



Book Excerpt:

***"The Lucky One: A Chilling True Account of Child Sex Trafficking and One Survivor's Journey from Brutal Captivity to a Life of Freedom"***

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**Chapter 1: Chosen**

I was only four years old the first time I met God. It happened just after the rape. It was a hot summer day and I went with my grandfather to the train station. He worked for FRISCO and had arranged for me to ride with a conductor on the engine of a train. The excitement was palpable as the noise of the chugging train rattled through my petite body. I spent much of the day traveling in the engine through the train yard moving railcars back and forth like a giant sliding number puzzle. I delighted in blowing a whistle that rang clear down deep in my bones. My sandy blonde pigtailed bounced as I explored the maze of powerful boxes lined up orderly in iron tracks. The rattling sights and sounds both stirred and fed my insatiable curiosity. The day was crammed with about as much adventure as a green eyed girl-child could bear. I was filled with pleasant exhaustion by the time the last cars were put into their proper places. My grandfather and the conductor began walking over the tracks and through the cars out into a nearby field.

Though my feet had grown weary, I skipped behind them willingly, happily. The field of golden grass was nearly as tall as I was. Crickets and grasshoppers shouted greetings as we tromped carelessly through their territory. Shortly, we arrived at my grandfather's car parked in the middle of the empty field. It surprised and confused me to see his brand new Lincoln Mark IV sitting there when I could see nothing else but a huge blue sky and the waving grass. My grandfather turned to me with a smile that suddenly caused my blood to curdle cold despite the heat of the day. He opened the trunk of the car and pulled out some long strips of fabric and walked towards me. An unspeakable darkness clouded his eyes. Panic rose and fastened my tiny feet to the ground where I stood.

“Did you have fun playing at the train station today?” he asked.

“Yes, Papa. I loved making the whistle blow.” I answered warily.

“Well, now we are going to play another game, okay? You put your hands out here for me and I’ll tell you how to play.”

The laughter in his black eyes haunted me, but at four years old the only thing I was really an expert at was play. I put out my hands for him and watched as he bound them together. The binding was not uncomfortable, it was loose enough to not leave a mark, but just tight enough to prevent my escape.

In the moments that followed, my grandfather completed his business transaction with the engineer and walked a few yards away. Then the engineer took from me what he had paid for. That summer day in 1976 was the first time that I was sold for sex. This was the first time that I was taken by force; the first time someone other than my grandfather used me to satisfy his lust, but this was not the first time I had had sex. My virginity had already been stolen by my grandfather some time long before this event; long before my memory could keep an accurate account.

The trauma of that afternoon tore a hole clear through my spirit and opened up for me the realm in which soul and body can be divided into two. While my body was brutalized, my heart flew into the scarlet and ginger hues of a sunset on fire. My screams were carried away with the falling sun. It was there that Jesus came for me.

When the violence subsided, my grandfather returned and wrapped me up in an old army blanket. His rough hands suddenly gentle, he set me tenderly on a towel in the backseat of the car to take me home. He slid into the driver’s seat and then while he mumbled something about what a good girl I was, he perpetrated his most heinous act of the day. He started a cassette tape playing, “How Great Thou Art.” His brutal need for control and his cruel sense of humor collided in a love for old gospel music. As such he would often play that particular song over and over either during or immediately following the torture that I was repeatedly subjected to. My grandfather intended to keep me bound in captivity for life and “How Great Thou Art” provided him the chains he would use to accomplish his purposes. His choice in music was a deliberate attempt to ensure that I would never... NO... not ever find comfort in a church or freedom in Christ.

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Excerpted from *The Lucky One*

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