

Lawrence DuBois' Bio

(continued reading from web page is highlighted in blue text below)

I was 10 years old in 1967 "The Summer of Love". Living in Seattle's Lake City area, I attended Maple Leaf Elementary School. It was an exciting time to be alive, but tragic as well. Many who had older brothers saw them go to Vietnam. I remember Music's influence, black light posters, incense, St. Christopher metals, bell-bottom pants and hippie girls in wild flowered shirts. Yet, our reality was playing "kick the can". My generations' innocence was soon lost. If something is not done, we will lose the next one too.

I started smoking pot and drinking alcohol by the time I was 12. At 17, I was open to try other drugs; this led to using virtually every illicit drug known to our society. All drugs I dropped from my repertoire of vices, except one. A family of drugs I kept taking and soon found I needed, are known as "Opiates". The false sense of well being they gave me far out weighed all warnings, and any adverse consequences. At 23, the truth rang through loud and clear, I was dependent on Opiates. What at one time I would have called a great answer, I soon found out to be a curse. I struggled periodically with opiates over the years. In my early forties, terrible as it sounds, I again turned to the opium poppy for relief of life's doldrums. After living years of abstinence, I rapidly became addicted once again. After awhile, pills and elixirs didn't do the job. Being afraid of needles, I found myself doing something I said I would never do. I started shooting up heroin. Yes, heroin, opium's final chapter. As they say, prisons, institutions, and death! Overlapping this time span, I want to share what was the most significant point in my life. In August 1977 at 20, I met a young woman in my hometown, Bothell, Washington. We worked at Safeway together. She was very pretty and had a nice personality. My approach to dating back then would be described as "a bull in a china shop". She was not perfect, but very kind and at 17 years old showed great maturity and patience. Her father of all people was on the administration staff at the High School in charge of discipline. Over the course of the next year, this girl witnessed to me, faith in Jesus Christ. I always thought I was a Christian, and would have said so if you were to ask me. But there was something different about this girl. She was definitely a true follower of Jesus. Somehow, I knew this instinctively. She lived a different lifestyle than I did. Well, this is what happened. I would follow her around to Christian events hoping to impress her in order to date her. With wrong motives, I started attending Bible meetings. One day, unexpectedly I had a spiritual experience where I was confronted with the truth. I struggled with this, because although I was convinced, I hesitated making a commitment. However, I couldn't deny, I believed in Jesus Christ. Shortly though, I stumbled into temptation concerning drugs. Now I was worse off than I was before. I often wonder why I went back and forth over the years. A better testimony would be that of the life of Daniel in the Bible. I am afraid I am more like that of Simon the sorcerer in the book of Acts. People wondering if he was really saved or not. Today, I want to finish strong, not dwelling in the past, being myself with no regrets to help others, remembering that I am "a work in progress!"

After a long struggle with opiate pain pills, I did something I said I would never do; I started shooting up heroin. My seemingly normal life took on a downward spiral. I lost my job at the post office and started stealing everyday to support my habit. With felonies being an everyday occurrence and with other aspects the heroin lifestyle demanded the truth had dawned; I was strung out on Heroin. I realized I was held prisoner by the drug I thought would bring me comfort. After that I started working for the Mexican Nationals dealing Heroin. During this time I was in and out of detox facilities, hospitals and the Methadone program. I could not stop.

Through many events I was left alone with a large Heroin habit and was out of control. In desperation I jumped over a pharmacy counter and grabbed some pain pills in order to stop the agony of Heroin withdrawal. I went to jail on robbery charges. Along with the normal physical pain by going "cold turkey", I could not eat or sleep for five days. The worst part was the torment of desiring to use Heroin and not being able to fulfill that desire. Nowhere to turn, I called on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and all the intensity of those cravings left. Unlike most addicts I escaped prison and death.

I had been clean from using heroin for nearly three years. In June of 2003, six months after finishing the movie, "Don't Marry the Dragon" I went back to using heroin. It was stupid going back to heroin after being "clean". If you want to scold me, or just want the "gossip", please feel free to email me for the long version of the story. I am glad that I am back on track with God and able am able to personally give you this account.

Although the Puget Sound area has been my home for nearly fifty years, you will find me on the streets of San Francisco. Currently I live in Oakland, California. My lifestyle is much like the Apostle Paul's. I am not married and am free to serve the Lord. I do have two grown sons, Matthew and Chad from a previous marriage.