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*I am a Grateful Believer in Jesus Christ with **Free Will** and I **CHOSE Surrender** (Intelligent Delegation) in my victory over, "Recreational Chemical Abuse, my weekend, "False Idols." [My name is Chris.....](#)"*

This is a story about pride, corrupted priorities and lack of genuine purpose. The truth is, I've been running from God my entire life. I spent my entire adult life breaking the second commandment: when you put worldly things before God, they not only become more important than God, they become idols; idols that my life centered around. Here is my story.

As a child, I grew up with asthma. I spent many a night awake, wheezing alone in the dark of my room, with only God as my friend. I wasn't afraid of the Boogy man because God gave me a loud, frightening asthmatic wheeze that I was convinced, would scare off any intruder. God was indeed my personal friend, often my only friend, alone in the dark of my childhood room.

[My father was a very high level executive at Hughes Aircraft. My mother was a retired RN and the real controller of the family who stayed home and dished out the chores and groundings. My parents were from the depression era and from my perspective nothing was given freely unless earned.](#)

I "[Borrowed](#)," my religion from two wonderful parents who sent me to Catholic school for 11 years. It should have been twelve years, [but because I was a trouble maker and a prankster they asked me to leave and my parents reluctantly agreed!](#) As a young man I loved God and prayed to Him often. I seriously considered the Catholic Seminary up until the start of High School, but I was no way ready to give God 100% of my life.

I grew up in the 60's, the time of sex, drugs and rock and roll. I did not go to college right away. I was having fun. I went from wanting to be a Catholic priest in grade school, to smoking pot every day, drinking every weekend and going to rock concerts on LSD. Being a very introverted person, **I learned early on that I could reverse my feelings of social anxiety, especially with females, by drinking alcohol.** After graduating from High School, I held a series of dead end jobs. I destroyed a couple of cars due to my drinking. My pot smoking friends nicknamed me, "Dopey" and I certainly was that,

because I was always high. Even in my so-called fun, I knew I was in a rut, going absolutely nowhere. I was trying to find myself in all the wrong places and in all the wrong ways.

One Saturday evening, at a local beach party, after consuming a combination of uppers and downers, I inhaled a bag of Freon that was being passed around. Freon is an antifreeze for air conditioners that probably froze my lungs. Anyway, as soon as I inhaled the Freon, I passed out. My friends later told me it was for only about a minute but I thought I had died and guess where I went? I had gone to hell. It was all very clear. I remember the absence of pain and a very peaceful feeling at first. I vividly recall that I was supine; looking straight up and my newfound existence consisted of a very pleasant, circular, revolving kaleidoscope of **red, orange, blue, yellow, and white**. All the colors of fire! I thought, this is not so bad, maybe even enjoyable. I had no idea where I was so I asked a series of questions about my whereabouts and my future. The answers did not come as words, but instead as an incessant pounding noise that became louder and louder with each affirmation of my questions. With increasing trepidation, I realized that the colors I was seeing and noise I was hearing was all I would ever experience, not for days, weeks months or years, but forever, for all eternity!

As the moments passed, the audible pounding became louder and louder and the colors became more luminous. *My fear increased exponentially at the terrifying reality of experiencing one vision of colors and one noise for all eternity.* I felt completely and totally alone! Now I was truly terrified! I begged God to give me another chance, I promised I would change. Then suddenly, the pounding stopped and the colors vanished, and a voice told me to, "Work with the soul of man." "The soul of man? I had no idea what that meant and then, suddenly, I awoke. I was never so glad to be conscious, to be breathing and alive! I was temporarily rejuvenated with respect to my future. That night, I knew that I had better make changes in my life, not tomorrow, but right now!

In the following months, I enrolled in Junior College and found myself in a mandatory class that was infamous with all students, with respect to being difficult. The class was called Psycho-Biology, the study of the biology of the brain and spinal cord, the Central Nervous System. In the first chapter of that class, I read that the etymology of the word Psych in Greek, is soul. I loved this class. I thought back to the night I may have ostensibly died and gone to hell and thought, "Perhaps now I am on the right track with God with respect to the soul."

I later transferred to the University of Arizona that along with UCLA, had one of the best Brain Biology programs at the time. Neuroscience was fascinating. I was seeking God, my soul, and myself by studying the brain. Academically, I was studying brain cells with the premise that there is **no twisted thought without a twisted molecule**. Behaviorally, I continued to twist my molecules with drugs and alcohol, in College and on into graduate school. I took LSD hundreds of times. I played tennis with the head of the Psychology department. We both played on LSD. This was the psychological era of Harvard Professor, Timothy Leary, who believed that LSD would change the psychiatric world.

At some point during my time at University of Arizona, I went to an evangelical church and accepted Christ as my Savior, but I was not ready to make Him the Lord of my life. I was not ready to Surrender. I was on autopilot with respect to my drinking. I was a spoiled man child. I was following the core of the Addictive Belief System: **I thought life should be easy, fair and without pain. I continued to escape the trials and tribulations of everyday life and my social anxiety, with a quick fix or mood changer of alcohol.** I compartmentalized my habits. I was organized. I drank virtually every weekend, usually from Thursday to Saturday; I graduated Summa Cum Laude because I was organized in my getting high. I did not let my habits interfere with my studying or grades.

My goal was to get a doctorate in Neurobiology. Of course with that type of degree, my career choice was simple, teach and research, publish or perish. During a school break, while on a ski lift in the White Mountains of Arizona, a Chiropractor got on the lift with me. [That brief conversation going up the slope, made me see an opportunity for three things.](#) 1. To help others, 2. Make a good living, 3. Continue my education on the Central Nervous System.

After 10 years of college, I became a financially successful, self-employed, Chiropractic Physician. At 32, I was single. I drove a nice car, owned my own house by the beach, and had my German shepherd dog. My biggest problem was juggling what girl to date and how to spend money. I felt blessed. I distinctly recall driving home from work one night with the top down on my new Mercedes coup, contemplating that I must be doing something right, without even trying.

I thought, to have all this, God must really consider me special. I must be doing something right. I'm not changing anything in my life! *I*

*wasn't grateful, I was **prideful**, putting my faith in myself instead of God.*

I married late in life by most standards. I was 34. I was tired of playing the field. I was tired of drinking and driving on weekends. I feared a DUI, which I eventually obtained. I was tired of shallow one-night stands. One day, contemplating, that I should get my act together, *I once again, made a bargain with God. I prayed for God to allow me to meet someone with God-like-qualities and who would facilitate my relationship with God*, a relationship that I knew in my heart that I neglected my entire life. In literally days or weeks after that specific prayer, a woman came into my life as an employee. I hired her. We were friends for two years before God allowed us to become man and wife. My prayer was answered, but I soon forgot my part of the bargain, yet again! With the pressures of opening a new practice, marriage and children, I failed to act on my promise to get my act together with my relationship with God. In my reality, you can't party every weekend and love God.

*I was **prideful**. I actually thought I was a pretty decent guy, being **ONLY** a part time sinner.*

Well I did not change much but life certainly did. In 7 quick years we had 4 children, 3 boys and a girl. Being self-employed, I seldom took a vacation. I've taken 3 real vacations in 30 years and one was my honeymoon. Consequently, **I felt I deserved my weekends for drinking. Friday and Saturday were my personal vacations. I was a recreational weekend-only drinker who relished a line or two of cocaine to keep myself more alert and able to drink even more.** I especially liked Thanksgiving as this holiday gave me 4 days off from work and 4 days in a row to drink. I thought: "My addiction is not unmanageable or uncontrollable." My addiction was myopic; it was self-organized and self-directed, right down to the quality, quantity and chronology of my drinks and number of lines of cocaine I would snort. I even took my vital signs, my blood pressure, pulse and respiration. **I literally measured my stupidity!**

During most of our marriage, my wife made it abundantly clear that she did not approve of my weekend behavior. I blew her off. Besides, her obsession with trying to control me, in recent years, her menopausal hormones were playing havoc in her life and she could be the worst kind of fire and ice emotional chameleon. She spoke, I ignored. One thing that never wavered, never equivocated, was her God fearing Christian heart. I failed to listen to her heart. *I failed on my promise to get closer to God.*

Five years ago, when my firstborn son became a heroin addict, I came to realize that I could not control him. Nothing I could say, do or give, would change him. I felt helpless, powerless, trapped and out of control with respect to my ability to help him. My wife and I eventually did what the experts told us. We practiced, Tough Love”, and kicked him out of the house, only to watch him exist in his car under the local bridge or passed out in the front seat of his car, frequently right in our own front yard. Unconscious in his car, I literally never knew if he would awaken. I never knew if I would see him alive again. This continued for 5 grueling months [and it was the beginning of wrestling with God about making Him the Lord of life.](#)

Eventually my son hit his bottom. He went to detox and rehab and is now clean. While I turned to God out of desperation during this time, I continued my weekend escape. With **pride** leading me, I convinced myself it was ok to drink if I didn't exercise my vices in front of my children and especially my son. One evening while my son was downstairs fresh out of rehab, I was upstairs in my office, drinking and snorting cocaine. I wrestled with God over my behavior. I asked him to show me if I was truly wrong with what I considered my “controlled recreational, weekend consumption.” The answer was forthcoming.

A week or two later , while my wife was at Celebrate Recovery, and my 94 year old mother was living with us, my son asked me to drive him to a Narcotics Anonymous meeting. As usual, I had purposely not had any dinner, so I would get high quicker, I had consumed half a bottle of wine. I knew I should not be driving but how could I not take him to an important meeting essential for his continued sobriety? I therefore consumed two lines of coke to get my head straight and promptly drove my mother and son to a nearby meeting NA meeting! When I came home, I realized that God had answered my question. The **prideful** control that I thought I had, had been compromised. I knew things had to change and they would soon, just not the way I had planned.

My birthday is on June 6. Our wedding anniversary is on June 1. “What a better rational for me to get high,” I thought; “One last hurrah.” On the night of our anniversary, after secretly drinking half a bottle of wine before dinner and nearly a bottle at dinner, I snuck upstairs to do a quick line of coke to straighten out my buzz. My wife came into my office and saw me doing what she always suspected and knew. After

26 years of marriage, on our anniversary, my wife could take it no longer and left. She moved in with her sister.

At first I was irate. Sure I was an idiot, **but I deserved to be an idiot**, I had every right! "Cut me some slack," I thought. I only escape on weekends. This was a special occasion. I don't drink and drive. I'm not an angry drunk. I don't watch porn or gamble. I'm a good financial provider. My wife never had to work, to make ends meet. I'm always home, not out golfing all day. I was useless around the house, but at least I'm home." In my **prideful** opinion, I was a far better husband and father than most men.

In the following days and weeks, I was bitterly disgusted with what I considered, my wife's "in your face" absence to be my wife and abrogation of her spousal vows and parental duties. *What ever happened to the wedding vows we took to love and to cherish for better or worse, in sickness and in health? She was a liar and a quitter!*

Her attitude and behavior disgusted me and brought me great hurt and anger. I found myself reading Ephesians 5:23-24 and 1 Corinthians 11:3 with unilateral bias on the husband being the head of the wife and the wife submitting in all things. In my selfish, chauvinistic **pride** and anger I created a compendium of biblical passages to justify my feelings and from my perspective, her gross lack of being a proper Christian wife.

Anyway, she hurt me deeply and I was going to hurt her. I made a 10-point matrix, which included closing bank accounts, cancelling credit cards, terminating her e-mail, revoking life insurance and even defaulting on her auto lease, which would leave her with no transportation. I called my brother-in-law to get the name of a divorce attorney that he used. Every day was an embarrassing day for me, as I had to swallow my **pride** and admit to inquiring employees, co-workers, neighbors, friends and colleagues that my wife had left me.

The thought occurred to me that if my wife had not been involved in Celebrate Recovery this situation would have never happened! In my mind, CR made her come to terms with who she was and this was indirectly the cause of her intolerance of my behavior and the cause of her leaving me. I even entertained the thought that Celebrate Recovery was a cult that brainwashed my wife, coloring me as a terrible person and ruining our marriage. I briefly envisioned a lawsuit against this very church! I was so full of rage and anger and then it hit

me like a ton of bricks. Who am I? Is this hateful, **prideful**, angry, bitter person, really me?

I prayed for patience and for the loss of foolish **pride** that fueled my incessant anger. I began to ask myself real questions. What is God teaching me? What is God teaching her?

The answers came slowly at first. God enlightened me through prayer to understand that the first step in discovering God's will, involved assessing my own heart, mind and will. In order to receive the Lord's direction, I needed a clean heart, a clear mind and a surrendered will. **I was devoid of all three.**

The second step was to wait patiently on the Lord for His answer. I had no patience. I felt humiliated with my wife's absence. My own emotions were pushing me to act now, but I knew I must resist moving ahead of God. God made me wait because I had much to learn.

As I wrestled mentally, emotionally and spiritually, I got on my knees twice a day and prayed. God was slowly transforming my thinking. It was on my knees that an inexplicable peace came over me and the Holy Spirit told me that my wife did what she had to do to keep her sanity intact. She did not want to hurt me. She was simply trying to survive, to keep herself sane.

You could call this hitting bottom, but in retrospect, I call it a moment of transcendence. Now, I was no longer mad at my wife, but instead I was mad at myself. This is when I knew I couldn't do it alone. I needed help. I needed God to lead me. Specifically, I invited the Holy Spirit into my life. I prayed a simple prayer; *"Lord I invite you into my life today. Guide my footsteps and help me make wise decisions. Allow me to be sensitive to Your Will especially if that interferes with my selfish, **prideful** plans."* I learned that the greatest spiritual blessing I could receive was when I came to the knowledge that I was not in control. I found the following Biblical passage, which changed my life and became my life's maxim: **"My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is brought to perfection in weakness." 2 Corinthians 12: 9.**

I had been running from God all my life! After reading this scripture, God allowed me to realize that surrendering to God was not a weakness but just the opposite, a strength!! I made the most important decision of my life, a simple yes or no decision. I chose to surrender, to intelligently Delegate control to God. Now for the first

time in my life, with respect to my relationship with God, I was truly willing to Give God 100%. To love God with all my heart, mind, soul and strength. The “No Trespassing” sign was gone.

From both a business and personal perspective, I "**Intellectually Delegated,**" control to Christ as my **Chief Operations Officer** and Christ returned that control to me, as the **Chief Executive Officer**. I still have free will and choice, but now I was conducting my new transformed thinking with **Christ Driven Behavior**. The difference was now I was combining **God’s will with my free will**. I was no longer conformed to this world, but transformed with new thinking.

I came to CR to appease my wife and simultaneously attempt to learn about the cause of my compulsive behavior, my decades of chemical abuse. I came to CR every Friday and joined a 12 Step group. Additionally, in the context of learning about myself, in the two plus years I have been at CR, I have read over 360 books on addiction, motivated by my own life and that of my eldest son.

Celebrate Recovery helped me by giving me a structured opportunity on a weekly basis to examine my life and understand my behavior.

*Christ showed me that my drinking was a displaced behavior, an emotional response to circumstances that caused me to feel overwhelmed, **helpless**, trapped, powerless and lacking control. This helplessness was always rooted in something deeply important to me. Weekly, I would attempt to regain control of my helpless, trapped feelings with compulsive Displaced Behavior of drugs and alcohol! I would store up my feelings and let loose on the weekends. My addictive behavior functioned to repair this underlying feeling of helplessness. It did so because taking the addictive action of abusing drugs created a sense of being empowered, of regaining control—over my emotional experiences and my life. I was the fool in **Proverbs 29:11** which states: "A fool vents all his feeling but a wise man holds them in check." [This proverb showed me that all addictions serve an emotional purpose.](#) Don't let your emotions control your behavior. [Uncontrolled emotions or feelings can lead us astray thru faulty thinking.](#) What Christ taught me is Direct Healthy Behavior, based on the values and tenets of Scripture. I learned new **values, motivation** and **purpose**. I changed, when my values changed, when my purpose in life changed. I learned that when I take surrender seriously and work at it, the fruits of the Holy Spirit become a part of my life and one of those vital fruits or values, is called **SELF CONTROL!***

Step 3 was all about Surrender: *"We made a decision to turn our wills and our lives over to the care of God."* Principle 3: *"Consciously choose to commit all my life and will to Christ's care and control."* *"Happy are the meek,"* Mathew 5.5

This Beatitude, this blessing, changed my thinking and let God change my life. When I swallowed my **pride** and humbled myself, my life changed for the better. I was reborn yet another time. *I delegated control to God and learned that "when you grow close to God, He grows close to you."* (James 4:8).

I changed my thinking, I repented. My old life is now gone. My walk with God has changed with new benefits, new rewards.

I have come full circle in my life and that circle ends with my Higher Power, Jesus Christ in control and not me.

My wife saw that I was seriously working on my recovery. She felt that if I was working on my relationship with God, she couldn't go wrong; so she came back home. Today, my wife and I are now closer than ever. I think she feels safer with me and more secure in our joint relationship with God. Our marriage is reborn. **Communication is the key, being on the same page with God. Having a marriage that glorifies God.** Today, I hope I make an effort to listen to her heart, the way I should have. I have learned that active listening relies more on my heart than my ears. **God has made it clear that if I am going to lead my family, then God must first lead me.** Through my new relationship with God, I came to realize my wife's leaving me was indeed the best thing that has ever happened to me. In fact, as the alleged spiritual leader of our family, I repudiated our wedding vows first and foremost, NOT my wife, as I had previously thought. *It's not often you get the opportunity to fall in love twice in this life, best of all, with the same woman! Is God good or what?!*

Now I lead the chemical open share group and sponsor men. I also operate a web site that features, the relationship between Science and Scripture. This web site consists of articles by contemporary addiction experts and how their views correlate with Scripture. Most addiction experts perceive that Science and Scripture are antithetical; this is a misconception. We need scientific explanation to understand nature. We need meaning to understand human behavior. **We need God to know the answers to both.** After all, *the Bible is a book on Behavior Therapy.*

*Socrates said: "The unexamined life is not worth living." CR allowed me to examine my life. Christ taught me that all hurts, habits and hangups are displaced behaviors used to **regain control over helpless feelings**. God taught me that **I can regain control** over helpless circumstances and feeling with direct, assertive, healthy, Christ Driven Behavior that honors God. When I combine my free will with God's will, I changed my thinking and God changed my life.*

On my first night of Celebrate Recovery, I heard Nate say, "CR is the best place to be on a Friday night." I thought he was spouting well-meaning rhetoric. I'm here tonight because he spoke the truth and the truth has set me free.

Thank you all, for letting me share.

Personal note: Testimonies are a Service. Service is providential. There is no fear in God's providence, only excitement.