

Mighty to Save ministries

Offering hope and new beginnings to young adults who want to be free from addictions by providing mentoring, discipling and transition assistance.

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Offering Hope

“Offering HOPE” - These words are part of our mission statement here at Mighty to Save Ministries. I have used the word “hope” hundreds of times. I love that word. I have often said, “If there is life, there is hope.” Hope, hope, hope. It is a small word, but it has big meaning. Recently, I became aware of just how big it really is and the impact this word has in the lives of the people to whom I minister. When there is no hope, destruction comes.

There is a young lady in my life named Heidi. I had known about Heidi for a long time but it wasn't until last fall that I actually got to meet Heidi. She is friends with many of my friends. Because of that, we were Facebook friends. I would read her posts, look at her pictures, and wonder about her. What was she really like?

Heidi was a heroin addict. Choices she made in her addiction brought her to Island County Jail where I get to minister once a week. Finally I was going to get to meet Heidi. I must confess I was a bit nervous, but mostly excited. What would she really be like?

Heidi is one of those people that you meet, and within a minute you are life-long friends, an instant connection. We talked, we laughed, and we cried. I went to ICCF once a week to see Heidi over the next few months.

Heidi was given a gift in the form of rehab. The state agreed to send her to 60 days of rehab that would count as time served towards her sentence. She was so excited to go. She really wanted this. She knew it was a great opportunity for her.

The first 3 weeks of rehab were going well; but then, Heidi met a boy. Things happened and choices were made. Heidi left rehab. She later told me the minute she left she regretted it; but in her mind, there was no going back.

Because she was court-ordered to be there, and technically considered still “in custody”, there was a warrant issued for her arrest. In my line of work, warrants get in the way. It limits my ability to minister to people. We lose the freedom to interact openly.

Heidi found her way back to Oak Harbor, calling me when she arrived in town. She wanted to get together. Our ministry team had been praying hard for Heidi. I wanted to see her too, but fear of

what could happen because of the warrant got in my way.

I told Heidi her warrant complicated things, that I could meet her in a public place but I couldn't drive her around, or have her come to my office. I didn't know it then, but those words robbed Heidi of her hope, smashing any and all traces of hope in her life. She thought to herself, “If Ms. Christina has given up on me, then I really must be a lost cause.” Hope meant that I was believing for Heidi what she couldn't believe for herself. When that hope was gone, Heidi began to use again regularly. It was downhill from there.

About three months later my phone rang. It was a call from an inmate at Island County Jail. Guess who? Yes, it was Heidi. Even though I knew it was the last place she wanted to be, I knew she was safe. Now I could freely interact with her again.

The first time I saw Heidi after her arrest I was shocked. In those three months of being out on the streets, the drugs had taken their toll on Heidi.

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We started meeting once a week again. Each week when I would go in I could notice a difference in Heidi, not just an outside change, but an inside change as well. Her body was healing, but so too was her heart.

Heidi made the choice to settle her case quickly. So, after five weeks in county, she left for prison.

Does Heidi have it all figured out? No. Has her heart been completely healed? No, not yet. Does she have lies and wounds she still believes? Yes, for now. Does Heidi have hope? Probably not all the time, but God is working on that with her.

Here’s the thing though: I have hope for Heidi; and she knows that. She knows that in those moments when she can’t believe, there is someone else who believes for her.

I believe that God loves Heidi unconditionally; and that His loves does not fail. His love does not waver. His love for Heidi is free. She can do nothing to earn it. It’s a gift.

I believe there is nothing Heidi can do to make God stop loving her, or to make Him love her more than He already does.

I believe there is life outside of addiction. I believe in Supernatural healing. I believe that God can use Heidi and her story for good, to help others in her same situation. I believe Heidi has a great and prosperous future in Christ.

This I believe.

~Christina

“Now, may the God of Hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit.” ~Romans 15:13

Participant’s Note

After reading the article, I’m sure you all have mixed feelings about me, and who I am as a person. The truth is I’m a grateful recovering child of God, who has been given another chance through the disguised blessing of being sent to prison for the second time.

My road to sobriety and happiness will be long and bumpy; but with the help and support of my family and

MtSM, I have started to heal my heart from all the lies I’ve believed about myself for so long. I am starting to be able to love myself for the first time in a very long time. Without Christina Bowling in my life, that would never have been possible.

I have a chance to start fresh when I get out the end of August. The only thing standing between me and success at this point is getting into clean and sober housing when I release. Please keep me in your prayers. Thank you for believing in me. I LOVE YOU, MISS CHRISTINA!!!

~ Heidi

Whoa! What a Day!

Last month Stacy was scheduled to go to detox and rehab in Tacoma and I volunteered to drive her down. I was looking forward to spending some time with her and praying over her on the way.

It was a lovely Pacific Northwest morning. The sun was shining, it was warm but not hot. It was beautiful. We started out fairly early. We were told we needed to arrive at detox between 2:00 and 5:00 but we knew we wanted to get there as close to 2:00 as we possibly could. Our plan was to drive to the detox facility so we knew where it was and then

find a place nearby to have lunch before we actually went in.

As we were driving down we could feel God’s presence and we knew there were some things He wanted to do in Stacy before she entered into these two programs. There were some things from her past that ran deep that she hadn’t thought about in years but lately she had been dreaming about. They were painful memories that she didn’t want to remember or talk about. She had fear and suffered from anxiety attacks. She knew those were not from God and she didn’t want them anymore. We asked God to come into those painful places and to bring healing. Stacy surrendered her fear and asked for “power, love and a sound mind” in it’s place. (2 Timothy 1:7) God answered our prayers. He spoke deeply to Stacy’s heart and she felt His peace.

As we talked about her addiction and the root of it, one of the things that came up was the un-forgiveness that she carried towards her ex-husband. We prayed into this and Stacy made a list of all the offenses that she held against him, a list of all the things being in that dysfunctional relationship had cost her, and then one by one she made the choice to forgive him, to release him from the debt she at one time had felt that he owed. As the pain and the bitterness left her, God showed up and replaced these negative emotions by giving her His peace.

As we prayed into these two very big circumstances in her life, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she laid back with her eyes closed feeling the presence of God over her. It was amazing. Peace was present.

We arrived at the Detox facility right around 1:30. Traffic had been good and it was easy to find. We drove around the block and found a cute, little deli to have lunch.

We arrived back at detox shortly after 2:00. We parked, hauled the luggage out of the trunk and found our way to the door. We took the elevator down to the basement which was dark and dreary.

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Heidi and Christina

"What a Day!" - from page 2

The walls were painted an ugly brown mustard, the trim around the bottom was coming off in places. It was not welcoming at all.

We peered in through the glass door to see one young woman sitting, waiting, and a nurse pushing a cart down the hall. She looked at us with an annoyed glance.

We pushed the button letting them know we were there. The nurse said something to someone out of our sight and then walked towards the door with her cart. She pushed her cart through the door but did not acknowledge us in any way, just pushed her way by and went towards the elevator.

Another nurse walked towards us asking what we wanted. Stacy told her she was scheduled to be there today and said her name. The nurse said, "You were suppose to be here at 2:00. You've lost your bed."

What????? How could this be? Stacy begins to cry. "What can we do?", she asks. The nurse, with no compassion what's so ever simply tells her that she is going to have to reschedule her bed date. She said "2:00 is 2:00 and you are late. It wouldn't have mattered if you were here at 2:01, you would have lost your bed." She didn't care that we had wrong information or that we had driven from Whidbey Island, more than two hours away.

Back up the elevator we went with Stacy crying and understandingly upset. The plan had been three days in detox and then to rehab for 30. Now what would happen to rehab? Would she lose her bed there too?

Stacy got on the phone right away with her counselor back in Oak Harbor to see what she could do. Her counselor got on the phone and immediately started calling other detox facilities in hopes of getting her a bed right on the spot. We were already there and we were NOT going all the way back home.

Ironically, the exact same detox facility said they would take her but not until 1:30am. What????? Who goes to detox at that hour? What were we suppose to do until then? Drive back to Whidbey only to go again in a few hours?

Stacy's counselor suggested we go to the rehab facility to see if she could stay there and have someone drive her back to detox at 1:00 in the morning.

So, off we went to find the rehab facility. This building was much better than the previous in appearance. As we were entering in, hauling the luggage behind us, people were friendly and welcoming. This place was bright and cheerful. The Director was on his way back, so as we waited a young counselor waited with us as we told him about our situation. He was very sympathetic and shocked about the 1:30 am arrival time. He had never heard of such a thing.

Finally the Director arrived and he and Stacy went into a room to discuss things privately. When they returned the decision had been made that Stacy would not be allowed to stay the night. Reason being, there was no one to drive her to detox at that hour and also because that facility was for patients that were already detoxed and her being there might trigger some of the other residents. The Director gave us directions to a shelter, saying it was very safe and that she could call a cab to pick her up and take her to detox when she needed to go.

So, off we went to find the shelter. After one wrong turn, we found our way to the shelter. This place actually didn't look to scary, the grounds were nice and well kept. We found a place to park and headed in, this time leaving the luggage in the car until we knew what would happen. There were lots of people hanging about, smoking and chatting but it didn't feel threatening. We walked through the courtyard and into the main building. There was a recreation center with the TV on and three men stood behind a counter. "Can we help you?" they asked. We shared our saga with them explaining how we ended up there and our hopes of Stacy being able to stay the night. They smiled as they explained that they would be unable to assist us because they are an all men's shelter.

Are you kidding me???????

I guess that explains all the stares we got as we walked in. The nice gentlemen gave us directions to another shelter that they thought would work for us.

So, off we went. Armed only with directions in our heads, not on paper and no physical address we headed out. We knew approximately the location where this would be and really how hard could it be to find? It's a shelter after all.

Wrong, it was hard. In fact, we couldn't find it. We pulled over and using the "smart-phone" we searched for WOMEN shelters in the area. One popped up and thank the good Lord it was only a few blocks away.

So, off we went. This time we found it easily. It was lovely. It looked like an old Nantucket style place and it had a view of the water. Very pretty, but we noticed it also looked closed. Stacy got out of the car and headed in. Yep, they closed at 4:30 and it was now 4:45pm. There was however, a sign on the door with an emergency contact number. We called the number and Stacy again explained our current situation to the nice lady at the other end. She told us about a shelter nearby that might be able to help and she even gave us an address, and incase you are wondering, yes it did just so happen to be the same shelter the men had told us about.

So, off we went. This time we had success and we found it. Again, there were lots of people milling about but this place was not warm and welcoming. It was dark and gloomy and surrounded by a large metal fence. We approached the man out front and told him about our situation. He could put her on the waiting list but she would be number 16 on the list. This is how it works... They have 40 beds but every bed already has someone assigned to it. This person must return to the shelter by 8:30pm. If they did not return then they would lose their bed and they would start down the waiting list. This was not looking very good for us.

By this time it was after 5:30. We were tired and a little discouraged as we tried to figure out what to do next but to both of our surprise we still had peace. In spite of everything that happened, all the doors that had been closed to us, peace had remained. We were able to still smile and still know that somehow it would all work out.

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“What a Day!” - from page 3

At this point Stacy decided it was time to call in the big guns. Yep, she called her mom. Her mom lives in Ballard, which is still a drive away but not as far as Whidbey Island. Stacy told her mom the situation and her mom told us to come there and she would drive Stacy back to detox at the appointed time. Thank God for moms!!!

So off we went. Stacy’s mom was happy to help and Stacy was able to get some sleep under the watchful eye of her mom.

Yes, she did make it to detox and then rehab. She just got out a few days ago and she feels great. Our Lord blessed her with miracle after miracle every day of rehab. She felt loved and favored and blessed.

Please keep Stacy in your prayers. Life on the “outs” is hard and we know the enemy will throw hurdles at her and try to trigger her, BUT we also know our God is bigger and stronger and wiser and we know the victory is HIS. He has already paid the price for Stacy’s healing and restoration. Amen? ... Amen!

One more little titbit before closing. Stacy just happens to be Heidi’s mom. Yes, the same Heidi you just read about in this same newsletter.

Our God is in the business of restoring families and that is what He is doing here. We thank God and thank you for keeping them covered in prayers.

Thanks!

A letter from a heart-broken mom that we recently helped send to her son’s memorial.

Dear Christina,

I’d like to say THANK YOU so much for helping make it possible to go to my son’s funeral. I do feel a sense of closure and so much peace. I know he is in a better place and I will see him again someday.

I miss him so much. Please keep me in your prayers. I need lots of strength and comfort. Thank you for everything. I will continue to stay in touch.

God Bless Always.

*Sincerely,
Nakia*

WANTED

Men's House Director

As we continue to move forward in our planning for the Transitional Housing project, the one component that is still missing is the person to fill the role of Director. Filling this position is absolutely essential as we begin submitting the grants. The person in this role is extremely important, for he will have the biggest impact on the residents, as well as the success of the overall program itself.

The Director will live on site, overseeing the daily schedule and the running of the house. This person will meet with each individual resident once a week, taking them through the Genesis Process Workbook. This influential position will set the tone and create the proper atmosphere of the home.

We are also praying for a part-time Director’s Assistant to work with the Director and to be available to oversee the home on week-ends and when the Director has scheduled time off.

Would you please join us in praying for these positions?

As a team, we know God cares about this project and each of the details. We trust His perfect timing will have all of the parts come together, making this endeavor a reality.

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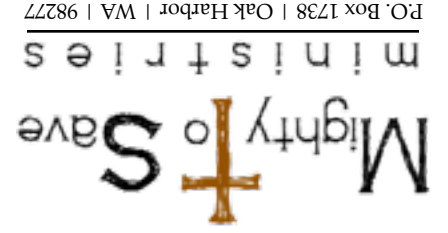
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