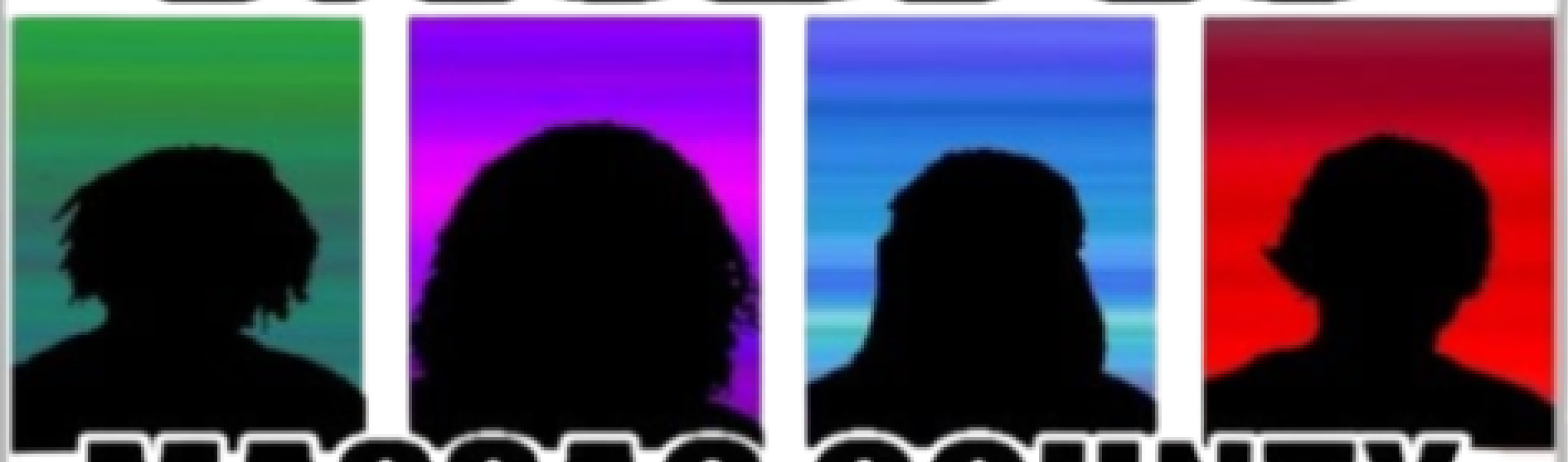
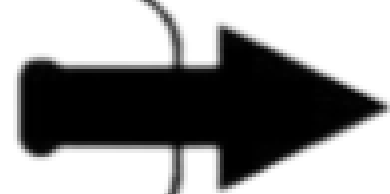


Massac County Drug Awareness Coalition



MCDAC



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MY PLANS FOR YOU

By Kimberly Early

Have you ever felt so much self-hatred that you believed with your entire being that death was your only escape? If so, please keep reading because you are not the only one.

The first memory after my last failed suicide attempt was the voice of a nurse telling me that God Almighty MUST have an amazing plan for my life. I didn't see her face that day, but even still, those words continue to speak life into me. Today, I wholeheartedly believe the words of that nurse. God Almighty must have a pretty cool plan for my life. It was September of 2011, when I injected antifreeze into my vein and today, I am alive to tell you about it.

My name is Kimberly, I am a 45-year-old woman from western Kentucky, and because of God's grace I have been drug free since February 2nd, 2012. That also happens to be the day I began serving time on a 20-year prison sentence. This is what I call one of God's greatest blessings. My entire adolescent and adult life have been spent in jails, prisons, psychiatric hospitals, crisis units, rehabs, and a series of other institutions. I tend to think the reason I kept going back to those places is because they kept letting me out. When I had to remain incarcerated for a longer period of time, my view on life started to change. I didn't just experience a lifestyle change. I mean my entire existence was redefined. Jesus Christ has given me a brand new life.

I was introduced to drugs at quite an early age and sometime later I became a slave to it. My lifestyle became very sickening. I was a thief, a liar, a junkie, a fighter, abused yet abusive too. I was angry, hateful, and selfish to the core. My life was beyond shameful. What started out to be fun became the very thing to almost destroy me. I am a living testimony of John 10:10 which tells me that my enemy comes to kill steal and destroy but Jesus Christ has come so that I may have an abundant life through him.

I knew what a healthy lifestyle looked like. I grew up watching my parents love the Lord, as well as each other. My dad worked...a lot. He was a great provider and is the most honest man I have ever known. There were 5 of us and my mom kept us all very alive. She was the first one up each morning and the last one in bed each night. I have very few memories of her outside of our kitchen. I do not know a more devoted woman than my mom.

So why did I become so enslaved by this drug? Why did I think about it every second of every day? Why couldn't I get out or into bed without it? Why couldn't I perform simple

daily tasks without it? Why did I disregard my own beliefs and values? Why did I become the very thing I hated most? I was hurting the people I love so dearly and literally using drugs against my very own will. I had no idea I could ever actually live without the use and dependence of drugs.

After my release from the hospital and yet another psychiatric unit, there was a particular day when I had more drugs around me than I could keep track of, but I was struck by a strong moment of clarity and noticed that I was completely alone. I MEAN COMPLETELY ALONE. I was so alone at that moment, it was crippling. It was early Autumn, and the time of day was around 10am or 11am when I wound up in the fetal position on my living room floor, gravely seeking something different...God. It is odd how I did not know Him at all, but I knew at that moment that I desperately needed Him. I was so empty, so hollow, so broken, shattered, and defeated. There was no amount of drug, no amount of money, no man, sex, education, or tangible thing that could remotely ease the emotional anguish & pure hatred I had for myself and everyone around me.

So, what did I do? Well I'm glad you asked. I screamed out to God so hard, so loud and so violently to PLEASE JUST TAKE THIS AWAY! I gave up, I quit, I surrendered, and at once I felt a tiny bit of hope. Yeah, that's right. I felt some hope that day. Hope: something I had rarely experienced before that point in my life. For the first time ever I could finally breathe, I could focus, I could hear & see, I could even relax...a little. I would like to say my life was instantly changed & it was forever rainbows and butterflies. But the truth is that my life turned into complete shambles. I began studying the Word of God. I mean I ~~wanted~~ to trust Him, but I had to get to know Him first. I did not keep or understand 1/4 of what I read & I was still using drugs. I was living a double lifestyle & to keep a long story short I earned myself a 20-year prison sentence. I served 6 years & 7 months of that in multiple jails and prisons. It was during my incarceration that I found freedom. I met a woman at Caldwell County jail in Princeton, KY, who introduced me to Celebrate Recovery, and showed me God's love at a very dark time in my life. Her husband would often send me his thoughts and ideas about the Word of God, and it challenged me not only to use my brain but to use my heart as well. I made up my mind and my heart to work on the steps of CR honestly & thoroughly. I dedicated every second to getting to know my sweet Lord & true Savior. I wanted to know Him & I made the decision to JUST TRUST HIM. I found out God really is exactly who He says He is; faithful and trustworthy. It was not forced. There were no strings attached. I did not have to perform a bunch of ritual orders. No criteria I had to meet. I just gave my entire self to Him & nothing yet, has ever been more personal, more powerful, or more meaningful.

I was released from prison May 21st, 2018 & shortly thereafter I was accepted into a faith-based treatment facility for women with life controlling issues. See, my drug use was merely a symptom of a much deeper issue. I had a lifestyle problem, a sin problem.

As I discover more each day about the amazing plan God has for my life, I am shown that it is simply Him. HE is my plan, and HE...is simply love. Because of Him I can live, really live, without the use or desire of drugs. HOW FREEING IS THAT?!? I can love the unlovable, including myself. I can forgive myself and others. I am not a different person because of Him...I am completely brand new. If you think that death is the only way out of a defeating lifestyle, if you think there is no possible way you can have any kind of peace whatsoever, if you think God does not care for you, I encourage you to reach out to Him. Scream at Him if you need to. Whatever you must do to truly find out for yourself who He really is and who you are to Him. There is no greater love than the love of the Lord, and ANYONE can experience it. The choice is yours; I beg you...to just give up. Sobriety is a real thing & Change is possible!!!



Psalm 40:2-3

He brought me up out of the pit of destruction, out of the miry clay; And He set my feet on a rock, making my footsteps firm.

BEFORE



AFTER

