

Story About How God has Worked in My Life By Denny

Ok. I was born and raised Catholic. Grew up always attending church with my family and everything seemed fine growing up. Then I got to college and joined a fraternity and I noticed that some of the other guys were skipping Mass. For the first time in my life, I started skipping too. I also started binge drinking beer and alcohol around this time.

I grew up in Kansas but around this time, I decided to major in music and pursue it seriously. I attended a one-year music school in Hollywood, CA. I continued to binge drink alcohol. I also was starting to have a pornography addiction.

After California, I got accepted into a 4-year music college in Boston, MA, this was about 1990. I was still skipping Mass. I attended Mass once or twice in California, but besides that I had been skipping. I loved music and my main instrument was guitar. I was so excited to be able to pursue music for my studies. However, I was also still binge drinking. I would get drunk pretty much every weekend. I think it was affecting my sleep patterns.

Then, after my first semester at music college, I had my first psychotic episode. I had no idea what was happening to me. I thought I was withdrawing from alcohol, so I tried to exercise vigorously and I would ride my bike all over Boston. My dad came out to help me. The next thing I know, he was taking me somewhere but I really didn't know where. I remember in the car, when we were driving, I noticed all the churches on the way and I made a comment that, the one thing that always survives everything are the churches.

Then next thing that happened, was my dad was trying to get me to admit myself into a mental hospital. This was crazy, I was scared, I didn't know what was going on. I finally admitted myself into the hospital. There were people screaming. I remember a woman saying how it was horrible, that they came after her with needles. I flipped out and they came after me. They put me in what was called the "Quiet Room." They strapped me face down with my arms and legs strapped down, and fed me high doses of sedating medication. I remember hearing a song in the distance. It was a Rolling Stones song, and I felt like God was speaking to me through the lyrics of this song. The lyrics said, "you can't always get what you want, but if you try sometime, you just might find, you get what you need." I interpreted this to mean that I needed God. I didn't have God in my life, but I needed Him.

I was in the hospital for 3 months total, and had to take an entire year off before going back to music college. They diagnosed me as schizoaffective. They didn't give me any medication to stay on, but told me to never go back to drinking.

This I was able to do, and I ended up graduating with honors from music college. I graduated in 1995. I was able to stay away from drinking for many years but eventually, I went back to it. Around 1997, I started drinking again. Nothing happened for several years, so I thought it was no big deal. I was still fueling a pornography addiction and ended up in Colorado. Around 2003, I started smoking marijuana too.

In 2003, I had another severe psychotic episode. I had delusions, and my psychosis, was spiritual in nature. I remember looking at the sun in the sky, and staring at it for hours. I thought the sun was the kingdom of God, and then I saw the clouds move in from of the sun, blocking it from me. I thought God was communicating to me that if I continued living the life I was living I wasn't going to get into Heaven.

My dad found out I was having some problems and came out from Kansas to help me. He found me in my apartment. While he was in my apartment, I stared at the lights in my kitchen, and I saw a vision of something that looked like someone pulling on something, perhaps, pulling on an eye. I thought God was communicating to me that, "if your eye causes you to sin, then pluck it out." I wanted to get into Heaven really bad, and I was willing to do whatever it takes. I realized at this moment that because I had been viewing pornography, I thought my eyes were spiritually diseased, and that yes, they were causing me to sin.

I knew then that I must remove my eyes. But I couldn't do it with my dad there. So, I ran out of the apartment, and into an alley in between some houses. I found a rock and removed my right eye. I didn't have enough courage to remove my other eye. From there, my dad eventually found me, and they took me to the hospital.

I have an uncle who is a priest and he confirmed for me that God never wants us to hurt ourselves, and the delusions that I had were most likely part of my psychosis. This time I was diagnosed bipolar. I was also was given medication that I would have to take for the rest of my life. I now do not drink any alcohol and ever since the severe episode in 2003, I started my faith journey back to the church. I have been avoiding pornography and healing from that as well.

So, you might ask where was God in all of this? I believe that God gave my bipolar as a cross I would have to bear. With my first episode in 1990, it forced me to quit drinking and as a result I graduated with honors from music college. This wouldn't have happened otherwise. One might think that losing an eye is pretty severe and there can't be any good that comes from that. Well, with my severe episode in 2003, my illness stopped me dead in my tracks and forced me to reevaluate my life. I stopped drinking, I stopped marijuana. I decided to stop treating women as objects, and began distancing myself from all pornography. And, one very important thing happened. I started my journey back to the Catholic church. My uncle, the priest, told me, "You'll see better with one eye, with faith, then you saw before with two eyes without it."

Ever since 2003, I have been growing in my Catholic faith a little more each day. I volunteer for many different activities now, staying active in church. I have bipolar, but it doesn't prevent me from living my life. Bipolar has been a blessing in disguise. I believe that God used my bipolar to draw myself to Him. Today, it has caused me to stop drinking, stop drugging, stop sex addiction and pornography addiction; and come back to the Catholic church. It also helped me to graduate from music college many years ago, which I am certain I wouldn't have been able to do otherwise.

Yes, God gave me bipolar, and yes, I have had some suffering, but it has been a blessing in disguise. Today, I work as a software engineer, and share my music with others whenever I can. I am currently blind in my right eye, because I lost my entire eye. But the Holy Spirit continues to work in my life and continues to guide me.

Thanks, and God Bless, Denny