

From Chains to Freedom

A Testimony of God's Redemptive Power

“If the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed.” — John 8:36 (ESV)

My name is Daniel. I'm a Marine Corps veteran, and by every logical measure, I should not be here today. I should be dead or in prison. But God had different plans. This is the full story of how Jesus Christ rescued me from a life of destruction, addiction, and sin and gave me a hope and purpose I never knew existed.

Childhood: The Foundation of Pain

I was born in Minnesota in 1991, but I don't have a whole lot of memories of living there. My earliest memories from Minnesota are living with my mom and my older brother in a small duplex.

I have no memory of my mom and dad ever being together. I know they dated and/or had some kind of relationship—obviously, since I exist.. but I don't remember them as a couple or living together as a family. My earliest memories involving my dad are vague recollections of visiting him every other weekend or something like that, up until I was about six or seven years old. That's when everything changed.

My mom met a man online. He lived in California. I remember the confusion when she first brought him around after he flew to Minnesota to meet her in person. I remember feeling like my world was about to change, and not in a good way.

A nasty custody battle ensued. My mom and dad both fought to keep me. My mom constantly told me negative things about my dad, trying to convince me to choose her if I had the option or if the court asked me. My dad; to his credit, never once said negative things about my mom to me. Not once.

I remember feeling a special connection to my dad. We were, and still are, a lot alike. How we look, how we act, our personalities, our humor. We're cut from the same cloth. But from what I remember as a young kid, my dad's life was extremely chaotic. There were never any rules at his house. Looking back, I can see he was struggling with his own demons.

Eventually, my mom got full custody. She and my now step-dad, got married. And just like that, at seven years old, I was ripped away from my dad and moved across the country to California.

I would only see my dad during summers until my freshman year of high school, when sports took over and the summer visits stopped.

We moved into my step-dad's small two-bedroom house in California. And almost immediately the abuse started.

The Years of Violence

My step-dad didn't have kids of his own. From what I understand, he had a rough childhood himself, though he's never really talked about it. Looking back now as an adult trying to process everything, I think he was essentially thrown into the "dad" role with no background with kids, no experience, no knowledge of how to parent or deal with children. But that doesn't excuse what he did.

My step-dad viciously beat my older brother and me throughout our entire childhoods. His signature move; and I can still feel it today, was ripping his leather belt off his waist. As a seven-year-old boy, it seemed like he would go into an uncontrollable rage. He would target our butts, striking as hard as he could. Maybe it wasn't actually as hard as he could, but from my perspective as a little kid, it sure seemed like he was putting all his might into every strike.

Here's one of the problems: because of the immense pain, I would struggle, flop around, try to get away. So many of his strikes wouldn't hit my butt—they'd hit my legs, my back, wherever. I was covered in bruises for the majority of my childhood, right up until about my junior year of high school when I finally stood up to him.

Before him, my mom had her own methods of punishment. She would shove soap or sometimes hot sauces down our mouths and throats for anything talk-related. For other discipline, she'd grab whatever was nearby—hair brushes, wooden spoons, whatever was handy. I distinctly remember when I was probably five or six years old, she broke her hairbrush on my butt from hitting me so hard and then she was mad at me for breaking her brush. Somehow, in her mind, it was my fault her brush broke.

Looking back, that's how twisted things were.

Throughout my childhood, I constantly had problems in school: poor grades, not doing homework, cheating, lying about my work. My older brother was in the advanced classes, the "smart kid" program. I was always being compared to him, always falling short of his achievements.

In hindsight, I think my mom had a lot of animosity toward my dad, and because I look so much like him, act like him, have his humor, etc., I think I was a reminder of him, and she didn't like that. I'm speculating, of course. I don't know if that's true, but it's something I theorize now as an adult trying to make sense of why she treated me the way she did.

We grew up going to church. My step-dad and my mom called themselves Christians. From the outside, we probably looked like a nice Christian family. I played drums for the church worship team from age 12 to 18. But I never actually dove into Christianity. Never read the Bible. Never had a relationship with Jesus. So even though I was

“exposed” to Christianity and the church my whole childhood, I never truly knew Christ. It was all performance, all outward appearance.

I had some bad experiences with people in authority at church too—disagreements with my pastor, my youth pastor, etc. Nothing abusive, but enough to sow a distrust of authority, of the church. That seed of distrust would grow over the years.

At a very young age; I think around eight years old or so, I was first exposed to pornography and masturbation. That addiction would follow me throughout my entire life, becoming another way I tried to numb pain and find temporary pleasure.

The Breaking Point

Throughout my childhood up until I was about 17 years old and a senior in high school, I was constantly in fights and arguments with my mom and my step-dad. Constantly getting grounded, punished and whipped by his leather belts. Because of everything going on, I was rebelling a lot and oftentimes, blatantly disobeying them.

It all came to a head on New Year’s Eve of my senior year in high school. I wanted to go out and celebrate with friends. My mom and my step-dad wanted me home by 11 PM or something ridiculous like that. To me, that defeated the whole purpose of celebrating New Year’s Eve. The ball drops at midnight! So I basically said, “Screw them, their logic makes no sense, I’m staying out to enjoy the new year with my friends.”

I had my own cell phone that I paid for with my own money from my high school job. The next morning, my step-dad barged into my room and took my phone. A heated argument ensued. I was furious that he was taking something I had paid for, something I felt entitled to because of my hard work. The argument escalated, and he basically said, “If you don’t like my rules or my house, then leave.”

So that’s what I did.

That was the last day I lived with my mom and step-dad, at least until many years later after the Marine Corps.

So now I was 17 years old, living on my own, couch surfing at various friends’ houses, just trying to make it through high school graduation so I could ship off to Marine Corps boot camp. I had already enlisted on the buddy program with one of my childhood best friends.

After a few months of couch surfing, I eventually ran out of places to stay. My friend’s parents; who were also on the worship team with me at church, offered for me to move in with them for the rest of my senior year until we left for the Marines. His family was

like my second family. Their household was much more stable, and his parents were always a respected voice of reason in my life whenever I asked them for advice.

During this period toward the end of my senior year, I had started going to parties and drinking alcohol. My eyes were just on the prize at that point; get the hell out of California, graduate high school, and get away from my mom and step-dad.

The Marine Corps: Intensity and Alcohol

The Marine Corps was intense. I was in the Infantry as a Rifleman for a couple of years, and in the Fleet Anti-Terrorism Security Team for a couple of years. Throughout my time in the Marines, I was drinking incredibly heavily.

Part of it was dealing with the high intensity and stress of military life. But honestly, it was also just Marine Corps culture. We drank. A lot. The Marine Corps did start in a tavern, after all. But for me, it was more than culture or camaraderie. I was medicating. I was numbing pain I didn't even know how to name.

In my last unit, there was a lot of hazing. The unit had deployed to Sangin, Afghanistan just before I arrived, and they'd had an extremely rough deployment with a lot of casualties. When they got back from overseas they had a lot of animosity towards anyone who wasn't there with them. They used to say "If you weren't in Sangin, you aren't shit." Some of the effects of that hazing still affect me today, 13 years later.

About a year before I got out of the Marine Corps, I reconnected with a girl I had dated briefly in high school. We had sex, and the next day, I said to her, "Well... I guess we should date now, huh?" Not exactly a romantic beginning. We eventually got engaged, but in hindsight, we were totally incompatible in so many ways. Eventually I called off the relationship because of our differences and a genuine feeling of "this just isn't right."

Eventually, I got hurt in my last unit. After four years and one month into my five-year contract, I was medically discharged in July 2013. Suddenly, I was lost. I had no identity outside of being a Marine. I had no idea who Daniel was as a civilian.

Rejection and College

When my military service had concluded and I was trying to figure out the next chapter of my life, I asked my mom if I could move back in with them temporarily during my transition to civilian life while I went to college. I knew that they had the space and figured it wouldn't be a problem. My old childhood bedroom had been converted into a "craft" room for my mom's hobbies and I thought, surely it wouldn't be a big deal to maybe move some of the stuff in there to the side temporarily or something for me to have a safe place to sleep until I find my own new home. You know what she said?

She refused to give up her craft room and she wouldn't clear it out. Instead, they put a mattress on the floor in the garage, outside with a little space heater. Like I was a dog or something and I was told I should be grateful for them so graciously allowing me to stay with them when they had no obligation to help me. So there I was, having just served my country for over four years, sleeping on the floor in a garage.

That rejection cut deep. But I pushed forward. What else could I do?

I started going to college for Business Administration and actually did really well. I earned a cumulative GPA of 3.89 and made it onto the Dean's list every semester. I was engaged. On the outside, it looked like I was making it, like I was turning things around.

But underneath, I was drowning. After calling off my engagement, I went into a pretty big depression and spiral. I started drinking even more heavily, if that was even possible. My schooling started slipping. I'd skip classes because I was hungover or still drunk from the night before. I just wasn't interested in school anymore.

Wisconsin: A New Start That Wasn't

In the summer of 2015, my dad told me he had bought my old great-grandmother's house in Wisconsin. No one had lived in it for years, so everything needed to be torn out and redone. He planned to do it all himself and offered for me to move out there with him. I figured it would be a good opportunity to finally get to know my dad and his side of the family.

I had nothing left for me in California. I'd left my fiancée, school wasn't working out, California was crazy expensive. So I thought, why not? I packed up my car and drove to Wisconsin.

My mom was extremely upset that I was going to live with my dad. We had a huge argument before I moved, and the last words she said to me were something like, "Have a good life, Danny. Don't talk to me anymore."

When I got to Wisconsin in August 2015, my drinking was really bad. My excuse to drink a lot was that I needed to meet new people in this new state and area. So what did I do? I went to the bars to meet "friends."

I encountered a police officer in the town I was living in who encouraged me to go into law enforcement due to my background in the Marines. As a kid, I'd always thought it would be cool to be a cop. So I went to the Police Academy and graduated as the Class President. I started working as a police officer in a couple of small towns in Wisconsin around May 2016.

I didn't make it long in law enforcement. My drinking was insane and out of control. My career in law enforcement ended around December 2016, just seven months after it started. I was asked to resign because of my behavior.

I was devastated. Once again, I felt lost. I had just gotten out of the academy, had a short stint in the career I thought I'd have the rest of my life, and it was thrown away because of booze and women.

The Downward Spiral Continues

After law enforcement fell apart, I started playing drums with some guys I'd met on Craigslist. We started a 90's music cover band. The lead singer's wife worked at a credit union, and we got to talking about my situation. She asked if I'd ever thought about working at a credit union. I said no, but I'd apply.

I got the job and started as a teller, and opened basic accounts. Eventually, I moved into business accounts, trusts, and then got promoted into consumer loans such as auto loans, credit cards, unsecured loans, etc. About a year and a half later, I was upset about some pay restructuring and changes to the job and I left abruptly.

I immediately got hired at a car dealership as a salesman the next day after quitting. This was a terrible move for my alcoholism. We drank a lot at the dealership after hours. It was a party lifestyle. Eventually, the purely commission life got to me, I couldn't handle the stress and the unknown finances. A little over a year into selling cars, I quit.

I started bartending. At this point, I had also started smoking marijuana. I actually quit drinking for about eight and a half months—not with any intention of staying sober or anything noble like that. I just wanted to take an extended break because of how much trouble I'd seen alcohol causing in my life.

Because of how much marijuana I was smoking, and because the bar owner also owned a smoke shop, I eventually went to work at the smoke shop. We sat around and got high all day. Eventually, I got fired from that job because I refused to wear a mask during COVID and had arguments with my manager.

At this point, life was clearly not going well. My cousin suggested I move in with him and his wife near Madison, Wisconsin, to get away from the area I was living in and all my shenanigans there.

I applied and got hired for a high-end security position that required applicants to be either prior law enforcement or special forces. I moved to the area and started that new job, only to get fired within a couple of months. What did I get fired for? Saying to a

coworker that I felt my supervisor was “fucking useless.” That coworker told on me, and the next thing I knew, I was fired.

So now I had just moved to this area, lost my job immediately, started drinking again, and was smoking weed constantly. I stayed in the area for a couple of years, battling with suicidal ideation and a lot of depression. I constantly felt like a failure and my self-destructive behaviors and self-medicating were causing a lot of the problems throughout my life.

Eventually, I moved back to the area I had lived at before my cousin’s house to work at my old credit union’s competitor. When I moved back, I started reconnecting with old friends and making new friends. And within a couple of months of moving back, I got hooked on cocaine.

The Cocaine Years: Complete Enslavement

I got hooked on cocaine while drunk at a bar. The addiction started slow, but rapidly progressed into a much worse problem. Before I knew it, I was doing \$300 or more worth of cocaine a day. To afford my habit, I started selling cocaine.

All the crime and sin that comes with that lifestyle came with it—women, sex, violence, manipulation, extortion of people. I became someone I didn’t recognize. I hurt people. I threatened people. I lied, cheated, and stole.

On September 1st, 2022, I stopped drinking alcohol. I’m still sober from alcohol today, over three years later. But at the time, I was still using cocaine very heavily. My perception was that alcohol was causing all the problems, and cocaine was fine because it just made me feel more awake. In my twisted thinking, cocaine wasn’t a bad drug.

The staying up for three days straight and then crashing for 24 hours, the non-stop using, the partying—it all caught up to me eventually. I ran out of PTO, sick time, and FMLA at work. I was running out of excuses.

Eventually, this led to me losing my job at the credit union. I checked myself into rehab on a Friday. I checked myself out the following Friday. I only made it one week in rehab.

My landlord was all over me for rent. I was falling behind on everything, and now I had no job. I went back home after that week in rehab and didn’t use any alcohol or other drugs for a couple of weeks, until one day while I was driving with my old dealer and he shoved a cocaine rock up my nose. I was instantly hooked again.

Now I had no job, was behind on rent, and was back on cocaine. It only took about a month or two for me to lose everything. I started selling and pawning off all of my music

equipment, band equipment, lighting equipment—anything and everything I had of value, so I could afford to get more cocaine.

During this time, I was deeply involved in sexual sin and immorality. I even had an OnlyFans account and was producing pornography myself. The shame was crushing, but I was so numb, so enslaved, I kept going. I was trying to monetize my brokenness, trying to find some kind of validation or value in all the wrong places.

Here's the twisted part that I want you to really understand: I thought I was free. I genuinely believed that doing whatever I wanted, living without "rules," chasing pleasure, etc.. I thought that was freedom. I thought I had escaped my controlling mother, escaped religious restrictions, escaped societal expectations. I thought I was finally living life on my own terms.

But I was the most enslaved I had ever been in my entire life.

Everything I did revolved around cocaine. Where I went, who I talked to, who I hung out with, what I spent money on, when I woke up, when I slept—it all came back to feeding the addiction. If there wasn't a cocaine connection, I wouldn't be going there. I wasn't talking to that person. I wasn't interested.

I was in complete bondage, but I called it freedom.

January 2nd, 2024: The End of the Road

I woke up on January 2nd, 2024, to a 5-day notice to vacate taped to my door.

I had lost everything. My house. My job. My belongings. My dignity. My future.

I sat there in that empty duplex, and for the first time in my life, I saw the truth clearly: I'm going to die if I stay here. Or I'm going to end up in prison. Those were my only two options.

I reached out to my mom and my older brother, who now lived in Tennessee. I came clean to them about the cocaine addiction, losing my job, and losing my home. I said to them, "If I stay here, there are only two options. I'll end up dead or in prison. Please help me."

My brother drove from Tennessee to Wisconsin in late January 2024. He packed me and what little I had left into his car and drove me back to Tennessee.

I had nothing left. I was broken. I was ashamed. I was hopeless. I had proven beyond any shadow of doubt that I could not save myself.

But God was just getting started.

Tennessee: The Gradual Surrender

When I got to Tennessee, I knew deep in my soul that I couldn't do this on my own. I had tried my way my entire life.. over 30 years of doing things my way, and we all saw how that worked out.

I entered an intensive outpatient program at the Veterans Affairs. I was going to nine hours a week of recovery classes. I started going to Celebrate Recovery meetings. I started going to church. And slowly, gradually, painfully, I began to surrender my life to Christ.

It wasn't one dramatic moment where lightning struck and everything changed. It was a slow, difficult process of letting go of control, letting go of my own plans, letting go of my own understanding, and learning to trust God—to be completely honest—a God I didn't really know yet.

See, I'd been "exposed" to Christianity my whole life. I grew up in church. I played drums on the worship team. But I'd never actually known Jesus. I'd never read the Bible with understanding. I'd never experienced His presence or His love. It was all head knowledge, all performance, no heart transformation.

But in my brokenness, when I had absolutely nothing left to offer, when I had proven I was completely incapable of saving myself, when every mask had been ripped off and I stood there naked and ashamed—Jesus met me right there in that place.

I learned something profound during those early months: I had spent my entire life trying to numb pain. Alcohol numbed it. Drugs numbed it. Sex numbed it. Achievement numbed it. Validation numbed it. Prescription drugs numbed it.

But Jesus doesn't want us to numb the pain. He wants to heal it.

All those years, I was running from the pain of my childhood—the abuse, the rejection, the feeling of being unwanted and unsafe. I was running from the shame of my choices and the weight of my sin. But you can't outrun pain. You can only numb it temporarily, and the bill always comes due.

Jesus offered something different. He offered healing. Real, deep, transformative healing.

The Transformation: God's Son

I've been sober now for over two years. No cocaine, no alcohol. But here's what I need you to understand: This isn't a willpower story. This is not a "I finally got my act

together” story. This is not a “I hit rock bottom and pulled myself up by my bootstraps” story.

This is a God story. This is a Jesus story.

I tried getting sober on my own multiple times and failed every single time. I checked myself into rehab and lasted one week. I quit drinking but kept using cocaine. I couldn't break the chains on my own because I wasn't strong enough. The addiction was stronger than my willpower, stronger than my desire to change, stronger than my fear of consequences.

The only reason I'm here today is because of the grace, the mercy, and the power of Jesus Christ. Period.

Am I perfect now? Absolutely not. I still struggle. I still have battles with temptation every single day. I'm still working through sexual purity issues—fighting against lust, fighting against the temptation to look at pornography, fighting against patterns that were established when I was eight years old.

Sometimes I fall short. Sometimes I give in to temptation. Sometimes I fail. But here's the difference between now and before: **I'm not fighting alone anymore. I'm not carrying the shame alone anymore.** I'm not trying to earn my worth through performance or perfection.

I have a Father who loves me. A Father who calls me His son. A Father who says I was made perfectly and without mistakes—not because of what I've done, **but because of what Jesus did on the cross.**

In November of 2025, I went to a Wild at Heart men's retreat. It's based on the book and concepts by John Eldredge, focused on “Recovering the masculine heart” and what it means to be a man, and how God has made us as men.

During the retreat, we did an exercise where we wrote down all the false agreements we'd made with ourselves and with the enemy. Things like:

- *“I'm a loser”*
- *“I'm too far gone”*
- *“I'm not good enough”*
- *“I'm worthless”*
- *“I'm unlovable”*
- *“God could never use me”*
- *“I've made too many mistakes”*

We did a visualization exercise with our eyes closed, where we imagined Jesus coming to us. We handed Him our cards with all those false agreements written on them. We asked Jesus to break those agreements. Then we asked Jesus to tell us what name He gives us.

The word that kept coming to me, over and over and over, was “**Son.**”

Son.

After 34 years of feeling abandoned by my mother, abused by my stepfather, rejected by everyone, feeling like I was never enough, like I was always falling short, like I was a reminder of failure and disappointment—**God says I’m His son.**

Not because of what I’ve done. Not because I’ve earned it. Not because I’ve proven myself worthy. But because **He chose me.** Because **He made me.** Because **He loves me.** Because Jesus paid the price for my sin and my shame on the cross.

That retreat taught me something else that’s been transformative: the power of inviting Jesus into everything. Not just the big moments, not just when I’m in trouble, not just on Sundays, but into every single aspect of my life.

I don’t own a car. Just a motorcycle. And since that retreat in November of 2025, every single time I ride, I’ve incorporated something new. I pray for protection, but I also invite Jesus to ride with me.

I say it out loud: “Okay Jesus, put on your vest with me now. Put on your helmet now. Hop on the back.” And as I ride, I visualize His presence with me. I visualize His long beautiful hair flowing in the wind behind me. I feel His presence. I can’t help but smile.

It might sound silly to some people. It might sound overly emotional or weird. But it’s transformed how I experience life. I’m learning to invite Jesus into every moment, every decision, every part of my day, no matter how big or small. And in doing that, I’m experiencing His presence in ways I never knew were possible.

I realized from that story in John—where the disciples lost Jesus and were sailing to their next destination, and Jesus appeared in the middle of the sea, and when they invited Him into their boat, they instantly arrived at their destination safely—I realized how important it is to invite Jesus into our lives, into every aspect, no matter how big or small. He will get us to where we are supposed to be safely.

The power of that visual, that intentional invitation, has made me feel an incredible connection to Christ. It’s allowed me to appreciate Jesus’s creation more as I ride. Every day, I see “coincidences” around me—little reminders that God is present, that He’s working, that He’s with me.

Today: Living in Freedom

Today, I'm rated at 100% Permanent and Totally Disabled from the Veterans Affairs. Some people might see that as an ending, as being "done." But I see it as a blessing from God—the gift of time. Time to serve others. Time to share my story. Time to work for Jesus instead of working for money or validation or approval.

I have my own apartment. I have an emotional support animal—my cat Delia, who I got in October 2025. These might seem like small things, but after losing everything, they represent stability, responsibility, and God's provision.

I wake up every morning, and the first thing I do—before I check my phone, before I do anything else—is pray and thank Jesus. I thank Him for another day alive. I thank Him for His grace and His mercy. I thank Him for the transformation He's working in me. I try my best to get into a heart and spirit of gratitude right from the moment I wake up.

I stream on Twitch four mornings a week, Monday through Thursday. Each stream starts with about an hour of live worship on the drums, and then we dive into a Bible study together as a community. It's become one of the most meaningful parts of my week—leading people into God's Word and His presence through worship and Scripture.

I also developed a free ministry tool called Forge Bible Bot—a program that brings Scripture directly into Twitch and Discord communities. It lets viewers look up Bible verses, get a daily verse of the day, do Bible trivia, submit prayer requests, and more. It's now serving almost 100 other Christian ministries and streamers across the platform in less than two months of release! God took the same skills and passions I used to waste on destruction and is now using them to advance His Kingdom in digital spaces.

And I'm genuinely trying to invite Jesus into everything I do, no matter how big or small.

Do I have everything figured out? Absolutely not.

Do I have my relationship with my mom and step-dad figured out? No. That pain is still being worked through, but I am hopeful that God will provide healing and restoration in those areas of my life. I am currently in an intensive trauma therapy program at the VA and I hope that after that, I will be able to begin family therapy with my mom and step-dad.

The wounds run deep—not just from the abuse itself, but from the abandonment, from my mom hearing my screams and cries for help and doing nothing, from her using his abuse as a weapon to control me.

But I'm learning that healing is possible, even for the deepest wounds. It might not be quick. It might not be easy. But it's possible with Jesus.

The Message: No One Is Too Far Gone

If you're reading this thinking you're too far gone, that you've made too many mistakes, that God could never forgive you or use someone like you, I'm living proof that's a lie straight from the pit of hell.

I was producing pornography. I was dealing cocaine. I was manipulating and hurting people. I was extorting people. I was enslaved to addiction. I had lost everything—my home, my job, my belongings, my dignity, my future. I was facing death or prison.

And Jesus still said, "You're Mine. You're My son. Come home."

The same power that raised Christ from the dead is available to you right now, today, in this moment. Whatever you're enslaved to—whether it's substances, pornography, success, money, people-pleasing, rage, unforgiveness, control, perfectionism, anything.. Jesus can break those chains. He broke mine. He can break yours too if you invite him in and let him.

I tried my way for over 30 years. It led to destruction, pain, bondage, and death. Now I'm trying God's way, and I'm experiencing true freedom for the first time in my life.

You don't need to have it all figured out before you come to Jesus. You don't need to clean yourself up first. You don't need to be good enough or worthy enough. That's the whole point of grace—you can't earn it, you can't deserve it, you can only receive it.

You just need to say yes to Jesus. Surrender to Him today. Admit you can't do it on your own. Admit you need a Savior. And He will handle the rest.

The enemy wants you to believe you're too broken. God says you're exactly who He's looking for. The enemy wants you to believe you've gone too far. God says His grace goes further. The enemy wants you to believe you're defined by your worst moments. God says you're defined by what Jesus did on the cross.

I still have struggles. I still have battles. I don't have it all together, and I probably never will on this side of heaven. But every day, I'm getting a little better. Every day, I'm working through the healing and the trauma. Every day, I'm learning more about who God says I am.

And that's what I want for you. Not perfection. Not having it all figured out. But freedom. Real freedom. The freedom that comes from knowing you're loved

unconditionally, that you're called God's son or daughter, that your worth isn't based on your performance but on Christ's finished work.

My main goal in sharing this story is that you see Jesus's love, grace, mercy, and the power of His name. I want to help anyone who has the same struggles I had—or do. I want to advance the Kingdom of God. I want hearts to be moved with hope, to know that whatever they're going through, healing is possible. They can find fulfillment in life through Jesus. Their lives will be so much better when they invite Jesus into all aspects of their life and start truly living God's way, not their own way. When they start pursuing God's purpose for their life.

I tried my way. It was awful. Time to trust God's way, even though I don't know exactly what it is yet. The important part is to just say yes. The rest will come.

If Jesus can save me, He can save anyone. Including you.

Jesus loves you more than you can ever know.
