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Hi, my name is Josh, and this is my story.

I grew up in Artesia. My brother was two years younger than me, and he was my best friend. We had a normal childhood. We played sports, rode skateboards, played football and baseball. We were competitive with each other, wrestled, fought, and even did karate. We drove our parents crazy, but they were always there for us, doing everything they could to make us happy.

I was at the top of my class—straight A's, in honors courses, and in the top 10% academically. I was named Special Forces Player of the Year during my senior year with the Artesia Bulldogs football team. My younger brother followed closely behind me, but he was a social butterfly. Everybody loved him, and everyone wanted to hang out with him. His friends were mostly younger than me, so I didn't hang out much with people my own age outside of school or sports.

After the state championship game, which we lost, I tasted alcohol for the first time. My girlfriend at the time was from Dallas and had experienced more than I had. We got someone to buy us wine coolers, and we went out to the country to drink. I kind of liked how it made me feel, but then guilt set in. When I got home drunk, I wrote a letter to myself, promising never to drink again because it didn't make me feel right.

About a month later, I drank again. That night, I smoked weed for the first time. I liked how it made me feel and soon realized people around me wanted weed. I figured I could make money by supplying it. At that time, I believed what I did only affected me and no one else.

My relationship with that girlfriend eventually fell apart because I didn't want to stop drinking or smoking. What started as occasional use turned into every weekend, then daily. I was working as a mechanic in the oil fields, and I'd drink and smoke during my lunch breaks. I was only 18 but already living that lifestyle. People started calling me to parties because I always had alcohol and drugs to share.

Despite my substance use, I graduated at the top of my class and got a full scholarship to New Mexico Tech in Socorro. I thought moving away would change things, but it didn't. I kept smoking weed and partying. Then I went to a rave and experimented with ecstasy, mushrooms, and LSD. It escalated when I unknowingly tried meth for the first time at a rave. The feeling was intense, and I didn't crash the way I expected. I felt unstoppable.

I started selling larger amounts of drugs—pounds of weed instead of small bags. Eventually, I was introduced to shooting meth, and that's when everything spiraled. I stopped attending classes and ignored my scholarship responsibilities. I felt powerful, in control, and popular because I had what everyone wanted.

Eventually, I learned how to cook meth myself after meeting someone in another state. I wasn't cooking it to sell—I was making it for myself. My life became a constant blur of drug use, cooking meth, and avoiding reality.

On my mom's birthday, I hit a breaking point. I was sitting in a drug house, surrounded by people who had nothing, and I realized how far I had fallen. I was once a top student and athlete with everything going for me, and now I was surrounded by brokenness. I called my dad, expressing a desire to return to my old life. He encouraged me, and I decided to surprise my mom for her birthday.

On the way, I stopped in Roswell, went into Albertson's, and tried to steal pills to cook meth. I was arrested on the spot. That moment led to my first time in jail. I was facing federal charges, and my parents had to put their home up as collateral to bail me out.

I was sentenced to 15 months in federal prison in 2002. Prison was like a camp—softball, basketball, and other activities. I worked out daily and did my time quietly. When I got out, I went back to Artesia and tried to stay clean.

It didn't last long. I started drinking again, then using cocaine, and then selling drugs again. Eventually, I was arrested again for violating probation and sent back to federal prison.

After my release, I tried to rebuild my life. I went to Texas Tech for petroleum engineering with a federal scholarship. But after probation ended, I relapsed again—cocaine, heavy partying, and selling drugs on campus. My marriage fell apart, and I lost everything again.

In 2013, I moved to Colorado hoping for a fresh start. I injured my back and was prescribed oxycodone. When the prescriptions ran out, I bought pills off the street. This led to a severe opioid addiction. When I could no longer afford pills, I turned to heroin. It was the darkest point of my life. Heroin took everything from me—my identity, my soul, my motivation.

On July 7, 2014, I was arrested again. This time for heroin possession. During my withdrawal in jail, I felt completely broken. For two weeks, I endured excruciating pain and detoxed alone. Something shifted, and I realized I wanted to change.

A fellow inmate invited me to church, and I reluctantly went. During the service, the message of the Prodigal Son hit me hard. I finally understood that Jesus loved me despite everything I had done. I gave my life to Christ that day.

I dedicated myself fully, reading the Bible, attending every church service, and growing spiritually. I was baptized and began to share my testimony with other inmates. After serving my time, I continued to grow in my faith.

Since finding Christ, my life has transformed. I now serve in my church, volunteer for youth ministries, and lead worship. I've been free from drugs since July 7, 2014, and I share my story to help others find freedom.

My name is Josh, and Jesus is enough.