



If you do not loose everything

Life Story of Lizzie Maitland



Rutland Healing Group

Introduction

Welcome joyful reader please do read on but be aware and forgive me for being a Christian. I felt it best to add these words as, in this 21st century, we have free-will more than ever. Free-will to choose our way and sometimes to loose it too. I hope this story will help you find a way of peace and of love. Please do not judge as I know we are really no better or worse than eachother.

'If you do not loose everything' is the first part of Jesus' quote from Luke 14:33. As you may know, dear and patient reader, it ends 'you cannot be my disciple'. Now most of this world, Christians included, would not understand this quotation. Yet those who have experienced great loss do live the gospel and believe this quotation to be the gospel truth. This is that only when you loose your marriage, your child, your job, your house and your furniture do you start to listen to God and start to obey Him. Being a disciple means discerning God's will for your life and for the coming of His kingdom and His righteousness. We cannot really be God's right-hand woman, or man for that matter, until we have put Him first in our life.

However we are only human. Like St Paul says most of what we loose is rubbish and what is left is of Christ and is gain. But some things we want back. When we loose something we love sometimes it is attachment and we have to let go but if we can't let go it is love. As you will notice, sweet and loving reader, in this life –story one thing I can't let go of are my children. I struggled to keep them and one of them I had to let go of a little. But I got her back. I felt assured in this hope (FAITH). I refused to give her up and God recognised and gave me my deepest heart's desire. This was to be re-united with my daughter. This life-story is of a human who struggles to loose her life to keep it for eternal life in heaven.

I hope you will see in and between these words your yearnings, your losses and struggles. So you may realize the plan for good in your life to prosper and have peace. In this post-modern world you may or may not be a Christian. I believe this book will help you see the power of faith as the currency for achieving what you hope for. Don't give up and you will win. Your single-mindedness will pave the way to getting the best for you and everyone. Anyone who is double-minded and not sure perhaps is not after the best anyway and so doesn't deserve to win.

Above all I hope you will enjoy this book. I have the grace and the motivation to write it. You have the same to read it. We should both be successful since it is for the best. Thank you to all those who helped in the writing of this Life-Story. My family and friends and Network for Change and George Ballentyne our tutor who gave us the wonderful Creative Writing sessions that have helped all of us write our Life-Stories.

Have I told you about my Dad's love?

When I was still quite little, about nine years old, I remember a time when I annoyed my dad. Now this was a pretty rare occasion as usually he never got cross about anything. I had disturbed him working in his office at home. Later on we went to town together in the car. I said sorry to him. He said something that echoed what Jesus said once. But somehow was as good and even echoed the best understanding of love I have ever heard. He said: "Darling you can never do anything wrong I love you too much." Don't you agree, gentle reader, this really sums up unconditional love. Whether you agree with it or not Dad really did live out this love. I don't remember a time that he ever shouted at me. He definitely never was violent. Both my husbands later were physically violent and gave me black eyes, split lips, a sore head and neck. Those dads proved to me they were not the real fathers of my children. But my dad taught me there is something better than forgiveness. That forgiveness, when love is perfect, is not even necessary. Loving reader, bear with me on this, and you will understand. Do you remember the film 'Love Story' where the strapline was 'Love is never having to say you're sorry' with Ryan O'Neil. It was in the cinemas at the time. It was a brilliant film. Do you remember it? Very sad love affair about a woman who died of cancer. Anyway why should I be telling you this except it echoed my dad's thoughts. So when someone loves with a perfect love, it not only wipes out all fear, but it means we can do no wrong. I never forgot this and many times this memory has helped me and others.

Ok so, moving on swiftly, my childhood was on the whole happy. I loved my parents. My big sister was a nightmare of a bully though. On some occasions she would beat me up. We were about 4 and 5 years old at the time. She is only 16 months older than me. My mum, of course, did not believe me when I complained. So I got branded a liar or, because they were polite and kind, out of touch with reality. Sandra (I have changed her name for political reasons) would punch, hit, pinch and chase me for doing such things as not obeying her, not believing her lies or just annoying her. One time I got smacked for not believing she had written a poem called 'Yankee doodle went to town'. The problem was I had seen it in a book. She tried to torture me until I gave in but I screamed so loud that, even though the house is the size of a small stately home, she got scared that someone would come and find her out. Another time she reminded me to clean the pony's bit. I probably had done it but she hit me anyway. This went on for a few years I gave up complaining about the beatings and just screamed louder. Finally my dad, reasonable as always, talked to Sandra and it stopped. But the damage had been done. I had to go to boarding school with this sister. I learned to stand up for myself and made it quite clear to her that any bullying at school and I would be telling the teachers who would believe me and would be taking it further. I pointed out she would be expelled and she made a wry smile and did not reply. I knew she would take notice of what I said and was surprised at my own audacity. I refused to come home at the holidays and many of them I went to stay with

friends. I used this opportunity to travel the world and I saw North Africa and Switzerland. Of course I forgave and loved Sandra. Being brought up in a Christian family this was the done thing. But she had scared me and from then on many times my parents did not believe me.

When, aged 9, I went to hospital to have my tonsils and adenoids out. I was sick on the floor. A nurse was furious at having to wipe it up in the middle of the night and hit me hard across the head. My mum wouldn't believe me. Later when aged 13 I had some acne. I put Germaloid on the spots to clear them up. Sadly I was allergic to it and came up in a furious, burning rash. My mum did not believe me and said I must have put hair removing cream on my face. I came to decide that there was one thing worse than a liar and that was someone who consistently did not believe you when you were telling the truth. It was my mum who was out of touch with reality not me and that has been proved now as things have got much worse. Now my mum, Gan-Gan as she is called by my children, does not believe the truth at all. The sad reality is that although Gan-Gan came to believe the truth now (about my sister, about the nurse and the Germaloid) it is too late, she has gone a bit senile. Gan-Gan thought for years I was 'mentally ill'. When, in fact, it was her who was mentally ill all those years. Made mentally ill and out of touch with reality by the lies of my sister. My sister has apologised about the childhood bullying. Don't get me wrong, merciful reader, I love my mum and she can do no wrong. I love my sister too I just hated her actions. Atleast it made me decide I would never hit anyone the way she had. Once mum

bought me a mouse. Sandra was scared of mice and screamed so much the mouse died of fright and had to be buried the next morning. To this day I wonder whether she had killed it, like the man with learning disabilities, Lenny, in John Steinbeck's 'Of Mice and Men', by squeezing it to death. Poor Sandra, from an early age we knew her by her fruits. But she kept her fruits hidden from my mother. I prayed for her and for all the family. Sandra was blessed because she never was violent to anyone else in the family. No wonder they thought me a bit odd.

Why do we need to be saved?

All my childhood I fought with a rebel's skill against the arguments for being a Christian. I believed in God. Our family must have descended from Abraham as we all believe in ~God. Remember, trusting reader, how God promised Abraham he would have descendants as many as the stars or sand, who would all believe in God, as long as he moved house. Amazing how little we have to obey God for Him to grant our deepest desires. However, good reader, you may not believe in God but don't worry, you don't have to descend from Abraham, you can be adopted by Him. Shall I pray for you?

Anyway I moved house once and God promised he would help me keep my job. I am still waiting for God to do above and beyond what I asked for and imagined because of his power at work within me. Although I didn't keep my job I am going to a Employment Tribunal because I lost the job as I blew the whistle on the school



My father and son

employing me because they were disobeying the law. So God will give me even better than the job he will give me 15 years pay £450,000. I will let you know about this later. God is so good it is worth believing in Him for this.

Little did I know, when I was young, how I was missing out. Mum was the evangelist in my life who helped me to turn to Christ. But she had a big job on her hands. She put every argument she could come up with to convince me of the need to believe in Jesus. My answer always was: "Why do we need to be saved? Everything is alright as it is". My bullying sister I was coping with. I didn't need any extra help. The argument that nearly got to me and the only one I had no answer for was "All famous people who have really helped the world are Christian". Mum wasn't quite right was she? There was Gandhi who was a Hindu and a few others like the beatles who were of no fixed or known religion. I nearly got interested when I pondered on this. But not quite... pity. Because God then transformed by life with a religious experience.

Now a religious experience is something like what Paul experienced on the road to Damascus. Scary! Brave reader you will only know what I mean if you have had a religious experience. Being blinded doesn't sound much fun admittedly but it is far worse than this. A religious experience is like you are about to be killed and this is what makes you surrender your life to Jesus. When you read about my religious experience please don't doubt that it was one. This would be most unkind and not the sort of thing a human should do. Anyway my religious

experience when I surrendered my life to Jesus at the age of 19 was when I was raped.

Most people of course will take a sharp intake of breath and say, on the outbreath, "Oh, dear". However if you have not done this don't worry too much. You can say the second best thing with a shocked look: "poor you". If you have done neither of these things then perhaps you should just read on and I will stop imagining your reactions and tell you mine.

It was a religious experience and I will tell you why. It is because it is the only thing so far in my life which brought me to the foot of the cross, made me realise God was my father and enabled me to make an unbreakable covenant with God. I was so terrified. I asked God for help. I spoke to Him. This was my first relationship with God. I promised Him if He would save my life I would be a Christian. I don't remember His reply and He did save my life. Looking back I wonder why he couldn't have saved me from the rape. It was a man in a van near Swindon. So young man, now about 53 probably, if you did this I forgive you. Now reader, understanding person that you are, you do believe me don't you? I am not that unattractive after all. I love the reaction of many kind men in my life who, when I have told them this story, have looked deep into my eyes and said: "I quite understand why".

Quite honestly Moses was right, in the old testament, to have decided all women raped should be stoned to death. It was really the kindest thing to do. Because although I did get over it. It took me ages. My parents, of course and as usual, did not believe me. Typically they



The home where I grew up

had just split up and they thought I had gone mad and put me the next day in a mental asylum. Yes, this was 1975 they still had them. It was a horrible place in Northampton called St Andrews. One of the few still remaining. Why haven't they converted it to a supermarket? Like the one I got into later in Surrey called Brookwood. Or the Towers in Leicester where my first husband found himself and are now offices for the NHS.

This was the start of my vocation as a victim which lasted 25 years and only ended at the age of 42 in 1997.

Made a Victim

So I was made a victim. But I know it is over now I am convinced Jesus has healed me in His name. This is the best bit and it makes all the rest worthwhile. So after the aforesaid attack, obedient reader, I was thoroughly tortured. Why one wonders did I deserve the torture when the rapist should have been caught and put in prison? Obviously I needed to stop hitching and at night too. So maybe I was partly to blame. You will be pleased to know I never hitched a lift again. Nowadays no-one does. What was St Andrews in 1975 like? Gruesome, smelly, itchy and prison-like. When I arrived I was put to bed and asked did I want something to help me sleep. I was aged 19, rather innocent and in a state of shock, you can picture the scene. I had already been scared 'out of my wits' but I still felt I had more sanity than those who had forced me in this asylum. Poor John Clare, the poet, I was in the place he stayed for many

years. Eventually after a vague attempt at trying to sleep I asked for a sedative. They gave me something that would have killed a horse and I was out for about three days. When I came round I felt really ill and I did not really recover for 25 years. What are they like? May God forgive them they don't know what they are doing. I found it really difficult to wake up and I slept for about 2 weeks. Then the psychiatrist kept coming in and asking me: "Who raped you?" I did feel this was a little tactless since this was what I was trying to forget. However, in those days, being very polite I just kept replying: "I don't know his name." Eventually I got sick of it and turned to God. Who, you remember worthy reader, was the person I had begun to talk to for the first time as my Father. God, very reasonably, said "Tell him it was your dad and you will get out the very same day". Of course, being young, innocent and polite, before my wrangling days as it were, I didn't reposit any facetious replies.

Well, believe it or not, it worked. Of course my dad, being a gentle and understanding person, was a bit surprised. Yet he knew, for the sake of the family honour, this was even worse than being in court condemning a rapist. So I escaped, fairly easily, and found myself in a nursing home in London for another two weeks.

Don't for one second, merciful reader, imagine that all my troubles were over now I was a Christian. They had just begun. The discrimination, stigma and just plain torture of being a mental health patient in those days was unbearable. But, God is good, it was a steady descent into hell on earth. It really took

until 1993 when my second husband tried to strangle me to death to reach rock bottom. So I had 13 years to go. All this time I felt convinced of my mental sanity. Although sometimes friends and family were not so sure. It was probably their own fear and instability that made them like this. Anyway I kept out of hospital for about two years. The next time was when a boyfriend left me. I tried to kill myself with an overdose. I ended up in St Andrews again for a month.

The next time was after Dad remarried. This was the only time I committed myself. It was a bad idea and another horrible experience. Extremely painful, humiliating with no-one visiting or caring very much. I had become the black sheep of the family. Someone no-one wanted to be with or be like. I was shunned, rejected, never asked to parties. It is still like this with all but my closest family. Dad has always been good and I love my stepmother. My own mother has had her own problems and during this time, ever since she was rejected and divorced, she was unable to communicate with me. She often would put the phone down on me and refuse to speak to me. She has always been concerned about her own mental health since she fell out of a car and gashed her head at about age seven. I believe she agreed to my drug torture in hospitals in order to avoid this problem herself. Things have gone full tilt now and Gan-Gan (as my children call her) has now been labeled as having senile dementia. It has even been suggested by a doctor, because of her refusal to comply with the slightest suggestion, that she has Alzheimers.

All we can do is pray for healing in Jesus' name. I got healed this way after all.

20th Century 1st World Persecution

When foreigners arrive, blissful reader, from abroad into this rather twee country they might be forgiven for thinking all is well with this world. This country could be mistaken for the Kingdom of God rather than the United Kingdom. People go about with such peaceful expressions on their faces. They are so calm and measured in their behaviour. Could it be the curry or the pasta that makes those abroad so hot-headed? I have begun to pray really hard, please don't call me silly, for my next-door neighbours in Oadby to stop eating curry because it is such a black food. Now this is what makes people get angry. What you may ask has this to do with a life-story on mental health? Yet all is not well with this world as underneath this perfect veneer is deep torment and trouble. It is this 1st world persecution that our heritage mental health project is aiming to transform. This 1st world persecution is people being forced into hospital and on drugs against their will. Now, being a first-class bible basher and Religious Education teacher, as many secondary school students will agree, I know that God gave us all free-will to do as we choose. We have our rights, human-rights, to be treated with respect. Who deserves to decide whether someone has capacity or not to make a decision for themselves? This is what causes all the problems in mental health. Even the Royal College of psychiatrists agree it would be better

for mental health if patients could agree to their treatment or refuse it. This is a life-story so I won't get too political but will aim to keep it personal for your benefit, tenacious reader.

So I did a university degree in French and English. A month before the first year's finals my mother and sister put me in Brookwood hospital in Surrey. I never did really find out why. Maybe it was because Sandra was having a baby and decided I would be better out the way. I was in there for a month. On such high dosage of drugs I could not stand up or communicate but only sit on the floor drooling. I refused to be beaten. I got out three days before the finals. Took myself off all the drugs and swotted up and took the exams. I passed that year and got my Honours degree.

While in the assylum I met my first husband. It only lasted three years because of violence. After the birth of our son I was sectioned for 'holding the baby upside down' and this was a lie told by a sad nurse who was obviously jealous. Still to this day I pray she will repent of this lie, turn to Jesus and be saved. Let me know please. This was the worst torture ever as we had to fight to keep the baby as the authorities wanted to take the baby off us. The catholic in-laws were brilliant and saved the day by inviting us to live with them for 6 months. Praise the Lord.

But I kept 'mentally stable' right up until when I met my second husband and he had me sectioned for 'hitting the children' when it was HIM doing this. What an unjust and unfair world. We may well wonder why a good God would allow this torture. Well it must be

spiritual warfare between powers and principalities of good and evil. So I was in St Andrews hospital in Northampton again for 1 month. Yet again sleeping therapy.

It really did not help but it was less torture than earlier times. It ended our marriage. Two more incarcerations were because someone called a fire-engine to the house and the fire-fighters called an ambulance for me. I was in the psychiatric ward in Kettering General for a month. Exasperating nuisance because at the time I had a new born baby girl and I really missed her.

Then my brother got involved and he had me committed just because as yet he had not been involved and was obviously feeling left out. This was in 1997. Remember this date, wise reader? This was when Princess Diana winged her way to heaven. This was the day I came out of hospital and THE VERY LAST TIME I WAS TORTURED. HURRAH!!!

From now on I felt I was healed in Jesus' name. I did an empowering for healing course, with my church in Morcott in Rutland. This and Jesus convinced me. I retrained to be an Religious Education teacher because I was so pleased with God. Also I decided I had no desire to sin and would be entirely faithful to Jesus. I was now His bride.

Healed in Jesus' name

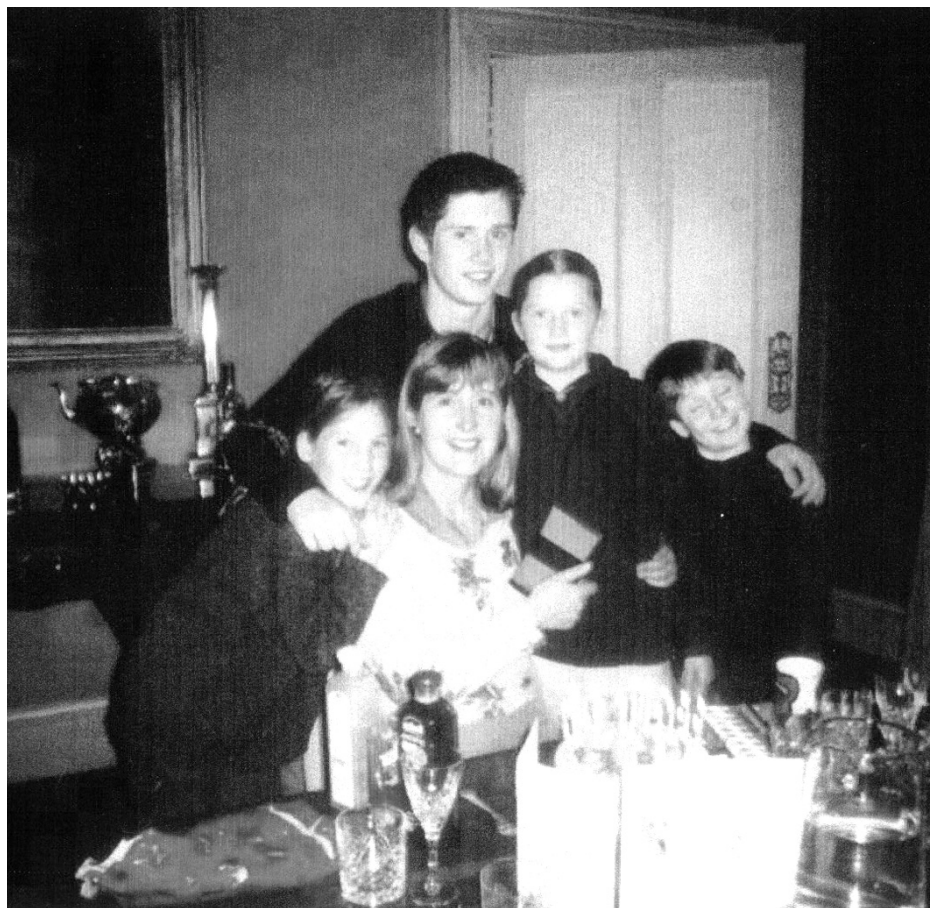
So I was healed. However I still need thick boots as the ground is still quite bumpy. I have to take homeopathy to convince family, friends

and professionals that I am taking my sensitive mental state seriously. Also because homeopathy is brilliant, made by Jesus, non-invasive, no side-effects and works a treat by helping my body heal itself. Many of my Christian friends say: "But you shouldn't need it". I always reply: "But it is remedies made out of leaves and plants. Jesus created these for the healing of the nations as it says in Ezekiel and Revelation." Also I practice Centering Prayer twice a day for twenty minutes. If I have had a shock or have time to kill I may do more minutes. Just recently I had a shock and felt somewhat afeared. My brother, Paddington, started to get angry as I hadn't obeyed him. I reminded him this was not necessary as I was not married to him. However he lost his cool and shouted at me: "I will get you into hospital and on drugs. I will see your doctor". I reminded him I was healed in Jesus' name. However he doesn't see things the same way I do as he is not a born again Christian. Anyway, having disobeyed him more, he rang up my old psychiatrist (quite contrary to the data-protection Act of 2005). So of course we will have to take the NHS to trial about this as the Dr rang me worrying about how there might be a reoccurrence of the 'old mental illness'. I was terrified and being only human I felt the flee factor and, because of the pain, I took an overdose. Compassionate reader, you may say: "well is she really cured – if she does this"? Well I would say, and perhaps be backed too by many top psychiatrists, "I am well and just cannot face anymore torture." Will you pray for me please? I will let you know the outcome, obviously! The thing about being healed in Jesus' name, as many readers will know having experienced this

joy, is that you become fully human. This means spending much time and energy not worrying and focussing on faith. Feeling Assured In This Hope (FAITH) that I have perfect mental health and EVERYONE recognises this. Part of the Rutland Healing Group remit is practicing Centering Prayer twice a day and coming regularly to prayer sessions. If you look on the website www.rutlandmentalhealth.org you will see how to do this. It is a really simple but brilliant way of stilling the mind by using a sacred word to remind the mind to be still. This word might be a holy name like Jesus or your husband's name. Everytime you have a thought you have to say this word to remind your mind lovingly and mercifully to be quiet. After much practice, and with grace, it is a good work and you will find your mind is much more obedient and peaceful.

Becoming an evangelist

So when did I become an evangelist? Actually this might not be the first question you should ask. Or answer for this matter. What is an evangelist? You might well ask this innocent-hearted reader. Well an evangelist is someone who works directly for God. Who has a vocation to save souls and a heart for the lost, hurting and disappointed. You may have noticed there is evil in this sad world. There is also good. Well evangelists know the truth about spiritual warfare. They have learn't this from the bible and their own experience. God is in charge of good and the devil is in charge of evil. Makes sense really doesn't it? Yeah! However there are a few problems here.



My Birthday party 2001

The main one being if you don't believe in God it is impossible to believe in the devil. You will just not be strong enough to do so. Even if you are not sure about the existence of God you will not be convinced of the truth. So the plan is one for everyone to prosper and have peace.

An evangelist has to convince people by their actions (of love) and their words (of truth) that there is a God. That He is loving and good and

never wishes anyone any harm by suffering, disease, death, war or sin. But it is Satan (or Stan is his nickname in our Church) who is behind all this. Also, and it gets a bit more complicated, God has all power and authority over the earth. "So, why, if this is true is there suffering and injustice?" The answer is: Because God, in His infinite wisdom has given humans 'free-will' this means we have a choice. Satan tempts humans to do wrong but if they believe

in God and submit to Him they can resist evil and only do good. So Stan can do nothing in his own power as he doesn't have any. Ha-ha! Do you think this logic on its own will convince people to believe in God? Has it convinced you? You may say: "I am not sure now".

Well, apparently, wise reader the key to the belief in God comes from the conviction of your own life as a sinner. The ultimate truth that you need to be saved is this. Most people believe they are good and will not be going to hell when they die. This is definitely because at some point in their life they do surrender their life to Jesus. They begin to understand He died on the cross for them, as he did for everyone, so their sins can be forgiven. Then their relationship with God is remembered and restored. Remember I did not believe I needed to be saved until I was attacked by that man at age 19. Then I promised to be a Christian and was saved.

So I have been an evangelist since the year 2000. That great year when my daughter returned from Mexico where she had been living from the age 4 until 9 years old with my ex-husband. My children had been taken off me when my daughter was age 2 and my son age 8 because I had been put in a psychiatric ward when someone had called a fire brigade to my house. I got my son returned to me when Jonathan my ex-husband was allowed by the judge to take my daughter to Mexico. Because I was, supposedly, unstable the custody of my son went to my in-laws who had helped me to keep him when he was a baby. They were good Catholics and handed complete care of my son to me. Of

course I made sure regular monthly visits were made to their house in the south of the country.

You can imagine my delight and my son, Jolyon's, delight when Rose, my daughter, was returned to this country late in the year 2000. I kept my covenant with God and became an evangelist. What joy! It is the best vocation in the world. To tell you the truth I know I have been fruitful and faithful. Just recently, in July 2007, I passed The Diocesan Evangelist Training Course. As yet I haven't been licensed because of some problems the Diocese of Leicester is having with divorcees.

My daughter Rose and I re-established our relationship over 5 years. We met monthly and enjoyed lunches with Gan-Gan and shopping together. In April 2005 we had a judge who said Rose did not have to see me and so it is now over a year since we met. I do miss her but God promises she will come to live with me before she is grown up. And it says in Numbers 23:19 "God is not a man who tells lies, nor is He the Son of God who changes His mind". So I trust in Him for this. She is now 16 years old. I have faith this will take place. I just have to notch up a certain amount of lost souls to join God's Kingdom. So please help me. Jesus is a great healer. He can heal you too. Just surrender your life to Him. Say this prayer:

"Lord, forgive my sins. I believe Jesus died for me. I ask you to choose me as a Christian. Help me to believe in You so you can wipe away all my tears and I can be washed clean. In your name Lord Jesus. Amen." So maybe yes?

Can't we become your disciple?

So, you will be delighted to know avid reader, I escaped with my life and my mind sound. After the overdose, taken in October 2007, I was allowed to go home by a compassionate psychiatrist who realised it was a mistake. The Crisis Resolution team came to visit me most days for a week. They reassured me I was mentally well and we agreed I should get a doctor and see the practice therapist. So tentatively I signed up at the Central Surgery having been told by a good Christian doctor and friend: "they are all Christians at Central". Of course, having not had a doctor since I moved from Oakham for over a year and a half, I was quite scared. I had nothing to fear, God was with me. I knew He had delivered me from this problem when I found my new doctor was a friend from church. She accepted me as her patient. So we are now nearing the end of my life-story, cheerful reader, and I hope you have chilled out reading it as much as I have writing it. So to go again full circle and to consider the criteria for being a disciple of Jesus. We have to lose everything. So let's hope what you and I may have gone through has been worthwhile. Let's see. It has made us more compassionate, definitely.

It has stopped us from sinning, not completely. It has taken away the desire to sin, absolutely. It has taught us to be 'born again' and content in every situation. Nothing will ever be unbearable again. From now on we take the easy way out.

So our tribulation has had its uses. If you were at Christian Praise in Leicester this year 2007 you will know this. We have had all our tears wiped and all our sins washed away in the blood of the lamb. Wonderful reader, if you have read this far, thank you for bearing with me. Some of what I have lost I want back. My daughter, aged 16, for instance I will never give up and she will come back to me. Other things like the ex-husbands are gone for good. Life is easier without any other boss in your life other than Jesus. How can we discern God's will with all this clutter and baggage in our life. If it is worldly rubbish we have let it go. It was a painful experience but it has been made worth it with the promise and evidence of the Kingdom of God on this earth, and in heaven, full of peace and love.

Let us pray for all those who have suffered from mental health problems in the past and present. Let us pray for capacity to choose the best for ourselves and for carers and professionals to have the love necessary for this. Say thank-you for all the ways we have been blessed by the improvements in Mental Health care. In particular for the Data Protection Act and the Mental Capacity Act of 2005. May things continue to improve and change until we have complete freedom and peace.



If you do not loose everything

Life Story of Lizzie Maitland

Rutland Healing Group