

CONTENTS

Foreword.....	7
Preface.....	8
Acknowledgment	9
Comment	10
Fall, 1968.....	13
February, 1969.....	15
January, 1971.....	29
Fall, 1972.....	31
February, 1976.....	35
Wednesday Night.....	63
Follow Up.....	85

Foreword

I have searched for words that would be proper to explain my feeling in regard to Sue Jackson's experience with God. But I cannot find the words. It has brought such a joy and deliverance to her; only God can truly reveal it to man.

As her pastor I greatly appreciate the prayers of all the Church Body which have helped establish this great sister upon The Rock (Christ). It shows the world today; tranquilizers are not the answer, alcohol is not the answer, Jesus Christ is the answer.

To all who read this book and you've had trouble with pills, or perhaps you are still "hooked." The only real joy and happiness is living for God.

*Reverend A. J. Fulton
Pastor United Pentecostal Church
1313 Montgomery St.
Bastrop, Louisiana*

Preface

When I started writing this, I fully intended to write “How I got the Holy Ghost” and quit. But God didn’t let me. Brother Fulton preached from the pulpit one week about how many of our people were taking tranquilizers, and I knew then I had to write my entire story.

If I can help one person, just one, not to have to go through the hell that I did, it will have been worth it all.

I believe God wanted every word of this written down. I didn’t feel right about some of the things I have told; but God said write it. I have done my best.

Sue Jackson
Bastrop, Louisiana

Acknowledgment

To all my brothers and sisters in Christ for all their prayerful support. I especially want to thank Lynda for all her typing.

Thank you!

Sue Jackson

Comment

I thought Sue was the calmest, most settled person in the world. I have known her nearly all our lives; and I can say without hesitation that she has always been a good friend, a good mother, and a good citizen.

No one would have ever guessed from outward appearances that she was disturbed or even nervous. I admired her greatly for her ability to cope with whatever came her way. When she went through her breakdown, it was a total shock to all who knew her. We had faith, though, that she would soon be well because of her great strength of character and love for others.

Sue attended church regularly and lived a clean, moral life—one above reproach. Many times her friends and family would try to witness to her about our Pentecostal experience—without pushing, but she was never able to “hear” what we were saying. Naturally, we assumed she was satisfied with her relationship with the Lord. Therefore, when she asked for help to receive God into her life, this also came as a shock.

Never in my life have I seen anyone more ready for repentance and deliverance. Sue told us she had believed in God all her life but knew she

Hooked on Prescription Drugs

was missing something. Finally, she came to the conclusion that she wanted God “in” her; and she knew the only way to have this was to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. She was so humble and willing to obey all of God’s commandments that it has been a pleasure working with her in her search for salvation.

Many times during the first three months of her walk with God, those of us who loved her would pray, fast, and rebuke the devil in her behalf. Bible Scriptures have been our sword, and the Spirit has been our teacher and comforter. She has fought a tremendous battle against Satan and his devices of deceit; but praise God, she has won the victory.

Now I can truly say, Sue is the calmest, most settled person I know.

Lynda Best

Fall, 1968

I am getting ready to put supper on the table at 5:30 on a Thursday evening for my family: my husband, small daughter, son and baby daughter. Oh, how hectic it is.

“Leah, you and Max, go wash your hands.”
They are running through the house. The noise!

“Paula, get out of that!”

“Leah, Max, behave!” Oh, the noise and confusion.

“Terrell, turn down the T.V.”

“Paula, take that out of your mouth.”

My bread is burning.

“Mama, did you remember I don’t want tea; I want Kool-Aid?”

“Mama, make Leah quit. Mama, she made me spill my tea!”

Hooked on Prescription Drugs

Oh, God! I can't stand it. We sit down to eat. The thought enters my head that all this is unreal. It is as if I am pulling myself away from my family. What is wrong? I feel cold. Is this happening to me?

"You are going crazy," a voice whispers.

What do I do? I sit there in this "unreality" and very calmly tend to my family's needs.

Days go by, I am crying, always crying.

"Oh, God, what is wrong with me?" The house seems to close in on me. I must get out and ride, go away, far away.

Often I call Terrell at work, "Please come home!"

He comes and consoles me, but he doesn't know what is wrong.

"Go back to work," I tell him. "I'm all right."