



March 2013

Dear Friends,

In 2000, the Lord spoke very clearly to me (Rhonda). He told me that I would be a voice for those who have no voice. At the time, I thought He was speaking to me about those who were financially poor. I wrote my first book, *Blessed Are the Poor*. About one month ago, the Lord reminded me about that word and asked if I would be a voice for those trapped in sex slavery. Of course, I said I would.

Because of our involvement with women and children who have endured the horrors of being a sex slave we desire to do everything within our power to prevent this from happening to another girl/boy. With each passing day, I grow increasingly compelled to educate anyone who will listen (especially parents) as to the tactics predators use to enslave their victims. We believe educating the public is one of the ways we can help. Another is by providing healing to girls who have been sexually abused so that they won't be so vulnerable to this crime (at least 90% of sex slaves were sexually abused as children). One pimp was quoted as saying, "I want to thank all the dads out there who made my job so much easier." Children/teens who are abused often runaway from home (they are running *from* something not *to* something). Within 48 hours, nearly all of the runaways are found by a pimp who uses his charm, money and wiles to snare them into his well thought out trap.

We plan to regularly post facts and information on Facebook (Our Father's Farm/Harvest Home—click *like* in order to receive updates). We will be accepting speaking engagements to help educate the church and other organizations. Timmy Vatterott from L.A. is also in the process of making a documentary about Our Father's Farm and this issue. Danny and I want to ask you to pray for us as we endeavor to obey the call of God. We will need amazing grace!

Isa 40:9-11 Get yourself up on a high mountain, O Zion, bearer of good news, Lift up your voice mightily, O Jerusalem, bearer of good news; Lift *it* up, do not fear. Say to the cities of Judah, "Here is your God!" Behold, the Lord GOD will come with might, With His arm ruling for Him. Behold, His reward is with Him And His recompense before Him. Like a shepherd He will tend His flock, In His arm He will gather the lambs and carry *them* in His bosom; He will gently lead the nursing *ewes*.

Morgan's Story

Hi I'm Morgan and I'm 15. I was born in Atlanta, Ga. When I was four, my mom left. I lived with my dad. I remember sitting on the porch with my legs dangling between the rails waiting for my mom to come home, but she never did. When I was 8 my dad got married again. At first it was great. But as I got older, she became verbally abusive. That was really hard. My dad worked all the time. Then came 2 siblings. I took care of them because my stepmom drank too much. I was alone most of my life. I raised myself. My dad tried to be there for me but he had his own problems.

I secluded myself most of my life. When I was 12, my stepmom started drinking even more. She was very mean to me—not to the kids—just me. She would yell at me and tell me that she could never love me because I wasn't her own blood. I was always looking for a mom but when she said that it killed my dream—murdered it like the holocaust. When I was 13 I started sneaking out of the house trying to find attention in other places. I got into a lot of stuff that I knew wasn't good for me but I did it anyway. That went on for a while. My stepmom's mom was diagnosed with stage 4-lung cancer. I would go to her house everyday after school. I would go to work with her a lot. There are no words to describe what it feels like to know that someone you love is going to die. As a result, my stepmom started drinking even more. I started sneaking out even more and getting into even more trouble—sex and drugs. I was just a kid, I was just 12. My grandmother was put in hospice. I refused to go see her because I didn't want to see her like that. But on the last day, I went to see her. She couldn't talk or move. I talked to her for a minute and then I left. I cried alone in my room. We got a phone call late that night telling that my grandmother had died. After she died, my stepmom drank tons and tons of alcohol. She was drunk almost all of the time. I got caught sneaking out.

We moved to Missouri when I was 13. I started sneaking out again, but I got caught at 14. I was put in a private, Christian school. That was really good for me. I stopped sneaking out and found a good group of friends. I started going to a local house of prayer and there were a lot of not so good kids there. That pulled me right back into what I just got out of. I got caught again and lost all privileges at home. I started rebelling even more. They put me in public school because they wanted me to have all of the high school experiences such as football games, homecoming proms, etc. I got on the softball team and that was good. I got a boyfriend and went to homecoming and football games like they wanted.

After we broke up, I went back to the same old pattern of sneaking out and stuff. I got caught again. This time a family friend intervened and connected me with Our Father's Farm. I moved to the farm almost two months ago.

Through most of my childhood I was always put in counseling with a therapist. It only made things worse because I didn't want to go and whenever I went they never had answers or solved anything. I'd say why couldn't my mother love me? They never could answer that question. So when I came to the farm and I had an encounter where I saw Jesus and He told me the answer to that question—the question I'd wanting answered all of my life. I feel 100 times better now. It filled a hole. When there's a hole on your grassy yard, you fill it with dirt. That's what Jesus did for me.

I've been living on the farm since Jan. 12 and I'm a different person. I now have life. I don't feel like a dead plant anymore. I can be myself here. There's always lots of laughter. I found love and most importantly I've found Jesus or maybe He found me.

I came here and my first session I told Kelly (my facilitator) that I can't see anything, that I'm not visionary. Kelly had me consecrate my imagination to God and invite Him to come and then just wait. I had a dream a couple of nights later where I saw a Lion. It was peaceful. I had 3 more dreams where I saw Jesus—not as a Lion! He was human-like but His eyes stood out. They were so colorful and bright and passionate. There were colors in His eyes that I didn't even know existed—He was beautiful! After the first dream, I was able to see Jesus during my God Encounter sessions. In one of those sessions, I gave my life to Him. Afterward, everyone who saw me commented about how I looked different. My dad came to take me to lunch and asked me if something was different. We were at the restaurant and a young man about my age approached me and told me I was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, that I had a glow on my face. I told him it was Jesus. Since I've been on the farm, when my dad comes to visit, I've noticed a difference in him. He's searching for what I've found and I know he's going to find Him!

During my time on the farm, I've learned that it doesn't matter what other people think about you because only One opinion matters—just One—and that's good news!

SEX TRAFFICKING IN AMERICA:

The National Report on Domestic Sex Trafficking (America's Prostituted Children (2009) – Investigation into child sex trafficking in the U.S. is compiled in this report which reveals 100,000 American children are exploited through prostitution each year – the *average* age of entrance only 13 years old.

We can't sit idly by and do nothing. We **must** do something...

2013 CALENDAR:

(For more information, visit our website: www.harvesthome.org or email sheila.mullinax@harvesthome.org)

ENCOUNTERING GOD TRAINING SEMINARS (men & women) Friday & Saturday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Learn how to encounter God in ways that not only bring healing and deliverance, but also produces a deep intimate relationship with God. Please register online at www.harvesthome.org

- June 7 & 8 Encountering God Seminar
- July 12 & 13 Encountering God Seminar
- Sept. 6 & 7 Encountering God Seminar
- Nov. 8 & 9 Encountering God Seminar

ADVANCED FACILITATOR TRAINING (for men & women)

Room and board are provided on Our Father's Farm while you go through the training to facilitate encountering God sessions with others. Registration is limited to 20. For more information or to request an application email sheila.mullinax@harvesthome.org

- April 26-May 3 Advanced Facilitator Training
- Aug. 16-23 Advanced Facilitator Training
- Oct. 4-11 Advanced Facilitator Training

HEALING INTENSIVES: (an intense immersion into the heart of God) For women only...sorry guys.

Room and board is provided while you go through classes and various inner healing ministries on Our Father's Farm. Registration is limited to 13. For more information or to receive an application, please email sheila.mullinax@harvesthome.org

- June 6-27 Healing Intensive
- July 11-Aug 1 Healing Intensive
- Sept. 5-26 Healing Intensive

Please visit our bookstore and website: www.harvesthome.org

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