

# Not Afraid Anymore

I thought I was losing my mind. Following a sexual assault, I was nervous, worried all the time and suffering with agoraphobia.

I was afraid to leave my home. Whenever I went out alone, I'd be stricken with panic attacks. My heart would begin beating erratically, making it difficult for me to breathe.

A panic attack is brutal and debilitating. For relief I began taking prescription drugs, but unfortunately, they were addictive.

Living in a drug-induced daze, I lost track of time, seasons and holidays. I couldn't hold a conversation, and I had the attention span of an infant.

Eventually, agoraphobia and its underlying issues were dealt with, but I was left in a wasteland of chemical dependency. Then God intervened and refreshed my spirit with a megadose of willpower and courage.

I was able to stop using drugs "cold turkey," but it was hard. I had cold sweats, nausea and the sensation of pins and needles pricking my arms and legs. But the Great Physician healed me.

Today I have a new lease on life through Jesus Christ. I am no longer in bondage to panic attacks and addictive drugs. God has delivered me out of my spiritual bondage into an eternal hope.