IN DADDY'S EYES

From Shadows and Secrets into the Light of Forgiveness

The Odyssey of One Woman's Journey to Wholeness

Sharon Benedict

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DEDICATION

To my mother, Thelma Porter, whose faith in God and desire to raise her children to know God has given me a gift beyond measure. For this reason I offer these words written by her, in 1959. She gives an account of a life-changing event that occurred when she was eleven years old, with words of love and faith that shine through–

> "It was a beautiful 4th of July in the San Joaquin Valley in the year, 1925. This day I cannot erase from memory and as years pass by, it seems to be more acute and a greater feeling and acknowledgment that time is short, although I'm still a young woman of forty-five (1959).
>
> Our family was invited to spend the day with some very good friends and a few relatives. The young people in the get-together decided to spend a few hours swimming in the Kings River, ages averaging from approximately 9-24, this being one of the few recreations in a small town the young people could take advantage of. As we departed there were the usual watch out, be careful, and don't go where it is deep. In that time there was no question of the older of the group not being completely dependable? Unfortunately, I was the only one unable to swim, which as I remember, not much was thought of it. Those that know the swiftness of the Kings River and how quickly the river bottom can change will better understand what happened. I walked three quarters across the Kings River in this spot with the water half way between my knees and anklet to an island of sand projecting just above the water and sat down and splashed my feet with not a though of fear, as I was in plain view of everyone and near shallow water. I stood up and decided I would like to jump up and down in the water as some other children were doing and as I stepped from the portion of sand above the water to the side that declined into the water, I had a very strange sensation. I can remember so plainly

that I realized the part of the island I was standing on was disintegrating beneath me, but I was unable or too young to realize my predicament. It must have been seconds and not as long a time as I thought before I was completely immersed. I realized then I had to get above water. I started jumping and calling to a boy from our party for help and I can remember so well how he called back and waved laughing, not realizing I needed help. I remembered you die if you go under three times, but by that time, it didn't seem to matter.

My physical self still must have been fighting for life and spiritually I was with my God. There was no pain or panic even as I was struggling to be alive. My concern was for my parents who were standing by my body in church sorrowing. The compassion towards my people was overwhelming. I wished they could see what I was seeing. I was asking my parents not to grieve for me as there wasn't anything but happiness around me.

I was standing on the threshold of space, no floor, no walls, just the heavenly sound of music from nowhere. . .and through a beautiful mist I saw a portion of a very high portal and I put out my hand for God to take hold of, knowing He would have to lead me through. As I waited, a downcast feeling came over me, and I knew that I wasn't to see Him then. I saw nothing except the high portal, but wanting to see all the wonders God has promised us. What I felt has never left me. A wonderful peace, stillness, serenity that envelops you completely. Your body is there but not felt; you only feel beauty about you.

The next thing I remembered were people calling me and they were all coming towards me across the river. They picked me up and carried me across and questioned me. They did not know there was anything wrong until I was laying back on the sand reef prone. Sometimes I feel like God has spared me for something and it is also frightening at times. The fact is, it came to my mind again today, so I

decided to sit down and write it out hoping I can find the feelings and words to convey this experience. When I have been out to swimming parties and friends look at you with wonder when you can't swim, there have not been too many I have related this to. The reason I have been reticent in telling is the skeptical eye you receive or even in writing it, because I honestly feel that most people would not accept my story."

Yes, Mom. . .there may be some who wouldn't believe what you experienced, but I do. And, Mom, you were spared for a very special purpose--to raise three children who would come to experience God's Love and Mercy. We know we were loved. You also brought God's healing love into the life of one man, my Dad, even through his own childhood pain and tragedies. Although Dad's love for his children did not excuse his behavior, our lives were unmistakably touched by the Father God of us all. We have learned what it means to be a "Christian." We are all forgiven in the eyes of God the Father through life's loving mystery revealed in Jesus. It doesn't matter if others do not accept or understand because God does and so do I. I love you, Mom.

Your forever daughter,
Sharon

FORWARD

A. Lee Guinn, M.D.

Rarely do I have the opportunity to acknowledge someone who has been such a light for so many around her. Observing Sharon Benedict in operation today is like marveling at a brilliantly, clear rainbow after a stormy rain.

Sharon's voyage in this life started from a place of fatigue, impaired immunity, and diffuse muscle and body aches. After not receiving her answer from standard medical care, she set out to find a solution. She became unstoppable. She knew no boundaries in her quest. She studied, learned, counseled, and persevered until she developed a new portal to access health and wellness. She combined conventional medicine, integrative medicine, spiritual access, nutritional support, and just plain old common sense in order to generate a new formula for healthy results. From her work she not only grew into a dynamic, vibrantly healthy and engaging individual, but she has been a beacon for many who had previously felt lost in poor health and hopelessness.

As a clearinghouse of health information and a lightning rod of spiritual access, Sharon inspires not only her closest friends but also the health professionals that have worked with her and her increasingly enlarging following. Her truth cannot be defined with words, only by her living. Her truth is the supreme delight of the human soul.

Thank you, Sharon.
A Lee Guinn, Jr, MD, ABIM

PREFACE & ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In Daddy's Eyes tells the story of one woman's journey back to physical health and healing of the heart. My story takes the reader on a journey through childhood abuse with its shadows and secrets. My story travels through a cascading list of infirmities and family tragedies transformed into healing and forgiveness. The reader will be challenged to look at life's horizon with a broader stroke–one life forever changed by her faith in God, the impact on family, her physical, emotional, spiritual well being, and the healing miracle of forgiveness. My story will be an odyssey passing through my yesterdays and holding hope and healing for my tomorrows.

My odyssey also took me through the meandering maze of alternative and conventional medicine. I found in these hallowed corridors of medicine, patients like myself searching for answers to their own medical mysteries. We were being introduced to a labyrinth of information and misinformation bombarding our world today. In the midst of this medical maze, where were the answers to my medical mystery? *In Daddy's Eyes* walks the reader through those corridors. May each reader walk away from *In Daddy's Eyes* inspired and challenged toward personal accountability for life choices, whether those choices involve family relationships, medical decisions, or a deeper spiritual walk. May each reader gain a larger perspective of life's possibilities that will soften its cutting edges. May each heart then become the "pen of a ready writer" so others may also be comforted by their life's discovery.

As I look back to those who shared their life and heart with me, I wonder where I can even begin. How does one thank those who have forever touched my life with hope and healing? For those who listened with their heart, cried with me, laughed with me–thank you. As a life skills consultant for the past five years, I have also heard many heart-wrenching stories. Yet, to those

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INTRODUCTION

"Oh, that my words were written. Oh, that they were inscribed in a book. That they were engraved on a rock with an iron pen and lead, forever. For I know that my Redeemer lives, And He shall stand at last on the earth; And after my skin is destroyed, this I know, That in my flesh I shall see God, Whom I shall see for myself, And my eyes shall behold, and not another, How my heart yearns within me."

Job 19:23-27

"My heart is overflowing with a good theme; I recite my composition concerning the King; My tongue is the pen of a ready writer."

Psalm 45:1

****

As I sat down to pen the first words in this book, I went back to the two old bibles given me as a child at Emmanuel Lutheran Church, in North Hollywood, California--a King James and Revised Standard Version. The dates shown were 1950 (I was six years old) and 1957 (thirteen years old). On the inside cover were written certain scriptures. How well they fit my life today.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

Matt 5:8 (KJV)

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver you and you shall glorify me."

Ps 50:15 (RSV)

I saw in all these verses God's intervening love, protection, purpose, and patience. As a little girl, He asked me "to follow Him." Yet, I wondered what it all meant. Then I saw on the cover of my childhood Bible a little note, "And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and

sinners came and sat down with Him and His disciples. And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto His disciples, 'Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?' But when Jesus heard that, He said unto them, 'They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice. . . (Matt 9:9-13 KJV)." I was to be taught mercy, forgiveness, and healing. I decided to believe His Words. However, I had much to experience before I would open the hidden places of my heart. For many of us today, we have a very difficult time opening our hearts because of all the wounds and bitter pain we experience in our lives. Opening our hearts means we have to risk trusting someone, particularly, an unseen God and Creator. That is why Jesus came almost 2000 years ago. We needed to know God in flesh and bones. God in His perfection transcends the pain of the human heart to give us His Loving presence. The wounds, hurts, and bitterness we put on each other are often transferred to God, as if God did these terrible things to us. This is understandable, since God's ideal is that we treat each other as Jesus loves. We figure if people, particularly our parents, are supposed to reflect God's character but don't, we then conclude, "Who needs God?." However, God's own love is unconditional, no matter what we think or believe about Him. Through the cries of humanity, He intervenes to heal hearts, relationships, and broken bodies.

Each moment of every day presents us with a choice to walk in God's love and truth or stay distant from His presence. Each of us is on a journey. Enter your journey with the confidence that God is more than able to break through any walls in your life, whether you are aware of them or not. My story is also a journey. Will you come with me? The journey will not just weave us through shadows and secrets of childhood, career, and crisis. This journey will paint a broader landscape of the physical, emotional, and spiritual experiences in my life. As the landscape unfolds, we will begin to understand how our responses to life experiences, no matter how traumatic, tell the story more than any one single event. As each event,

professionally and personally, is peeled back, what we shall see will be a more balanced view of family throughout the generations. Each had their own childhood and adult challenges. . .their own joys and sorrows. However, we all have the same moment in time for choosing our response. One of God's greatest gifts we can choose is His compassion and mercy. . .and greatest of all is forgiveness. The years have given me that opportunity as I travel back in time. Those life experiences touched many arenas. . .my profession, marriage, children, and health. The challenges I faced also traversed the complexities of conventional and alternative medicine as well as the controversies of childhood abuse counseling. As my life moved through these arenas, my story has woven a tapestry of discovery, confrontation, and forgiveness. These arenas have merged into the life I have today. . .filled with love and truth. For anyone who travels with me through these pages, I pray they will know the Truth. . . that Jesus is alive and well, living in YOU. And that His love will break the darkness and emptiness in your heart as He did for me.

Chapter 1

MY EXCHANGED LIFE

"I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loves me and gave Himself for me." Gal 2:20

****

On November 4, 1983, I was sitting in the doctor's office, looking through the doctor's Family Bible resting on the nearby table. In reading off the family members written in the Bible, I could recall my growing up years, my married life, and what it would have been like to really know my grandparents, great-grandparents, great uncles and aunts. I knew through my parents very little about them. I had pictures of them but never really knew nor shared my life with them. My imagination formed pictures of how each one might have lived each day in work, play, in times of joy and times of heartache. My husband and I never seemed to slow down enough to see the family as a vital link to our survival and happiness in this world. My thoughts just about went into high gear, when the nurse broke into my daydreams to meet with the doctor. I was hopeful the tests would turn out negative or considerably less severe. The doctor decided to use a less reactive allergy screen, just in case. I felt assured I would not react like I did two years earlier. After seeing so many doctors throughout the years, it was refreshing to have the understanding and cooperation of a Christian doctor. Dr. James Ayers was another answered prayer.

Though I walked through many doubts and uncertainties, I knew I was to write this book. We so often ask God to do something before we make a move. . .somewhat like walking on the set of "Let's Make a Deal"! We honestly are not aware that we do try to make deals, mostly because we are afraid. Guess

who already knows our motives more than we do ourselves? I also believe God can creatively work around our maneuvers since He knows "exactly" how to strike "a deal" with us for our greatest good. So I asked God to send me a physician who really knew Him and was guided by His precious Holy Spirit. . .then I would write it. It wasn't that I was arrogant or trying to tell God what to do, I just needed a confirmation this book was supposed to be written. There are so many lives that have a compelling story to tell. . .why mine? My need for medical as well as spiritual support was obvious. I now know I was prompted to ask from the beginning. God works that way. Six months later Dr. Ayers crossed my path through my husband. John was invited to a Christian Businessmen Committee luncheon. A few days later, Dr. Ayers visited John at work. Although he never usually gave his professional card out when visiting, he believed he was supposed to this time. John reassured him that he heard God right. Dr. Ayers had a kind and comforting heart. He listened from the heart and helped me move through the next phase of recovery.

After the tests were completed, I learned the results were as severe and, in some areas, more severe than before. Needless to say, I was confused and a little depressed. Fortunately, the depression was very short lived. With often repeated experiences, I learned to lean on God's Word and a sense of humor. In the beginning, fear was a great food until I began to experience who the "Living Word" really was. . .God's presence deep inside me giving me His promises and insurpassable comfort. I spent the rest of the day praying and reading the Word. That evening, I saw Jesus for who He really is. I felt Him say, "Sharon, why are you only looking at the tests or the situation? For when you turned to me totally and gave up control, I began to <u>really</u> live in you. I am what gives you life and enables you to live in this world. I will complete My Work in you and you will be whole." The realization of these thoughts sunk into my heart as a sharp sword would cut through a veil to reveal a glorious light. Throughout the Bible, God speaks about

dying to self and I thought I understood. I wasn't just agreeing with what I heard or even mistakenly presuming loss of my own sense of identity. The reality of giving up to gain became clear. I came to know when Jesus took control, I just didn't die to my own ambitions and will or was rescued from Hell to Heaven, but my whole life was exchanged. I had a new identity, a new life! My present and future position in life unalterably changed. The diseases no longer had any preeminence or power over my body. The condition of my body was His responsibility to oversee its care. The reports I would hear as time went on didn't carry the weight I gave them before. I found my part in this adventure was to cooperate with His care. He sustains life. This life is the training ground for all eternity. I have found that God soothes our emotions, quiets our mind, and transforms every area of our lives. He seeks to continually preserve, protect, and heal our body. Although our body and mind may not want to cooperate at times. When we begin to recognize the reality of His presence and His plan for us, physical and chemical changes take place. This creative and challenging way of life is never forced on anyone. The physical death each human being will experience in this life becomes just a door. . .a gate to the awesome presence of God. However, a premature death brings grief and loss to all of humanity and God Himself. There is a time chosen by God to walk through that gate. Our walk here is simply a matter of *trust*. . .a word truly understood only through life's challenges and opportunities. Final rest and immeasurable peace walks with us through that gate, and final transformation is experienced without the weight of this world's pain. One of God's gifts to us was a free will to choose. . .to trust. We make choices every moment of every day. May each of us embrace the joy and peace of trusting God in every area of life.

I read a statement once that "God organizes His Kingdom through gifts of friendships." Trusting God involves trusting and risking in relationships. Healing the whole person is a process for healing and restoring relationships. . .making us that whole person.

One of the most difficult lessons for me to have learned was to face the hunger I felt. . .to find the reason why these sicknesses and unhappy events came into my life, knowing everything I thought was so important in life had been, one by one, torn from me. I had to accept my life was not my own to be bought and possessed by all the good works and good intentions. This life given to me is not to be superficial but carries with it a deep and burning purpose. Until I recognized that fact, the emptiness and struggle inside would go on.

In searching for "the why" of things, no circumstance is potentially wasted when I use it as an opportunity to learn life's lessons while gaining answers to my own mysteries. God reveals the answers we need and in ways that surprise and surpass any human expectations. Those answers not only give us consolation and deliverance but also are given to offer hope and faith to others looking for answers to the hurts in their lives. God's purpose and glory is not in the disease and broken hearts, but in the works of God revealed in us to sustain and heal our lives (John 9:1-11). We humans have a tendency to presume to know how God should present Himself to us. We seem to require Him to meet our expectations in order to give Him the privilege of believing He exists and is there to help us. As with the story of Lazarus, Jesus' closest friends and sisters to Lazarus believed Jesus was too late. Lazarus wouldn't have died if Jesus had showed up earlier. Sometimes, God's deliverance and answers come in perplexing ways. Lazarus being raised from the dead gave undeniable evidence of who Jesus was. Even Jesus' closest companions were not yet aware or convinced of Jesus as the Son of God. . .until this happened! There would be other times Jesus would still have to affirm who He was to those He loved. It is also true for us. Our own pain requires God to do unusual things on our behalf in order to awaken our hearts and minds to His sweet presence.

As it was in the days of Lazarus, so it is today. The heart can turn hard and the mind can be blinded. Our response to the wounds of life and relationships determine how hard our hearts

become and how blind and deceived our minds play out the remainder of life. We are living in the time when nothing seems solid and free from deception and imitation. Today, this world provides many alternatives to promised prosperity, health, and happiness. The pendulum swings from "in control" to "out-of-control" philosophies that eventually result in confusion and incomplete answers. . .and fosters continued emptiness. Jesus and His ancient words of scripture bring reality and wholeness to our hearts and lives.

A question often asked of me is how did I know what to do or where to go when the medical answers were seemingly not found? The answer is simple, **but not easy**. Faith is always tried in the "fire of life." It is far better to walk through life with God close by and in you than not there at all.

Sickness and disease comes in many forms and the cause is layered with the strengths and weaknesses we are born with and the experiences we have in our lives. Unlike the medical methods of diagnosis, treatment and cure which deals with only fragments of a person's health care, God has affirmed us as His creation. . .made whole in spirit, soul, and body. We are a triune being created in God's Image--Father, Son, Holy Spirit. When we finally allow God to do this perfect work in us, we become that whole person again. This is what He has and is still doing in me. There are no locked doors Jesus doesn't eventually ask me to open and face what I must. His comfort and sweetness the world will never understand. . .His power that sustains *my exchanged life.*

Chapter 2

FROM SHADOWS AND SECRETS. . .
The Odyssey Begins

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellence of the power may be of God and not us." 2 Cor. 4:7

****

Let's go back to October 29, 1944, when I, Sharon Lynn Porter, entered this world at 3:19 p.m., weighing in at 7 lbs. 13 ½ oz. at the Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles, California. I grew up in the middle of a Los Angeles suburb, during the post World War II years, where the youth of our country were switching their allegiance from Frank Sinatra to Elvis Presley. The city was also beginning to feel the effects of postwar adjustments in the workplace, neighborhoods, and families. A new era had emerged, and I, my sister, Paula, and brother, Paul (or Lucky, as we called him since he was born on Friday, the 13th of November), became part of that emerging generation.

The men returned from war to find their wives and world different than when they left. Those who stayed home like my parents had unique challenges and frustrations in their lives and marriages. My mother was a homemaker, and my father was a division administrator at Paramount Studios, in Hollywood. During the 1950's, there seemed to surface a deep separation between the two generations covering the decades of the ’40s and ’50s. While the media, music, and politics tried to portray a wonderland of unity and progress, underneath was brewing the seeds of abuse, fear, control, deception, rebellion and hate. Much had been sown and reaping was coming in the ’60s.

The lives of families seemed to be shaped more by the media portrayal than by the families themselves. Families seemed to keep to themselves and work hard at conforming to that media

image before the public. My family was no different. Even when questions were broached, silence or shunning the inquiry was the usual response from parents. Family discussions were never a part of the package. As a result, I knew very little about my parents' lives before or after their marriage. Only in the last few years has my mother pieced together some of her and Dad's experiences prior to WWII during the '30s and '40s. She related how, after moving from her rural home in Kingsburg, California, to Los Angeles, she became a live-in housekeeper for Theodore and Helen Reed. At the time, Theodore Reed was president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The Reeds had four sons (Teddy, Jack, Bob, Jim) and one daughter (Tiggy). The boys' ages ranged from twelve to twenty-one years old. Tiggy was three years old. Their daughter was named after Tigger in the Winnie the Pooh books. Mother had only kind memories of the Reed family. She remembered that Mr. Reed offered her a screen test to become an actress. He considered her a beauty with a gifted voice. However, Mrs. Reed cautioned about the offer. Although Mrs. Reed said she would be safe with her husband, the demands and sexual favors of other men from the various movie studios would compromise her convictions and faith. Mom turned the offer down and went to beautician school instead. She met Dad sometime after her stay with the Reeds. Mom also had a stay with the Crowells helping with housekeeping and child care. Mr. Crowell ran a stock brokerage firm, Weedon and Crowell on Wilshire Blvd. Dad worked at Paramount as a prop man before WWII. After Mom and Dad married in 1939, my father became 4-F from a heart defect and was unable to join the forces during WWII. At about the same time, Dad was helping build set scenery for a picture. A crewman yelled out for Dad to move, but it was too late. Another worker fell from the roof of the two-story building they were working on. The man landed directly on my father's head. Dad never fully recovered. He had continuous back pain, and one of his legs began to atrophy. In spite of his limitations, he eventually was given oversight with four to five departments,

including studio security, maintenance, and the cafeteria. Dad was responsible for providing various accommodations, maintenance, and security for the various actors during their film productions. He became acquainted with stars such as John Wayne and his sons, and Jerry Lewis. At Wayne's death, one of his sons, Michael, gave Dad a pair of Wayne's cowboy boots and a hat. Jerry Lewis gave him a solid gold pocket watch, engraved *Thankx, Jerry Lewis*. During his many years at Paramount, Dad became acquainted with various production crews, such as those on the Bonanza set and other Paramount film and television production projects. Unfortunately, Dad was also well acquainted with the bar across the street from the studio.

After Lucky, I, and Paula were born, we moved from nearby Paramount to a North Hollywood suburb. During those times, I had little or no memory of my childhood until I was thirteen years old. I did remember Mom taking me to church each Sunday no matter what. My dad never went except at Easter and Christmas. The church became a refuge and haven for me--a place to feel accepted and safe (not knowing or understanding why I even felt that way). I remember the face if not the name of my Sunday School teacher--and her kindness. I remember the laughter. I remember a Friend and Savior who said to a little eight year old girl in 1952, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for [you] shall see God."(Matt 5:8) And at thirteen years old (1957) when He said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you and you shall glorify me" (Ps 50:15). Little did I know how His sweet love and care protected my heart and how His counsel preserved my life.

In 1962, at the age of eighteen, I met my husband to be, John, on my eighteenth birthday--a blind date no less! I went on a double date all day to the San Diego Zoo in his friend's pink '57 convertible Chevy with white tuck-in-roll upholstery. . .his friend looking a lot like Elvis Presley with his date and John being attired in a western style leather jacket with dangling

tassels and a pack of cigarettes in hand. Sovereign gifts sometimes come in odd packages!. . .particularly in the '60s!

John's tassels also matched his 1957 school bus-yellow pick up truck with chrome pipes along the running board. You could hear his car rumbling to my house from a mile away. Those pipes were his pride and joy until my sister, Paula, burned her legs on them. He removed the pipes the next day. He decided it wasn't worth the risk of hurting someone else, let alone get the sister of his future wife angry with him. After three dates, John came over to the house where I was babysitting, gave me a birthday card, and can you believe it!?. . .a toothbrush! Did I have bad breath or black teeth? He told me I may be eating too many sweets and needed to take care of my teeth and that cute smile. He also said I was the type of girl he would like to marry and will wait until I make up my mind. Although he doesn't remember this event, I surely do.

John and I attended the same junior college, Valley College, after graduating from high school the summer before. I used to cut classes to go with John to deliver tropical fish up and down the west coast. I don't recommend you cut classes, but I sure had some fun moments while he had that part-time job. At the junior college, there was a museum attached to the biology department. Between classes and at lunch I used to go over to the museum to be with John and his friends. His professor and friends always had interesting animals roaming around or in the large outdoor cage–animals such as raccoons, lemurs, capabaras (largest rodent in world), pythons, and lots of bugs (particularly the large tropical type!). Although I might have been somewhat frightened around John's friends at times, I always had interesting adventures. I wasn't used to viewing these animals as possible pets. There was one incident where the raccoon escaped his cage and ran down the corridors of the science building. It caught one girl unaware of his presence, and he shimmed up her leg. Needless to say, she screamed until the whole building heard her; and her nylons were shredded. Oh well, all in a day's work for a college student! With this same

About the Author

Sharon Benedict was born in 1944 and raised near Los Angeles, in North Hollywood, California. Sharon's educational background includes B.A. and M.S. degrees in art (emphasis--crafts and sculpture) with minors in business education and industrial arts education. For fifteen years she produced fiber sculptures, weavings, and jewelry on commission, and was also given the opportunity to combine her art and business skills as Program Manager of the University of California, Davis Craft Center for five years. Sharon and her family then moved to South Texas in January 1977. As life always has its twists and turns, she entered an entirely new field of vocation. Today, Sharon is a life skills consultant, belief therapy counselor, and writer. Her life skills service, Home & Harvest, gives counsel and practical guidance for clients traveling their own journey of discovery and transformation. Sharon offers guidance and referrals for a variety of life skill issues, such as family focus, time management, money management, record keeping, family health care, meals, recreation/entertainment. Her longing and prayer are that the experiences of her life become "a door of hope" for others. In addition, Sharon's greatest joy is to see lives and families restored, and that each of us will walk in the integrity and purpose for which we were designed.