

My name is Lawrence M. I'm a 38 year heroin addicted man, for all this time I know nothing about being a man or how to live.

I'm under no illusion God saved my butt, but he worked thru all the people at Mariners Inn to do it. Mariners Is the diamond in the rough, the jewel of the inner city.

I went to the party in 1966 and I didn't come home till 2001. Mariners didn't turn their back – they asked me what I wanted to do about my problem and how they could help, then staff set about helping me regain a life, and helping me grow up.

There was no pressure or judgment. Staff pointed me in the right direction and suggested that I do the footwork and thru their kindness and respect, I've developed a willingness to change and grow up. They showed me that old lie is dead "once an addict always an addict". We do recover.

They once asked the Lord why he was always with the drunk, the prostitute, the leper, the blind and the sick – he said the healthy man doesn't need a doctor. I feel the same work is being done at the Inn.

The Mariners family has never rejected me, and they continue to support me on this journey.

I know that treatment is a privilege and a gift not an entitlement. I feel that Mariner's staff and the Mariners family is the greatest gift I've been given.

There is no progress without a struggle.

And I still struggle, but with my Lord, Mariners family, and NA, I'm progressing into a responsible member of society, staff shows me on a daily basis there is another way to live.

Lawrence M.