

My name is Stephanie I am 42 years old. I grew up in a loving, Christian home. We were very active in church. I was the oldest of 4 having 2 brothers and a sister. Our home was very peaceful and orderly.

When I was 10, I was molested by a church members son. I became confused, doubtful of God, and preoccupied with anything of a sexual nature. I felt alone and different. My self-esteem and self-worth suffered and diminished every year after that. I became sexually active in my teens and experimented with pot and alcohol. I was constantly sneaking out and running away.

By age 20 I was married to an abusive alcoholic and we had 2 daughters. At 22 we divorced, and I began my battle with drugs. I was introduced to extasy, cocaine, LSD, and meth. I worked at a pharmacy and was stealing pills. One night, realizing what I had become, I swallowed 200 of those pills and ended up in ICU for 3 days. I was arrested for theft and possession and in 100 of jail time I entered my first rehab. This began my battle and journey.

Over the next 17 years I would battle with my 2 favorites, meth and alcohol. I would go on to have several more suicide attempts, more arrests and jail time, and numerous rehabs.

I did manage a couple years clean and remarried and had another daughter, only to relapse and lose it all again. Including custody of our daughter and my other 2 daughters were sent to live with relatives.

The next 2 years, I would be hospitalized over 20 times for alcohol poisoning. When I woke up one morning with staples in my head and no memory of what happened I decided to try sobriety again. I completed a program, I had a home, car, my daughters were back in my life. I had even begun college classes. Once again, I relapsed and lost it all.

This is when I began chasing death. There was no hope and no limits for me. I ran with the most dangerous people I could find. I did as much drugs and alcohol as my body could handle. I was homeless living in my storage unit when I began prostituting and using meth intravenously. My life was pure chaos. I was full of fear, confusion, panic and dread. I ached for death.

My last day on the streets I was in a hotel room trying to find a vein. I threw the needle in the sink and whispered "God, I can't do this anymore". 10 minutes later the cops were at my door. My roommate had paid for our room with a stolen credit card earlier that day. God made a way out for me before I even cried out. I went to jail and slept for a solid week. When I woke up, I realized I had a choice to make. I chose life.

I rededicated my life in that jail cell and began building a relationship with my heavenly Father. Upon release from jail I came to Missouri. to a place called Cedar Mountain and I continued to build that relationship. My mind was extremely damaged, full of confusion, anxiety, paranoia. God began to heal me, and my mind became clearer. My hardened heart began to melt, and I began to feel emotions again. God taught me how to seek Him first when I was overwhelmed, and I have found that peace that surpasses all understanding.

I have been able to restore relationships with my 2 oldest daughters and family members. I have been blessed with a wonderful husband and my first son. God is still working in the situation with my 3rd daughter and I do struggle with that at times. I am learning patience, faith, and the art of being still. I look forward to the beautiful perfect restoration He will bring there.

Never cease praying for loved ones in addiction. Addicts... never give up hope. You will find Him, when you seek Him with all your heart.

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