



I was in Prison

MY FATHER LEFT US when I was just a little baby. **When I was seven, my mum committed suicide.** From that time, I was moved from house to house and never really had a home to call my own. At 13, home was the last place I wanted to be. I felt all alone in this world. I didn't really have a family. I was searching for an identity. I needed to know that I belonged. I spent the next few years with no purpose and direction in life. All this while, I never stopped looking to be loved by someone. I felt that everyone else had given up on me.

I drifted through life. I didn't perform well in school because I felt that there was no one to show my results to. Basically, there was no drive in my life then. I felt that there was no meaning and purpose in life. I felt like a misfit in this world. I felt lost and alone, without love and without hope.

Getting High

That was when I turned to drugs. **I started to sniff glue with some of my friends. Then it escalated to using heroine provided by my boyfriend.** That threw me into the entire world of drugs for the next few years.



I never thought that it would happen but I was caught by the police. When the doors closed on me, it was like a wake up call. It was only then did I realise that I had wasted those three years on drugs.

It was my aunt who first reported me to the authorities. When I had the police knocking on my doors and when I saw my auntie standing next to them, I felt very betrayed. I was thinking, "How could you do this to your own relative, your niece? Don't you care about my future?" I was really furious and almost to the point of wanting to kill her. I was really really very angry.

I managed to get away with just urine supervision for two years. Basically, I was required to go back to the police station to have my urine checked. This was to make sure that I was not on drugs.

I thought a lot about what I was doing. There were several times when I felt there seemed to be no meaning to life. I was just waking up every morning to take drugs, to feel in control, to feel secure. After the effect of the drugs wore out, I felt really depressed. It was really torturous.

I remembered there were several times I spoke to my then boyfriend about putting all these things behind us and

to start afresh. **I wanted to lead a normal life – to go shopping, watch movies and the usual things. I did not want to imprison myself at home with drugs.**

I told myself, "If this is what life is, then I do not want this life". There were several periods when I was suicidal. There were nights I was crying to myself and asking why my mother left me alone. I looked out at the window and thought "Hey, maybe I'll just walk the way my mother had walked. I'll just jump off and end this painful life."

By the grace of God (even though at that time, I didn't know God's love for me), I didn't have the courage to do it. That night, I thought to myself, "I need to go somewhere else. I need to leave these all behind me. I want to get out of the situation that I am in."

I let myself get caught

One night, just prior to my supervision test, my boyfriend invited friends over for drugs. When I looked at all of them doing drugs, my heart broke because I didn't want to be trapped in this lifestyle. On the spur of the moment, I just snatched the drug they were taking and I took it, knowing that I could not run away from my supervision test the next day.

The next morning, I just headed straight for my test. After I did my test, I waited for them to call out for my name. At that moment, I broke down in tears. I told them I knew that the results would be positive, but I did not know where else to go.

I ended up in a drug rehabilitation centre. **I was in solitary confinement for 6 months. I could hear other inmates screaming.** I remembered that I had lots of fears – fear of what will happen to me, fear of creepy things, fear of evil spirits, and so on. I needed to sleep with a blanket over me and I need to stack pillows on me until all of me was covered. I was so fearful to the point that I could not sleep. I also need to be exhausted to fall asleep. I was that afraid. It was really scary.

The Turning Point

At this point, I remembered about Jesus and His love for me and what He has done for me. I had heard about Him when I was 12, and even attended a church for about a month. After that I left due to some misunderstandings between friends. At this juncture, I just knew that I needed Jesus. I knew that I needed Him to come into my life to protect me.

With that, I actually told the warden that I wanted Christian Counseling. This lady by the name of Dorothy came and she shared the gospel with me and led me into a prayer of rededication.

As I followed her in the prayer, God filled me with so much joy. It was supernatural because when I looked all around me, **I was still surrounded by bars. I was still trapped physically, but something inside me changed. On the inside, something new had taken place.** This joy from God is the purest form of joy. At the end of the prayer, I actually leapt up. I was just so overwhelmed by what Christ has done for me.

Even though I needed to be there for six more months, my spirit was rejoicing because I knew that something new has happened. I started to realise that God had been watching over me throughout these years – although I

did not know about Him. He chose to reveal his love for me at that critical moment so that I could appreciate His love in my life and really accept Him into my heart.

This was the turning point in my life. It changed my whole perspective on life. After my time in the drug rehabilitation centre, I was placed in a halfway house. Then a counselor brought me to Trinity Christian Centre, and the pastors here walked with me through my journey of recovery. **Trinity helped me grow in the Lord to be who I am today – a leader and a young working professional.**

My life story on National TV

When I was chosen to have my story featured in the TV documentary “The Turning Point”, I was really afraid. A lot of thoughts were running through my mind. How am I going to face the people I work with? In my job, I meet a lot of people and I wondered if I would be brave enough to face all the questions. Would I be able to face people who do not approve of my past? Besides, I have so many new friends who do not know about my past. Only a very small percentage knows. What would they think of me?

I would like to erase that part of my life because it doesn't look nice. But God spoke to me: There are a lot of people who are still in darkness. They are still trying to see if they can get out and some of them don't even think that they can get out of this. God wants to use my story to inspire them, God wants to show them that there is a God that cares.

I am really grateful for how God has restored me, healed me, and brought meaning and purpose into my life. He has been with me every single step in this journey. I guess you could say that God has turned this tattered tapestry into a beautiful master piece.

The documentary “The Turning Point”, featuring Carol's life story, was aired on national TV twice, once on Channel 8 and once on Channel 5.

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