

How to Recover From a Destroyed Life?

By Dale Lee Gordon

Introduction

I wrote a chapter on this topic in one of my books but I had no real conclusion. I really could not answer the question. Though my life was destroyed the full destruction had not occurred yet, but it was about to. Finally it did and for the longest time there still seemed to be no answer. Perhaps in the chapter in the book I summarized it in one word, "God," which I have often done oversimplifying the matter. Yes, ultimately the answer is God, however, there is more to it than just that. God is ultimately what restores our lives however, the answer is vague. In a nutshell it is more complex than simply God restoring our lives. It's like a car, unless you hit start and actually drive the vehicle, you ain't getting very far. Most people however have more ambition than to simply leave a car in park and stuck in the driveway. The problem is we often do not have what it takes to navigate the road God puts us on.

In my church there is a picture of people carrying crosses. They are very heavy and a huge burden but a necessity that one person is about to learn. The person in the picture looks around and seeing all the people working so hard speaks to God asking for a lighter cross. He doesn't want the hard way but the easy way. He is about to learn the easiest way can become the impossible way. He shaves his cross down taking the heavy load down therefore he doesn't have the huge burden of weight. Ahead he sees a gulf and people are laying their crosses down to get across the expansion. In agony he gets to the gulf and realizes his cross is now too small to get across the divide.

A lesson can be learned here: Sometimes the heavy crosses we are to bear are that way for a reason. We need it for some unforeseen event, like making the bridge between our own sinful lives and the life which leads to everlasting life. That of course is the separation between our lives and that of the heavenly Father. It is a tough and hard road, but the only way is certainly not the easy way.

Such is the case with our lives. A verse in Acts describes this perfectly:

(Act 14:22 KJV) Confirming the souls of the disciples, *and* exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.

It is interesting to see that even God's word says that we must; "through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." It just isn't easy so it is a common thing for many of us to go through this tribulation and surely we will.

Our tribulation could be anything. It could be a problem in *our* family, a health problem, finances such in my case, or a myriad of other problems. God knows our tribulations even better than you. The difference is He has the keys that open the paths of restoration. God will give you the cross to rise above the problems in life. The question is, are you willing to carry it or just cut it down to fit your own needs. It begs an answer just as the chapter in my book begged an answer I really did not have. I have that answer, now the question is are you willing to hear it? It lies at the cross. In fact it is the cross, because not only does the word cross represent a crucifix it also represents a physical cross to get across the great divide which has separated us from the Father. Someday we will need that cross just like so many other things in life that we need to cross over the gulf of separation. Essentially the cross is the only way across. Without it you have to see the depiction of a picture of a man laying down his cross only with tears to realize he cut it down so much there is nothing left to pass the most difficult problems in life. You can't use your neighbor's cross as you might think would simply remedy the problem. It must have your name on it.

(Gal 6:5 KJV) For every man shall bear his own burden.

You can't pay your neighbor to carry what you should be carrying yourself, because when you get to the great gulf, your neighbor will have your cross and you won't. He or she will use it to cross themselves because I am sorry but a person will not be left behind on someone else's convictions.

(Rom 8:38 KJV) For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

(Rom 8:39 KJV) Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I am sorry but no other person can yank your cross from you to get to the Father. It is yours and your cross alone to bear, it has your name on it just like the cross of Christ Jesus had his very name on His cross. The cross becomes yours when you are willing to accept it. That acceptance is in accepting Jesus into your heart.

Waves of Destruction

At one time in my life before I lost everything I still had my photo albums along with countless other possessions. Those were the days I could get a job and work where I chose. My past was clean, and history was in the making. I was free to go about where I needed, and did not have to be checked up on. I had freedom to live and it was mine. My hard years in the United States Marines were ended and I was still young and strong. My youth was on my side and I was ready for the challenge. I was healthy and prepared for life or so thought. One thing I lacked. I lacked the cross.

Everything I did in those days was for me. My life was lived precariously and foolishly. My foundations were built upon the sand and my future was unsteady and unsure. In that old life I sowed bad seeds and reaped the wind. Waves of destruction smashed over the bow and sides of the ship as I teetered, holding on for dear life. I once had two pictures among so many others. They were pictures of the sides of the ship I was on in the Marines. One showed the water's edge just below white the other represented the sky. The pictures were pre video camera days and were supposed to depict how aggressive the seas of life were. It was rough but they were about to get a whole lot worse. My life was as an hourglass's sand slowly running out. My days of the good old days were coming to a closure.

My Silly Season

I refer to the good days we often live in while we were in the world as a silly season. It is a season of pleasure and all seems well. You feel secure however, you are not. You think to yourself, "Life is great and what could bring me down?" Well friend you are badly mistaken there are a lot of things in life that can bring you down. The biggest thing to bring you down is yourself.

I was what the world calls co-dependent, I had to rely on others. Specifically I felt I had to have a woman as the glue to keep my life together. The problem was that glue eventually loses its stickiness. It is then good for nothing and its only value is to be thrown out.

A person can easily become entwined in a life that doesn't work. As a perfect example I purchased an electric scooter. The problem is I could not make it run. Everything that could go wrong with it went wrong with it. On its maiden voyage, a trip about 50 feet from the trailer the batteries died, would not take a charge, the seat broke, and the brake cable came loose nearly sending me to a perilous crash down a long hill. I had been conned and scammed yet I would not accept it. I thought to myself I will simply fix the problem. Rather than returning the item and getting my money back I insisted that I would make it work. Notice the emphasis on "I." This was not that long ago and I was already a Christian and I could no more fix my life than I could fix that moped. Finally after dumping far too much cash than I ever wanted to spend on it, I still had a scooter that was far to marginal at best. I went through two tubes and a rear tire finally deciding I was just too heavy for this toy that I tried to make it earn its manhood. Still I was persistent. I modified it in order to get it to run. I had to bypass the control box since I fried it. It was a meltdown that occurred in about a nanosecond as I tried to clean the terminals so I could get the batteries to charge. You can imagine the spark that abruptly ended the life the heart *and* brains to a machine that all its power was to emulate from. As I realized what I had done, there was no solution except new parts that I did not have money for. Being a mechanic and not a bad electrician, I bypassed the entire works. I simply decided to make a full on switch to turn on a full flow of power to the small underpowered motor. Its only means of speed control was to switch the power on or off. In addition to that I had another bike that was supposed to be used for parts the problem was it too was bad as life tends to go. In fact the only part that worked and to my amazement were the batteries and the charger. The rest of the parts bike later became a heavy load for a dump truck but that was not after I first tried to resurrect it from the dead. To end a long painful story I took the batteries of the old moped and used them in series parallel to create 24 volts of raw power, instead of the typical 24 volts. After spending far too much time it worked! The only

problem was just like the man with the cross I needed to trim a lot of weight off of my belly to get the moped to work properly.

The other moped I made what I called a bicycle pusher. It worked but was far short lived and ended up being drug home a story I don't wish to expound upon as painful as it was.

The point from this example was here was something so simple yet I could not make it work. In the Marines I encountered problems far more complex yet I fixed them. I used to work on huge all wheel drive trucks with complex hydraulic, electrical, and air systems yet I could not fix this scooter. I was stumped and just as stumped as I was trying to fix this scooter I was stumped at trying to fix my life. This scooter was seemingly a problem not fit for my fixing.

A short lived Silly Season

Have you ever been on top of the world? I mean at a point in life when you think you have it all figured out. I know I have. I have been there but the problem was so short lived there seemed to be an answer but it was like the narcissistic man's looking into the pool of water. He like I was so entranced with myself but like all things beauty sometimes diminishes with age. Not to say I was beautiful it's just I was so full of self promotion I thought I could solve all my own problems. In a fit of self exaltation I set out to fix myself and it started out with my finances. See my life had been falling apart and it was due to the fact I was failing and not someone else. I took what I had and tried to succeed. The problem was I was a misguided missile that could not acquire its target. The target was Jesus but I was aimed for the world and gravity brought me down to an explosive end.

I was trying but failing. Have you ever put your best foot forward only to find out it was the worst? I know and I have. Here I thought the best thing I could ever do was write role playing games. I found out it was the worst ever literally. My very game is named the worst role playing game ever at:

<http://forum.rpg.net/archive/index.php/t-21579.rhtml>

It was my passion and my desire but I failed, I failed at my shop a few years later in addition to the disastrous role playing game. I was the Titanic slowly sinking on its fatal journey to the abyss. While others were building the arks, I and carrying the full weight of the cross I was too busy in my own little world. I was like the man that carved his cross to nothing but rather than nothing I had nothing because I refused to carry the cross. I chose the easy way of the world and after 28 years my silly season came to an abrupt end. It ended at the fiery cross of hell's end; prison. The path I chose seemingly easy had become the biggest burden of my life or so I thought. I was finished and that was the end of my life of freedom.

At this point I do not wish to further expound on it, but rather redirect you to Robert Scott's book "Kill or be Killed." From here on out the story is best told by this author and left in his hands as he knows the story better than I ever knew myself.

One Has to Humble Himself or the World Will do it for You.

In the days of my Silly Season I had a false sense of security. I was worshipping myself and idolizing the things of this world. I became lost in my own madness literally.

There are stories in our lives often we do not like to repeat such as the one in Robert Scott's book. I know in my life I have these stories. They are the stories of a fool drowning in his own folly. These include taking a nostalgic Harley Davidson and crashing it out of stupidity in the worst way imaginable. It was a rainy day and I wanted to be cool. I fired the Harley up on the first kick. With one dump of the clutch and a twisting of the throttle I was going to be cool and tough and spin out in the mud. Well Harley's tend to have a mind of their own as this one did. My front brake like was in the process of being replaced, it would have been easy to hit in a hurry, but it wasn't working. The throttle worked great though I lied about it sticking to save face after all the humiliation was unbearable. I mean it would have been laughable if I just drank a bottle of wine or a case of beer, but I was completely sober. If I had been racing I would have won but the only race was not to my own

destruction but to the destruction of the Harley. With blazing speed I gained full traction and my rear tire did not slip a bit to my amazement, it was on a runway too short to turn and too short to stop. Wham!!! I hit a stack of wood at full speed in first gear. The headlight fell to the ground, the forks bent and other expensive difficult and impossible parts broke and or were severely damaged. In a punch of stupidity I killed coolness.

I have been lost in Singapore, finally having to get a ride in a taxi home. I was stranded on a windsurfer stuck between a cliff and long impossible trip back to the beach on the Philippine's Grande Island. I was rescued by a boat only to be brought back to shore in sight of my friends who gave me a good laugh.

In all my humiliation and I am just skimming the surface, nothing has to be more humiliating than judgment day. Trust me I know about such events. As a fool in his folly I messed it all up, but that is not the humiliation of getting to the gulf and realizing you either have no cross to lay down to get to the other side or yours has been so lightened there it is too short to cross the great divide. It is a harsh reality so many will be facing as they realize they just did not make it.

Satan Retracted His Golden Hand

On a summer's day back in July 1998 Satan retracted his golden hand. I had it all planned out. My new role playing game had been perfected, I had the best job ever working for the Forest Service as a wild land firefighter, and I had plans to marry what I thought was the woman of my dreams that fall. Life could not have been better or so thought, I was wrong, very wrong!!!

I came home from a trip to the coast celebrating my girlfriend's birthday. That girlfriend dumped me shortly after at the first sign of trouble. When we went to the store to gather some items for dinner and a movie it struck me like an over weighted garbage truck headed straight for the dump. My life ended that day and I have been running on fumes ever since then.

To make matters worse

I survived prison which is a story too long to fit inside the pages of this book. I got out a tired seemingly war torn man incapable of even working at a job. I was an absolute wreck. My confidence was crushed as was the mountain on which I once stood. I stood in a valley sunken and low, staring at the cliffs of insanity with no rope to climb, it's a story too painful for the pages of this book and a happening that occurred after Robert Scott's book. Right after I got out of prison I met the man that would send the final and complete wave of my destruction. This wave was far worse superseding all the prior damage and ultimately the icing on the cake of obliteration. I got wiped out and the worst point is I saw it coming I was just too tired, too exhausted to fight for myself. I just did not care anymore. He started out giving and by being a friend and later turned into an enemy that makes my main crime partner appear like saint. There are jerks in this world and then there are con-artists. There are con-artists and then there are the worst of the worst. There are those who take all you have, all in the name of the LORD and that hurts. I mean a pastor is supposed to be a man you can trust with all you have. He is supposed to be a representative of God taking care of God's children instead they do the opposite. He took his entrusted position and used it to milk me for everything I ever had including all I did not have. This man was the Judas Iscariot if there ever was one, and Satan, the anti-Christ, Lucifer, the Devil and all evil compacted into one little shell. This shell was not chocolate coated in a hard candy called an M&M but rather a hardened shell with the initials B&B: Bozo of Bewilderment, or simply Pastor Bozo, as I call him. He has his nose so far up everyone's exhaust pipe he can see the valves and pistons and knows exactly how to work you. All the friends I thought I once had are lost and bedazzled just as my crime partner did in 1998. The difference is I know who and what this man is and it cost me everything I had to learn how to hate him. I am sorry but I do not forgive Satan and to me that is who and what this thing is.

After giving pastor bozo, Brock Dale Bernstein, all I had and he depleted to the bottom of the dregs of my welts of abundance, he would drill for more compliance and wealth. After a year and a half of this he stuck the bottom of my finances and drove me to the top of my insanity. I exhausted the last remainder of my credit in hopes to get freed from my chain. In a mad frenzied rush, two vehicles and three helpers I left the house. I mean I left and I didn't care. I could take no more and after all the wonderful friendship kind deeds and tens of thousands of dollars of gifts and bailing him out time and time again he continually treated as despicable as humanly possible. I am not sorry, I hate his guts. In all of eternities years I will

never forgive the man who took away everything I ever loved in life and every opportunity I ever had. I'll burn in hell's flames before I forgive the man. In the end the man sent me to prison lying and working the parole office to get them to destroy me for life. The problem with that is I serve a greater God. I had vowed to give my life to the flames by going to prison my way of course. I did not turn out my way, it turn out better. I banked my life on this verse and God answered those prayers.

(Rev 2:10 KJV) Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer behold, the devil shall cast *some* of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

After exactly ten days in prison I was released, which proves two things: God answers prayers, and this man is the devil. No one would ever believe me but no one has lived my life and seen and experienced the things I have.

Where am I today

I stand here a broke man with absolutely nothing of my own. I don't even own the shirt on my back. It is by the grace of God Almighty that my parents stepped in and took control of my life. They finally saw the chaotic life I was living and ended my destructive paths. The problem is it is too late. The damage has already been done. I am broke and destitute and back to square one, how to restore from a destroyed life. After years of trying I have learned there is only one way to get restored. It is simple, God. The problem is it ain't easy.

Since I got out of prison in the summer of 2008, I was homeless. After sometime my parents got me into a trailer then later bought a trailer of their own. I lived at the mission for about a month before making enemy after enemy and coming to a new level of poverty. During my stay in the mission of madness I ran into Bozo, Brock Dale Bernstein, staring right at him eye to eye not saying a word but indicating books of disgust. He preached and I ignored reading from my true Word only staring at my enemy when the words were applicable.

So here I am now in an undisclosed place to protect my identity hiding me from Bozo and the many bill collectors after me when they should be after him. I have worked for months and months only to be shut down and shut up on a web site I truly gave my all too. I sit here with several unpaid bills Charter internet and Homestead web hosting service at the top. I have no money for food or basic necessities. I have no way of making money and every way to make money only costs me. In fact of what I do have it is almost all gone. I have half a bottle of black ink which I refill the black ink cartage with. My color rs running dry with no way to fill it. Cabinets are dwindling with no means to replenish them. What seemed like success a month ago is followed by the harsh reality of failure. Computer programs I trusted in to make me money have only drained my account to the max. I now have to face one thing I failed. I failed. Notice the linguistics. God has not failed. God got me to this point where I am now. To the skeptics of my life yes I am a failure, but to God who always sees the imperfections that make perfection, I succeeded. I made a web site within a short time and though it was a failure what I set out to do was not. I did my end and I learned and had fun learning. Based on my knowledge, the time I had, and the tiny budget I had to work with I did all I could do and it was something. Despite a certain company I entrusted to fix my computer carelessly destroyed all I ever worked for on the hard drive. Though I was set back nearly two months, financially, emotionally and much of my materials were destroyed I did what many cannot do. I worked, and I worked hard. With diligence I succeeded fighting Satan I failed. The programs that were supposed to bring traffic to my site failed. People I gave cards to never bothered to visit the site. My site is the harsh reality of what happens when a person does all he can do to succeed only to be shut down and shut up by a world that simply doesn't care. There were no visitors and certainly no donations. Not one product was ever sold though I tried. Looking at the examples of web sites that succeed mine was anything but a success. I had audio, video, books and more but I lacked support. Though I went out to the flea market to gather visitors giving my all for free no one was even the slightest bit interested.

I sit here with a web site that is down, and a bank account running on empty. Is Charter Internet the next bill to be cut, I hope not. My license was revoked because I told the truth that I have some mental health issues. I can't get a job due to the fact I am on probation an ex-felon and I just have too many problems. I sit here behind a computer screen when I should be working, instead I have chosen what is better and I am working for God, which by the way is the only way to work through a problem.

The solution is simple: There are no solutions. I am finished and I throw in the towel. There is only one solution I work for God until God works for me. AMEN...

The Answer: How to Restore from a destroyed life?

The answer is simple you give it all to God. Raise up a big enough smoke signal and try your hardest to get God's attention. When you have thoroughly exhausted all your resources and come to a dead end then the only conclusion is to rely on God's great strength and mighty wisdom. First you must dig with a shovel to move the mountain. After realizing it cannot be moved on your own power then and only then seek counsel from the throne of God. That my friend is trusting in God and that is the only solution, just remember not to drown before God sends you two boats and a helicopter. Often times God will help us but in ways we do not know or understand. You just have to keep the speed down and watch out for icebergs so your ship doesn't sink like mine did.

Though I sank my own ship, I believe God to rescue me.

March 6, 2009

About this book...

This book had been all but destroyed. This was the only copy left in existence. I had a heck of a time even scanning this destroyed file. My computer crashed twice in the process. As hard as I try the solution is absolutely true that the only thing to heal from that destruction is God. Your life may abound temporarily due to your own gains however, it is God in the end that finally restores. Reading the following verses the Bible states:

(Jer 29:11) For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the LORD, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.

(Jer 29:12) Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.

(Jer 29:13) And ye shall seek me, and find *me*, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.

(Jer 29:14) And I will be found of you, saith the LORD: and I will turn away your captivity, and I will gather you from all the nations, and from all the places whither I have driven you, saith the LORD; and I will bring you again into the place whence I caused you to be carried away captive.

And in another place:

(Jer 31:3) The LORD hath appeared of old unto me, *saying*. Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.

and

(Jer 33:3) Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.

The LORD is the God of restoration however, He sometimes wants us to be brought low so he can build us up again. God is all about helping us in time of need, however He will typically let the average Christian's life slip into a pit of destruction and just as we are ready to perish God steps in to help us out.

As hard as I have tried I have failed even harder. It seems there is no limit to the pain we can endure however God steps in in the end to bless us more than you can imagine. The biggest question is will you endure the storms of life with Jesus or will you throw in the towel giving up on him. My only answer is we must press on and reap if we faint not. Just remember no seeds grow unless you plant the soil, and nurture and maintain it.

<http://www.bible-heaven.com>

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