

Unfortunately for him, it was he who found my nearly lifeless body, rushing me to the hospital where I was comatose. When I finally (and miraculously) woke up and they told me of his intervention, I was so angry. All I wanted was the pain to end.

I came out of the hospital, holding my rescuer responsible for my future turmoil and hating Christians in general. In my attempt to be left alone by them, I found a whole new life as I began to hang around an outlaw bike club called "Satan's Choice" (how appropriate). My life of violence, drugs, jail and hospital wards continued for several more years, as did my hatred of Christians, and one in particular.

Waking up in a hospital room was a regular occurrence for me but this one time was different. The doctor informed me that my liver and kidneys were failing and if I continued using drugs or alcohol, I would die. Now, after all my suicide attempts, you would think this would be good news, but strangely I began to feel a new thing. The will to live suddenly started to rise up within me and I knew I would do anything to stay alive.

The only option was a drug rehab center, there it didn't take them too long to push me hard enough to quit! As I packed to leave, I opened the drawer beside my bed where I saw a book some "dude" named Gideon had left (a bible). This book had been a good luck charm to me as I always searched for it as I awaited 'tricks' in hotel rooms, it had been a book my grandma read and somehow gave me comfort. I remember falling to my knees, suddenly feeling like I needed to open the book. The pages fell to Jeremiah 29:11 where I read "I know the plans I have for you says the Lord, plans for good and not evil and if you look for me with your whole heart, you will find me". Find

God?? I cried out "God help me" and the most incredible thing happened. In an instant I felt love, peace, warmth and I knew God was real. He instantly filled the hole in me and gave me strength to finish the treatment program.

I left there with a list of people I needed to make amends to, one being that poor bus driver I had blamed and hated for so long. I found him, told him of my conversion and apologized for my hatred. Amazingly, he had become a Jail Chaplain in the city I lived and started to come visit me. He helped me study the Bible, find a church and pray, becoming my best friend. After a few months, he asked me to marry him and I said yes! I have been married to my best friend for 19 years and we serve the Lord together. I feel like a princess!

God has a plan for your life too, all you have to do is ask Him to come into your heart, forgive you and help you find a new life. Then go to a Christian church or find some Christian friends, they will be happy to help you grow and find that peace we all long for. You too, can feel unique and special.

*I love you,
Bonnie*

For help and literature write:

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*The wonderful
Grace of God
in Bonnie's Life...*

I was born in a small town in Manitoba, the oldest of six children. Mom and Dad cleverly named us Bonnie, Connie, Donnie, Ronnie, Shawnie and Lonnie. Growing up is a tough enough process but somehow I found it harder than most, always craving attention. I remember people always asking “which Onnie are you?” I found that hard because I didn’t feel unique and special like God made me. That is, until I started school, where I got in trouble often. I remember how awesome it felt hearing my name over the PA system, and my trips to the principal’s office were frequent, as I looked for attention in all the wrong ways.

The summer before I started high school, my life changed when I was sexually molested by a family friend. I became angry with my parents when I didn’t feel like they cared. I had a huge chip in my shoulder and had lost trust in adults. I started hanging around with “hippies”, who accepted me and helped fill the huge hole that was growing inside me. All I had to do to fit in was to dress cool, act crazy and get stoned with them. Talk about attention!

At 14, I took my first drug, LSD and was almost immediately hooked. Being stoned filled that hole and made me feel very special. Before long, I was stealing and dealing at school to get my drug supply. I knew I had crossed a line but didn’t know how to stop the cyclone my life was becoming, my parents watched helplessly.

A boy I liked invited me to a wedding, where I had my first alcohol induced blackout, during which we had sex for the first time. My pregnancy was rather shocking, but we got married because it seemed like the thing to do. My

husband introduced me to the needle, which was the next step in my addiction, growing stronger over the years. I was willing to do anything for the feeling drugs gave me. Our marriage was doomed and I soon found myself a single mom on welfare with low self esteem, addicted, and angry. A perfect target.

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A man named “Frankie” entered my life and I fell hard. He romanced me, showered me with gifts, took me fancy places, told me he loved me and shot me up with as much heroine as I wanted. I felt wonderful, special and so loved I couldn’t believe my luck until one day he didn’t show up. I didn’t see him for several days and experienced the worst withdrawal imaginable. Unknown to me, this was part of his evil trap and I fell hard. As he teased me with a fix of heroine, he devastated me with his news. He was a pimp, definitely not in love with me (a lousy junkie), and I was going to be a part of his “stable”. I knew then I would do anything for heroine and found myself “working” with several other girls like me in clubs, hotels, even the streets. Thus, I lived in his violent world until , one day in a drug induced rage, he stabbed me! As I was bleeding to death, I had a “near death experience” where I felt my body go into a euphoric state as I imagined myself camping with my family. The feeling of peace and well being was incredible

and started my cycle of several suicide attempts over the next few years, I was looking for that peaceful place again.

My parents came to take my son and I to live with them and give us a new chance at a better life. There I met the doctor who cared for my wounds and, sensing my

vulnerability, gave me an offer I couldn’t refuse. He would supply me with all the drugs I wanted if I would just “be nice to him”. I felt like I was in junkie heaven, no more street life for me. In fact the next six years were fairly “normal”, with the doctors visits frequent, I even managed another marriage and the birth of my second son.

A late night phone call from the doctor rocked my world when he broke off our deal, and said he would deny anything I ever said about the arrangement we had. I panicked, knowing no one would believe my word over his and decided this suicide attempt would be my last. I washed down a whole bottle of sleeping pills with a bottle of Southern Comfort and laid down waiting for that peaceful place to take me once and for all.

A few weeks earlier, a man had come to my door to ask if he could take my boys to Sunday School on his bus. Perfect, I thought, sleep off my Sunday morning hangovers.