

JIE Testimonies Transcripts

LIKE, SUBSCRIBE AND FOLLOW US:

 **YouTube** <https://www.youtube.com/@JIETestimonies>

 **facebook** <https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=61563739223790>

 **Instagram** <https://www.instagram.com/jietestimonies>

 **TikTok** <https://tiktok.com/@jietestimonies>

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

I had my first drink at the age of 13. I remember it was a night when my parents were having a party, and I went to the ice chest and stole a beer. I didn't realize at that time that drinking that beer would change my life forever. That first beer made me feel comfortable, relaxed, and good in my own skin—confidence that I never thought I had.

From there on, I continued drinking throughout junior high and high school. On weekends, I became a party animal, thinking it was so cool to drink and have fun with my friends, doing things I shouldn't be doing. After graduating from high school, I went on to college at New Mexico State in Las Cruces, where it got even worse. I continued to drink more and more. Without my parents there to guide me, I lost control. I flunked my first semester and then my second semester. I was totally lost, feeling like a failure.

The only thing I knew that would make me feel happy was alcohol. I got a job in the oil field, working with older gentlemen who bought a 12-pack every day. After work, they would drink their beer, and I remember telling myself, "That will never be me. I will only drink on the weekends." But it wasn't long before I got into firefighting, which was high-stress, and the drinking continued.

I got back into safety in the oil and gas industry, where I built my career but also faced high stress, leading me to think I deserved a drink after work. In reality, it destroyed my family and everything I had. I got married and had two kids, but I didn't realize what alcohol was doing to my family. I thought I was a functioning alcoholic, but soon that façade disappeared. I was waking up sick, throwing up, missing work, and not being there for my kids. I made excuses, telling them I was sick from something I ate, but my ex-wife knew the truth.

I found myself hiding bottles everywhere, thinking nobody knew, but everyone did. I failed to see that I couldn't be a functional alcoholic. I went to work every day, coached my kids in sports, and tried to be there for them, but it spiraled downhill. My ex-wife saw

the problems and asked me to get help. At first, I didn't want to, but it kept getting worse. I finally called work and admitted I had a problem. They sent me to a 30-day program in Texas, a secular 12-step program.

I went in thinking I would get my life back together, but I didn't dig deep into the roots of my problems. After the program, I thought I had everything fixed, but I returned home to the same old habits. Within weeks, I found myself at the store, not even knowing why I stopped to get a drink. I thought since I had been sober for a little while, I could have just one. That quickly spiraled out of control again.

My ex-wife found out I was drinking and asked for a separation. I moved back in with my parents, thinking they could help me control it, but nobody could. I continued to drink, feeling hurt and lost. One night, my ex-wife asked me to watch the kids while she went to a volleyball game. Afterward, I went home and grabbed more booze. The next morning, I received a call to come into the office for a random alcohol test. I was scared and didn't know what to expect. When I blew into the machine, it registered a 0.4. I couldn't believe it.

After a second test confirmed the result, I was terminated from my job. I had to tell my ex-wife the news, and she asked for a divorce. I was broken, lost, and didn't know what to do. I stayed with my parents for a few months before getting my own place. My little brother, Isaiah, also struggled with alcohol, and we would drink together until we passed out. My alcoholism worsened, and one day, after drinking a gallon of vodka, I couldn't even get up. I was so weak that my brother called my mom, who took me to the hospital.

At the hospital, they told me I had alcohol ketoacidosis and that I almost died. I spent several days there, trying to figure out how to get better. A few months later, my brother lost his battle with alcohol. I began to question why it happened to him and not me. My dad believed God took Isaiah because he was ready, while I still had a purpose.

A couple of months later, my grandma passed away from COVID, which was one of the hardest things I had to deal with. After her death, we found a prayer box in her house with a prayer for me to get sober. I remember promising her I would get sober, but I never did. I moved back in with my parents, trying to help, but my old ways returned. I lost another job due to alcohol, and my parents were fed up, fearing they would lose another son.

I knew I needed help, so I called Clayton Kirkwood with Teen Challenge of Arizona, a 13-month program focused on discipleship. I went to Tucson, not knowing how I would manage 13 months in rehab, but those were the best months of my life. I grew closer to

God and learned to trust Him. I completed the program and returned home, but I fell back into my old routine, thinking I was healed.

I got involved in church, but I was still doing things my way, not God's way. Life caught up with me again, and I returned to drinking. I got into a relationship right after rehab, which is something they advise against. I thought I had it under control, but I didn't. During a family gathering, my daughter noticed I had been drinking and was very upset. She called her mom to pick her up and told me she never wanted to see me again. That broke my heart.

I knew I needed to get it right, so I decided to return to Arizona for restoration. The night before I left, I drank and ended up in the hospital with severe withdrawals. Driving back to Arizona, I received a call from my son, who told me he was proud of me for seeking help. He encouraged me to trust God, just like Peter did when he walked on water.

That night, I checked into rehab, and Tucson experienced the worst storm I had ever seen. I knew it was a sign from God, telling me to trust Him. My favorite Bible verse is Proverbs 3:5-6: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding." I knew I had to trust God to heal my heart and remove my addiction.

This setback was not a failure; it was setting me up for a comeback. I'm here to tell you what Jesus has done in my life. He has set me free, redeemed me, and restored my relationships. My kids now love going to church with me, and we have meaningful conversations about faith.

I went from darkness to light, and I want to share my testimony to help others struggling with addiction. If I had known what that first drink would lead to when I was 13, I would have never taken it. I want to tell kids that they deserve so much more and that God has a bigger plan for them.

Life isn't perfect, and I still have my struggles, but I know I can depend on God. My story is like the Prodigal Son; I returned home, and God welcomed me with open arms. My celebration today is filled with love, peace, and joy. I thank God for my restoration and renewed strength.

If you're struggling, I invite you to pray with me. It's as simple as recognizing that Jesus died for us and inviting Him into your life.

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank You for who You are and for what You have done. I receive Your grace today and ask You to be the Savior of my life. Transform me into who You have called me to be. Cleanse me and make me new. Save me, Jesus. Amen.

If you prayed that prayer, I assure you that you will have eternal life with Jesus. Connect with a local church and surround yourself with people who can help you grow in faith. Thank you for joining me today, and I hope my story has touched your heart.