

Kristy's Story



I was born in Jacksonville, Florida, a middle child with two brothers. My father was a minister, so we moved several times while growing up. I can remember, as a little girl, feeling like no one liked me and that I just didn't fit in, especially around other girls. Whenever I was at a slumber party or in Girl Scouts, I still had the feeling that I was inferior.

Later on, moving to Dublin, Georgia, had the greatest impact on my life. Everyone in my family was excited, except me. I was fourteen years old and did not want to leave all my friends and go to another place and have to start all over again. The changes were extremely overwhelming for me and brought on so much anger and rebellion in me, this started the path of self-destruction.

I sought out the kids at high-school who I knew my family would disapprove of, the ones skipping school and not caring about anything, except getting high. I can't imagine how I even graduated, but somehow I managed. I attempted college for a year, but failed, came home, and my parents sent me to Atlanta, in hopes that a change of scenery would help me with a new start. It didn't happen for me, my disease had progressed to a point that I needed psychiatric help.

When that chapter of my life was over, I got married in Dublin and had two beautiful daughters. Drug use was still a major part of my life, causing that marriage to fail. Disease still progressing, causing several other marriages to fail. In the process of all this destruction, I managed to go back to school and start a career in the medical field. You see, to me, I was holding a job, taking care of my daughters, the car, the home, so there really couldn't be anything wrong with me! The whole time, using some sort of drug, daily, just to feel what I thought was normal.

Finding out later, that this was my way of survival. I lived this way for thirty-eight years. In and out of relationships, hurting everyone I cared about, living this great big lie. I can honestly say, the last twelve years, were the hardest for me. My disease had progressed to the point of taking me to some really dark places. I had gone from smoking marijuana, getting drunk, and taking all the crazy drugs from the seventies to needing pain pills every day and smoking crack cocaine.

I was broken, hopeless, and full of shame and guilt, and wanting desperately to just die. I couldn't manage living life without drugs. Trying different treatment facilities, in-patient and out-patient, psychiatric help; nothing helped. The only thing in my mind that helped was using

drugs. People that I used with were dying all around me. It was at a funeral of one of my close friends that I realized that I was dying. I needed help.

My brother had suggested I go to Promise of Hope, not knowing at this time, that plenty of people were praying for me. Well, I went, still believing that it was too late for me. I know today that it is true, Promise of Hope property is blessed by God. My new journey in life began there, Tough, yes it was, living in the same house with other women, opening up to them, and allowing them to point out what they saw in me, hearing my truth, and seeing where my disease was taking me was truly what I needed. Learning the tools they taught me at POH, loving me when I couldn't love myself, and teaching me to recognize my disease was just some of the blessings I received while I was there.

Today, I have been clean and sober for over two years. I have a personal relationship with Jesus that continues to grow, I work a twelve-step program, and I have a network of women that I talk to on a daily basis. I am experiencing the happiness that I never thought possible; being a daughter, sister, mother, grandmother, and a friend. Living this new freedom and having this peace in my life never seemed possible to me.

LIFE IS WONDERFUL TODAY!!!

Sincerely,

Kristy Brown Trnka