

Through Whose Eyes

RISE CHILD OF GOD



About the Author

Although I live in Massachusetts I'm quick to stay true to my place of birth which is Georgia. I hit the foster system at the age of thirteen with my first foster home being the home of a Pastor and his wife. There were other homes that followed sometime with me going in the front door and out the back. One of these homes included the home of a woman who chose to have all the children who entered her home baptized and so I was.

Toward the end of my run as a ward of the State of Massachusetts there was Helen Green, who became the mother I always wanted, I miss her very much. I wish she were still here, but she passed many years ago from cancer. I take comfort in knowing that she can see me and has been watching all these years.

After a brief stint in the Army I made my rounds at a number of the Massachusetts Colleges and Universities while struggling with Psych issues which also attributed to my substance abuse and later becoming addicted. I was bruised, but I am no longer a broken woman I have walked through and sometimes crawled fighting to hang on for another day. The memories of child abuse, domestic violence, addiction, and sexual assault are heavy burdens for anyone to bear, but here I stand in God's hand. Even though my journey had not been one of comfort the Lord told me that I should now enjoy the journey.

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About the Book

My first book is entitled "Through Whose Eyes: Rise Child of God", the short-stories of "Through Whose Eyes" are meant to provoke the reader to think about the journey each of the characters took. The character in Turning Corners; finds herself in jail once again and begins to have revelations about the life she's been leading. She realizes that life in the streets has been holding her back. She was a street walker running from the call of God. My spiritual character in the story Clean; is already a woman of God and her faith is tested and shaken when she is raped. Although she is surrounded by family and loved ones she chooses to keep it a secret. The woman in Waiting for God; remembers her journey through the foster system and seeking places of safety on church stairs. There she searches for God trying to cope with and understand what was happening to her. There is danger in the streets, but those lost to the streets still search for connections with others. In the story My Name Is; they learn to be pretenders hiding their true emotions behind game faces, some unaware that God sees all and loves all. The streets can rob a person of their true destiny in life if they stay too long with blinders on. We must believe that God works through people, even the young ones. He has a way of choosing the ones we least expect to show off through. The characters of Touched; are just that, a spiritual mother who begins losing her faith even while watching God work through her young daughter to restore spiritual order to their small southern town. God has always chosen the unexpected just look at David and Goliath. The story I Use to Be; is mirrored very closely to my own life while struggling with addiction. Addiction has a way of stripping us not only of our self-respect, but of our families and faith. Being a spiritual person and a woman of faith is what I believe intensified the battle and my struggle to break free not only from the substance, but also from the people who I saw as destructive to me and to themselves. These stories are reflections of my personal struggles and my victories.

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Author's Blog

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