

Born 23rd of November 1993

Born Again 1st of May 2012



Ruth McDonald's Testimony

Growing up I have always been surrounded by Christian influences ever since I was born. I was brought up in a loving family. My family and I attended Hinton Baptist church then later moved to Newcastle Baptist Tabernacle. At the age of 8, I prayed a prayer with my Mum that I would become a Christian. At that time I felt no change in my life I guess I was still every young. I would go to church and church camps and when they prayed they would ask if anyone would like to become a Christian to come forth or raised their hand all them times I knew I already prayed them prayers even though sometimes I would feel convicted I would still say to myself no I have done that already. At the age 13 I was baptized just because I thought it would please people and to be more Christian.

From a very young age to my teens things happened that should not have happened. These things made me stressed, nervous and confused. Was this meant to be this way? Am I dreaming or is this real.

I would live my life in fear; I would always be scared. To everyone I would seem happy but deep inside I was really angry.

Later on in life these feelings I had, led me to make wrong decisions. And the decisions I made I can never take back.

But with God's help he has helped me overcome them.

On the second of May 2012 I read this verse: 1 Thessalonians 5:17-18 "Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." - I thank God for all the great things in my life instead of focusing on the bad experience and the wrong choices I made. I

thank God I am still alive. I thank Him for the people who brought me back to Him.

Throughout all those bad experiences I now do believe God was there protecting me even though it didn't feel like He was there. I now know much more terrible things could have happened.

In 2009, I was in year 10; I was over everything; over the way my life had turned out, over my friends. I would be sitting in class and just start crying for no reason. I would always just tell them I was really sick. I did not know what was going on with me. The way I was feeling I thought I was dying. I finally got the courage up one night to tell my Mum the thoughts I was having. I didn't want to think this way. It wasn't right. The next day I went to the Doctors he did blood test and a computer test, he said I had depression and put me on medication straight away. It was the most embarrassing thing. I knew nothing about depression. I then returned to school and completely stopped talking to my closest friend.

A few months later I met my best friend James. In 2010; I was doing an apprenticeship in Beauty Therapy and everything was going well. After 6 months my medication started to play up and things started going downhill as I started having flashbacks of my past. My apprenticeship fell through and I became a nervous and a scared girl once again.

The day after my 17th birthday, my sister came home after work and found me on the lounge. I don't remember too much of that day all I remember was taking all of my medication and then I was in an ambulance with cords all over my body and rushed to a different hospital. Sometime after that I was put into hospital with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

I then decided to move in with my sister and run away from my fear. I moved to Salamander Bay, I stayed with her for a year and then moved out into a shared house at Soldiers Point. Life was starting to look brighter. I was working in a great environment and everything was good. However, my mood was very unstable. The Doctors tried me on all these medications but

they were making me sick. I was vomiting all the time and put on heaps of weight. My roommates decided they wanted to go back home so I had no choice but to move back to the place where all my fears had started. Moving back there really messed me around. I would close my eyes and forget what year it was. Every time I entered my house fear would come over me. I was once again a confused person and so lost. I would have panic attacks and would zone out. I knew deep down I needed help.

On Friday the 13th of April, James asked me to come to an Easter service at His church. He had been going there for a while and always wanted me to go. I finally told him I would come. That night as I sat there listening to Pastor Charlie Haddad preaching, banging around on the pulpit to get his point across, I knew deep down God was convicting me... convicting me about how I was living my life. I knew if I didn't do something about my relationship with God, mine and James' relationship would not last. Something inside of me just needed to run and get away! At this point I was in hospital to reduce my anxiety, so every bang, made me jump and flinch. After church James drove me back to where I was staying. He asked me how it was. I said that it was scary but good. I didn't let my fear get the better of me and I went back Saturday and Sunday. Then I sent a message to James saying, "I want to start living for God, I want our relationship to be stronger because I want us to be together for ever." He replied how happy he was to hear that.

A week passed and I was still in an awesome mood. When I left the hospital I told them that their help was really good, they did help me get through many hard times but this is what God has done for me. Although hospital was like jail to me, I knew I it was a place I could be safe and get away for a couple of times a year. Now I know that I don't need that because God is my get away and I can run to Him.

I went to bible study on the 25th of April and after getting home in my awesome mood I got all of my music out of my car and deleted my music off

my notepad and phone. I just didn't see it helping me, especially with my mood.

On the 1st of May 2012, James took me out on a date we then went skateboarding in the car park. Thoughts were running through my head, especially about one question Pastor Charlie had asked me. "Where will you be spending Eternity?" Even though I had decided to start living my life with Christ, I felt this burden, where will I be spending eternity? I then knew I had to ask Jesus into my heart. I looked at James and said "Can we sit in the car?". We got in the car and I grabbed His hands, closed my eyes and for the first time in my life I cried out to God. A huge burden was lifted and my prayers were answered. For the first time I felt God with me. I was crying because I was so happy... it was the weirdest feeling.

Since that day it hasn't been all that easy. But I know that with God's help and His word, the Bible, when I walk in His way, it does become much easier. I just have to remember.... What Would Jesus Do? What Would Jesus Say? 😊

Psalm 37:5 "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."