

TESTIMONY OF BRENDA GROSS

Hello, my name is Brenda Gross. I had a great mother and father who went through a bad divorce and the four children were in the middle of it. My two brothers went to live with my father while my sister and I lived with my mother. We were separated. The next year, my mother died of cirrhosis of the liver. I was fourteen years old and my sister was 6. My grandmother, my mother's mother, raised me and my sister after my mother died. She raised us the best she could. We had a good life but I was always feeling sad. I didn't understand why my mother died and my grandmother didn't tell me anything. I think she was trying to protect us. My grandmother didn't drink everyday. She would have a club meeting and I would see them drinking beer and liquor. I knew she kept the beer under her bed. When I was in high school I started hanging out with the wrong crowd and would get my grandmother's beer from under her bed. She didn't miss one or two. As time went on, I started drinking more. By the time I was seventeen, I could drink a 6 pack by myself. Then came the wine, cigarettes and weed. I would smoke cigarettes and weed just to fit in. I graduated from high school and went to two small business colleges but didn't finish because I was drinking too much. My mother's brother would take my girlfriend and me to the nightclub during the day. My grandmother didn't know it. He would let us drink a beer or two. I made bad choices. My grandmother was diagnosed with Alzheimer's. There were days when she didn't know who we were. Alcohol helped me through that until she died. I was 26 years old. After she died, I moved to Savannah, Georgia and stayed there 9 months with my brother. He was an alcoholic too. My 30 year old cousin died from alcohol. I was in a relationship that ended due to alcohol. My alcohol problem became worse because of the choices I was making. Alcohol is worse than crack. I tried that too, but I didn't like drugs. All I wanted to do was drink. I went to jail 3 times for DUIs. In one of the chapel services, this preacher-actor talked about breaking family-generational curses. Wow, alcohol was in my family background. He prayed for me & broke this curse. I thought about the 2 accidents I'd had due to alcohol. My jaw was broken in 3 places. For a week, I walked around with a black eye until I finally went to the doctor who told me my jaw was broken. I almost lost my left eye because of the infection that had set in. Another accident was during hurricane Katrina. I was drinking. I knew the hurricane was coming but I didn't try to pack my clothes and get out of there. When I finally came to my senses, I couldn't leave. I was scared and started crying because nobody could come and get me. I knew then I had better get some help before I killed myself. I told God if He got me out of there I would straighten out my life. He did! In jail, I wasn't serious about the Lord, but now I am! I found the Arsenal prayer the preacher had given us and pray it daily. I thank God, and Mr. Novak. I have my family back and I can live without drinking. I'm loving it! P.T.L.