

God is the only reason I exist and it is for His glory I perform the songs He inspires me to



write. I could tell you about all the musical accomplishments I have achieved and the many successes I have had in life, but I would rather tell you about how my God took me and molded me after His will. How He never gave up on me, and was faithful to rescue me and bring me back to Him. I was raised in rural Arkansas, an unwanted child; told by my mother at the age of two and I was supposed to of been a girl since she already had two boys. I grew up angry, depressed, and a cross dressing adolescent I received a guitar as a gift when I was ten years old and through it I found an escape from the reality of the world. At age twelve I began writing songs and playing the tuba in my school band. I found an old violin in a closet and taught myself to play it. Eventually I went on to become an All-State musician and a full-blown, teenage alcoholic. When I was twenty, Jesus sought me and I accepted Him

as my Savior, but I still struggled with the same issues of my pat. I married, and joined the Air Force, and earned a degree in business from the University of Arkansas. I pursued the good life as a battle within me raged. Always seeking my mother's acceptance and harboring anger and depression. I lived my life selfishly and self-seeking instead of for God. As a result, alcohol came back into my life and with it came insanity. I lost everything. I ended up homeless, unlovable, and transgender. Under the care of a "Christian" psychotherapist, I flew to Thailand and underwent surgery to mimic a female. I came back to the states and changed all my records to reflect a new identity. But God never gave up on me. He put me behind the wheel of a truck just as he put Jonah in the belly of a whale; to spend time with me. Like the prodigal child I came back to Him and this time I turned my whole life over to Him. I changed my records back and now live the life He planned for me. He gave me new songs to write, an additional instrument, the mandolin, and a new audience to hear their message. As I drive my truck from place to place I sing in trucker's chapels, so that the most forgotten of the forgotten can know just how much God loves them. He loves the unlovable. So much so, that He gave His only son on the cross. And through Jesus they can received the only love and acceptance that can fill any void of my life.

