

1222 N. 6th st  
CDA, ID  
83814



John & Amanda Padula  
1-208-704-1492

Jeff & Kristin Cope  
1-208-964-4939

Monthly News Letter

July 15th, 2014

## **Our Mission: To evangelize and disciple the community around us for the Gospel of Jesus Christ**

Hello everyone! We pray your summer is going great. Currently here at Set Apart we are going through some changes. John and I have moved into the Women's discipleship house to help get it established. Our position hasn't changed at the men's house, just our living arrangements. Chris Sanchez is the administrator of Set Apart and Nathan Hawkins is the lead mentor. Jason and Robyn Dynes will be moving upstairs to help the leadership. We feel like this is the structure that the Lord has provided and are excited to see what He has in store for this new season. In this newsletter we will be focusing on the Women's Discipleship house so you can get to know these ladies ;)

We are getting ready to have a big fundraiser to help support the houses and their monthly expenses. Every month the men's house goes in the hole with food expenses, gas, and monthly expenses. But we know God's hand is never short, and he keeps us relying on Him for provision and strength.

Thank you to all our monthly supporters!!! Without your generosity, this ministry wouldn't be here!!



### **The basement:**

Please be praying for this project! It seems like its one thing after another. We are still in the process of plumbing, and awaiting the approval from the city to see if we pass the inspection. God is teaching us patience. We are trusting that His timing is perfect!!

### **Board Of Directors**

John Padula  
Jeff Cope  
Tim Remington  
Jodaniel Garza  
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Joe Mares

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### **2 Corinthians 5:17**

**Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, ALL things are become new.**

### **Prayer requests**

**\*Salvation for all that come to Set Apart**

**\*Financial provision for both houses**

**\* Women's discipleship program**

I'm Tierzah McIntosh, I'm 25 years old and I'm only here today by the grace of God and His amazing mercies and unconditional love. I grew up in a seventh day Adventist home with my mom and dad and three brothers. I personally dealt with a lot of spiritual warfare that I did not realize or understand because I was so young. When I was 11 my parents split up and then eventually divorced, leaving my mother to take care of all four of us on her own. She started school again leaving me to take care of my two little brothers and my older brother went to work. Through all of this I began trying to figure out how to cope and to be strong enough for everyone, and began approval seeking. I developed a fear of being alone and abandoned. We continued to go to our Seventh-day Adventist church for a little bit but eventually stopped going to church altogether. About a year down the road we began to go to church on Sundays and at age 13 I entered into high school, my mother allowing me to finally go to public school. I had always gone to a private seventh day Adventist school so public school was like nothing I had ever experienced. I began to make friends and in seeking approval and just loving all the new things in life and also continuing to try and cope on my own, I began drinking and smoking marijuana. And soon after I gave up my purity and began to use more and be more promiscuous. I went through ups and downs through high school.

I graduated at age 17 in 2006 and a week after graduation and lots of fighting with my mother and step dad I talked her into letting me move to Spokane, WA, an hour away to live with my grandma. I was very insecure, had no discipline and was usually partying every night. My friend was always trying to convince me to get into stripping but I couldn't take that far of a step of disrespecting myself and parts of me wanted to start learning how to be a better person again. But on December 23, 2006 on my way home from a party I was raped. My friends talked me into going to the hospital but I didn't tell my family until after two weeks. I wanted to get good, healthy help but I had already been coping with my rape poorly and a few days after telling my family I decided I could handle it on my own and this was when my world really turned for the worse. I walked fully away from The Lord, and got into a relationship with a 32 year old guy, I was 18. I began using extacy and partying more than ever. A few months later and after breaking up getting into a new relationship then ending that one I decided to start dancing. On Easter of 2007, I got on that stage for the first time ever. I

went year trying to take back control, trying to cope with my life dealing with extreme depression, and anxiety, being an alcoholic and doing drugs, suicidal, addiction to pornography, going from one relationship to another, living years in the homosexual lifestyle, stripping and traveling to strip, getting beat up by guys and having many people in my life die. In 2012 I moved to North Dakota to dance and met a guy there who I moved in with. On a trip back home with him I met his family and his cousin and I really bonded. We talked about The Lord and I explained how I never want to be a hypocrite so I would never pray. Why would I ask things of God when I'm not willing to submit to what He asks of me. I knew where I was in life if I died I would be going to hell but I wasn't going to be a hypocrite. She encouraged me to start praying, to start somewhere and that I did. That month I decided I would try to not do drugs and drink and try to start praying. So I did and it was hard but I was realizing I needed more in life and that more was somewhere in the direction of Christ. I lasted over a month sober but my boyfriend and I began fighting more and more but I was growing more and more and slowly finding something different in myself more confidence and a little more faith. But then he began to beat me. For almost four months and some scary times I put up with that but The Lord was slowly strengthening me. I came home for a visit and was hungry for The Lord. I went back to North Dakota and a week later I made the decision that what I want and yearn for in life can only come from living a life for and with Christ. That day May 14, I broke up with my boyfriend, packed and got on a train headed home. On May 22, I gave my life to The Lord. Since then I've been through some ups and downs. I allowed some negative things back into my life but all the while I knew what I wanted so I actually put up a fight for my life while my heavenly Father was also fighting for me. I love The Lord but I knew I needed a more stable foundation in Him. So I decided to take a huge step, quit my job and go into the ranch. There I finally faced myself and began to grow into my true identity, my identity in Christ. It was hard and I wanted to leave at times but The Lord helped me to persevere and I graduated. I was so blessed to have that opportunity and now I have that foundation to stand on. I can finally say that I live a life that has purpose and is filled with joy and a peace that I couldn't even of dreamt of. I no longer live in the bondage of depression, anxiety or addictions. I have worth because Christ made me worthy and I have purpose and finally believe I have a future. I now have confidence and no longer see myself as just a failure because I rest in my Lord and know I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me.



I gave my life to Jesus Christ when I was 5 years old. I grew up in a Christian home and I was homeschooled along with my older sister and younger brother. My family is super close and I am so very thankful for that. It is said that “Rules without relationship leads to rebellion”. I can honestly say that the close relationship that I have with my family has kept me from taking many opportunities to rebel.

I attended Awana’s and Sunday school growing up, but more important, my parents took it upon themselves to raise myself and my siblings in the fear of the Lord.

At the age of sixteen I felt that the Lord was calling me to overseas missions. After graduating from high school I went to Calvary Chapel Bible College in Austria. I completed my two years in college and wanted to go on the mission field in the Ukraine. The Lord did take me on some amazing trips with Him, but they were short term trips. I somehow thought I would go abroad and remain there for years... The Lord took me to Europe, Israel, Ukraine, Africa, and Nepal, but He has brought me right back to Coeur d’Alene every time.

About three and a half years ago I found the Altar and I felt the Lord wanted me to make it my church home. Missions is alive and well in our church and it is focused right here in my home town. After attending for almost a year, I then started working in the children’s ministry and loved that! What precious little kiddos! But recently the opportunity to be a part of the women’s discipleship house was brought to my attention. After much prayer, I felt the Lord was asking me to make this step and see what He would do.

It is such a blessing to be around the fresh fire of new Christians. Growing up as I did, it is easy to lose sight of my first love and get sucked into a type of Christianity that is rote and lifeless. I am excited to see what the Lord has in store for this next season. I know it will be anything but mundane and lifeless!

Acts 20:24 “But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God.”

Tierzah



Marissa and her brother

**My name is Gerry Hughes. I am 33 years old. I am a mother 3 beautiful children. My son is 14, and I have a 12 year old and 8 year old daughter. I was raised in Kellogg, Idaho. My childhood was good. I lived with my mother, father, and younger brother. When I turned 16 I began hanging out with the partners in school smoking pot and drinking on weekends. At 17 I was pregnant. The father moved and I was alone. My dad went into a coma when I was 1 month pregnant, he never knew. After 28 days in a coma he passed, which tore my family apart. My mother became an alcoholic and still drinks. After I had my son, I got into a relationship with a guy and we started using meth. I was heavily addicted to xanax & meth. The guy I was with physically abused me for our whole 4 year relationship. I would say I was beat two times a week and hospitalized. He hung me once and I now suffer from long term neck damage. He is the father of my 12 year old. After the four years of this ugly cycle, I couldn't handle watching how my kids were being raised. So I packed up my two kids and just left to Colville, WA. There I worked two jobs and stayed clean (still smoking weed) for about a year. Then I met a guy and we dated for 4 years. I was clean and worked full time. We had my youngest daughter together. My kids and step children were all in sports and excelling. I was the soccer mom on the PTA board, and my boyfriends boss of his company. Then one day I left him, took my kids and from there I lost it. I met another guy at the bar. We started drinking a lot together and starting taking a lot of pills. After our first 6 months together, I took my kids out of sports. I lost my management job of 5 years, I lost custody of my baby, and I started slamming (i.v. using) heroin. I had a \$400.00 a day habit. Which was just to make me feel "human" it wouldn't even get me high. I robbed and did the lowest, dirtiest deeds to get my next fix. During all this I gave my kids to my mom, lost my house and cars. I was heavily beat, broken ribs, thrown through walls, and stabbed, but I wouldn't get out. I "loved" the lifestyle. Heroin had me, I felt like I had my childhood back. My heart was so hard and I was so numb. I hated everything besides the needle. I was then told by my son to change or he wouldn't be around me. So I went to the ranch. Ive always believed in God, just never knew Him.**

**I've been delivered from all drugs, cigarettes, and perversion. I am now living in a beautiful discipleship house, and loving serving Jesus. There is no greater joy then sharing God's love with others who are where I once was. I thank God each day for every moment of my life. I am His child and if I can be used for His glory, that's what ill do, until he takes me home. Thank you all, and God Bless.**

**Sobriety date June 15, 2013**

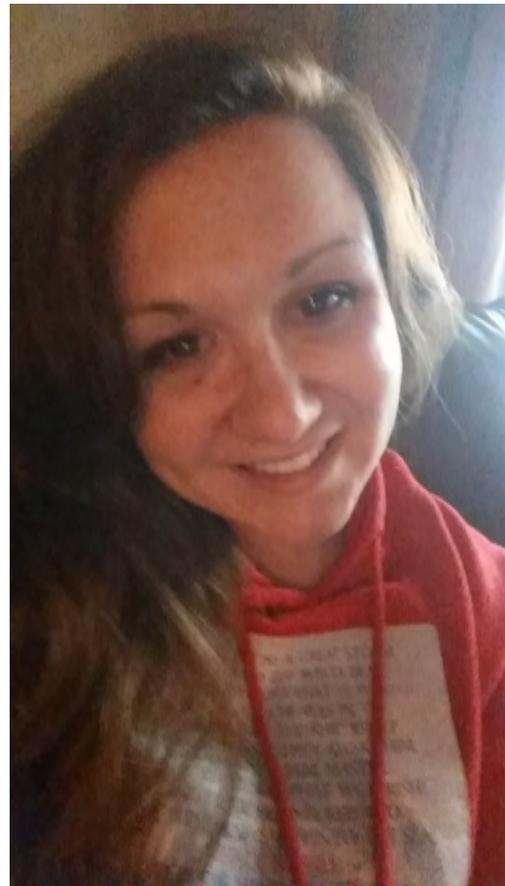
**Baptized June 30th, 2013**



**Gerry and her children**

Hi, my name is Caleigh, im 21 years old, and about a week ago, I hit one year clean and sober. I would not be here to write this if it wasn't for my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

I was raised in Albuquerque, New Mexico, with my mom, stepdad, and two younger brothers; so you can see I come from a broken home. My biological father has five other kids and is currently in his third marriage. While growing up, I really struggled with high anxiety, depression, abandonment and the longing to fit in. I searched everywhere I could to fill the void, the God-shaped hole in my heart. I looked in cigarettes, alcohol, men, women, drugs, money, cars, really anything you can think of, I tried it. After being arrested last year, and facing some major prison time. I knew I had a problem and couldn't find the solution alone. The Lord is so powerful and mighty! I was released from jail, brought to CDA, Idaho to go through Good Samaritan, graduated in November last year and He absolutely saved me! I am so grateful to be where I am today. Jesus truly is the only answer, the only Truth, and the only way. As of today, God is restoring my relationships with my family, I work two jobs, I live in the women's Set Apart Discipleship house. I recently became apart of IDFY, I have great friends, but most importantly, I have a growing relationship with my Lord Jesus.



Caleigh

**Kristina Graff**

Love was something that had been misrepresented and defiled in my life. Having been abandoned by my mother and father at a very young age emotionally, then physically taken out of their care by child protective services, until an undetermined time. Legal guardianship was given to my grandparents, which caused my life to go from instability and lack of safety, to a life of many new people and a lot of molestation by strangers.

I grew up with a perversion so prominent in my life, that I knew nothing different. It was normal. I was a once good spirited prey and had mutated into a predator. My parents had contracted the AIDS virus from sharing needles in their heroin addiction, and my dad passed away when I was eight. My grandparents got divorced right after that. My brother and I then moved with my grandma around to a lot of different schools then finally settled.

Having been molested by so many different people my perspective had been skewed. I looked at people like a predator and suffered from very perverse, violent, demonic thoughts, fantasies, and dreams throughout the day and night. All the effects of perversion like; self glorification, experimentation, and acting out were very present. It was a secret power, yet I felt like I had a target on my back. I thought I was a victim and was depressed and suicidal, but I was provocative and I kept myself sick by fantasizing, watching movies, reading books, and seeking out negative attention.

When I first started drinking at thirteen. It was an opening for my promiscuity and now I had an excuse. I justified my actions with alcohol. Everyone was doing it, I blended in, yet I was so much more demented. I lost my purity a month before my 15 birthday. It was different this time because I chose it and I cried and hardened myself. I continued down a road of alcohol abuse and started smoking pot at age 16. I then got into a 3 year relationship with a guy and took part in swinging, partying, etc. My biggest stronghold was of sexual nature. I had no self worth, no love for myself, and no hope. I sought out attention and wanted acceptance anywhere I could get it. I got beaten up and hospitalized and that ended the relationship. I had been raped and had no recollection of it, a pretty regular thing for me.

I was always going to parties and getting beat up, raped, having sex and not remembering from blackouts, getting robbed, attacking people violently from coming out of blackouts in a fight. My grandmother who had been housing me, feeding me, and raising me had gotten lung cancer and passed away a month after I graduated high school and I continued partying.

One night at a party, to get acceptance, I asked to get injected with meth, and that was the start of a almost 3 year spiral of destruction in my life and the lives around me. I had no control anymore. I suffered from every dark, demonic, destructive delusion you can think of. My "addictions" were heightened ten times worse and something else took over in every area. I was possessed and seeking out death. Everyone I met "died," everywhere I went "foreclosed," I had destruction at my fingertips. I thought I was a plague, a curse, a leech. I had debated my whole life about whether I was good or evil. I was evil, I was cursed, I was destructive, I was spiritually oppressed and had many demonic spiritual attachments. Then my mother passed away 10 days before my 21st birthday in 2012.

I finally got arrested that same year. A month in jail I had changed my goals, thought I could be "sober" and have a good life. I was OR'D until sentencing upon agreeing to plead guilty to my felony possession of meth and heroin, and my misdemeanor possession of marijuana. I had to UA three times a week until October 15th and I continued to sell drugs, drink, fornicate, get beat up, cause destruction, use and be used, but I was "sober". I wasn't using needles or drugs, but I was actively participating in drinking and other things.

I was sentenced to a ryder and upon waiting to be transported to south Boise women's correctional, a Chaplin came through the Bonner County Jail and she had bibles she was giving away.

I wanted one so bad and I told her I was going to Boise and I'd really like one, and she gave me the last one she had. I was so excited. I read it everyday and God renewed my mind. No longer was I crippled by sick, disgusting, perverse thoughts, because I was constantly in the Word of God. I started to feel different, act different, and have integrity. I had read a character study on Moses, and realized if God could use him, (having murdered someone), for such wonderful things, that He could use me too. I knew I was a murderer and a pervert in my heart. I believed He could heal me, deliver me, that he had redeemed me, that I would just have to give up my

life, my identity, my whole heart and He would give me all things new, with a fullness.

I was journaling after my morning bible reading time about what I had read on February 28th, 2013. I realized I loved myself. I had never experienced love for myself and on this day I awoken and God caused me to see I had love for myself. This is something I wanted, I searched for, I never knew how to do and now it was real. "I LOVED myself!!" I realized He loved me unconditionally, not performance based, the same when I didn't know Him and was in darkness as He does this very moment knowing Him now. I can now return that love.

I was elated with my new found hope but I knew I needed to know more and needed to continue my relationship with God so I asked to get sponsored to go through the Good Samaritan Program. The Word says Delight yourself in the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart. Mine and God knew it, was to be apart of a family, I went through the program and Pastor Tim Remington and his family took me in, and I became a close part of their family. They loved me a cared for me like I was a part of their family and on my graduation day, they publically announced the special place I had in their hearts and that they were "adopting" me and offered to help support me and that I could stay at their house.

I have now been walking in God's love, mercy, and fullness and it is testimony after testimony of Him, Jesus Christ and all His bounty. I am so blessed I am apart of and always given new opportunities for ministry and am courting a God fearing man who I love , and I love God more and more each moment. All things are new, I am blessed to be found, healed, and renewed. Every good and perfect gift is from above, I am grateful.

