

I Came Close to Being Trafficked Testimony

This is a true story of how I just recently realized that at a young age, I came very close to being trafficked. Names, dates, and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

In 2024, I was having a hard time concentrating when praying and I couldn't think of things to pray about so I asked the Lord to give me dreams of who and what to pray for.

I had this horrific dream. I went to fast food restaurant. Sat down and ate. Suddenly I was paralyzed and fell to the ground. A man came over to me and said, "oh you poor thing, let me help you." Picked me up and put me in a bus with black windows. As the bus was traveling, the man dressed me in prostitute clothing. He told me I was going to work for him now. After traveling a long way, he dragged me into a motel with padlocks on the outside of the doors. I was still paralyzed. I could see, hear, feel, and understand everything but couldn't move or talk. He dropped me on the floor by a room door and walked away. A very nice looking man with silver hair and clean cut beard came running over to me and said, "Oh you poor thing, let me help you" and carefully and lovingly picked me up and carried me. Walked over to first man and said, "I want this one". The first man said "ok, but you better put this on her cause she's going to be a runner". They strapped this thing on my foot wrapped around my foot and ankle tight and had a lock on the top. On the bottom of it was a button, that if got pressed, sent shock waves through my body. The first man explained to the silver haired man that if I didn't do what he wanted me to do, just press the foot button until I caved. Then, the FBI & police raided the motel and the men dropped me and ran. A police officer came over to me and said, "Oh you poor thing, let me help you" and I was so scared that it was another trick and something even worse was going to happen. Then I finally woke up.

Most dreams I have don't make sense, scenery and scenarios and people change. I remember I had a dream but don't remember the specifics of the dreams. But this one was very precise and understandable. I believed it came from God. I sat up and prayed for human trafficking victims for a little while. It was 2:00am so I eventually went back to sleep.

Right into another dream. I was walking upstairs to my very low income, rundown apartment. A neighbor lady passed me going downstairs. She told me her car broke down and she was having a horrible day. All upset and yelling. I told her "Well let me tell you about my day!" and I told her the entire story of the first dream in detail. I was crying and telling her how painful it was and how

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scared I was and how I couldn't move. I actually relived the entire first dream when I was telling her of it. Then the lady said, "oh you poor thing, let me help you" and I started screaming, "No! Leave me alone! Don't say that!" Then I woke up.

This time I prayed a little harder. I believed God was trying to tell me something and wanted me to do something but I didn't know what I could do. I've never been trafficked or even know anyone who has been trafficked, so I can't council victims. I'm older with health conditions, so I can't go out to try to help people. I don't have a lot of money, so I can't donate to organizations that fight this. So, what did the Lord want me to do? A memory came to my mind and the Lord told me to try remembering an experience when I was 17. And do some research about the people involved. It seemed important.

Here's what I remember. In 1983, I was 17. My mother was very abusive and absolutely hated being my mother. I was fairly certain she would kick me out of her house as soon as I turned 18 in just a few months. I knew no one would help me and I didn't know how I was going to survive. My sister had a friend that was a cook at a restaurant across town. They needed a pantry girl and she said he talked to the owner and the owner agreed to let me be the pantry girl if I wanted. The cook would work the same hours as me and he would give me a ride to work and back. I was still in high school; the job was evenings and I accepted the position.

The restaurant was owned by a married couple, John & Jane Smith. It was a very successful restaurant and was very busy. Jane took care of all the administrative and personnel duties and John ran the restaurant. John (the very successful, powerful, respected, not bad looking owner) would flirt with me and make derogatory sexual remarks, and rub up against me. It seemed all in good fun and I kind of enjoyed the attention.

One day John asked to speak to me in his office. I had never been in his office. It was downstairs, dark, and looked like a wine cellar. He sat down at his desk and I sat in a chair facing him. He pulled out a ring box from his desk and opened it up and placed a beautiful diamond ring in front of me.

He told me "This could be yours". He said he knew I would be 18 soon and he wanted to put me in a nice apartment, put me through college, and buy nice things for me. He said he wanted to help me grow up to have a very successful career and live a lavish lifestyle. The only thing he asked in return is that he would be allowed to "visit" me now & then. We both understood he was talking

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about sex. Then the door opened and Jane walked in and saw me with the diamond ring in front of me. John (to my surprise) acted like she wasn't even there and said to me (right in front of his wife) "I know you're young, but you are very mature for your age and you are so beautiful." I just sat there with my mouth open. I didn't know what to do. Jane stormed out of the room slamming the door behind her. I think I said no thank you to his offer. He told me to think about it; the offer still stands. When I mentioned his wife hearing this, he said not to worry about her; they are divorced. No one had told me they were divorced and I don't think I believed that.

When I went back upstairs to the kitchen, co-workers instantly told me that Jane was looking for me. She had a big kitchen knife and she was telling everyone that she was going to kill me. I wasn't able to leave because the cook was my ride and I had no other transportation. So, the cook told me to just stay by him and he'll finish up as fast as he could and take me home. Jane walked in with the knife in hand and said she wanted to talk to me outside. I told her no; I'm not leaving the kitchen until the cook was ready to take me home. So she just told me I was fired and to never come back. I said fine, I will never come back. I made it home alive that night and I never set foot in that restaurant again.

A couple of years later, someone told me that shortly after that incident, Jane was stabbed to death in the back of the restaurant. I don't remember who told me that and I didn't know how true that was.

Then in 1990, John's mugshot was on world news broadcast. Something about a bombing at a public building is all I could remember. But that gave me a topic to start the research on the internet.

I found shocking information on the internet. John was a freedom fighter before he came to America and he spent 8 years in a prison camp. He was highly skilled in guns and bombs and had no problem killing people. John and Jane moved to United States and managed to become very successful. They had two sons.

They divorced in 1983 (same year I worked at restaurant). After the divorce, John allowed Jane to live in a trailer parked back behind the restaurant. She committed suicide in 1985.

John came up with a scheme to steal millions of dollars from a business. John dragged his two sons into the monstrous task. In 1990, He built a very sophisticated bomb in his garage and placed it in the business building. Then faxed the business owner a letter explaining about the bomb and how no one can

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turn it off, not even the creator. They were to give him 30 million dollars in unmarked bills and explained the details of how it was all to go down. The bomb squad was unable to deactivate the bomb. They ended up evacuating the building and all nearby business buildings and let the bomb go off. If they hadn't evacuated the people, hundreds of people would have died in a fiery inferno. John and his sons were convicted. John was sentenced to 20 years to life and his sons 8 years. John died in prison in 2006.

One of John's sons wrote a memoir and explained that his father was ruthless. They did not want to help him with his bomb episode, but he forced them to. He also explained that his father (John) would often beat his wife (Jane) to the brink of death.

The Lord had shown me that if Jane had not walked in on us in John's office and fired me, I very easily could have become trafficked. I was scared about how I was going to make it. I had no career, no way to go to college, no job, and no help from anyone. I also was raised in a house of abuse so abuse was the norm for me. So, I may have eventually accepted John's proposal thinking it would go as he explained. I didn't know John was ruthless. I didn't know John often severely beat his wife to the brink of death. I didn't know he killed people. I didn't know he was the kind of person who would drag his own sons into a life of crime. He would have had complete control over me, seriously abusing me into things. I'm sure he would have trafficked me. Maybe even change my name, move me to another state. The whole bombing episode may not have happened since he had his trafficking occupation to keep him busy.

It came very close to happening to me. The Lord wanted me to understand that. All my life I have believed that the first 40 years of my life was so horrible, but now I know it could have been so much worse. Ends up my mother did not kick me out when I turned 18. I left her house when I got married a year or 2 later.

Now I look at all my life and see it is and always has been a good one, thanks to the Lord.

Also see jenaministries.com – Part 3 – #12. “A Prayer for Human Trafficking”.