

Hello: My name is Dave –

I'm proud to say TODAY I am a WATERBOY -- But my life wasn't always this good. When I was 8 years old I was sexually molested by a man, I blamed GOD for not protecting me. God also took my loving Dad from me. I questioned why GOD would let this happen to me, I turned to drugs trying to escape the pain inside me I carried for so many years, When the drugs no longer effected me I found stronger and harder drugs. I committed crimes to support my growing habit. I would get arrested, sit in jail and call on GOD : Ok it's all your fault I'm here. You did not protect me. Now get me out of here. My faith in God was nil. I had no faith. I had no dignity, no self respect, no pride, no morals and no values. All I had was a BAD ADDICTION to Heroin. My Family would tell me over and over- I need to find GOD. Pastors and many others even Judges would tell me to find GOD before I died from my addiction. I laid in my prison bed many nights and days, hurting over the pain and suffering that was going on inside me, I asked God to please make it stop. The pain never stopped and neither did my addiction.

The pain got so great that one night after heavy using, I placed a rope around my neck and jumped off a building: 18 days later I awoke from a coma. I was in a hospital bed, hooked up to a life support machine, My Mother sat next to me with her Bible in her hand praying for me, praying for her dope-fiend son who did nothing right but everything wrong, The one who brought shame, heartache and pain to the family. **I wondered how she could even pray for me?** The doctors told me I had severe neck injuries and my whole left side was paralyzed. I was unable to walk, feed myself, shower, do anything. I was in a wheel chair. I cried out: "WHY didn't you let me die!?"

My Mom told me GOD loves me and didn't want me to die. – I spent several weeks in the hospital in re-habilitation unit, trying to learn how to walk again. I left the hospital, got some more dope, got another habit, back to crime and living on the streets and back alleys of west Baltimore. Back to prison a few more times. I lived in an abandoned house with no food, no water, nothing but me and drugs. One morning I got on my knees crying, and begged God from my heart to take my worthless life from me, I was a useless heroin addict human being and was no good. God answered that prayer. God had me arrested and sent to jail, only this time I was so bad off that I was medically declined at the jail and sent to a hospital where I was told they were going to have to remove my leg, **due to all the damage the**

**Heroin had caused.** From the Hospital, I went to a re-hab. then on to a Halfway house. That was 2002.

Today I stand before you with 5 1/2 years clean of drugs and FREE from myself, GOD set me free from the self-made prison I put my heart and mind into. But that wasn't enough. God had more plans for me. While sitting in a Drug Recovery Meeting one of my "OLD" using partners came walking thru the doors and even though I didn't want to talk to him I did: his name is JIM! We talked for hours, 2 weeks later Jim led me to a Waterboyz table, There I met Paul Foss and Richard Fredericks. I was really taken back by the Hospitality I was given that day.

There were even COPS there at the table. I didn't know what to think about this. But Brian & Rob really made me feel at home. They smiled and told me how proud they were that I was there at the table with them. I leaned over to Jim and said: Cops are saying they are proud of me! What is going on?

Jim says: **GOD is what is going on!**

The feeling of PEACE within came over me, I knew in my heart this is where I belonged. Then I realized all those people telling me how I need to find GOD were wrong, I never had to find Him. GOD was with me the whole time, **all I had to do was turn to Him.** GOD has brought me from inside the gates of hell (addiction & prisons) into His Loving arms, I can feel the warmth of his arms around me, God did not allow me to be molested, He gave man his own will **and the Devil had the soul of that man.**

God did not take my Dad from me. **GOD gave me a model in my father to love and protect me and to help bring me to God. Now, in Christ, I can forever be with my Dad.**

Prayer:

My God, I do believe that **Jesus** came to earth, **died to forgive all my sins,** and was raised from the dead. Please help me show and share that message with those around me, looking to find hope and help. **Holy Spirit,** open my eyes to those around me who are searching. **Father,** I want so much to share in your work, please help me and guide me **as I rededicate myself to YOU today. Through Jesus Christ, my risen Lord & Savior I pray. Amen.**