

My Life Story – Clark (April 2010)

I grew up in Los Angeles with an older brother with at times uncontrolled violence by my parents.

I was once whipped with a tree branch by my Mom as a child and oozed blood and water. The first time I was K.O.'d by my Dad was at 11 years old. He held me up by the hair and ear as he hit me in the head and dropped me to the ground. In the following years I have been spat on innumerable times as well as name called. I've been stabbed and clubbed several times by my Mom with deadly intent. I've been kicked in the head by my Dad. When I asked him 'why?', he said "Because I can."

Then, he started drinking and and being increasingly abusive to the family and admitted 'doing hookers'. My Mom started drinking and attempted to kill him as well as herself several times. I wanted to kill him slowly and dance in his guts. I hated him and feared him, especially when he was drunk.

At 15 years old, I was attacked, it was so violent, I couldn't believe it. I thought I would die. I prayed to Jesus to save me. Nothing happened. When I recovered enough, I sat in my bedroom with a rifle barrel stuck in my mouth practicing a murder-suicide. I guy I knew blew his face off with a shotgun and lived. I gave up on Jesus and people. I trusted nobody. I then started sleeping with and carrying a switchblade knife and door jams at night for protection as a kid from my parents.

I started drinking as a pain killer and soon found drugs, which became my best friend. I decided that money was my only way of escaping my situation, so I started selling drugs and anything else that people wanted. My friends were criminals and gang members.

The relationship between my parents became more violent as my Dad drank more heavily. My brother and I decided it was best to move our Mom out, that she live with and be supported by me. We hoped she would be happier and stop drinking. The opposite happened.

Her suicide attempts continued especially when she realized that I wanted to get married. My Mom stated that if I got married to the love of my life, my Mom's death would be my fault. I succumbed to the threats. My lady friend understood my situation and stuck it out for several years. She finally gave me an ultimatum. I chose. She left. I became really bitter and hurt. I left to live on my own and my Mom died naturally many years later.

I continued doing more and different drugs. I did everything except inject in my 30+ year drug career. I tried to quit but several times but 'crashed and burned' more severely each time. It was too painful. I was now a slave. By this time, I was doing steroids so nobody could hurt me. I had a very bad attitude. I hurt a lot of people.

I had money, a "toy car", several girlfriends simultaneously and was asked to be a male model but was very unhappy. I had figured out how to kill myself with an O.D. like several people I knew if I got into serious trouble.

In 1997, I had injured my back at work, which left me using canes, crutches, wheelchair and cocktails of drugs, leaving me in increasing pain crawling on the ground at my worst. I went through all medical treatments including pain block shots in the back. Nothing worked. I was eventually pensioned off as permanently disabled.

6 years later, after taking W.C.B. to court and bleeding money to my lawyer, I had very little left. I went to church for free food but had to sit through Christian education. I hated Jesus and God, if they existed, for never saving my family or me from abuse.

A lady at church was told by Jesus to pray for my back. I told her, "Whatever". She put her hands on my back and prayed in the name of Jesus. I didn't believe at all. 4 hours later, I realized that I was not in pain. I stopped my 5-pack of prescription drugs. After 5 days of being pain-free, I had to rationalize what what was happening. I had to admit that a miracle had occurred on my back. Since I was prayed for in the name of Jesus, that was the name of God and every other name of God is a fraud and a creation by satan.

3 months later, my Dad called after a 30 year absence wanting a relationship. He has cancer and diabetes. I have a loving relationship with the guy I wanted to torture and kill, in spite of the fact he still was drinking and unlovable. Recently, he swore at and humiliated me in public. I now tower over him and could have had 50 years of payback but I forgave him. I still hang out with him now that he is slowly dying, giving him comfort, preaching Jesus to keep him out of hell.

When I tell my brother about hanging out with our Dad, my brother doesn't want anything to do with or hear about him. My brother is still bitter about memories 40 years past.

I now love people. I have a new heart courtesy of Jesus. I now sling Jesus instead of drugs. I give hope through my story to others like me, by serving in various places during the week, both nights and days. Praise Jesus and His perfect plans and love for us.

One final note concerning the drugs. When Jesus found me, I quit. I had no physical, mental, emotional or spiritual pain at all. I am regularly exposed to the smells and sights of drugs in the areas that I serve. Now, I have absolutely no taste for the drugs after 30 years of daily use, truly another miracle for a totally undeserving dirt bag like me.

My life has never been better since I let Jesus be the shot caller in my life. Let Jesus be the shot caller in your life. It couldn't be any worse than what's happening now with you calling the shots. Trust Jesus. He loves you.