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Hi, my name is Deonia Romero, and this is my story.

I was raised in Roswell, New Mexico, which some call “CTR.” I grew up in a good family; both of my parents had stable jobs. Although I was primarily raised by my parents, my aunt and grandfather also played a large role in my upbringing. Growing up, I didn’t face many struggles, and I was raised in a Catholic family. Although I knew of Jesus, I didn’t understand the depth of His love or what He could do for someone’s life.

I always enjoyed being around friends. I liked to be the center of attention, the one who could make things fun. Right after high school, I got a job and my own place, which quickly became a party hub. We would party constantly, experimenting with various drugs—cocaine, mushrooms, meth—whatever was around. Although meth wasn’t widely known yet, my place helped to start a huge meth scene in Roswell. People would come and go all night, asking, “How do you stay up all night?” I’d just offer them drugs, not thinking of the consequences.

During high school, I kept a 75 GPA because all I cared about was hanging out with friends. I was even kicked off the football team in my freshman year because of my grades. A family member once told me, “If you do well in school, we’ll help you go to college and pursue whatever you want to do.” At the time, I was interested in culinary arts, thinking it would be a decent career with a fair salary. I went to summer school through Texas Tech and graduated with a 3.25 GPA, which gave me some hope. I found a culinary arts program that cost \$5,000 and asked my family for help, but they didn’t follow through. Disappointed and lost, I turned back to my friends and partying even harder.

At 26, I had my daughter. Her birth made me see life differently, though not yet through a Christ-centered lens. I wanted to be involved, but I was still caught up in the party lifestyle. Six weeks after she was born, I left my daughter’s mother and went back to partying. Not long after, my daughter’s mother showed up at my door with our child. I was thrilled to have her with me, but I didn’t know how to raise her, so I took her to my mom’s house. My mom essentially raised her until she was 3 or 4, as I remained heavily involved in drugs.

For many years, I kept my meth addiction a secret from most of my family. However, eventually, I couldn’t hide it anymore. I got caught up in moving larger amounts of meth, and one day, I was pulled over by the drug task force. They searched my car and found drugs, although they didn’t

arrest me right away. Instead, they took the meth and let me go, issuing a warrant for my arrest. I ran for a year and a half, evading capture and missing court dates, until I was finally caught in Albuquerque, New Mexico. When the officer arrested me, he said something that must have been God's voice: "Let's get you in the car because I don't want you to catch any more charges." In that moment, I felt the presence of God for the first time.

I went to jail in Rio Rancho and found myself praying earnestly for the first time. Shortly after, the guards told me, "Pack it up, you're out of here." To my surprise, I was released and went back to Roswell to face my charges. At my probation hearing, they required me to attend counseling and AA classes. I didn't want to do either, but I happened to see my cousin post about a church concert on Facebook, which piqued my interest. I decided to attend a Heart of Addiction class at Hope Family Church, thinking it would count toward my counseling requirements.

The first night, I saw familiar faces and felt comfortable. Over the next few weeks, I listened to others share their testimonies, which inspired me to share my own. At first, I hesitated to be fully honest, only mentioning that I had been caught with drugs. But God kept pressing me to be truthful about my meth addiction. As I shared more, I felt God's power breaking my chains. It wasn't my probation officer or my own will that kept me from smoking meth—it was God.

Through this process, I came to know Jesus Christ and what He did for our sins. He didn't die on the cross because it was easy or popular; He did it out of love for us. Sometimes, we think we're nobody, that we need to be the center of attention. But Jesus should be our focus, and without Him, we are nothing. I learned the hard way that drugs, drinking, and worldly pleasures don't fulfill us. Only Jesus can.

In March of this year, I celebrated six months free of all drugs. Meth, marijuana, cocaine, mushrooms—things I thought I could never quit are now gone from my life. Some may think it's just a small step, especially with the legalization of marijuana, but I know the truth. Even a small step of recovery is powerful, and I never thought I'd live without drugs.

Since finding Christ, my relationship with my daughter has flourished. She's 13 now, my world, and we pray together, go to church together, and share a bond strengthened by God. I'm now active with the youth, taking them to events like youth camp. One event in particular, a youth revival in Albuquerque, changed my life. During the service, I heard God calling me to help the homeless in Roswell.

I started collecting beanies, gloves, socks, and clothes, reaching out to others in my community for support. Soon, I had bags and bags of clothes to distribute. The Humane Society and other local organizations contributed even more. Now, I go around Roswell, distributing clothes and praying with those in need. Each homeless person I meet knows me as "Brother D," and it's a joy to share Christ's love with them. Many people judge the homeless, but I see them as children of God who need love and compassion.

My name is Brother D, and Jesus is enough.

Closing Message

Hey guys, you've just seen how Jesus was more than enough in this story. If you feel something stirring in your heart, that's likely the Holy Spirit inviting Himself into your life. This is an opportunity to receive His salvation. Jesus died, was brutalized, and was raised again on the third day for our sins, sickness, and brokenness.

If you can acknowledge this and believe it in your heart, then you too can be saved. I invite you to pray with me:

Father God, thank You for loving me. Thank You for sending Your Son to pay the price for my sins. Jesus, thank You for dying for me. I acknowledge You rose from the dead, and I ask for Your forgiveness. Be my Savior, my Lord, and let me serve You for the rest of my life. Amen.

If you said that prayer, you're now part of God's family. Connect with a church or a Christian friend, and begin exploring the incredible life God has in store for you. We celebrate with you today. Thank you for joining us.