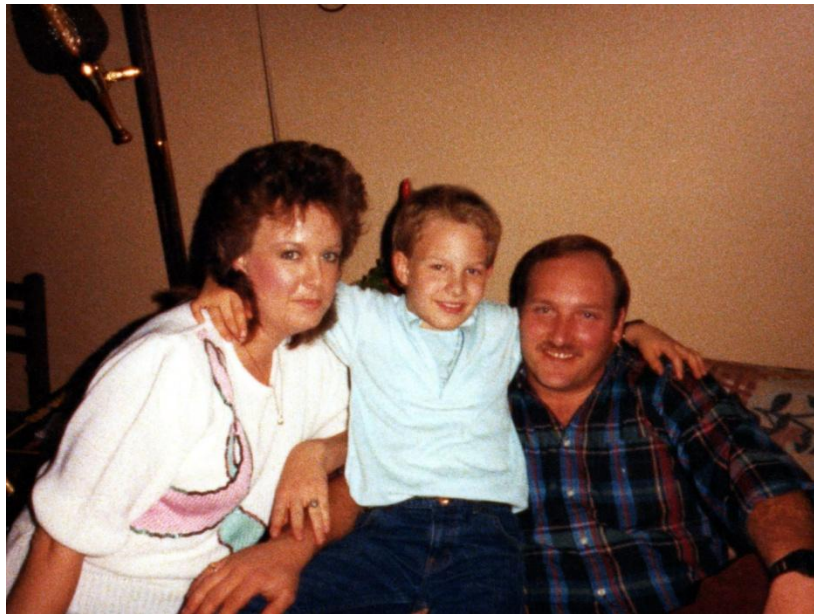


I was the only child of Ronald and Darlene Hull. We were a happy family, living out our life as most families do.



On July 17, 1988 my life was dramatically changed forever. My parents and I were on our way home from a visit with my grandmother, when a gunman named Michael Hayes interrupted our trip home that night. My family was the last victims of a shooting spree that left four dead, and five wounded. It happened on Old Salisbury Road in Winston Salem NC. I hopelessly watched as the gunman shot and killed my father, wounded my mother, and then turned the gun at me. The gunman fired and missed me as he was shot and taken down by officers. He lived and latter was found not guilty by reason of insanity. He was sentenced to live at a mental hospital until deemed sane. As of May 14, 2010 He was released and today is a free man!

My mom was shot with one 22 caliber bullet. The bullet entered her left arm as she crouched for cover, traveling through her upper torso exiting her chest, ricocheted off her neck, re-entered the right side of her chest and lodged in her right arm, shattering the bone. The bullet is still there today!



My mom with her wounds.



Her bruised right arm where the bullet lodged.

As a child I developed Post Traumatic Stress Disorder due to the trauma I endured. For 16 years I coped with the symptoms of PTSD. Visiting numerous Psychiatrists & Psychologists, taking several medications, and making every attempt to have a normal life, nothing worked. I even tried harder illegal drugs to help me ignore the empty void I had inside of me. I seemed happy to those who knew me, but I was tormented on the inside with hatred, grief, fear, and un-forgiveness. There was a void that I thought could only be filled once I had kids of my own, and got to be the father my dad never had the chance to be. When I married my wife, she had a 5 year old girl, and on our honeymoon she conceived twin boys. So I went from single to a family of five in a matter of nine months.

When I held my twins for the first time I was overwhelmed with joy but the void still present, even in the mits of that joy! This life changing event caused me to have a major relapse of PTSD and I had to go back on medications. By the time my twins were three weeks old, I over dosed on the prescription medication I was taking at the time. My wife could not raise three children and worry about me all at the same time! I was a mess and it was too much for her to bare! I was sent home to my mom and step father to detox. It brought me to complete desperation to rid myself of this burden! Michael Hayes had busted up my family 16 yrs prior to this relapse and here I was yet again losing my new family due to PTSD. All because of one man's actions! I was broken, it was at this point I surrendered, and I was miraculously delivered. It has been 8 years now, and I have had no symptoms of PTSD at all. It is gone along with the grief, fear, and un-forgiveness! I have been free from all medications! And the void, well it was the empty place in my spirit that longed for God. Only he could fill it. I know

*what being made whole truly means now. In this eight year period I have been growing with
God as he reveals more of himself to me and more of who he made me to be;*

The New Me, The Delivered Me