

Hi, my name is Heather and I want to share the story of my journey through recovery with you.

Just a few years ago, my life was going well. We had just spent Christmas 2001 with my parents down in Richmond and had moved into a new place that month as well. I had a steady job at Revy and in the summer was enjoying playing soccer in the women's league. My kids were happy and George (my husband) was settled in working for his dad. But little did anyone know that I was, and had been, suffering on the inside until one day I couldn't hide my pain anymore. Before I even realized what was going on, I had a nurse at my bedside trying very hard to get me to drink charcoal. I HAD OVERDOSED! This was the first outward sign that I had shown to the people that I loved, that I had given up hope and was tired of suffering.

Before this time, I had built up so much self-hatred that I couldn't stand who I had become, and began punishing myself by turning to cutting. Suddenly my secret was found out that day in February 2002 when I entered the hospital. My short stay of a couple of days turned into a couple of months on the McNair ward of Kelowna General Hospital. I was diagnosed with Borderline Personality Disorder. Finally at the end of April I was released. Not cured but released. My destructive behavior still continued because I hadn't learned any coping skills. I continued cutting, and overdosed several more times. My life had become unmanageable. I was like a revolving door going around and around in circles doing the same things and didn't know how to get out.

During one of my hospital stays in May, the social worker convinced me to go and meet with Karyl Heffernan, the director of Harmony House, a recovery home for ladies in need with drug, alcohol, or other related addictions. So my husband and I met with Karyl and she told me all about the house and even showed me around. Little did she know my mind was made up before we came that I was not going to have anything to do with the house. As my sickness progressed I became too hard to manage. My pastor met with George and they decided that I would need to go to recovery, or I would have to live somewhere else. I knew the time had come for me to go to Harmony House. That was August the 8th, and I have been there ever since. The first couple of months I tried to figure out why I was there. It made no sense since I had no drug addiction or alcohol problem. Karyl taught me how to look deeper and I realized that my cutting had become an addiction, which in turn ran my life

I was still hanging on to the pain I had, and as a result I was in and out of the hospital a couple more times. On my last hospital stay in October, I spoke to Karyl and she said she would take me back one last time. It was then I decided this was going to be it. I wanted out of my bondage. I was determined to be a survivor and I started taking my classes more seriously. I got into working the program and my wellness started progressing. My life has changed because of God and that gives me great joy, peace and hope.

Coming to Harmony House is the best thing that I could have done to get back to wholeness. I have found a love for myself and have learned to accept that I can not change my past. I now have the knowledge to make discerning decisions and have a voice to change the things I can. I thank God every night and am always looking forward to tomorrow. Each day is a new day filled with new blessings. So for now I am finding my way back to wholeness and I am taking time to work on my purpose, my goals and I am striving to go home soon.