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SHOOTING
for Women
ALLIANCE

Women
of a
DIFFERENT
CALIBER

An Inspirational True Story

Held Hostage At Home

In 1992, I was held hostage in my home at knife point for five and a half hours. There were no police to protect me. I was left to fend for myself and it was a horrendous experience that would change my life forever.

Upon returning home from dinner one cold and gloomy evening, I drove my sports car into my garage looking forward to enjoying an evening curled up with a good book. I never anticipated what would happen next as I closed the garage door with the remote and stepped out of my car.

I felt a hand grab my arm and would have fainted if not for the excruciating pain and confusion. Startled and shaking from fear, I recognized the man's face; but the look in his eye and his determination to never let me go free was beyond comprehension. We had rekindled a friendship from many years past, and now he had become more possessive and jealous of my work and my friends than I could bear. I had broken off the friendship with him, but apparently he was not done with me. The next five and a half hours became a fight for my life . . . no police protection, no one close enough to hear my bloodcurdling screams . . . and I had no gun!

My house was three stories tall and sat far off the main road on a number of acres with woods on three sides that provided privacy that I then I wished did not exist! He drug me up the stairs to the main level of the house, cussing, squeezing, shoving and threatening me. When I tried to talk with him, he yelled, "Shut up!" He seemed possessed with a demonic glare in his eyes that I had never seen. I backed up, slowly at first and then running when I could to a different room to try to put space between us.

During the altercation, and with a knife in my face, I was thrown on the floor, my hand slammed in a drawer, my hair pulled, my body kicked, and my sanity tested. What had I done to deserve this? It was beyond me. I always considered myself to be smarter than average, strong emotionally and physically, and able to take care of myself. How did I get into this situation? And, worse yet, how was I going to survive?

When he told me to "stay put" while he went to the bathroom, I ran for the phone on the main level in the kitchen and dialed "911" . . . no one answered! He was so furious, he broke the phone cord in half with his bare hands and then tore the phone out of the wall! It took a long time, with me pleading and begging and trying to talk with him, until he would back off from me enough until I could breathe. According to him, he did not want to hurt me . . . yeah right! I used his feelings for me [even if they were unrealistic] to keep myself from being stabbed to death.

Trying to think of any way possible to make a break for the front door, I acted as if

I was choking, coughing as hard as I could, and appearing limp and beaten, until he decided to get me something to drink. I made a break for the front door, got it unlocked, my heart pounding, and took off as fast as I could run on shaky legs and numb nerves down the hill toward the street. I never looked back.

It was raining, and cold, and combined with the tears on my face, I had a hard time seeing where I was running. The air smelled great . . . something I feared I would never enjoy again . . . and the thought of getting away was priceless! Halfway down the hill, I was jerked to reality by my attacker. He dragged me up the hill, kicking and screaming; and no one heard my call for help! Once back in the house, I was beaten again, and exhausted with fear, I was locked in the house and the knife back in my face. I knew I would not get that chance again, nor would I try to run like that again or I would die.

More time passed, more threats, more cussing, more pleading, more chaos. My clothes soaking wet, I managed to get him to allow me to change into an old pair of flannel pajamas that were in the bathroom on the main level. I was drier but still shivering uncontrollably. He was wearing a heavy gold watch on his wrist, and at some point, he yanked it off, and crushed it to pieces in his fist! I never knew if he was on drugs during the ordeal, but I did not smell any alcohol on him. I just looked at the glass face of the watch, the broken band, and the tiny pieces that had fallen to the floor and sobbed. I felt like that watch; but wanted more time to live! What happened in the next hour and a half blows my mind.

He felt he had whipped me to submission and let me move slowly around the house. I picked up the telephone in the kitchen that he had destroyed and slowly reached up to unplug the broken line from the wall jack hoping to open up the line to other phone extensions in the house . . . if I could only try 911 again! He looked down at the phone in my hand for a moment and I was successful! I quickly continued to back away from him into the dining room and then into the living room. He followed my every movement, with a knife pointed toward me. I managed to make my way upstairs to my bedroom where the other phone was located. I collapsed on the bed, shaking and praying in my heart that God would spare me from this nightmare, while my attacker stood over me with the darkest eyes and spirit you could imagine. I pulled a loose blanket over my shaking body and tried to think how I could call 911 again. I trusted God my whole life, with my earliest memory being on my knees praying beside my bed asking Him to give me a teddy bear at the age of two. God had answered that prayer, many years later, with my acceptance of Jesus as my Savior; and now, I needed my Savior to save me from this demon. But I needed help fast as I was at my wits end!

Photo is for illustration purposes only



Then, with a renewed clarity of mind, I made up a story to get him to leave the room, "Oh no, the garage door never locked, someone could get in and find us!" He looked puzzled and then as if remembering that it had all started in the basement, he agreed that he should go lock the door! Whew, my heart was pounding, this was the first time in five hours that he moved away from me! He stopped at the door, and my heart stopped too. "I am not going to leave you," he said almost in a whisper.

Then, unbelievably, he turned, told me to, "Stay put!", and hurried down the stairs toward the basement three floors down. I jumped from under the blanket, grabbed the phone on the night stand and dialed 911! It rang once, rang twice, rang again! I heard him running back up the stairs, two at a time, screaming, "you tricked me, you tricked me!" I threw the phone under the bed, and for the first time the whole night, ran as fast as I could toward him and away from the phone!

Meeting him at the top of the stairs, I startled him. He was looking up at me, and I was shaking and crying. His demeanor changed, he put his arm around me and led me down the stairs. I was going to wet myself right there! All I could say was, "please, help me, I have to go to the bathroom!" We made our way down the stairs to the bathroom near the foyer on the main level. We were away from the phone under the bed, and I could not stop peeing as he stood over me with the knife and a Christian authored book. Where it came from I have no idea! He was jabbing the knife blade to circled red-markings on pages in the book stating, "look here, God does not care if I kill you! Everyone is a sinner!" He ripped the shirt he was wearing wide open! I kept peeing, my head in my hands and my wits gone!

Then abruptly he left me the bathroom! Where was he going? Oh my, the phone! I jumped up and ran after him. He was in the foyer. He raised the knife above his head, ready to lunge toward me. He turned off the light and screamed, "we both are gonna die now!" Behind him I saw blue lights, the police, they were here! 911 must have sent them! I started talking fast, "You are in trouble now! Look, the police are here! They have come to get you!" When he turned and looked out the window, I ran for the back door! Shaking, I opened it, ran across patio at the back of the house, opened the fence gate, ran down the steps to the deck on the side of the house, down more steps, to the driveway! There was a police car in the driveway!

It was cold, misty rainy, and foggy. The police car was a "K-9" vehicle and the driver's window was open! Where was the officer? Better yet, where was the DOG! It was like a horror movie and I had the leading role that I did not want! Trying to keep what little sanity I had, I listened in the still air, my heart pounding and my legs weak. There were voices coming from the front of the house . . . it was HIS voice, and an officer talking!

More police cars were coming up the long driveway as I made my way to the base of the steps that wound up to the front of the house. I was stunned. Standing in the doorway, acting like he belonged there, my attacker was calmly explaining to the police officer that HE was the one who had called 911! He was lying and I could not open my mouth! I was standing on the steps on the way up to the front porch, in my pajamas, in shock! The officer looked my way for a moment, and apparently BELIEVED him! Of course, I looked DAZED! The next thing I saw was my attacker carrying a little bag I did

not recognize and he was walking past me down the stairs, down the driveway past more police officers, and along the road! I was speechless!

The front door still open, the officer walked down the stairs past me as well, without even a look my way. I cried out, "Hey, what about me?" The officer never looked back. All but one of the other officers who had started up the steps after me had already turned and went back to their cars. I was standing there in the dark, cold, rainy, in the wee hours or the morning, outside, with my pajamas on! One officer turned back and came toward me up the stairs. He handed me a business card. On it he wrote the words, "victim advocacy program" and told me to call the sheriff on Monday to see if they would give me special permission to carry a gun for protection, "you may need it!" I stared blankly at him, thankful that he was even talking to me, and mumbled some words of appreciation. He left.

I watched him walk down the steps toward his car, the blue lights still flashing. The other officers and their vehicles, gone. I never did see a dog. I walked back into my house, closed and locked the door, went to the back door, locked it, and climbed the stairs to my bedroom. The phone was still off the hook, under the bed. I hung it up and put it back on my night stand. I crawled under all the covers and lay there thinking, "it is two days until Monday . . ."

It was after three o'clock in the morning, I picked up the phone to call my family. My father's wife answered the phone and before I could explain, there was a banging on the back door! "Let me in, I won't hurt you! Just let me in." Trying to stay calm, I hung up and called 911 and stayed under the covers. This time the operator answered and talked with me until police officers arrived. It was a different officer than either of the two I had seen up close. My attacker was scared off by the blue lights, and I packed an overnight bag, took my little dog with me, and while the officer watched, I left the house in my sports car, still in my old flannel pajamas, to stay in a hotel 20 miles away.

My attacker would evade arrest and stalk me for two years, before he passed away suddenly in 1998. Because of the actions of the over-zealous rookie officer (who it turns out was OFF-DUTY when he arrived first on the scene), that responded to the 911 call made from the phone under the bed, and no police report being written by the officer, my attacker would get away with the assault at trial because "there was insufficient evidence to sustain a conviction!" It made no difference to me that I could have sued the police department . . . I had survived the attack and no conviction would take away the memory. Luckily, the sheriff did train me and let me carry a gun for personal protection before there were carry permits.

Then, if the excitement of the last hours was not enough, I had to sneak my little dog into the hotel with me trying to be calm and cool as I checked in. After asking for a room on the backside of the building where my car would not be noticed, I went to my room. When I opened the door, a man's voice said, "Hey, who are you?! Get out!" Yep, I lost it! After almost wetting my pants a second time that night, I excused myself and went back to the office with my dog in my arms demanding another room. After multiple apologies from the clerk, I collapsed in a different room and slept for 13 hours.

The next morning, I looked in the telephone book for the “victim advocacy program” listing and THAT page was already torn out of the book! Someone else who had been in that same room needed them too! The entire experience changed my life forever.

A few days later, I met with the sheriff and explained what had happened and the recommendation of the city police officer that I be permitted to carry a gun for protection. It is a fact that when crime occurs, it is very unlikely that a police officer will be there to protect you . . . sadly, you are left to defend yourself against attackers when you least expect it! Thankfully, the sheriff felt I would be worthy of having “special deputy status” and I was required to receive handgun training by the instructor that trained officers, to qualify at the range, and to carry liability insurance in case you act inappropriately or are involved in a shooting to protect the sheriff’s department from liability as well . . . and at his suggestion, I went to find a revolver.

In 1992 the “carry permit” program did not yet exist. As a state certified handgun instructor today, students that take my class are only required to qualify at three yards, 5 yards and 7 yards. When I had to qualify for special deputy status, it was required that I shoot well at twenty-five yards with the actual hand gun I would be carrying for personal protection. My choice then, and still carry it some today, is my all steel five-shot Lady Smith 38 revolver with a snub nose, two-and-an-eighth inch barrel.



Susan illustrates what happens when you “pull” the trigger to fire the gun [low spread shots], rather than “squeezing” it back in a smooth continuous motion [shots go in the same hole].

(I had the barrel ported [holes cut to allow pressure out of the end of the barrel which helps reduce recoil], changed the trigger and and night sights added that glow in the dark. There have now been more than a million rounds shot thru my gun without a single malfunction, which is why I trusted my life to my little S&W!)

When I showed up at the range to qualify with some other officers, I was warned by the range safety officer that it was virtually impossible to qualify at twenty-five yards with a snub nose gun . . . no police officers he knew had done it! Well, that made me really confident . . . not! However, I just HAD to qualify with my trusted little gun . . . my life was at stake! I had been practicing, it showed, and the rest is history.

Thankfully, I never had to use deadly force to protect myself, but I am so thankful that the sheriff gave me the opportunity to do so in the event it was ever necessary. I am an avid believer that “until you are actually faced with the need to use deadly force to protect yourself or a loved one, you will NEVER know if you will be able to pull the trigger.” Even having experienced being a victim of life threatening violence without a break for 2 years, 5 1/2 hours, I will never know for sure if I would have pulled the trigger; but at the time, I desperately deserved the option. It is very important that you are trained and that you practice regularly if you want to increase the odds you will prevail. It will be too late to learn while defending yourself. Carrying a firearm for personal protection is NOT a license to kill . . . it is an effective technique to stop a deadly threat.

Having survived the incident, I was asked to appear on a local radio talk show and tell others what had happened to me. At the time, I was the only guest that had ever aired where NO listeners called in to ask questions until AFTER the show ended. People were left seemingly as speechless as I was when the officer left me standing in the dark without even looking back. Although the TV personalities and media-types were interested in talking with me, that did nothing to help catch the man at large. After an internal investigation by the city police officials, I was merely told that they had no record of the incident, even if there was a recorded call to 911 by me and a previous anonymous call, too. The chief also indicated to me that they would not admit that it had anything what-so-ever to do with my alleged attack, but that there had since been a female officer that was assigned work on domestic violence issues.

I did what I could to reach out to women to share what had happened in my case, and emphasized the importance of demanding that a police report be taken at the time, if an officer does not offer to write one themselves. It NEVER occurred to me that I would NEED to initiate documentation of the attack by way of a police report! I thought that is what police did as a required part of their job. The fact remains, that because the off-duty rookie cop had acted inappropriately, the police department did not want to accept the responsibility until they were forced to explain some 18 months after the fact when I discovered the true problem. By then, it was too late for my case.

At the time, I was in the advertising and marketing business. I had a staff that stepped up to the task of helping me develop a program I called “Voices of Experience.” The program was a database “matching” system of attacks of violence against women (and men) so when someone who had just experienced an act of violence, they could be able to anonymously talk with someone who had survived a similar situation to get encouragement in a time of grief from what we called, “a voice of experience.” The free service was well received and run by my company until our business shifted from client advertising accounts to a national publishing firm. No program like it exists now.

During the first years after the attack, I tried to keep a positive attitude and applied my energy toward helping rather than hiding. Thanks to the sheriff, I had become more proficient with firearms which gave me the added sense of security I needed to live my life without overwhelming fear. I did not announce to the world that “I had a gun” or that I always had it ready. Most importantly, I did not choose to become a fanatic about firearms, paranoid about the need to protect myself and others from violence of many types, or end up hating and fearing men in general. Ironically, I also approach

my love of the Lord and reliance on the Bible in a similar way. It is important to who I am but I do not feel the need to preach it to others; and hopefully I live the walk without just talking the talk and others see Jesus (and my respect for firearms) in me.

I remember one day when one of my employees was leaving work for the day, I heard her screaming as if she was being attacked. When I looked outside to see what was the matter, she pointed frantically at a big snake in the gravel in front of her car. I quickly stood on the upper deck and told her to run over it with her car. She tried several times, turning in circles over the snake to no avail. She jumped out of the car and ran for higher ground beside me. I asked her to wait there and keep her eyes on that snake . . . I don't like snakes either! When I returned with my 22 rifle [that must have looked to her like an automatic oozy, all black with a large magazine that hangs way down below the stock of the gun] she shrieked! I told her to stand behind me, and then I put 3 out of 4 shots in the snake at 30 yards. She was so elated, she yelled, "I did not know you could shoot a gun! You are a legend in your own time!" It made us both laugh, as I assured her perhaps I was only a legend in her own mind! Two days later, when her boyfriend stopped by to take her to dinner, he waved a white hanky out of the window before getting out of his car. We all laughed wildly, and I promised to take them to a friend's farm and shoot some cans off the fence posts . . . that's where I learned to shoot! (BTW, snakes usually live/travel in pairs I later learned . . . and I never did see the other one . . . so we never went in that area in flip-flops!)

Later, I also became a shotgun and rifle instructor, and as time when on, I really began to enjoy shooting clay pigeons. Look closely below and you will see that after two guys missed the bird, I shattered it and it was caught on film with a fast camera trigger pull!! What fun it is to out-shoot the guys!

(Of course we were using environmentally-friendly non-lead, ammo over the water!)

Be sure to check out our website under "about us" for more stories of interest!



Shooting for Women and the Alliance

I did not start SFW magazine or build the alliance because I had been a victim and felt the need to arm a lot of women and a few good men.

It was almost a decade later before I was led toward the mission of the “softer-side-of-shooting” society.

I kept my special deputy status until handgun carry permits were offered to the general public. Then, I was required to take a class and qualify at the range from a local firearms instructor that was state certified. After successful completion of the course requirement, I began to explore more about the FFL holders and shooting ranges in my local area. Ultimately, because of my marketing and consulting business, I was given the opportunity to work with a family-owned firearms retail store and indoor shooting range that also did on-site gunsmithing and firearms instruction. Working daily with that client for a few years, introduced me to the manufacturers, distributors, and industry related professionals and associations nationwide . . . they too would have a great impact on my life.

In 1997, when I became more involved in the shooting industry, it was clear to me that women who enjoyed the shooting sports found themselves in a man’s world, wearing men’s hunting clothes, shooting vests, and shooting whatever guns the men had in their collection. But, women were GOOD at it, even with the need to improvise with the opposite sex’s gear! I was also quite uncomfortable as I visited many shooting facilities, when women were ignored as viable customers and looked upon more as eye-candy for wall posters and publications that wanted to sell guns. Foul language, poorly lit gun stores and indoor shooting ranges offering military modus operandi made even walking into some places undesirable. Many women were often given handguns to shoot that were too big for their smaller framed hands, virtually impossible to operate due to insufficient finger and hand strength and required complicated disassembly. Sadly, they lacked an understanding of truly what women want.

I really enjoyed working with that family-owned business who actually had women on staff and men who were interested in meeting the needs of what was then, and is still today, the fastest growing segment of the market . . . women and youth. Bob Soldivera, a long-time Crossman representative said it best, “If mama is afraid of guns, guns go out the door, even if their husbands have been champion shooters. The key is to get mom to learn to shoot, and she will not only out shoot the guys, but will be the one

A few years ago, I joined a local adult air pistol team that was started by our good friend, Mary Furr (Junior Olympic Shooting Coach and youth shooting sports mentor to many). I really enjoyed making new friends and my teammates but could not ultimately participate in the end due to the pressures of my business at the time. I loved shooting my customized Crossman air pistol and appreciated the reasonable cost of the gear that allowed me to enjoy the sport! My Crossman jewels are great varmint deterrents as well! The most beneficial thing I learned from this shooting experience was the real difference a minute change in foot placement has on your score!



taking the family to the range!" Bob is still one of my most favorite mentors!

For a short time, because I had good relationships with much of the industry, and my publishing company did advertising sales in other venues, I agreed to help a shooting-related women's publication sell advertising after the loss of one of their reps. I had not spent a lot of time reading publications that offered information about the shooting sports, but began to discover that there needed to be a national high-quality, cosmopolitan type publication geared more toward the "softer-side-of-shooting" that would highlight products and services that passed the "what women really want" test and would offer educational and motivational information that would get women more involved in all the shooting industry had to offer. When I offered my suggestions of increased circulation and a softer presentation to the Editor, sadly, they were not very well received.

It did not take too long, until my marketing moxie got the best of me and I launched, Shooting for Women, the magazine that set the standard for the softer-side-of shooting. After three years of distribution, the sale of the Women's Shooting Sports Foundation's membership to the National Wild Turkey Federation, and the continued male undertones of the then brand new National Rifle Association's women-oriented publication, ladies began to come to me asking if Shooting for Women could sponsor some seminars that were truly women-sensitive for new shooters and a place where more seasoned lady shooters could share their experiences. The idea was appealing to me, as well as many of the industry supporters of Shooting for Women.

Within less than a year, our 501(c)3 non-profit organization, Shooting for Women Alliance was formed to motivate and educate women and youth worldwide toward all the shooting sports and personal protection have to offer. The very first ever shooting related national conference especially for women took place in Nashville, TN in the spring of 2004. There were celebrities and their families who attended, industry professionals, nationally renowned competition shooters, and women from all parts of the country who spent Easter weekend together learning, experiencing, and sharing stories, information, techniques, and yes, even gourmet game cooking recipes in the Country Music capitol of the US. It was quite an experience! The Governor made SFWA

a welcome video and the national news ran a trailer on the bottom of the screen that read "Hundreds of women come to Nashville to attend a national shooting convention just for ladies!" Our second SFWA national conference was held with our signature events and seminars on and off the range in Phoenix, AZ, a year later.

Through my multiple years of service on the Board of the Hollywood Celebrity Shoot, I learned that no matter what your profession may be, the shooting sports break the barrier between people who otherwise may never have become acquaintances, and builds life-long friendships. I will never forget the first time I was asked to shoot clays on a celebrity team. I had owned a shot gun for years (and rifles and handguns as well) but I had NEVER shot at a moving target! So, I visited with our local clay shooting guru, Mike Luethke, president of the Volunteer Rifle and Pistol Club, and he taught me everything I needed to know to survive in a celebrity clays competition: "No matter whether you hit the target or not, you need to look good doing it!" He helped me with my stance, and to acquire the flying target. I will never forget the first time I shouted, "pull" . . . I never even saw the bright orange bird fly by! Worse yet, I was a week away



Ted Nugent and his wife Shemane are avid supporters of women's involvement in the shooting sports and have been featured in Shooting for Women in multiple issues. I will never forget the first time I met Shemane, she and I talked at length about how the industry really needed more women-specific clothing lines and other products; she is truly one of the pioneers for women and shooting!



Renowned Actor, avid shooter, and all around wonderful woman, Leslie Easterbrook (widely recognized for her role in Police Academy's series of films), surprised me with a video her husband shot of her with a special spontaneous spoken message for our SFWA conference attendees, and an acapella, solo performance singing the National Anthem on her Hollywood balcony . . . wow! It set the opening stage for the conference, brought tears to my eyes and joy to my heart. What friends the shooting industry has given me!
[Visit mysfw.com to view the video]

I was presented with an honorary USA Shooting Team shooting vest, while participating on the celebrity team in 2003, it sure helped!



from boarding the airplane to Hollywood, when he laughingly demonstrated breaking a clay by shooting with the shotgun from behind his back! (Later I learned myself how easy it is to break a clay from the low house right out of the thrower. But at the time he sure showed me I had some practicing to do!) Since then, I have become a shotgun instructor myself, increased my collection of shotguns, and have enjoyed meeting many people who share the same joy of shooting clay targets that I do! I have been honored to have met some really talented young lady shotgun shooters who have a special place in my heart, including Kim Rhode (five-time Olympic medalist), Susan Shepherd and the late Jamie Riggs.

After the first conference, the alliance gained momentum. After all, what can have more fire power than a bunch of ladies who hangout at a pajama party, getting to shoot all calibers of guns, learning to cook wild game and ultimately want to know more about shooting! Ladies, youth, and yes, even men, are members of Shooting for Women Alliance. Since then, SFWA continues to hold conferences for women, and the men they bring with them, with SFWA's signature events that are designed to help civilians increase the odds they will prevail in a self defense encounter with techniques that are designed for civilians [who will most likely be ambushed] rather than using military and law enforcement style training that are not real life reality for civilians.

Shooting for Women went from 48-pages to a whopping 128-page publication that was being sent to women as far away as Canada! While planning the next city that would welcome Shooting for Women Alliance's national conference, I received some life threatening news. Some of the kids that I had been working with at the local YMCAs over the summer [as part of a children's puppet ministry I developed, Backyard Adventures in Christ with Wilson and the Praise Pals] had been insisting answers to clarify when girls got Adam's apples. There was a large lump in my throat that was quickly diagnosed as cancer. The "C" word was not new to my immediate family, but I had no warning, nor did I ever see or feel the lump until the kids cared enough to notice. It was aggressive and malignant, and had to come out.

Because my mother had died the year before and I had taken on the care of my dad who was suffering from vascular dementia [who could not know I had cancer due to his fragile mental state], I chose to put the brakes on everything I had worked at over the last decade. No more publishing, no more kids ministry, no more marketing and consulting business, no more anything . . . except surviving a totally different life threatening attack. The great news, God healed me. [That is another inspirational story; no remission, gone forever.] But, I was tired and unable to work under the level of stress to which I had become accustomed.

Within a few weeks of my surgery, an attorney friend asked me to come to their office and help out because they had lost two long time employees in the same week. That was in the fall of 2005, and since then, God changed my life again! My dad passed away in late summer of 2006. Working in the legal profession, I developed paralegal skills, earned the rare accreditation of CBA from the Nat'l Ass'n of Judicial Assistants, and used my extensive business background to help multiple attorneys meet the needs of their clients. Ultimately, I returned to business and marketing consulting for exclusive clients and still do consulting occasionally.

However, my love of helping empower others toward personal safety has remained strong. I ultimately decided to take the steps necessary to get my firearms instructor credentials and become state certified to teach the handgun carry class. As of 2018, I had taught more than 100,000 women [and a few good men] civilians certified full-day handgun classes via Shooting for Women Alliance through a cooperative effort at the most popular BassPro shop in the country. Many of my good friends have volunteered to help with the classes [filling out the paperwork, helping on the range, and doing whatever they can to help SFWA maintain a 5-star rating with the state]. Notably, with

the ongoing support of volunteers, past students, businesses and organizations who believe in the mission of Shooting for Women Alliance, we have offered by invitation only, SFWA Master Instructor Credentials including more than 10 different full length handgun and self protection civilian oriented SFWA University exclusive curriculum courses that are specifically designed to help increase the odds of prevailing in a self defense encounter. Plus, SFWA has taught thousands of kids [ages 6 and up] firearms safety and how to shoot well with SFWA's Firearms Safety Course for the entire family.



Exclusive Real Life Training



SFWA was the 1st civilian entity that teamed up with a state-of-the-art simulator manufacturer to offer training with one-of-a-kind scenarios that accompany SFWA exclusive courses offered to SFWA Instructors! And although SFWA has offered online certified courses for carry permits to women for a few years, we are the 1st national training entity to offer our complete library of courses to civilians online with a real-time live instructor that works directly with our students virtually [not just video training] to meet their individual goals. These courses are also offered by donation.



HANDGUN CARRY PERMIT ONLINE COURSE

Civilian Scenarios by SFWA



Even though I am an expert shooter, it has never been about what I can do; it is what I can teach others to teach others to do. SFWA Master instructors are trained to teach students to put their bullet in the hole made by other students on 1 target!



5 Shots in 1 Hole
9mm at 21 Feet
Strong Hand Only



SFWA does not sell products or offer support for a fee. SFWA has consistently provided Truth in Training® and put products to the test in the civilian world to help increase the odds you will prevail in a self defense encounter. SFWA recognized the issues volunteer security teams face daily and held the 1st ever such symposium that would offer answers for actively working civilian teams where churches of varying denominations came together to learn from each other. In the midst of the pandemic, SFWA continued to refine Church Security Team Symposium roundtable events that do more than only present options; the teams draw on the experience of other working security teams to fine tune what works for civilian volunteers in their local houses of worship. The result is effective affordable training for all.



Rick [retired FBI] and SFWA team up to offer Church Security Teams nationwide virtual training!

As the years have progressed, I have tried my best to give back to the industry that has given me so much. In 2015, SFWA introduced the LADIES CHOICE AWARDS given to manufacturers of products that have earned the “softer-side-of-shooting” seal of approval for being what women want. Shooting for Women is available again as an eZine publishing special editions, Shooting for Women Alliance offers added Women of A Different Caliber Training Related Membership benefits and is in its’ thirteenth year of providing FREE handgun carry classes to women (and men who bring a woman) by the thousands . . . all on a donation basis.

My desire to be involved in the shooting industry and to enjoy all that the shooting sports have to offer in quality of life, competition, and peace of mind, may have been introduced to me because of a life threatening attack; but, my love for helping the “softer-side-of-shooting” benefit from all that firearms offer, comes from the thrill of seeing someone break their first clay bird, hit their first bulls-eye, take apart and put back together their first firearm, out shoot a guy, and/or walk their path in life knowing they have taken the steps necessary to know how to defend themselves and their loved ones from serious bodily injury or worse, death, by the hand of an attacker. I had often wondered what the sheriff, who has since retired to a warmer climate, would think of what has turned into a national support outlet for women, because he trusted a frightened young woman to carry a firearm for protection. We need more good men like him, our instructors, volunteers, and all those who have touched the lives of girlfriends, daughters, moms, wives, and others in a positive way through safe firearm ownership and the introduction to the abundance of joy that the shooting sports can bring to a person’s life!

There are tons of great memories through the years and enjoyment of helping women be able to take control of their own safety. Plus, some fun stories, too! Like the time I just had to test what I had learned from the officer

who first trained me in the use of a handgun at the sheriff’s office in 1992 out in the field . . .



In 2011, I attended the NRA’s range conference in Jefferson City, MO to learn more about building and operating indoor and outdoor shooting ranges. I have since been involved in the development of a few ranges using my extensive knowledge of “what women want” to ensure the enjoyment of the facilities by the “softer-side-of-shooting” society! The 1st Family Fun Indoor Range opened in 2013.



Roundtable training events have been a favorite of mine through the years.

... I was looking for directions to a theatre a few towns away from my home when I came upon a group of uniformed officers walking thru a field at the side of the road. Their backs were to me and they were about 20 feet away from each other. Before I knew it, I yelled in a strong voice, "Stop, Freeze, Susan, special deputy, Knox County Sheriff's Department!" IT WORKED, they ALL froze! Then, giggling, I said it was "OK to turn around". THANK GOODNESS they saw the humor in it, because at that time my liability insurance wasn't required anymore. They asked if "Kojak" (nickname) had trained me ... apparently he was known for giving fellow officers a hard time, too. I got my directions, and for a very long time, NEVER told anyone I had done something so crazy! What was I thinking? They were in the process of a drug bust, a field away. Whew!

Without the help of volunteers like "the Bobbies" below, and the support of the shooting sports and personal protection industry, ladies would never know the benefits that SFWA has been able to offer ... thanks again!



Mark and Christina Andrews
Volunteer Instructors Since 2014

Remember, guns don't kill people ... bad people, hurt people. SAFE firearm operation is always the first lesson and is most important. We encourage you to take a trip to the range with someone you care about and pass on the joy of responsible firearms ownership to others. It may even help save a life one day.

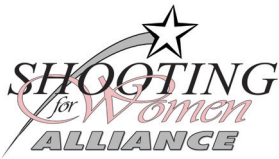


I couldn't resist a shot at the target below after three guys at the other end of the range tried to hit the crosshair! Rob had to snap the results with his phone camera after my shot landed closest to the "x" at 15 yards! Of course, you can't see the bruise on my forehead under my bangs from the recoil!





SUSAN CARRICHER ROMANOV



Our mission to to arm a lot of women, and a few good men!



Vladimir & Susan Romanov "Being held hostage in my home at knife-point and stalked by a man that evaded arrest for two years, (more than 29 years ago) invaded my privacy and kept me living in fear until he passed away suddenly in 1998." This vignette of the experience and what transpired afterward is a true story written as an inspiration for all women who want to live their life knowing they can enjoy the path they choose, without fear, even in a world of hate and jealousy.

"Vladimir and I work hand-in-hand everyday to fulfill the mission God has given us to do together. We are blessed to be able to share His miracles in our lives with the many thousands of people who trust SFWA for training; but, most importantly, that each person's life is worth saving, because they are loved, too!" SFWA's civilian training and mindset is based on what prepares us to defend our life because we each only have one to live, and it should not be lived in fear. Susan's first-hand real life civilian experience reveals truth: civilians will be ambushed, will not have backup, and will need the skills to survive. Join us!

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WDC members get FREE access to all SFWA training courses, and much more!



Become a Certified SFWA Master Instructor that is "softer-side-of shooting" sensitive!

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Free Handgun Carry Class For Women and Men Who Bring a Woman Visit MySFWA.com to register!



Register to receive your SFW eZine subscription today!



SFWA's home is the only range in the USA designed specifically for women, their friends and family!



Men are welcome, too!



Visit us on Facebook and meet thousands of new friends!

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