

Washed *New!*

A True
Story

S A N D R A B O Y D



Carpenter's Son Publishing

Washed New!

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PREFACE

My best friend told me that she wanted to go see Dr. Cindy Trimm, and I said sure even though I had never heard of Dr. Trimm. I had no idea how impactful this would be in my life. The closer we got to the days of the event, things started going wrong. I started to be attacked in a spiritual sense and suddenly had many disagreements with people; I wondered what was going on. We pressed on and flew to Atlanta to attend Dr. Cindy Trimm's End of Year conference in December 2018. During one of the altar calls, a pastor put his hands on my head, and I fell to the ground, which was a first for me. I got up, and I was not the same. I felt it. It had been a long time since a powerful preacher and leader had given me encouragement and described the steps I needed to take to move forward with my calling.

I want this book to encourage and give you hope. God gave me love and an opportunity to get it right again. He has washed me new, and since He did it for me, He can do it for you too. Come join me as I share my life story and

testimonies. It's October 2020, and I have learned so much about myself and who I am becoming. I could not have made it without God, so I want to share with you how having faith, sowing seeds, repenting, and surrendering can lead you to an unimagined new you. Being in the presence of God can touch and transform your life. Imagine praying and having your prayers answered right there.



*Being in the presence of God can
touch and transform your life.*





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So many people have played a part in my life, and I want to thank them all.

Anna, Cesar, and Kristine, you have been so unconditionally loving to me. Your friendship has taught me so much. Thank you all for having been there in both my good times and bad. I will never forget it.

Ann, Griselda, Myrna, and Francis, I am so grateful for all your love and for your friendship. You loved me even at my weakest.

To Yvette and Joshua, thank you for being in my life and for loving me the way you do. You give me a reason to press on.



INTRODUCTION

Have you ever asked yourself what your God-given purpose was? I asked myself the same question, and I started asking God to reveal my purpose to me.

In 2013, I was at my lowest point emotionally. I had separated from my husband. There were days when I did not even want to get out of bed or get out of my pajamas because I was hurting so much. I felt depressed and hopeless. On top of the emotional stress of my broken marriage, I was uncertain of my financial stability. My children were three and five years old and would stay with me most of the time during the school year; during the summers, my husband and I split the time. I was filled with uncertainty about my life's path and the fear of not knowing if I would be able to maintain my home on one income and keep a roof over my kids' heads. I did not know if I would have enough to feed them and give them the same comfort that they were used to.

I felt guilty because I was choosing to give up on my marriage. I knew firsthand the pain of abandonment because

I had experienced it when my own father left me when I was seven years old. I had sworn to myself that no matter what, I would never divorce because I wanted to prevent that brokenness that I had experienced in my kids' lives.

I was familiar with the pain of divorce because I had seen my poor, frail mother deal with the consequences of one. All my life, I had struggled with not knowing what it felt like to be wanted and loved. This caused me to go through depression and anger, mostly a rage against my father. Here I was about to break the covenant of marriage, and instead of taking ownership for my faults, I went to God to complain about my husband. Here I was blaming the demise of the marriage on my husband when in reality it was both of us.

The one right thing I did when my life was crumbling down was pray and seek God. I prayed fervently, and one day I asked God what he wanted me to do. A local pastor told me that God wanted me to write a book. She said that this book would be like pancakes; there would never be enough on the shelves because it would be a best seller. Even though she said that, I tried to escape my divine mission like Jonah did in the Bible. I did not obey at that moment because I was bitter about my painful divorce.

The idea of writing a book meant that I had to relive the pain, and I was not ready for that.

I thought, *Lord, You don't want me to talk about how angry and hurt I am right now.* I carried on with my life. I promised in my heart to God that the book would be done by December 31, 2018. I had been taking notes here and there, but I was not focused. I always spoke of it. All my friends and coworkers were tired of hearing me talk about a book that I never delivered. Even I was tired of

Introduction

just talking about it, but I excused myself by thinking, It happened to me so it will be easy to do it once I decide to. Well, it was not easy. A book will not write itself; my prophetic word needed activation. I was holding on to everything inside when God wanted me to release it to help someone else be set free.



*I prayed fervently, and one day I
asked God what he wanted me to do.*



One day, all at once the front tires of my car started wobbling. I thought it was a tire issue, but it turned out the front axle in my old Lexus needed to be replaced. That cost a pretty penny. Then my home air conditioner stopped working. The Florida heat is unbearable at times, and for days, I had no air conditioner. Then my dishwasher went dead, and my freezer stopped working. My heart started palpitating so severely that I could not bear the pain. It was December 31, 2018, and I knew why this was happening to me. I had promised God, and again I had failed him. I repented and went straight to the hospital with my kids. I had a blue dye test done to see if I had any blood clots. The doctor said I had a had a healthy heart but that I needed to have less stress in my life along with living a healthier lifestyle. My kids and I were there in the hospital room long enough to watch the New Year's Eve ball drop.

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In January 2019, I called a publishing company and signed a contract to publish my book. This was an act of faith on my part because I had to start paying money for something that was not even written. Aligning myself with my destiny, I started to write and put into words all that had happened to me. This book is about my shattered life and testimonies. I share what I learned by being obedient and what happened to me when I was being rebellious and disobedient.

This book is my way of honoring God. Father, I love you more than my words can express. I thank You for everything that You have done in my life and for not giving me what I asked for at times. You took me from nothing to being almost complete. I am so grateful for and humbled by Your love and kindness. I have failed You so many times, and still You love me. I repent, Lord; use me for your Glory and this time I will obey. I come into alignment with my destiny right now in the mighty name of Jesus.



Chapter 1

THE NEWS OF THE ULTRASOUND

In early 2018, I went for an ultrasound because I had started bleeding vaginally when I was not on my menstrual cycle. I was worried about it, and I finally got the courage and time off work to set up a doctor's appointment to get it checked out. I was told I had an ovarian cyst that could possibly be ovarian cancer.

Normally, I am a stoic person, but at that moment, I was emotional. I started crying, and I was scared. I felt very vulnerable. I cried out, "Holy Spirit, do not leave me now." The possibility of having a problem with my ovary was not new to me. In 2004, when I was 30, I had gone through a similar situation when I was told I had to have a cyst the size of a volleyball and my ovary removed.

I was also pregnant for the first time. I was shocked and scared about my situation and was told I had to have an abortion so the cyst could be tested, or I could take my chances. The doctor told me if the cancer spread (that was

if the cyst resulted in being malignant), I could die. I did not even think twice. I refused to have an abortion and decided to proceed with my pregnancy. I told God I was going to trust Him.

That same year, I had accepted Jesus Christ into my life, and my faith was immediately tested. It was easy to say that I would just trust Him, but from the moment I decided to keep both the cyst and my baby, I cried and cried. I wanted that baby more than I wanted my own life. If a choice needed to be made of whom to save, I told my husband to save the baby.

I blamed the cyst on myself as punishment for my past sins, of which I had many. As my baby grew inside of me, the cyst grew too. Months passed until the cyst burst. My husband was working overnight, so I drove myself to the hospital in pain that felt like burning acid inside my body. I won't tell you how fast I was going so I won't get arrested for going over the speed limit. I live in a city about 45 miles from the Orlando hospital where I was supposed to have my delivery. They called my doctor in along with another surgeon. One took out the tiny baby, and the other removed the oversized ovarian cyst. My healthy baby girl was born over one month early; we named our miracle baby Yvette.

If you are wondering, "Can you have a baby with only one ovary," the answer is yes. I know because after Yvette was born, her brother, Joshua, joined our family.

In 2018, a new cyst formed on my remaining ovary, and I did not know if this cyst was cancerous or benign. If it tested cancerous, it would have to be removed. My gynecologist referred me to another specialist. I was 45 at that time, and the specialist recommended that I have a



My oversized ovarian cyst

hysterectomy. I started to stress. I would no longer be able to have any more children, and I was not ready for that.

Yes, I recognized I already had my two children, but I always thought I would remarry, what if the amazing man I'd always dreamed of wanted children? If I had a hysterectomy, I would not be able to bear him a child; however, there was the risk of me being older and overweight and having a child. All those thoughts ran through my mind as I was faced with the decision. I thought, *Maybe I am overthinking it.* I decided to walk into the unknown and trust God.



*I decided to walk into the
unknown and trust God.*



When the second cyst was discovered, my life was all about my job and children. I had a fear of not being able to see my kids go to high school, graduate from college, and grow up into adulthood in case the cyst was cancerous. I wanted to be around when they learned to drive and more. I was scared of never falling in love.

I wanted the opportunity to live life to the fullest, to go dancing in the park, to be able to get on a plane and go to Africa and Israel. I wanted to travel the world and spread the gospel. I wanted to see snow for the first time. I wanted to see the ball drop in New York City on New Year's Eve. I have a bucket list I will be checking off.