

SoulCry: book nine

DELIVERANCE

FOR THE WOUNDED SOUL

an intimate expression of the deep
longings and cries of the soul

You are my hiding place; you will protect me from trouble
and surround me with songs of deliverance.
Psalm 32:7 (NIV)

Trudy Colflesh



True Potential
REACH THE WORLD

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SoulCry Book Nine: Deliverance for the Wounded Soul

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Table of Contents

COMING OUT OF HIDING

YOU NEED TO TELL	8
HIDING BEHIND DENIAL	10
MY CIVIL WAR	14
STOP CRYING	18
FROZEN PAIN	22
AUTHOR'S COMMENTS	26

SHAME AND SORROW

TIP OF THE ICEBERG	28
ADRIFT ON A SEA OF SORROW	30
I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO HURT	32
YOU DIDN'T MAKE ME SAD	34
OFFERING MY SHAME	36
AUTHOR'S COMMENTS	40

ENEMY'S PUPPET

WHO AM I	42
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE	44
PROGRAMMED FOR AFFAIRS	46
CHILD SNATCHERS	50
DUNGEON OF DESPAIR	54
CIRCLES	56
AUTHOR'S COMMENTS	60

FEAR AND TERROR

IT WOULD RUIN MY REPUTATION.....	64
MY REPUTATION WAS RUINED	66
BRIDGE OVER TERROR	70
PROGRAMMED TO WORSHIP IDOLS	74

THE HORROR OF DISCOVERY	78
IT'S THEIR GUILT, NOT YOURS	80
AUTHOR'S COMMENTS	84

ESCAPE

LOST TIME	86
THE BINGE	88
PLEASE DON'T JUDGE ME	92
AUTHOR'S COMMENTS	96

GETTING FREE

WOULD JESUS APPROVE	98
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL	102
HERE SHE COMES	106
A TIME TO MOURN	110
YOU'RE SAFE NOW	114
CLAIMED BY GOD	116
AUTHOR'S COMMENTS	118

Foreword

Many of us who have been in the church all our lives are finding a greater freedom than we have ever known or experienced. The Lord is revealing information that speaks to our deep wounds that never seem to heal. He is giving us a key of knowledge which can deliver and set us free from the enemy's plans.

We are discovering that we are dealing with the issue of dissociation. We begin to find answers to our deepest pain when we understand there are traumatized parts of us who have split off from our conscious memory. Since we have not known the root of our pain, we have not been able to process the memory and find healing.

Ask yourself if you have trouble remembering your childhood? Are there "gaps" during some years? Is there a deep sadness or anger without seeming cause? Do you even now find yourself acting in different ways, dressing in different ways, losing time, not always tuned in?

If we have had severe childhood trauma, our brain most likely has taken the incident and kept it hidden in the back part of our brain (amygdala), so it never reaches the prefrontal cortex where events are processed and later remembered as needed. We can live in denial of our abuse and never know the truth.

The poems in this book will guide you through a journey of healing. As you read, you may find yourself being stirred internally, not knowing why. If a poem seems to "speak" to you, take some time to ask yourself what is happening. What do you feel? Is there a sense of identification inside you relating to what you just read?

Jesus has come to deliver us from our deep pain. He rescues the lost parts of ourselves who hold memories unknown to us. He sets our separated parts free from their prisons of torture. He desires we have full truth in our inmost being. He brings us out of the darkness of our bondage into the light of truth. Jesus truly is the one who brings *Deliverance to the Wounded Soul*.

About the Notebook Pages

The Soul is seen expressing itself in the notebook pages.

About the Scroll:

The Lord responds to the cry of the soul in the
Scrolls.

YOU NEED TO TELL

"Thank you for letting me know
You are there,"

I said to a younger self of me,
One who had been lost from conscious awareness.

"You are an important part
Of me
And I must know
Your story.

"You need to tell
And I need to hear.
Both of us stay wounded
If you hide in shame
And I don't know your pain.

"You are not alone.
Jesus is with you.
He loves and accepts you.
I love and accept you too.

SoulCry: book nine
DELIVERANCE for the wounded soul

"Nothing you share
Will be too hard to hear.
There's no need for secrets,
Let's make the air clear.

"You are so important to me.
I need you.
It's all for the best.
We'll take the pain to Jesus.
He will heal
And give us rest."

HIDING BEHIND DENIAL

There I was
Hiding behind denial,
Accepting that my ritual abuse was bad,
But not that bad.
I was doing all right, and no longer sad.

Yes, I was processing
The dissociated memories
And was doing healing work
On my fragmented parts.

Yet denial reasoned,
"It's not all that horrible,"
"I'm not really dissociated,"
"It's over now, in the past
And I'm ready to move on."

I had wanted to stay in denial.
I thought I had done enough,
Leave the past behind,
Now everything "was fine."

SoulCry: book nine
DELIVERANCE for the wounded soul

Yet my Savior, Jesus, had other plans.
He knew my true desire,
Full deliverance from the cult,
The programming, the deception, the control,
The sinful ways of man.

He graciously showed me
There was more.
He ripped the remaining curtain
Of denial so I could hear
These parts of me who were hiding in fear.
I clearly heard from two unknown parts of me
Who allowed me to see
They were stuck in the lies
Of Luciferianism.

I was shocked as they let themselves be known.
As they revealed their cult assignment over my life.

They were the two pillars of my deception,
The programmed belief system
Ingrained in me from the beginning.

more...

These "pillar parts" maintained the lies:
"We are superior, perfect,
Have elite knowledge,
And are proud of it."

"Others look to us for wisdom and knowledge.
We know best
And we do it best."

We judge those who do not measure up."

Jesus reached out to them in kindness
With grace that was truly amazing,
And drew them to himself.

These parts of me knew
They had sinned against God.
They had denied the sacrificial blood of Christ,
Exalted the superiority of their humanness,
Rejecting the authority and power of the One True
God.

With the welcoming invitation of Jesus' forgiveness,
My pillars humbled themselves
With tears of regret,
Sorrow and repentance.

SoulCry: book nine
DELIVERANCE for the wounded soul

I had been leaning heavily on denial to be okay,
But when Jesus tore the veil away,
I spilled out from behind denial,
Humbling my heart along with the parts
To receive His great forgiveness,

No longer hiding behind denial
I choose the truth to be revealed.
Jesus will guide my steps
And I'll be fully healed.

MY CIVIL WAR

Just like our country's Blue and Grey,
There was a war going on inside me
Where each side held a different philosophy.

We once were one - united in love.
There for each other,
Not North or South.

Yet an enemy invaded
My little self.
I was captured, dragged away
Into acts of terror.

Against my will, I was enlisted
Into the enemy's plans,
Threatened, controlled, programmed
By evil's demands.

I went along with their evil deeds.
I had no choice,
I had no voice.

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But I could see,
If the little girl I used to be
Was to endure,
I could no longer be part of her life
For sure.

I was dirty and abused now.
I had to leave,
Couldn't tell her why.
If her innocence was to live,
I had to die.

Our sweet union was broken.
Gone was my tender innocence.
She must never know.

Without conscious thought
I severed the tie.
I must reject her
If she is to survive.

more...

The union was broken.
It happened on both sides.
She also rejected me,
As shame caused me to hide.

She didn't seem to care
That I was captured and gone.
I didn't tell her I left,
And she never asked why,
Just left me to die.

Years later, my captivity ended,
Jesus found me and ministered to my pain.
He asked if there could be a truce.
Could she and I be united again?

I came out of hiding,
When the part of me I left behind
Realized I was gone.
We both said, "Yes."
To the offer of a truce.
Tears flowed from each side
As we openly cried.

Neither of us realized till now,
In our not understanding why,
We together rejected each other
We each had believed a lie.

"I tried to keep you safe,"
My soiled me explained,
"I had to reject you.
From being corrupted by evil."

"But I rejected you," my innocent self-confessed,

"By letting you bear the blame,
Endure the pain.

I didn't want to know
What happened to you.
I rejected you too."

"Will you forgive me?" said me to me.
We agreed and sealed the deal.

We asked Jesus to continue to heal
Our broken hearts
From being apart,

To heal us
From the civil war that neither could win,
Until Jesus in truce made us one again.

STOP CRYING

"I tried to stop crying
But I couldn't,"
A little voice from deep within me said,
Between her sobs.

"They hurt me to make me cry.
Then they yelled at me to stop crying.
I tried to stop. I really tried.
But they kept hurting
And I kept crying."

"If you don't stop," they screamed,
"You'll keep getting hurt
And it's all your fault."

"You're just a cry-baby," they mocked.
You cry at the drop of a hat.

You're a wreck. You can't handle anything,
What a stupid little cry baby," they jeered.

The pain, the torment, built and built
There was no known way
To stop the abuse.

Helplessly,
I exploded.

Inside I broke apart,
And I escaped.
I felt no more torture.
My body and the pain
Were left behind.

When I was silent
The evil deed was done.
They achieved their goal.
The program worked.

more...

I would now be brave, superior,
Never cry, nor wonder why.
Now crying was a thing of shame
Never to be felt or expressed again.
All signs of weakness
Were beneath me
And so I agreed...

Until the day
My grown-up self
Heard my voice and felt my pain.

I let her know I was there.
I came back to her
And told her what had made me leave.

Everything changed.

She embraced and held me
And we cried together.

"It's safe now to cry."

She told me.
"You don't need to stay brave.
They hurt you,

The more we cried,
The better the hurt felt.

Because I'm safe
I'm free to cry
And now my grown-up self
Knows the reason why.

FROZEN PAIN

Frozen pain,
How sad, a shame.

Pain was meant to be felt
And dealt with in the moment.

Physical pain, emotional pain
Tell us something's wrong
And we need to respond.
Sometimes it's a matter
Of life or death.

But when the pain is so great
That the brain separates,
It's like a death,
A cutting off of all recall,
Assigning the event and emotion
Into a different place
Of time or space.

In a young, developing brain
If the pain of two conflicting messages
Where neither can be tolerated
Comes to a head
A fuse is blown,
A switch is pulled
And the dread memory is gone.

The situation
And all accompanying feelings are lost,
Frozen,
Unable to be felt or accessed.

But God has a plan
Greater than man
To heal and repair
What was frozen there.

In his love, he seeks what was lost.

He embraces the hard, cold place,
And offers grace
To thaw and yield to truth.

more ...

As pain begins to melt,
Hot tears, yet un-cried,

Flow out to reconnect
With memory and history
So healing can begin.

When frozen pain melts,
A softened heart can be cleansed
And receive love again.
No more frozen pain.
No more unhealed shame.

REFLECTION

(this is a space for you to write your thoughts)

SAMPLE

AUTHOR'S COMMENTS

Our denial of any childhood trauma we have experienced will hold our dissociation in place. It is not unusual for many parts of our mind and heart (emotions) to split off from conscious memory where there has been severe abuse.

The Lord gives us the ability to dissociate, to have no recall, from events that were done to us as a young child. This is intended to protect our development until we are old enough, and even safe enough to handle the truth.

Our adult self needs to create an emotionally safe mindset to give permission and encourage dissociated parts to surface into the conscious mind.

There can be healing, forgiveness, and reconciliation within ourselves. We can enter into the pain our traumatized child is holding, and bring the comfort of Jesus to heal.

THOUGHTS TO JOURNAL

- Do you cry? If not, when did you stop? Do you know why?
- Can you look realistic at your childhood? This is not about blaming, but being willing to identify with what you experienced and decide if it was abusive or not.
- Do you try to rationalize your childhood circumstances as better than they were? (This is very common.)

PRAYER

Dear Lord Jesus, if my heart has hardened and I don't feel emotions, would you please help me to re-connect with my heart and feel again? I desire to know the truth of my past. I desire truth in my inmost being. I give you my fear of knowing what may have happened to me and will trust you to help me to know what is important for my healing.

About The Author

Trudy Colflesh has had a tender heart and sensitive spirit since childhood. She grew up in the home of a Presbyterian minister and saw her parents seek to meet others' needs in Christian love and service.

Trudy became active in service herself in high school and college. She graduated from the College of Wooster, Ohio, married her college sweetheart and worked several years in a Presbyterian church as a Director of Christian Education.

For many years, Trudy was a stay-at-home mom and active in volunteer church service. She and her husband, George, have two natural children, Christopher and Karen, a son Michael, adopted when he was ten years old, and have fostered two young boys.

When Karen was almost seven, she became ill with leukemia and despite doing all possible to save her, she died within seven months. Out of this painful time, Trudy wrote the book *Too Precious To Die* and traveled around the country speaking at Women's Aglow Fellowships and appearing on CBN and other TV and radio programs.

Having opportunity to minister to hurting people, as she herself was healing, Trudy felt the Lord calling her to go into the field of counseling. She went to graduate school and earned her Master's

degree in Counseling at Montclair State University, New Jersey, in 1990 and became a Licensed Professional Counselor.

Since that time, Trudy has worked as a Christian Counselor, ministering hope and healing to countless clients. She has listened to her own soul cry and pursued recovery, as well as listened to the hearts of her clients. She knows with certainty, that out of the painful issues of life, comes a sure belief that Jesus Christ knows our emotional pain, hears our soul cry and brings us His Presence to comfort and heal.

“And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose.”
(Romans 8:28)



Trudy is available for telephone counseling and coaching. If you would like to set up an appointment, please contact her at Trudy@Encouraginghope.com. Comments or questions may also be addressed to Trudy at this location.

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SAMPLE