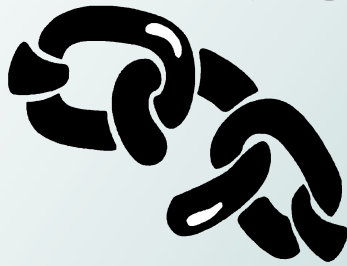


BOUND NO MORE



To anyone who has ever had an eating disorder,
or knows someone who does.

Thanks for taking the time to read this testimony.

I was a 16 year old girl, involved in lots of school sports and activities, was doing well in my school subjects and had a family that loved me. But because of peer rejection, low self-esteem and a false belief that thinness was the guarantee of happiness, I decided to lose some weight. I figured it would make me look on the outside how I wanted to feel on the inside – in control, perfect, desirable.

The story continues in the familiar pattern, my weight got extremely low, and when I couldn't stop myself from eating anymore, I began to binge on large amounts of food, and then vomit. This became the new addiction and stayed with me for 6 years.

Some people who have gone through this want to talk about every detail and every moment, to shock and horrify the reader. But I'm not going to give this disease any glory by doing that, as I figure anyone who has been there already knows. Suffice to say, I was very sick, and needed help.

I tried to get better in many ways. I tried counseling, anti-depressants, dieticians, homeopathy, meditation, you name it, I gave it a go. I read books, searched websites, and spent hours talking to others who supposedly understood. Meanwhile I only got worse, and my relationships, career, family and future were crumbling around me.

When I was 21, I moved back to my family home for the summer. It was a crossroads for me, as I had made up my mind if I wasn't healed soon, I would check myself into one of those hideous health clinics, and pay someone thousands a week to force me to do what I could not make myself do.

But wanting to change, in any area, is a far cry from actually changing. Our world is full of self-help books, TV programs, experts, all trying to meet the needs of a population who can't help themselves. And do these improvements really last? Do they actually get to the root of the problem?

So as hard as I tried that summer, I only seemed to worsen.



Late one night, after a particularly bad day, I sat on my floor and cried. In desperation, I called out to God, and said that if he was real, if he made me, then he would have to fix me.

Something changed at that moment. I felt peace. I immediately stopped crying and went to bed and slept.

A couple of days later I met a guy who told me that they had miracles and healings at his church. I felt a glimmer of hope, and decided to check it out, in case God was there.

He was. This church was just a group of people who loved God, and believed what he said, and they met in a small conference room in a hotel – totally different from the pews and stained glass windows I grew up with.

But I didn't care really who was there or what it was about – I just wanted him to heal me.

And He did.

How do you explain what it is like to be touched by Jesus himself? Its supernatural, I guess. Its like Love itself, wrapping his arms around you, and taking what was dirty, broken and empty, and making you clean, healed and full.

That night he saved me, healed me and cleansed me. He told me the truth, that I didn't have to look perfect to be loved. And he showed me what the real problem was.

What was killing me was not an eating disorder but my separation from him. None of us were ever designed to live our lives apart from our creator. But the sin of man separated us from the holiness of God. And the only way back to him is through Jesus Christ, because he took away our sin. The sad thing is, so many reject him because of what they've seen of religion in the world.

But Jesus is not a religion – he is a person, who you can know and be loved by. He is alive, right now, he is waiting. You can talk to him and when you draw near to him - he will draw near to you. And your life will never be the same again.

My prayer is that every person who reads this will call out to him. There is only one person who can help you, no matter what your situation is.

If he did it for me, he will do it for anyone.

Possible Prayer:

Jesus I need help.

I believe in you, that you are alive and that you took my sins, guilt and pain on the cross.

I come to you now, and believe that you will save me, and change me life.

Thank you for loving me, please help me follow you.

I give you everything I have and thank you for giving me everything I need.

Amen



Anyone who **belongs** to
Christ
is a
new person.
The past is
forgotten,
and everything is
new.

2 Corinthians 5:17