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Tina's Story



If you have ever seen the constant rolling of huge waves at sea, you know how restless they are—subject to the forces of wind, gravity, and tide. Divided loyalties leave a person as unsettled as the restless waves. If you want to stop being tossed about, rely on God to show you what is best for you. Ask Him for wisdom, and trust that He will give it to you. Then your decisions will be sure and solid. Morning starts at midnight, and then it is a new day. I know without a doubt in my mind, God saved me that dark, cold midnight in November as I laid there on my back looking up at the stars, so afraid, so alone and in so much pain. I reached up to a hand, a Hand that had been there all along waiting patiently as He always does. God reached out and saved me that night, a fisher woman out of water, and a girl running out of time. God led me to a place that truly saved my life. The place? Captive Hearts.

My name is Tine Lee and here's my story. I am 49 years old and I am an alcoholic. My sponsor's husband, Jim, said it best: "Alcoholism is an equal opportunity destroyer." Here is the romanticized version of my life.

My childhood, looking back as far as I want to remember, was a good one. I was born in Clovis, California. My father was a farmer's son and my mother, a preacher's daughter. I have one sister who I adored when I was younger and look up to as an amazing person. My parents were very kind, loving, hard-working people and my sister and I knew the Lord at a very young age. Truly, I think God was the first word I wrote. We went to church every Sunday and Wednesday. I can remember sitting in the front row at church watching my grandfather preaching with all my cousins and grandma. What I remember most was sneaking down the hallway watching my Grandpa Henry study the Bible and type his sermons until the wee hours in the morning.

I always believed in God but, as I got older, I put Him on the back burner. I married my sweetheart from high school and we had a son. But ironically, I left him because he was an alcoholic. Soon after, I remarried to a good man and he gave me a daughter. At age 31, I had a good life, a husband, two healthy kids, a good job, the picket fence. I was on the PTA, a Brownie leader, cheer mom, water polo mom, and my husband and I taught Sunday school at our church.

This disease does not care if you are rich or poor, old or young, educated or not; it can take a long time or a short

time. Alcoholism will take you out. I was 42 years old when it began as just social drinking with my friends. My husband did not drink at all. Then I started drinking wine as I cooked dinner. The next thing I knew, it was nightly and my marriage was failing.

In 2009, my grandmother, Alice, was 94 and needed someone to stay with her. With my kids out on their own and my marriage a mess, I moved to Morro Bay to take care of her. She passed away in March 2010. I loved her as much as she loved the Lord. My world fell apart that day. I was 45 and for the first time I had no one to take care of. I was alone, middle aged, full of guilt for leaving my family, and full of pain because my grandmother left me. All I wanted was to feel nothing. I always drank alone, never at bars, never so anyone could see. Yes, I thought I hid it well. We all do, but we don't. Well, I didn't. I would drink because I was sad. I would drink because I was happy, I would drink because the sun went down or because it came up.

In 2011, I got my first DUI and 30 days in county jail. I could not believe it. After my sentence, I said never again. That lasted two weeks. My problem got bad fast. I was drinking every day, and a lot. Still always alone, my second DUI came 10 months later, and I got 120 days. My family was at a loss about what to do. From age 20 to 42, I had two jobs, and in the five years I was in Morro Bay, I lost four jobs because of my addiction.

In 2012, I started commercial fishing. I was smart enough not to drink while working on the ocean, but when I arrived back, the drink began at the dock. I was living on the vessel and I saw the most amazing sunrises and sunsets. I worked in God's beautiful sea, and the only thing I saw was the bottle.

That fall, my family put me in a rehab. They were afraid I would not live long if I kept drinking. I left two months later. On the bus home, I drank and have no clue how I got on a train to San Luis Obispo. Back in Morro Bay, it got progressively worse as this disease does. I was blacking out all over town. I would sleep in my car, which I no longer own, because in a blackout week I gave the pink slip to someone! This went on for two more times in jail and three trips to the ER for alcohol poisoning. My life was out of control. My family at that time gave me to God and prayed for me but had to stay away. Not only was I killing myself, but I was hurting my family horribly.

On November 30, 2014, my life changed forever. I was with a person who was in a blackout himself at 11:30 pm on a frontage road by the freeway. (Con't next page)

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All I could remember was I wanted to go home. I tried to get out of the truck, but he would not let me. On my third try, he picked me up and put me in the back of his camper and shut the top. I knew I had to get out and fast. As he drove off, the only thing I could think to do was slide out on my back. So I dropped the tailgate and slid out. What I remember was looking up at the stars, my hands were on fire and numb and I could not move. I laid there in a crazy peace and all I could do was look up and ask God not to let me die. The man once again picked me up and put me back into the truck's camper. The next thing I knew, I was standing up with police around me and him in handcuffs. The police officer talked to me but did not arrest me. Why they didn't arrest me, still to this day, I know it was because of God. Five times I was arrested in that town—they knew me!

They took me to my friend Jack's ship in Morro Bay. I had to sign a waiver that I would be okay. The next day, Jack called 911 and off to the ER I went. I was a mess. I knew I had been saved by God and I knew enough was enough.

I went back to the Valley to my parents home to mend. The second week there, I made the call to a place that heals the broken. I called Captive Hearts. (I met Chaplain Judy in jail.) In two weeks, January 2, 2015, against all odds and lack of money, they took me in.

On my second week there, I had what I call my first of many "Ah Ha" moments. I was in the shower crying out to God (really crying) that I love my children and I missed them and I would do anything to get them back. (My daughter and I had not spoken in a few years.) I wanted my daughter back in my life, and then it hit me. God knew how I felt. He felt the same way about me, I'm His child and He wanted me back.

The first few months here were so life changing. I was safe, loved and truly at peace, but God did not stop there. In the middle of February, my neck was hurting and my hands were going numb. Captive Hearts took me to see Dr. Finnegan at CHC. He is a chiropractor. He examined me then said what I had was very serious and needed to see a neurologist. I am truly blessed because him.

I was able to get in to see a neurologist who then sent me to a neuro surgeon. All in a matter of two weeks, and this surgeon's office takes four months to normally get into. (That's my God again!) I found out I had cervical spondylosis with myelopathy (in English, my spinal cord had no fluid around it and was being compromised). This was very serious and was not caused by the fall. I have had this for a while. I had the surgery on April 14th. While at the hospital, I was homesick, not for Morro Bay or Clovis where I was raised, but the place that I have called home for the last four months and the gals there—Captive Hearts, "God's House."

My life was such a mess. I put myself in a place of risk daily, but one night I jumped out of a moving truck, but did not die. With my condition, it was miraculous. The police came and did not arrest me as they always had before. My family came and took me home, when they gave me to God. Then at Captive Hearts, I saw a physician who told me this would have paralyzed me if I would not have found out about it as soon as I did. Quoting my friend Nikki, "That's how my Daddy rolls!"

My God in all His wonder that November morning just past midnight picked up a broken child and restored me as the daughter I always have been.

—Tina

New Board Member

Sherri Masters has lived and worked on the Central Coast as a Real Estate Agent since 1989. She and her husband Paul own and operate Home Masters Realty. They have five children, three sons with families of their own, one son who will be attending Cal Poly, and a daughter at Arroyo Grande High School.



Sherri was introduced to Captive Hearts through a client in 2012. She began mentoring and serving the women in the program and has been blessed by each and every woman's story, perseverance and successes. She has a passion for experiencing the power of the Cross and the love of Jesus as He touches and changes lives. Having experienced the healing power of Jesus in her own life since accepting Christ as her Lord in 2004, she continues to trust and be amazed that God works all things for good to those who love Him and have been called according to His purpose, Romans 8:28. She is excited to be on the Board with Captive Hearts.

Since working with Captive Hearts, she has witnessed them relocate several times. (*Editor's note: due to the owners selling the homes.*) God has placed it on her heart to help raise the funds necessary to purchase a permanent home, which Judy lovingly refers to as "Turn Around Ranch". This is God's vision, and Sherri is honored and excited to be a part of it. Now is the Time!

30th Annual Golf Tournament

**Pismo Coast Realtors
Charitable Foundation**

May 7, 2015

**Cypress Ridge Golf Course
Tee Time at 11:00 am (Check in at 10:30)
4-person scramble**

Captive Hearts will be one of the recipients of this benefit.

Second Chances

911 W. Grand Ave.
Grover Beach, CA 93433

805-574-1985



*Ribbon Cutting ceremony with the Chamber of Commerce.
L-R: Ben from Ben's Computer Outlet, Chamber member, volunteers Patty Rice and Pam Watson, Chaplain Judy Boen, Cynthia Williams, Store Manager, and Steve Williams, Board member, and another Chamber member.*

By the end of May, Second Chances will have a designed place in our store called "JC's Boutique." We will carry name-brand clothing that you can get at a discounted price. Remember, all proceeds go toward sponsoring our women's recovery home and helping these precious ladies with scholarships..

Redemption
Street Disciples

Coupon

to be used at Second Chances

40% Off

Thursday thru Saturday

May 18th, 19th, 20th

One coupon per family

(Does not include hand-made leather or Boutique items)

SEEDS & NEEDS

- Retired ladies who might be interested in volunteering at our Second chances resale store four (4) hours a week. Job would include sorting and pricing items for sale.
- Donations for the store—clean and gently used.
- New screen door for our recovery home.
- Job opportunities from local businesses for our ladies in transition looking for a job.
- New donors for scholarship fund.
- Property to park a 5th wheeler on for a young lady who is seven months pregnant. She is looking for a permanent place to live for her and her baby. She can pay \$300 a month.

life89.3
drawing you closer

Listen to K-Life FM Radio each week and hear our new advertisement for Captive Hearts and Second Chances. It's being played three times during the week.

Check out Eli's new website at www.redemptionslo.com. She graduated our program in 2012. God has transformed her life from a life of drugs and pain, to a life of love, laughter, and giving back to those also lost in the trenches of hopelessness, loneliness, addiction and despair.

Cut out the Coupon and bring with you on the designated dates of our 40% Off Sale.

Second Chances
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