

Tyler's Testimony

I've always been a person who wanted to believe in God. In fact, I felt that there *probably* had to be a God. I just wasn't sure how to go about finding this out for sure. So most of my life was spent in a self-destructive pattern of selfishness and self-centeredness and I found myself having to start my entire life over many, many times.

It wasn't that I *wanted* to live this way. The life of a junkie didn't exactly fit my ideal self-image. Yet here I was, finding myself in the same awful places doing the same terrible things every day for years at a time, all the while just trying to find some comfort... some **relief**. From what? I could never really put a finger on it. All I knew was that there had to be something better than the way I felt in my own skin. Using drugs was such an immediate, yet temporary, relief from all the uncomfortable things that came with living a life without Christ. Sure my days were full of misery and I would wake up sick every morning with no point or purpose in my life, but I knew that at some point during the day I would almost certainly have a few minutes of "comfort" once I did what I felt I had to do, only to repeat that same miserable process a thousand times over.

One day I suppose enough was enough. I had given up on life. I had given up on myself. I finally realized that I wasn't willing to live this way anymore and I was ready to surrender to whatever it was that was going to deliver me from this vicious cycle of absolute torment. Obviously giving up drugs was going to be part of the solution, but what then? What would keep me from returning to the only way I knew how to live? I had tried rehab before- once, twice, three times and failed. I tried every kind of conventional maintenance program offered in most major cities. Nothing seemed to work.

Eventually I found myself seeking other options. I understood that this wasn't just a drug problem, it was a life, character and spiritual problem. I found myself looking into Brunswick Christian Recovery Center. I wasn't sure what it was that was pushing me towards that word, "Christian" but it wasn't something I could easily ignore. I can clearly remember all the pre-judgements and opinions I had formed about BCRC before I knew anything at all about the place. Most of the ideas I had about what it was going to be like here were not good ones (as an addict I felt I was rarely wrong, though that was hardly the case). I decided to give them a call. After all, my life couldn't get any worse.

After coming to BCRC and completely surrendering to the process they had laid before me, it became apparent that this place was the best thing that ever happened to me. This is where I was led to find my higher power, Jesus Christ. There is no comparable feeling of relief or comfort that I have ever experienced, not with drugs or anything else. I can honestly say that I have a sense of peace today. I don't struggle with decisions or force my will in any situation. I cannot describe what a feeling of pure joy this has brought me. I am no longer the director of my life and every situation I encounter. I am no longer overwhelmed by life.

BCRC helped me find God and because of my relationship with Him I am sober and joyous today.