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The Light

By Rachel Penny

Drug Addict! What do we picture when we hear that term? Probably a person that looks like death. There is a terrible stigma that exist out there of people who have problems with addiction. Society imposes this stigma and the damages it causes, looking at addiction as a character flaw or weakness that can be cured when, with most it is a lifetime struggle. Some see it as an embarrassment and try to hide it. Others see addicts as lazy, troubled, selfish, losers, and even criminals. At least that is how it is seen in my family.

I was a drug addict for thirteen years of my life. I started with the occasional marijuana smoking with friends after school at the age of thirteen, which grew to whatever kind of drugs where around I did them. Where were my parents, you are wondering? Well my mother was single, working all the time as well, as trying to heal her broken heart at the bottom of beer can. My father was anyone with a skirt. Growing up in all this dysfunction knowing the outcome of the life style, I still went out and pursued the same lifestyle. Later on in life I asked my mom, "Why did you put up with my dad's behavior and move on?"

"Because I was scared to be alone." But wasn't that what she already was? Alone. However, the last three years of my addiction were the most critical.

My husband went to prison. I was left all alone, I thought, chasing that high life. Every day was like a roller coaster, never knowing if the electricity would be on when I came home, or if my car was going to be repossessed. Then I had to start selling everything value to just get enough money to go buy my drugs. That was a turning point in my life. I woke up, looked at myself in the mirror, and what was looking back at me was not who I wanted to be anymore. She was not that fun, loving, caring, person anymore, she was lost, and I will always remember that day. It was the day I saw the light. My heart was yearning for a sense of peace, comfort, love. Then this overwhelming feeling came over me to go pray, so I got up, walked down that dreary hallway and into my cold, dark dungeon room, and just fell to my knees. As I was weeping for Jesus to take this all away, I felt this knew that everything was going to be fine. I am now two years sober. Thank the lord. Amazingly everything that I lost while in my addiction has been restored ten- fold. So the great thing about sobriety is, that God is still working on me to make me his masterpiece, and he will do the same for each and every one of us that is struggling at some point in our life. We are only human, and we do mess up, but he's only a prayer away.

