

MY 30 MINUTE TESTIMONY

**Healing From Love Addiction, Anorexia,
Body Image Issues, Codependency,
Anxiety, Depression and Drug and
Alcohol Addiction**

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CHAPTER 1:

BORN AND RAISED

Hello, my name is Meg; I'm a grateful believer in Jesus Christ. I'm in recovery from love addiction, anorexia, body image issues, codependency, anxiety, depression, and drug and alcohol addiction.

I was born and raised in a middle-class home in Albany, New York. I was the youngest of four children. I was an unplanned child, but I interpreted that as unwanted. I must have sensed it, because as a baby I cried until I was two years old. I was miserable. When I was around seven years old, my father, who struggled with alcohol addiction, kicked me and yelled, "Get out of the way." All I was doing was standing there. I was doing nothing wrong.

The message I received was that the thing I did wrong was being born. I did my best to stay out of everyone's way. I hid the best I could and wanted to be invisible. This was the beginning of my anorexia and body image issues. I needed to be thin in order to be invisible.

God was never discussed in my household. My parents were not believers; however, my mother sent me to classes so I could make my own choice about believing in God. In those classes, I confessed that I didn't go to church on Sundays. I was told I was a sinner, and that if I didn't get my (dysfunctional) family of six to church every Sunday, I would go to hell.

As the "lost child," one of the roles in a dysfunctional family, I survived by staying invisible. There was no way I could take on a task like that. As a result, I believed that Jesus hated me and I was

going to hell. So, I figured, I might as well do whatever I wanted.

When I was 12 years old, I was walking through the woods to get ice cream with one of my girlfriends. One of the boys in the neighborhood said to me, "You need a dime to get through." He was joking and I loved the attention. It felt so good, because not only did I not get attention from my father, but my older brother didn't pay attention to me either. This newfound male attention was intoxicating and wonderful. I thought, "How do I get more?"

All I had to do was smoke cigarettes, smoke pot, drink alcohol, and I got to hang around with the boys in the woods. In the winter, I hid in my room with about 10 other people smoking cigarettes and marijuana, drinking alcohol, and my favorite flirting with the boys.

I barely had any discipline from my parents. I avoided my father as best I

could. He would rage at me for no reason, so I was afraid of him. I went to my mother only when I needed money or permission for something.

When I was in seventh grade, I was having parties at my house—one time with kegs of beer. I had several friends. In eighth grade, the school switched my section. I went from being a popular ringleader to being bullied and kicked off of lunch tables. I was embarrassed to tell anyone how unpopular I was or how awful I felt. I attempted suicide and told no one about it.

I started another addiction after I went to my first Grateful Dead concert. I thought I had found the secret to happiness, and that by going to as many Grateful Dead concerts as possible, I would find peace, love, and joy. When I was sixteen years old, I took LSD at Madison Square Garden in New York City. When I came out of the concert, I

thought I had died and gone to hell. Every light I saw in the city looked satanic, and it was horrifying.

My first official boyfriend came into my life. He stayed in my room after everyone else left. He was actually my friend's boyfriend, but there was no way I could be without him. Love was my number one drug of choice. I suddenly stopped having people over and my life had no importance outside of my relationship. I wanted to be with him twenty-four hours a day.

In eleventh grade, we ran away from home, traveling from New York to Alabama. After two weeks, we ran out of money and called our parents. His kind father came to get us. When I arrived home, my father pushed me and yelled at me. Even though the attention was negative, it was the most attention I had ever received from him. Subconsciously, I

believe receiving attention was one of the reasons I ran away.

Shortly after, I dropped out of high school, and my boyfriend and I moved in together. I ended up pregnant and had an abortion. After the abortion, I felt even farther away from God. It was a traumatic and horrible experience. After that event, and after a year and a half together, the excitement of the relationship wore off. I left him, hoping to immediately find someone new.

CHAPTER 2:

DYSFUNCTIONAL ADULT

One year later, I found a new boyfriend who was very nice to me. As soon as I found out that my father was having an affair and had left my mother for his girlfriend, I was no longer interested in my nice boyfriend.

Instead, I became, well, not just interested, but obsessed with a man I worked with at a pizza place who had a cocaine addiction and a girlfriend. I had no problem starting a cocaine habit as a way to spend time with him.

We ended up together, but after a couple of months, he broke my heart by telling me he loved his girlfriend, not me. I was severely depressed. From that point on, my “picke” was broken. It was heartbreak after heartbreak. I moved from New York to California, hoping I would

meet someone and that the nice weather would heal my depression. The problem was, I took “me” with me. I was still only attracted to unavailable men. If they liked me and respected me, I wasn’t interested.

When I went to college in California, God wasn’t in my life yet, but He brought friends into my life who didn’t use drugs. My new addictions were achievement and going out to bars to get male attention. I could control my alcohol intake as long as the addict in me was focused on receiving male attention. However, toward the end of college, I started smoking pot and using cocaine again, and I hid it from many of my friends.

Eventually, I met the man I married. I didn’t realize it at the time, but what attracted me to him was the way he gave me attention by putting me down and teasing me. He was like my father, giving me only negative attention. His family was Christian, and one day he told me to

go to church with him or he would break up with me.

So I went to church and found the pastor interesting. I went thinking I could never be a Christian because I had used drugs; however, the pastor talked about how he had used drugs in his past. That made me think maybe I could become a Christian. Then I thought, “No way because I’ve had an abortion.”

The following week, the pastor said, “Some of you out there have had abortions; God forgives you.” I felt God speaking through him to me.

I went back the following week, and the pastor talked about the spirit of divination and how, when you do drugs like LSD, you see things in the spirit world that you’re not supposed to see. This made sense to me, because I had seen satanic symbols when I took LSD. In college, I was searching, and I tried goddess worship and new age. The pastor

said that if you ever messed with any of that, walk forward. So I walked forward and accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior. I believed one hundred percent and had a Radical conversion.

I immediately stopped using illegal drugs. However, I switched to other addictions. I was a Christian addict. I didn't understand the concept of grace or that God loved me unconditionally. I thought I had to earn God's love. I went to church three times a week, and I read the Bible cover to cover.

I felt that God would be angry with me if I didn't do enough. My new addictions were alcohol (since it was legal) and workaholism. I also used compulsive exercise in order to stay thin and try to receive male attention.

Due to verbal and emotional abuse, I was suicidal and depressed during most of my marriage. After trying couples counseling over a span of three years, I

ended up committing adultery. My husband found out, and the marriage was immediately over. I was happy to finally get out of the marriage.

I was tired of being the wounded love addict, and I became an unavailable love avoidant (Mellody, 2003). Five days after I filed for divorce, I met a man whom I told I would never marry. Over the course of four years, I broke up with him over six times. When I would get lonely, I would get back together with him. Eventually, I felt guilty doing this to him, and I went back to being a love addict. This time around, consciously God was my Higher Power, but subconsciously men were my higher power. I would make men my idol. I expected them to fill a void that only God could fill.

I started being with married men, and I did so much cocaine to the point of having a seizure. My addictions were much worse than before I was a believer. Being a

believer and separated from God was the most miserable place to be. It was like hell on earth.

I went to Celebrate Recovery and realized I struggled with love addiction. After going to one open share group, I thought I was fixed, and I went out to the bars to find a nice Christian man who would wait until marriage to have sex with me. Obviously, it didn't happen. I kept getting more hurt. I would pray, "God, I know I had sex before marriage, but please make this man love me and be my husband." Today, I am grateful God didn't answer those prayers. I only went through one divorce instead of many.

After three leaves of absence due to depression, I decided to change my career and stop working in the corporate world. I went back to school to become a marriage and family therapist. I used cocaine throughout the program. I quit using cocaine right before starting my training at

a drug treatment facility. It was not like I was going to Celebrate Recovery open share meetings or working with a sponsor. I just quit. I was like a dry alcoholic, which is someone who just quits alcohol without doing any self-reflection or receiving support from others.

During my marriage and family therapist training, I ended up getting romantically involved with a client. Pride and arrogance came before my fall. I thought I was flattering him and not doing anything wrong. I thought all the books, ethical guidelines, and professors were wrong, and I was right. In July 2011, after I finished my master's coursework and training hours, the male client told on me.

They expelled me from the program and said I could never graduate. They told me to get a new career. I lost everything. I could not have been more humiliated and miserable. But that was the best thing that ever happened to me, because I never

wanted to feel that horrible again. What I did was awful. I felt so much pain, shame, and guilt.

CHAPTER 3:

RECOVERY

Most of my life, I have gotten away with things. This time, I was caught. My whole family would know, including my nieces and nephew. Nobody ever prays for or seeks out humiliation, but being humiliated saved my life.

Not only did it save my life, but after going through this humiliating experience, I no longer care what people think. I used to care so much about what people thought. Now it takes a lot for me to feel embarrassed.

The only thing for me to do was to heal and surrender to God. I immediately went back to my love and relationship open share group at Celebrate Recovery and got a sponsor. I joined a step study and started working the eight principles.

Celebrate Recovery's eight principles are similar to Alcoholics Anonymous' (AA's) 12 steps. The 12 steps are Biblical. They consist of forgiving everyone you need to forgive and making amends to everyone to whom you owe an amends (except when to do so would injure them or others).

Celebrate Recovery clearly states that Jesus is our Higher Power. Alcoholics Anonymous states that anything, except yourself, can be your higher power. Also, Celebrate Recovery covers all hurts, habits, and hang-ups (Celebrate Recovery, 2026), not just alcohol addiction. (AA does welcome people with other addictions, as long as the person also has a desire to stop drinking.)

I went into a secular treatment program for sex and love addiction and learned I also had severe anorexia and body image issues. I had no clue that I had these disorders. I thought everyone felt

that they needed to be thin. I was blessed to find out and go through treatment because I now enjoy eating and am no longer in bondage to anorexia and body image issues.

My sponsor worked every step with me. I would probably not be alive if it weren't for her. My sponsor led me in the direction of not having sex until marriage. At the time, I thought, "I'm not going to do that. Maybe during Biblical times it made sense, but now nobody is going to wait for me." The secular program I was in for sex and love addiction said to wait one year before dating and to go on 17 dates before you even kiss a person. I was willing to do that, but not willing to wait until marriage.

However, after a year went by with no dating, no male attention, and no sex, I was okay. I was more than okay. I wasn't yearning over anybody. I wasn't hurt by anybody. I figured out a possible way to

guarantee that I would never be hurt again: not to have sex unless I am married. Today, I have a healthy desire to be married, but if I'm not married, I will be okay, and I honor God with my body. I'm so blessed that God healed me before the rampant upswing of online romance scams. Americans are losing billions of dollars a year. I likely would've fallen victim to a romance scam. Not out of stupidity, but because I would have ignored all the red flags, desperately wanting the relationship to be real.

My original sober birthday from love addiction, anorexia, body image issues, and codependency is July 20, 2011. I was in denial that I struggled with drug and alcohol addiction because, at that time, I was only using legal chemicals. However, I came out of denial, and I have another sober birthday from drugs and alcohol, which is January 2, 2014. Instead of switching addictions like I used to, God

has healed me from all my addictions and has filled my void with the Holy Spirit. God is still working on me, and I haven't arrived, but I definitely left the station. I am not sinless, but I definitely sin less.

In order for me to stay sober, I need to live Celebrate Recovery's principles 7 and 8 every day for the rest of my life:

Principle 7: *“Reserve a daily time with God for self-examination, Bible reading, and prayer in order to know God and His will for my life and to gain the power to follow His will” (Celebrate Recovery, 2026).*

Principle 8: *“Yield myself to God to be used to bring this Good News to others, both by my example and my words” (Celebrate Recovery, 2026).*

I'm definitely not perfect, but that's why there is a Step 10 in Alcoholics

Anonymous, which is, “We continued to take personal inventory, and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it” (Alcoholics Anonymous, 2026).

On April 3, 2015, I became so busy doing Step 12/Principle 8 that I neglected spending daily time with God (Step 11/Principle 7). As a result, I had a manic and psychotic episode, and I was hospitalized (5150’d). I learned that I cannot neglect my daily time with God or take on too many commitments.

Codependency used to run my life. I never wanted anyone to be angry with me. I was a huge people pleaser. I would do things for people I didn't want to do without even knowing it. I had been doing this my entire life. I would end up resenting others and would not even know I had a resentment against them. My anger turned inward and caused me to have suicidal depression for most of my life. Today, codependency creeps up on me in

certain situations, but I am no longer afraid of people being angry with me. I'm able to say "no" without feeling guilty. That is total freedom to me. I'm so relieved to no longer be in bondage to a fear of people.

When I find codependency creeping up on me, I quote Galatians 1:10, "Am I now trying to win the approval of human beings or of God? Or am I trying to please people? If I were still trying to please people, I would not be a servant of Christ" (Bible Gateway, 2026).

Since I've been in recovery, I have attended over 1,000 12-step meetings and sponsored several women. From November 2016–January 2019, I was on a team that brought Celebrate Recovery into the Youth Guidance Center (where the youth are incarcerated). This ministry led me to Celebrate Recovery Inside (CRI) at the women's prison in Chino, California, from January 2018–January 2020. I loved

being in that ministry. I have seen many women receive healing, which brought me great joy.

In 2016, I learned that I was Jewish, and I now belong to a wonderful, loving Messianic Jewish congregation (Gentiles are also welcome). In 2021, I joined a ministry and went to Venice Beach and Huntington Beach to minister to people and share the gospel. I loved doing this because I have witnessed many people turn to Jesus to be their Lord and Savior.

One of my favorite Bible verses is 2 Corinthians 5:15: “And He died for all, that those who live should no longer live for themselves but for Him who died for them and was raised again” (Bible Gateway, 2026). I read that scripture early in recovery when I was suicidal as a result of living to please my flesh. Therefore, it was easy for me to decide to die to self and live for God. I now walk in the Spirit and do my best to not walk in the flesh,

and I haven't been suicidal in over 12 years. It's so nice that I don't exhaust myself trying to run my life anymore; I can relax knowing God is in control.

Almost every day, I write down five things I am grateful for. As a result, I can't remember the last time I had any self-pity.

My other favorite Bible verse is Psalm 121:7–8: “The Lord will keep you from all harm; He will watch over your life. The Lord will watch over your coming and going both now and forevermore” (Bible Gateway, 2026). When I first got saved in 1998, I read that verse but did not fully believe it. Today, I fully believe that verse, and now I can have peace in all circumstances because I know God is always watching over me.

When I first got saved, I accepted God's forgiveness for having an abortion. However, I still had Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. I was awake during the abortion and given nothing for the pain.

Throughout my life, anything about pregnancy would trigger me and bring me back to the pain and experience of the abortion. I also stuffed the grief of not just losing my child, but killing my child. Once I grieved, apologized to my baby, and forgave myself, God healed me from the abortion. Not only that, He took away all the shame and guilt I carried for over 24 years.

In 2019, I became a pro-life advocate. I connected with 40 Days for Life (www.40daysforlife.com).

This wonderful ministry helped me connect with others and go out in front of Planned Parenthood. I am not there to shame anyone. I am there to sidewalk counsel people and give them resources for pregnancy and health centers. I am also part of a wonderful ministry called Deeper Still (<https://deeperstill.org>). Deeper Still offers free healing retreats for

women and men who have abortion-wounded hearts.

Today, I can't live with resentments. If I have the slightest resentment, I take out a Step 4 worksheet from the Celebrate Recovery participant guide (Baker, 2012, pp. 30–31). I write it all out (the person, the cause, the effect, the damage, and my part—if I had a part) and ask God to help me forgive that person. I found that when I do it right away, the damage that it causes me is minimal to none. I also learned that I do not need to ever spend time with certain people I have forgiven. Forgiving them was for me, not for them. They don't even have to know that I forgive them. I can love them from afar without ever having to see them again.

I don't blame my now-deceased father for his drinking. I don't blame his parents. I don't blame my great-great-grandparents. I go all the way back to the Garden of Eden and I blame Adam and Eve for

eating the forbidden fruit. This opened the door for the devil and allowed brokenness to enter the earth. I realized that my parents had brokenness and did the best job they could. Today, I have a wonderful relationship with my family. I also have a wonderful church family.

Today, I am free in Christ. That means I don't believe in the devil's lies anymore. He still tries to tell me I'm no good, and he accuses me of doing things wrong when I'm not doing anything wrong. I do my best to capture those thoughts and remind myself that it is the enemy (Satan), because God would never accuse or condemn me. Romans 8:1 says, "There is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus" (Bible Gateway, 2026).

I used to stuff my feelings. One day in recovery, I cried hearing a touching testimony. I started laughing because it actually felt good to cry, and I thought, "This is what I was afraid of my entire

life?” The silent rule I grew up with in my alcoholic home—that it was not okay to feel—was a blatant lie from the devil. My life is so much better now that I allow myself to feel. When I stuffed negative emotions, I was also stuffing positive emotions such as joy, passion, and love.

Before recovery, I never had joy. Having bipolar disorder, if I wasn't depressed or suicidal, I was either manic or hypomanic. It was chaos. When I was first in recovery, the thought of serenity and no chaos sounded boring. Now that I have serenity, I wouldn't go back for \$1 billion or anything. My worst day in recovery is still 100 times better than my best day before recovery.

Today, I get to live in the present. I used to either dwell on the past or have fear and worry about the future. If I ever start to not be in the present moment, I remind myself of Reinhold Niebuhr's Serenity Prayer (Celebrate Recovery uses

the long version, while secular 12-step programs use the first four lines):

God, grant me the serenity
to accept the things I cannot change,
the courage to change the things I can,
and the wisdom to know the difference.
Living one day at a time,
enjoying one moment at a time;
accepting hardship as a pathway to peace;
taking, as Jesus did,
this sinful world as it is,
not as I would have it;
trusting that You will make all things right
if I surrender to Your will;
so that I may be reasonably happy in this life
and supremely happy with You forever in the
next. Amen.

The entire prayer is amazing and helpful. The two lines that help me live in the present are “Living one day at a time, enjoying one moment at a time” (Celebrate Recovery, 2026). I used to say that the client who told on me ruined my life. Well, it was a miserable life that

needed to be ruined. I'm grateful that he told on me. He did the right thing, and I deserved to be told on. I needed to repent and surrender to God. As a result, I went from having severe anxiety and depression to having abundant peace and joy.

I was accepted back into the master's program that expelled me. In February 2020, I received a Master of Arts in Counseling Psychology. I volunteered part-time as an Associate Marriage and Family Therapist from 2019–2025. As of September 2025, I am now a Licensed Marriage and Family Therapist. I absolutely love what I get to do. God restores, as Joel 2:25 says, "I will restore to you the years that the swarming locust has eaten" (Bible Gateway, 2026). Thank you for letting me share my recovery with you!

MEET THE AUTHOR

Dear reader,

Thank you for reading “My 30-Minute Testimony.” I truly hope this short book has been a blessing to you. For a more detailed account of my life, my book will be available on Amazon in Kindle, paperback, and Audible formats, called “Love Addiction Healing.”

If you have enjoyed this book, please consider being kind enough to leave a review on Amazon. Just go to the book page for “My 30-Minute Testimony” and scroll all the way down to the bottom. Tap the link where it says, “Want to leave a review.” If you can share it on Facebook, X, Instagram, YouTube, Snapchat, or anywhere else, I thank you.

If you would like to contact me, my website is LoveAddictionHealing.com. You can email me at LoveAddictionHealing@gmail.com

Peace, joy, and blessings,

Meg

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