 NKJ

It is a great privilege that we have, as sons and daughters of the KING, to be able to come into HIS presence with our needs, our hurts, and our cares. We know that we can leave them at HIS feet because HE cares for us and will always answer us in our time of need.

Prayer requests are very important to us! We always need people who are caring and willing to personally pray for others needs. As we pray for their physical, moral, and spiritual needs, we must understand that because of JESUS CHRIST'S love for all of us, we are able to do this. CHRIST is the answer to every human's needs.

As members of the Body of CHRIST, we have the privilege and responsibility to pray for our Churches, our missionaries, public officials, other ministries, and each other.

It is so exciting to see prayers being answered. May we always give CHRIST the Glory!