

How Thankful I am

Nearly 20 years ago, I saw a young man who touched my heart deeply. I have seen many addicts before, but this one, high on drugs and alcohol, caught my eye.

As he passed by, I saw his sad, tearful, red eyes. I wondered what made him become an addict, and what kind of parents would let him live in such a condition.

A few years later, I came to understand that perhaps his parents were just like me. I loved the Lord with all my heart, yet my oldest son ended up on drugs.

While my son was addicted, many nights I stayed awake, praying and crying, with heartache and pain. Sometimes, he would come home with a foul odor and the look of death on his face. He even tried to hang himself with his belt, but the belt broke.

More than once my son attempted to end his addiction on his own and through rehabilitation. Finally, during one of his stays at a treatment center, he prayed to God for help, and the Lord removed his obsession for drugs and alcohol.

All during the more than 15 years of my son's ordeal, the Lord continually reassured me through visions and dreams that my son was going to be all right. One morning, in a vision, an angel told me that the Lord had spoken a secret to my son. Finally, after denying he knew what I meant, my son revealed it to me.

Although he was an auto mechanic, his secret desire was to counsel and minister to others who suffered from the effects of mind-altering drugs. Today, the Lord has allowed me to see my son speak at various meetings and talk to young people on the streets, telling them about his life as an addict and sharing with them how God blessed him to overcome.