

PRAYER REQUEST

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

*“Cast all your cares upon Him; for He cares for you.” (1 Peter 5:7)*

As we pray together in faith, much will be accomplished. Open Door Ministries of Sampson, Inc. is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization, gifts to which are deductible as charitable contributions for federal tax purposes.

Open Door Ministries of Sampson, Inc.  
199 E. Magnolia-Lisbon Rd.  
Magnolia, NC 28453

# Open Door Partner

*“Victory through Christ”*

*April 2022*



I would like to start by giving all the honor and glory to my Heavenly Father and Savior, Jesus Christ. I pray in the Holy Spirit through Jesus Christ for this testimony. My name is Nelson C. I am 43 years old and grew up in Arecibo, Puerto Rico and now live in Holden Beach, NC. I am the youngest of three children with a brother and sister. When I was one year old, my mother remarried, but always made sure that I knew the difference between my biological father and my step-father. My father would always visit us in Puerto Rico and stay in our lives. He would take us to places like Sea World and Niagara Falls for vacations.

My childhood was amazing. I grew up with God-fearing parents that made sure I was in church, which I loved and enjoyed. My grandparents lived across the street from us and it seemed like each weekend was a family reunion. I never saw my parents argue, no alcohol, nor drugs in the home.

As I got older, I finally understood why my grandfather was always happy. He was an alcoholic, but a loving, family drunk. I was always around him and became curious about the alcohol. I would wait until he passed out and steal his pint of liquor, but always on my own.

I always played sports like baseball, basketball, volleyball, and football. I was very popular and many friends. My brother also played sports and was very good, but not well liked and didn't have many friends and troubles followed him. Because he wasn't liked, he fought a lot and never lost a fight. On the other hand, I never fought and if I were picked on, he would defend me. He was once in a fight with a group of guys that he hurt so badly that they plotted to murder him. The only way I felt I could help him was to join the opposing gang named Los Netas. With their help, my brother was never bothered again. This was the beginning of my "gang lifestyle".

*(Continued Inside)*

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## Testimony (Cont.)

Soon afterwards, I turned my back on God and family. I left Puerto Rico and moved around from city to city in the U.S. like Washington, DC and Atlanta, GA. This led to a life of addiction, where I abandoned my five year old son and soon after, served an eleven year prison sentence. Even in prison I was able to continue using drugs. I never took a break and stayed in active addiction for 24 years.

While I was in prison, both of my parents died from cancer, six months apart. I became really mad with God because both of them were firm believers in Jesus Christ and I prayed in the Holy Spirit to heal them or that I may at least be able to see them one last time. My prayers were never answered. My only real relief while incarcerated was that my friend, Stephanie and sister, Roxanne would bring my parents to visit me. They would bring my mom and she prayed over me. She prophesied that I would no longer be in a physical prison but would have freedom and break my bondage. Also, I would return to Christ and find a Godly woman. She told me that woman would be Stephanie. During imprisonment, Stephanie and I grew closer. Besides my mom, she was the only one who saw me as a man of God and the good in me.

I was released from prison in 2018 and rededicated my life to Jesus Christ. I became clean and sober. Stephanie and I became a couple, serving Christ. I guess while I was a lost soul in active addiction, I never felt true attacks from the devil. Once I rededicated my life, I tell you the truth, I was constantly attacked with relapse after relapse. I even went as far as a suicide attempt by jumping in front of a car moving at a high speed. I'll never forget the horror in the lady's face and I know the hand of God kept me from being killed. As hard as I tried to stay off drugs, I just couldn't. With the help of Stephanie and God Almighty, we found a place for me to get help.



Once I arrived at Open Door Ministries, I completely surrendered. I was exhausted and drained. All I kept hearing were my mom's prayers and scriptures I remembered as a child. Since I've been here, I've learned not to give into the father of all lies; satan. For example; in the world I was told I would always be an addict, and here, I'm reminded that I'm a child of God and a new creation in Christ Jesus. The old addict died and a new life is born through the Holy Spirit. I've given my life over to my Lord and Savior while learning how to apply the Word of God against satan's thundering lies, and forming life changing habits of prayer and worship. For the first time in my life I'm walking by my faith and working out my own salvation the Lord has given.

I thank Jesus for forgiving me of my sins. I thank my mom for not just seeing me as her child, but a child of God and raising me in the faith. I thank Stephanie M., my best friend and spiritual partner, for having faith and trusting God for my deliverance. I thank Pastor David for his testimony and calling to share the Gospel through Open Door. I thank Roby because when Stephanie and I called, he took the time to pray for me which led me to come. I give thanks to John Oliver of Anchor Initiative for being a good friend and his mission to help suffering addicts like me to receive help. I thank myself, not to boast, but to boast in Jesus Christ

who heard my cries out to Him and am freed through the Holy Spirit. Now I'm going to run my race and carry my cross. This is the new Paige of my chapter of life through my Lord, Jesus.

### *Letter from Stephanie:*

"Having faith in the face of addiction is hard...extremely hard. Watching someone you love slip away and drown in despair, is the most helpless and desolate feeling there is. It is like watching a ship sink and being completely helpless to stop it, knowing that death is a very possible, and a likely outcome. It is totally heart-breaking, especially when your loved one is fighting like a champ to get well and you can clearly see that he is exhausted by the battle. This is the reality that my sweetheart, Nelson, has lived with for many years. I know all that he has done in his addiction. Yet, from the very beginning, I see his true self. I see his kindness and goodness. I see clearly the man of God he truly is. It has been his faith and prayers that have brought me through some really tough times. Yet, there have been times that I have felt so hopeless, sad, and devastated. I wondered if I was wrong about him really getting well. Wrong about my belief that God would deliver him from this terrible addiction. Questioning my faith. This was how I felt one day when I went to visit him at the county jail, where he had ended up again. It had been an extremely terrifying five days prior. I was truly at my breaking point upon my arrival at the visitation. I wanted to use my anger and heartbreak as an excuse to break away from him. Who would blame me? No one. I believe I doubted that God had a hand in the plan, since things had gone so terribly wrong, even though he was trying everything we could think of to get well. I have wished many times that God would come down and tell me what to do, or give me a pillar to follow. Well, on this day, I believe he did. I was visiting with Nelson, conflicted, angry, unsure, and scared. As he always does in times of trouble, Nelson said we should pray about the situation, so we did. As he finished praying, I opened my eyes a second earlier than I normally would, because he wasn't quite through, and when I did, there,

just above his left shoulder was a white cross just as bright and clear as it could be. I told him to turn around and look, but of course he saw nothing. But, I saw it and I know with all my being that God, my Father, knew I needed a sign that Nelson was going to be ok. A sign that His hand was on this, so he sent me one. The image of that bright, white cross was burned into my brain. I know that sounds intense, and it was. That is because God must have known I would need to be able to recall it. There have been many times since then, that sinking, hopeless feeling has crept back in. Anytime I start to lose faith and fear that he will not make it, that cross blazes up in my mind and I can hear God say, "Fear not, my child. Have faith. My hand is on him and the enemy will not defeat him," and then I know that he will be ok and I am at peace. He will make it, because my God says so. True Story"

## Daily Needs List

Bleach, Dish Detergent, Laundry Detergent (preferably pods), Bath Towels Toilet Paper, Paper Towels, Hand Sanitizer, Spray Disinfectant, CLR Cleaner, Furniture Polish, Murphy's Oil Soap, Latex Gloves, Ink Pens, Loose-Leaf Notebook Paper, Standard & Legal Copy Paper, 1" 3-Hole Hard Back Binders, Stamps, Envelopes, AA & AAA Batteries, Bibles (preferably NLT), Compact Disc Recordable (CD-R), Area Rugs, Yard Rakes, Wheel Barrel, Work Gloves, 39 and 13 Gallon Trash Bags, Milk, Sugar, Salad Dressings, Mayo, Mustard/Ketchup, Salt/Pepper, Washable Cups, Aluminum Foil, Zip-Lock Storage Bags (Quart and Gallon), Coffee, Wal-Mart Gift Cards, and/or Food Lion Gift Cards, Appliances

And As Always, Open Door Needs Your Donations To Pay For Monthly Operating Costs. May God Bless You!