

**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



**Email:** [captive.hearts@att.net](mailto:captive.hearts@att.net)

**Web:** [www.captivehearts.org](http://www.captivehearts.org)

## BATAVIA'S STORY



I came into Captive Hearts hopeless, lost, and beyond broken. I was born and raised in Bakersfield the first half of my life and the second half in Fresno. As a child growing up, I had to face multiple situations of abuse. My parents were very violent and fought daily and put each other in the hospital a handful of times.

To put it lightly, I was raised in a very unsafe, abuse-filled environment. I never felt as if I had a stable, so called "normal" childhood.

At a very young age, I went through sexual, physical, emotional, mental and psychological abuse, my Dad attempting suicide, my Mom and Dad's alcoholism and addictions, being put into group and foster homes, and went to multiple schools. I never felt loved or cared about or even wanted as a child. As an adult in my active addiction, I was beaten, raped and sexually trafficked.

I became a widow at the age of 25 after being happily married for eight years. My husband was my first love, my best friend, and my entire world. After his death, I went into a deep, ugly, dark depression. I felt like a nightmare, and I honestly believed I'd never wake up. I felt like a lost little girl, all alone and abandoned once again. That is honestly the best way to put into words how I really truly felt inside. My husband's death and the extreme pain of his loss, is what kicked off my crossover into the corrupt and evil world of drugs and alcohol.

I remember telling my family a few times after my husband died, "I don't want to wake up in 10 years and not have dealt with Jason's death..." Sadly, that is more or less what took place. My depression went into overdrive and, before I knew it, I was drinking and using whatever I could get my hands on. I had become a garbage can! Full of guilt, shame, fear and, most of all, anger.

After all of the ups and downs of my addiction, I finally "THANK GOD" found myself wholeheartedly, not just needing, but wanting to change my life and have a relationship with my one true Savior, my Healer, Jesus Christ. Regardless of my anger with God, I knew that He was the only One who could heal me and my brokenness, restore my life, and love me the way I had always not only desired, but longed for my entire life.

I now know that without a doubt, He has rescued me from my alcoholism and drug addiction. Father God took

me from the streets of homelessness three times in the past two years. He gave me the courage to be able to sign over guardianship of my 3-year-old daughter, Aaliyah, to my loving and caring biological father and step-mom. I had enough in me to save her from the insane lifestyle, even if I couldn't save myself.

I never want my daughter to grow up the way I did. She is so very loved and precious to my heart. She is a beautiful gift from God. She deserves to grow up healthy, happy and safe! I am happy and proud to say, she has a healthy Mama now, full of the love God always meant for me to have. I am a mother—the mother she deserves, the mother that I always wanted and needed growing up, she will not be without.

Father God has always given me so much love and grace; it's beyond my words to even explain. Father God is and always will be my Rock through the many trials and tribulations throughout my whole life. Even when I was bitter and angry with Him, I still believed in Him and kept my faith. I have had many fits of rage and asked Him why? Why God, would You put so much on one person? The answer He has always brought me back to time and time again is: *"My child, I have always walked right beside you, holding your hand along the way, and I have never left you or given you more than I knew you could handle."*

I am super grateful that God led me to Captive Hearts, where the real true, deep healing has begun. I can only imagine the miracles and many blessings ahead of me. God is so good. How could I not want to live my life for Him? He has given me a beautiful daughter, an amazing family who loves me dearly. How could I have ever held so much anger in my heart towards Him? When He has always loved me unconditionally—no matter what sins I have held against myself—He died so that I could have life. He washed away every sin and shows His promises daily!

Even after a dark rain cloud has poured down on me, He placed a beautiful rainbow in a perfect bright blue sky. I am a new creation (1 Corinthians 5:17), and I am a child of God.

Captive Hearts has helped restore my life and build a true, sincere loving relationship with my Lord and Savior! This is not just a "program of recovery," it has taught me how to open my heart and trust again. I now feel that I have a home again, and that life is beautiful, good, healthy, full and happy. I am forever grateful.

—Batavia

UPDATE ON JUDY	Upcoming Events
<p>We want to thank you so much for your prayers, cards and the meals brought to Chaplain Judy during a series of devastating accidents. She had taken three falls getting out of her car when visiting her daughter and had blacked out, hitting the back of her head on concrete in the same spot each time. The hospital released her hours later. Two weeks later, she blacked out again in her bedroom, this time falling and breaking her fibula bone in her right ankle and hitting the same spot on her head. She was hospitalized for 18 days with severe head trauma and had to have surgery on her ankle. She recently was placed on total bed rest so her head and ankle could heal. There is still a road ahead but she is gearing up for a greater good than ever before. Of course, the evangelist in her is wanting to lead people to Christ. Her room was called “The Suite” where nurses and doctors congregated and received prayer and counseling. Only eternity will reveal that what the enemy meant for bad; God will turn around for His good. If you want to send a card to her, feel free: Chaplain Judy Boen, PO Box 1283, Grover Beach, CA 93483.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1) Christmas cookies for our precious friends at SLO County Jail. On Friday, <a href="#">Dec. 23rd</a>, we will be assembling bags of cookies and taking them to the jail. Calling all bakers. We will need 4,200 cookies!</li> <li>2) Toys for Christmas should be delivered no later than <a href="#">Dec. 23rd</a> to Judy’s office at 882 W. Grand Ave. in Grover Beach.</li> </ol>
<h3>Year-End Giving</h3>	<h3>NEEDS</h3>
<p>Please have your donation to Captive Hearts postmarked by December 31st or earlier to receive your receipt for 2016. We so appreciate your faithful support to this ministry.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 4,200 cookies for inmate bags</li> <li>• Christmas toys—take to Judy’s office before 11:30 weekdays</li> <li>• A place to assemble the bags on Dec. 23rd</li> <li>• Our Scholarship Fund is almost depleted. This is a last request to supply funds so that women can get help with their program fees. <u>Please</u> earmark your check, “<b>Scholarship</b>” because if not noted, it will be placed in the general fund. Consider this a year-end gift to a precious life.</li> <li>• New donors</li> <li>• Mentors for our ladies</li> <li>• Jail Ministry</li> <li>• Second Chances store needs volunteers</li> </ul>
<h3>Update on Bobbie</h3>	
<p>“<b>Progressive</b>,” according the Webster’s Dictionary is “moving forward, happening or developing gradually over a period of time,” which doesn’t make sense in the medical world! I’m having trouble defining this word because in my medical background, miracles don’t happen in my family.</p> <p>In a pamphlet from the Huntington’s Disease Society of America (HDSA), HD is an inherited brain disorder that results in “progressive loss” of both mental faculties and physical control. Symptoms appear between 30-50, mine four years ago at 43, and worsen over 10 to 25 years. My family members have passed 15 years after diagnosis. The weakened individual succumbs to pneumonia, heart failure or other complications. There is presently no cure. Although medications can relieve some symptoms, research has yet to find a means of slowing the deadly progression of HD.</p> <p>I’m a bit shocked, still processing needing people to remind me of the miracle healing just a week ago that God did for me, the “Puffer”! So when an HD neurologist at UCLA said my neuro exam was perfect... She said, “You are better!” <i>Better?</i> Yes, Better. The symptoms are <u>gone</u>. In fact, I am pre-symptomatic, no symptoms. From early first stages to no symptoms! The medication used to slow the progression has been weaned from my med sheet. That’s not what the pamphlet says! Progressive, no cure—doesn’t go back. I think that’s what we call a miracle in these parts!</p> <p>Jeremiah 29:11: <i>“For I know the plans I have for you declares the Lord, plans of hope and a future...”</i> I think I will keep receiving this life-saving verse and thank You God, for my Christmas miracle on 10th Street! —Bobbie</p>	