

Introduction – Who is Amber Hadden?

(Blog 0001 AmberHadden.com)

Who is Amber Hadden? When a spotlight is put on my husband, when people realize who he is and what he is called to do, God warned us that there would be those who asked that question. I struggled to know what to say, how to answer. But for the sake of those who may ask, I must give an answer. I am an unlikely individual to be positioned where I am, prepared in unusual ways for the unusual times in which we live. I am a very tender-hearted person, with a lot of compassion for the world around me, though I have been through hell's worst, which I don't say lightly. I determined that I would not allow life's pain to turn me into a bitter or negative person, but that I would fight through the pain, instead, and use it to help others. I have been writing a book, at length, which tells my story. Attempting to tell it in short form is very difficult, but if you want to know a little about me, you may read more below.

I grew up in church, but in a denomination that did not openly accept that supernatural spiritual gifts exist today. God had his own plan for my life, and appointed a time to pick me out, using many to speak into my life, with supernatural gifts, including the gift of prophecy, to begin to prepare me for a calling I never would have chosen or believed God would choose for me. The first person to ever speak to me, from the Lord, was Andrew, now my husband. I could never have known how much my life would dramatically change, after walking into Andrew's prayer ministry, seemingly by accident. But it was really a divine appointment to put two very unlikely people together. Neither one of us, however, had any idea of God's plans. Andrew was used to teach me about how to fight, spiritually (see Ephesians 6 on spiritual warfare), when I was severely attacked after meeting him. The enemy fought our friendship from the start, for good reason. We met in late 2007, and eventually became best friends, and were married in 2010. God chose me to be his partner in life, when I felt like one of the least likely or least qualified. We started out with a very pure and close friendship, having no romantic interests in each other, but it was God who played matchmaker to later set us up to fall in love.

God was stretching me, growing me, a little at a time, again and again. When I knew Andrew as a friend and he shared his calling with me (something I never doubted), I was stunned, shocked, and admittedly scared, at that time, wondering why on earth would God put me anywhere near this man. It was not Andrew that scared me, as he had always been kind and gentle with me, and I felt very safe and comfortable with him. But when he first shared his calling, I felt overwhelmed. It was much later that God made it very plain to me that this man was to be my husband. Andrew knew, before I did, that God was pointing me out as his future bride, though that did not come for a long time. For me, it took a little longer. When we were married, I later told Andrew that I felt married to his calling, having borne the weight of it, in marrying him, and walking through the trials God deemed necessary to prepare him. If God ordained trials, to prepare him for his calling, it was inevitable I was going to go through many trials alongside of him, and be prepared to stand with him, whether I felt qualified or not. (And I definitely did not.)

So, what was the calling that others began to declare over me? Long before Andrew or I had any idea God was putting us together in marriage, God was stretching me, especially by sending people to me to speak prophetically over my life. One young man who was not accustomed to

hearing from God often, said God told him, regarding me, “She has a heart like David. She doesn’t put on armor like Saul, and she fights Goliath because she has to.” God also began using others to speak of a prophetic calling on my life, when I felt like one of the least qualified for it. People started picking me out, even declaring over me that God was calling me to be a, “Prophet to the nations,” – their words endorsed by the Holy Spirit in special ways, such that I could not deny that God was speaking. To say that I was overwhelmed is a complete understatement.

I kept thinking that God must have somebody else better than me that he could choose out there. I have learned over the years that God does not choose people based on being qualified. In fact, I think God much prefers to pick people who know that, without his help, they absolutely couldn’t do what he asks of them. If feeling completely unqualified somehow gives you a character trait to make you partially qualified, I guess I had a good start in that respect. Choosing to believe what God sent others to speak to me sometimes felt like the biggest challenge. Would I believe God when he used others to declare things over me that completely stretched and overwhelmed me? (Somehow, the story of Jonah comes to mind, and a nagging feeling of wanting to run away. But that didn’t go so well for him.)

I have sought to stay humble, though God’s tests and trials of preparation are sure to help enable that, by way of humiliation. I have learned to take one step forward, when God says to, and trust him for the enablement for whatever he asks. I certainly can understand how certain prophets of the Bible must have felt when God called them out. I have argued with God, like Moses did, thinking that surely God had chosen the wrong person. But in the end, God is God. It is not wise to continue to argue with him, but let go and trust him.

I talk about God, in many ways, like a friend, because he is a friend to me. I’ve come to the recent conclusion, with God’s help, that the greatest part of my calling *is* to be his friend – a very humbling place to be. In short, my role is to be a representative of him, and outside of being his friend, that means listening and communicating his heart to others. While I would certainly rather people like me than not, my biggest fear is not about what anybody thinks of me. My biggest fear is about what God thinks of me. I don’t ever want to disappoint him or betray his trust. God has talked to me about many pains and concerns of his heart over the years. It has taken me years to understand this; but when God calls someone to be a prophet, he is calling them to be his friend. He likes having friends – people to be near him and know his heart. Any amount of pain, trials, and rejection should be weighed against the honor God is giving, in choosing someone to represent him and speak on his behalf. It is a great responsibility, which is why God will arrange to prepare someone, through many trials that are made to kill anything that God sees needs to be killed – especially selfishness or pride.

God has talked of the importance of trials to prepare one to be a leader. I know what it is to lay down everything you could possibly think matters to you, until all you are left with is God, and he becomes the friend that you know you, 100 percent, cannot live without. But if he is with you, if he believes in you, no matter how small you feel, somehow, you believe you can do what he asks, no matter how hard the task.

I believe my husband’s been called to lead in the times in which we live, times in which others might honestly faint. I have felt privileged, but also humbled, as I have sat at Andrew’s table, in

a sense, listened to his heart, and been privy to God's secrets, as well as to Andrew's heart. Though I don't think that he would say it of himself, I feel my husband was born to be a leader, and is a natural one. God's been preparing him, his entire life, to stand up, and to be someone who can lead, when others are not equipped. I'm the person who may be quiet at times, but then speak up when the time is right and I feel I have something to say. I have ministered to leaders, typically in private settings, often alongside my husband.

My path of preparation has been brutal, though not as long as my husband's. I consider myself to be Andrew's helper – not just as his partner in marriage, but a helper in his calling as well. When others abandoned him, I stayed. When people spread gossip and slander about him, I stood with him, even when it cost me greatly. The more I stood beside him, and forsook all else but God, the more I was included in that slander as well. When it began to cost those around me, especially close friends, most of them abandoned me as well.

Some people are born natural leaders. I was not. But I *was* born into hell, my training ground for a difficult calling. I just didn't realize it for some time. My life was like an imaginary world where the curtain is suddenly opened, and your eyes are opened to the dramatic difference between what you *thought* you knew, versus reality. I grew up in a world that didn't *feel* "safe," but I thought that I was raised by Christian parents. I was born in Indonesia, to parents who went there with the public understanding of being missionaries, but returned to the States when I was a baby. I was raised in the Church my whole life, the daughter of a Baptist counseling pastor. That's who I knew myself to be – a PK, or "preacher's kid," and the daughter of missionaries. Well, my story gets quite interesting, when the truth became my reality. There have been a great many "Goliaths" in my life, more than I could name or count. I have indeed been fighting a long time, not because I wanted to, but because it was necessary for my survival.

Many of those that the Church, today, respects, such as the patriarchs of the Bible, were not prepared in conventional ways. Jesus was not prepared in a conventional way. But many today forget that. And while I do value degrees and respect them, (and do feel to pursue a graduate degree in Bible), many of those who came forth, in Bible times, went through a wilderness time of preparation, and it was the wilderness that birthed who they were – in time spent alone with God. My husband and I have been in a wilderness for some time, him much longer than I. He went to seminary, but you will learn things in the wilderness that you won't learn from time in seminary. And it will likely cost you everything. I can honestly say that God tested me in the extreme, in ways that, if I were to share, some might be shocked. And when it's a test, you often won't know it's a test, or it won't facilitate what he intends to do in you. But, having gone through it, and looking back, I can honestly say that I came out better and stronger in the end, even though there were certain tests that I felt like I barely survived, which is not an exaggeration. I understand that God has his reasons to test people, especially if he is trusting them to represent him. Many people have failed him, in that respect.

But let me back up and tell some of my background. I was raised in Southern Illinois, not far from Saint Louis, and graduated from a large public high school. As a child, there were times I could be somewhat outgoing, but by junior high, I was extremely shy, and even had trouble speaking to people in what should have been normal situations. By the time I reached my teen years, I struggled in school, with difficulty concentrating. I was hardworking, even as a young

teen, occasionally painting houses with my dad, raking leaves or trimming bushes for neighbors, or babysitting. Just as I turned 16, I was hired on at a local fast-food place, working even during school months. My parents did not buy much for me, except the occasional pair of jeans, when they were absolutely needed. I worked hard and bought my own clothes. I also learned the benefit in thrift store and garage sale shopping, and found joy in finding nice clothes for a bargain – which felt a little like finding buried treasure. I worked full time in the summers, during high school, and college, doing various jobs – daycare, cashiering at a local grocery store, retail, housecleaning, a personal assistant to a disabled lady, etc.

I graduated high school in 2001, starting in the fall at a Christian university in Southern Missouri. While staying focused for extended periods was still a struggle, my hard work paid off. I had determined that, if I was going to take out loans to pay for school, I was not going to waste my money. I applied myself, graduating in 2005, a hair's breadth from honors, with a bachelor of science in commercial art, working full time and going to school full time, my senior year. I got a job doing graphic design for a local shop, and stayed there around three years.

My heart has always been to help others. I seriously considered leaving college before my degree was completed, to go help in an orphanage in India. Because I had a heart for people, and wanted to be doing something that felt like helping others, I eventually found sitting at a desk job, doing art on a computer, difficult, forty plus hours a week. Some part of me felt like there was more I should be doing, but I didn't really feel like I had a grasp on what that was. After graduation, I got involved doing youth ministry in a couple of local churches, something I always enjoyed, before later going to work in my denomination's children's home, as a live-in house parent for teenage girls, many of whom had behavioral issues.

But if you want to really understand me, you must understand the background from which I came. There were reasons for my struggles in school and for why I became very shy. I have realized, over time, that I'm not as shy as I used to believe. (And depending on when people met me, some may have seen me as friendly, even outgoing.) I was just very wounded. I've fought many battles to get to where I am, battles fought behind the scenes that most people didn't see.

In junior high, I had suicidal tendencies, and struggled with depression. I was normal; I was just subjected to so much trauma that it would be the natural reaction. Going through what I have has not made me weak, but done the opposite, and made me stronger. I have chosen to not let these things destroy me, but make me a better person, in the end. **I have always had a heart for people, but my experiences have given me greater compassion for others and for their pain and experiences.** We all have different stories and backgrounds, but everyone on earth has experienced pain. It is common ground, though our experiences may be very different.

There is great evil, in our nation, and beyond. And one of the ways they try to cover up that evil is by labeling anyone who comes forward to expose it as a “conspiracy theorist.” *I am not a conspiracy theorist*, but an eyewitness, God's witness to great evil. I also have been evaluated and treated as normal by those with the credentials to label me, which includes licensed professional counselors. In January of 2009, I learned that I had been subjected to countless horrors and severe trauma, but suppressed the memories. It is a documented fact that people can suppress memories and have them come to conscious awareness, later, in what feels like reliving

them, as though they have just happened. I was able to share, early on, with a respected professional counselor, some of my experiences, which included the memories, as well as the nature of how they surfaced, or came to conscious awareness. She believed me, and even validated that the types of memories and the ways they surfaced were similar to others she worked with, and she stated that she'd dealt with dozens of cases of abuse similar to mine.

I understand that many veterans who have experienced war-related trauma have been through similar experiences, where they can actually block the details of a memory, but have it return, in detail, in a "flashback," as though they were reliving it. It is extremely traumatic. But by God's grace and his hand on my life, I was finding peace and healing. Andrew was a large part of that healing, having walked with me through much, as friends, prior to us ever considering a dating relationship. And contrary to my fears of nobody wanting me, due to the extreme nature of the abuse, Andrew fell in love with me. He had been my best friend, and in many ways, he became like my knight in shining armor, rescuing the damsel in distress – me. But it wasn't exactly a fairytale. (More on that in my book!) Years later I can look back and clearly see that I fell in love with my best friend, and my best friend fell in love with me.

But as to my story, I learned that my mother was a closet Satanist with the façade, or cover story, of being a pastor's wife and former missionary, and she subjected me to countless horrors, all through childhood and beyond. Unfortunately, while my father appeared to start out as a victim, I would eventually learn that he joined in, and became a knowing Satanist as well. But he was an expert at appearing kind, and his role as a counseling pastor provided a perfect cover story. I was raped by more people than I can count – gang raped and used in horrific rituals, over, and over, and over again. But it's far worse than that.

I am an eyewitness; secret Satanists have invaded the Church, all over. But it's not just in the Church. They are also in the business world and education. They can be business owners, professors, leaders, as well as pastors, apparently upstanding citizens in your community. They look and seem like some of the kindest people, and are experts at perfecting their public personas, their cover story. God arranged my healing, with my permission, and it cost me everything. Walking through healing meant being put in countless trials (by my continued obedience) that pushed the feelings of fear and trauma to the surface, along with the memories. I had to choose to not run away, when running away from it would have been the most natural reaction. But now I am an eyewitness, and can come forward and not only expose what is going on, for the sake of protecting others, but defend God's good heart, when he judges this evil.

I say I can defend God's good heart because I know him, and I know his heart. I have witnessed him reach out, many times over, to secret Satanists, even with mercy and compassion. Most of them are brought into the cult as children, and as victims. But Satan also lures people in with illicit sexual pleasures, stolen from others, including from children. In the case of those who are knowing Satanists, there is a point where there is a conscious decision made, and a person chooses to become evil in the worst sense of the word, and capable of horrors that are unspeakable. That is what happens when people give themselves over to demons and to Satan.

People might picture someone that somehow *appears evil* to be involved in satanism, but it's far more complicated, and most of those involved do not appear evil to those even in their inner

circle. I believe many are lured in and get trapped, because they become sex addicts. Satanism offers them the appearance of “free sex,” but nothing is free in this world. There is always a price, especially eternally. I am an eyewitness, as a victim; countless people I never would have expected to do these kinds of horrific acts were involved. Even knowing the evil that they’ve done, God has reached out to them to repent and be forgiven. He has tried, again and again. And when loving mercy did not work, even after years of trying, he warned some of judgement coming, if they don’t repent. And then he gave them literally *years*, beyond the warnings, until he is completely justified to act. God’s love is incredible. He is even willing to forgive people for horrific acts. However, when they will not change or repent, and continue to harm children in horrific ways, and completely disregard any sense of morals, they will eventually pay for those sins.

Many don’t want to believe in a God who judges. But they don’t understand that he is acting to protect his children, and protect people all over the world. If you want a God who is loving and merciful, acting to protect the oppressed, you have to have a God who is also willing to judge evil people oppressing them, because it is the inseparable other side of the coin. People are being horrifically abused, all over, in secret. Under a certain age, children tend to suppress extreme trauma, just to survive. Satanists know this and take advantage of it, forcing people to suppress continued abuse for many years. God has waited many, many years, to finally act – showing far more mercy than people would think these perpetrators deserve, if they knew all of the details. He is far more merciful than people give him credit for.

I did not start out understanding judgement. God has led me on a path for well over 15 years, to learn and understand why he sometimes has no choice but to judge. But in all honesty, even in all that I know, it is still hard to separate the fact that I still love these people, even knowing the evil they have done, even to me. They can still be people who are easy to love, at least in the person they present themselves as being. This is why, when God judges people across the world in this widespread judgement, there will likely be difficult, mixed emotions. Some will lose those they loved and trusted, but find out later just how evil they really were.

Because of the evil that I was a witness to, it put me at risk of being killed. For some time, we were even in a state program that allows you to conceal your address, which was designed for those who are at risk of great harm.

Much like a husband in love with a wife, or a mom who loves her children, could hardly be expected not to talk about those they love, I find it impossible to tell my story without telling about the God who rescued me, and of my love for him. God has preserved my life and been everything to me. You don’t have to believe what I do. I respect that people don’t have the same beliefs and I respect the right of people to choose and have the freedom to choose. The founding fathers of our nation believed in the right to choose, as well, and not to force a religion upon all of the people.

But what else can I say about me? I am no history expert, but I enjoy learning in general and learning about people and the history of our nation, and the world. I always want to continue learning. I’ve read a wide variety of books, everything from accounts of Navy seals and respected military officers to political commentators, biographies of presidents and other leaders

of influence, histories of wars and those who led them, Christian history, etc. I am drawn to biographies of leaders who have made an impact, whatever their area of influence, in government, the military, the secular world, the Church, etc. I like to read about those who have overcome overwhelming odds, or simply stood up for something that mattered, even if it meant great cost. Sometimes, I just enjoy reading about where a person came from or hearing their stories. Reading, and sometimes watching documentaries, is a way I can learn more about others and their experiences, as well as learn about history. It is said that history repeats itself. I believe learning about history, especially as it pertains to government, is essential to protecting our freedoms today.

I am a wife, and a mom to two young kids, two roles I take seriously. While I haven't labeled myself a patriot, I realize now that I am, in that I care about this nation and the people in it, and I am willing to stand up and defend what matters. Freedom is not without cost, and there are those who have paid dearly for the freedoms our nation was founded upon – freedoms that we are at risk of losing today, as many have tried to take freedoms from the people, at an alarming rate. We will lose them, if more people don't see the risks, and become willing to step forward, at this time in history, when brave men and women are needed.

I know that my husband has a calling to eventually be in government. I support him completely, however I can, though I confess that I had no desire to be involved in politics. But when I see the rights of Americans being taken away, and much evil going on, and those who wish to take away our freedoms, I am on board, whatever the cost. I am not ignorant that there is a war in politics at a national level, a war for the heart and soul of America. We see everything from the media propaganda and woke junk being pushed, to so called "elites" who want to destroy this country, but present themselves somehow as the "good" guys. Anybody who wants power in government for any reason other than to help America, and the American people, should not be there. I know that there are a lot of people who have felt desperate, especially in recent years, having seen things go on in the country they never thought they would see. I still believe there is hope, and I hope my husband and I can be a part of giving people hope.

I am often a quiet observer, taking notice of the world around me. Many times, I can see the desperation when I look at people. People are searching, looking for hope, wanting to believe there is hope, but maybe not always sure if there really is, though we have seen much change that needed to happen that has already happened. I believe there is hope. I believe, I know, that God is there, that he loves people, that he cares, and that he wants to meet people where they are. It doesn't have to be in a church. And while we need leaders who are of moral substance in this nation (and around the world), and I hold a great deal of respect and gratitude for leaders who are fighting for the American people and against tyranny, what we need even more is God – not to put all of our hope into a leader, alone, but in God himself.

Every day, Andrew and I dedicate time to prayer and being attuned to whatever God wants. We believe he is speaking today, just as he did in Bible times. And, in the times in which we live, we seek to stay close to him, and be willing and able to hear. That takes considerable dedication to do. I pray that God gives me the grace to be whatever I need to be for the sake of others, whether it be in the Church, government, or another area. I may be just one person, but I believe that history has shown us that one person can make a big difference, if we would only be brave

enough to try. I hope and pray many more people will be inspired to be that one person to stand up and be brave enough to make a difference, whether it be a mom or dad in a local school, or in government, at a national level. May many more come forward to stand for what matters, and for freedom, to stand against tyranny and governmental overreach, even when there is a cost.

Join me, in exposing this stuff. There is always a cost to staying silent, and attempting to live in comfort, while freedoms are taken away, and evil advances. History would show us that the cost of silence, when evil is rising, can be fatal.

Now, God would have me share with you, from his heart:

Those you see that are judged, in the days ahead, are not what you see. They present themselves 'righteous,' holy, leaders, claiming to represent me. So many of them, so many of them, have been those you have trusted. I am sorry. It will hurt you, your heart, in a personal way. What you see, is me judging great evil, GREAT evil, not small sins. Horrific acts, rape, even of children, babies, the most innocent of humans. I am not a God that sits and looks for ways to judge. I am not harsh. I am kind, tender, loving, merciful. I have a heart, even for those that committed terrible evil. For some, I reached out many times. They have rejected me. They have continued their horrors, even against you – many of you.

Many of you will discover, in time, that those you thought you trusted, those you loved most dearly, were harming you, destroying you, deep down inside. It will create a whirlwind of emotions. I am so sorry. Please understand, I gave man a free will. I let him choose. He can reject me, choose evil. For that, dear child, I am sorry, for the pain many have caused. It is not my heart. When these things happen, it is not me judging for little sins. It is me judging for those who have raped even hundreds, or more. Once they start, they become what they hated.

I am trying to spare as many as I can from further pain, from mourning those that are secretly evil, for too long. You must know that I am merciful, and that I tried. They have rejected me, and my attempts at helping them. Satan has deceived many, lured them into evil, turned many against me. They will pay. Know this, they will pay. For those who know of evil perpetrators, may you find peace in their passing. For those who have yet to know that there are those in your circle who are evil, may you find peace in the words I am speaking. There IS hope. I am hope. I am here. And I am coming to relieve this horrible wickedness. Hang on to me. Talk to me. I am here.