**Hi! I’m Marian Poeppelmeyer!**

**Long ago, My dad and mother** began their day as usual. **My mother** packed his suitcase for 1 more business trip. **He wore** his best clothes for the airplane trek across the country. **My mother, pregnant with me**, took him to the airport and waved goodbye. **He said he would write** every day and that he would be back in time for the baby to come.

**But it was a flight that** never returned. He never came back. His plans changed instantly, and my mother’s American dream life shattered into millions of pieces hours later when the news came: **United Flight #629** blew up mid-air outside Denver, Colorado, that November 1, 1955, and there were no survivors.

**Well, I grew up as if** my dad’s murder and absence didn’t bother me. My dad’s loss was just a given. A matter of fact.  **The killer** received the death penalty. We felt justice was done.  As a result, **I never knew** my father, heard his voice, felt his touch, nor his love, but for me that was normal.

**Soon after college***, I became* “happily married.”  In fact, my husband and I were the picture of the “perfect Christian family:” on-course with our jobs, our hopes and dreams, raising two children and devoting our lives to God and to each other.  We felt…unshakeable and unbreakable.  In-tune with God. Living our “happily ever after.”

**We definitely didn’t plan for any detours in life.**

**One day, though**, a Mac truck carrying hidden explosives crashed into our lives.  **Everything began to blow up** our fairy tale life. We became a war zone. In a short period of time, we careened through looming bankruptcy, the deaths of four significant people, and the loss of our dreams, vision, and hope.  Grief, sorrow, constant fear and anxiety overtook us.

**The pressures mounted** and our ideal marriage disintegrated. Thoughts swirled in my head,

 “I must be wearing **a target on my back** that says, ‘just hit me’ one more time!”

**I felt helpless**. There was nothing I could do. I couldn’t understand why these trials kept happening. My faith went out the window. **I must have boarded** the wrong train in life, took the wrong turn, or even married the wrong person.

**I sunk to a place** where I could no longer cope. Shame, hurt, and depression consumed me.  I built up walls and locked the doors of my heart.  I shut off my emotions.  Numb and broken.

**All the while** pretending everything was OK.

**But it wasn’t**. I wasn’t. And I couldn’t tell anyone. After all, we were that model family protected by a white picket fence while everything inside crumbled.

**And then**…God revealed Himself in my life as only He can.  He beckoned me to face the insidious giants that crippled me both emotionally and spiritually. I didn’t even know I had any giants.

**But in God’s kindness**, He slowly peeled off the ripple effects of trauma that waged war over my soul. **At the same time, He took me on a path** that led to His love, acceptance, and belonging – that place where true healing comes from.

As God etched His Father’s Love on my heart, He revived me. **Like a lotus flower** blooms from the mud, **I blossomed out** of the dredges of my dark trauma, living free in every which way.

**What started** as just wanting to be out of my circumstances and misery led me to a deeper relationship with my heavenly Father that I didn’t know I needed or that was even possible.

**Over time,** He even gently restored my marriage, relationships, and finances. I was like Humpy Dumpty that only God could put back together – and He did!

**My life and walk with God** were revolutionized as if a giant lightbulb turned on inside me and the haunt of my broken past ceased. Once and for all, I left a lifestyle of being controlled by drama and trauma and never looked back!

**Once set free, I knew others** could have the same love, acceptance, and freedom that I experienced for God does not play favorites. Drama and trauma do not need to define them anymore, just as I was liberated!

***While most of us do not have a dad who was blown up over US soil like mine,*** *we all have those moments when tragedy and trauma knock and we feel like a bomb exploded inside ourselves and don’t know how to put ourselves back together again****.***

**Well, while on my healing journey I discovered a process** I call the Father’s Pathway.  The Father’s Pathway is a lifestyle of living in freedom and is caught, not taught.

It works like this: on His pathway, you will:

* **Re-discover** the heavenly Father’s love for you,
* **Deepen** your love for Him, and
* **Live** from His love towards others.

He becomes your way-maker and lifts the cloud of past wounds that have weighed you down.

**On the Father’s Pathway**, you will enter a meadow blooming with a more productive, content, and peaceful life. You will bud like a lotus flower against all odds. Never to be the same again.

**No longer trapped** by the echoes of your past, you will live unencumbered in the freedom God intended for you, able to prosper in all you do.

**The Father’s Pathway** goes beyond just teaching how to be healed from the past and ways to control your pain and situation – most trauma therapies can do just this – both religious and secular. They often major in symptom management, not dealing with the root causes of pain and healing you forever.

**I don’t know about you**, but I didn't want pat answers to soothe my pain nor a list of dos and don’ts to turn my life around. I wanted out of my miserable state for good. **Are you with me?** I can’t follow more rules, can you?

**I didn’t even know what** I needed and perhaps you don’t either. Most of us don’t, so you are not alone. We just know something has to give. **Whatever your circumstance**, your scars of life can be transformed into a living opus—a masterpiece of God’s grace.  **Grief, anger**, constant depression, fear, anxiety, and bitter disappointment can be replaced by increased faith, overflowing joy, and hope for the future.

**The Father’s Pathway will open you** to new horizons and ways of viewing yourself, others, and even God. Once you step onto this pathway, you’ll leave different than when you started…as you emerge full of life, freedom, and joy.

**Knowing that many are wanting** real change in their lives like I did, I wove the Father’s Pathway throughout a 12-week program I developed called “The Road to Freedom.”

**In this course**, we will lay a biblical foundation, blaze some trails, and cross a finish line into victory with lasting freedom.

**The Father’s Pathway** will become a lifestyle to walk in your newfound freedom forever.

**As I shared, the Father’s Pathway is** caught, not taught, and I will be there every step of the way with you. You can do this - I believe in you and more important, God believes in you!

**You can do this** on your own like I did, or you can accept my help and do it a lot faster than the four years it took me!  We’ll cross that finish line together and rejoice together at what God has done!

**You’ll even gain the support** of others who are walking the same path as you.  To learn more about the Road to Freedom Program, simply scroll beneath this video.

**I’ll be rooting for you and praying for you** no matter what you choose! **You don’t have to be defined** and controlled by any traumatic event in your life anymore.

**You can live** **beyond** your tragedy, **walk** through your trauma, and **live** a life of Freedom!

With Life, Freedom, and Joy,

Marian Poeppelmeyer