

Dan Brown Jr

BAND STORY

"The Dan Brown Jr. Testimony//: It was a Saturday morning about 3 a.m. I had just woke from a very disturbing dream, but this time it was different. I couldn't just shake it off like I had done countless nights before. So insanely I ran out to my car and proceeded to drive over to her parents home. The whole way there is a complete blur now, but I remember thinking, "I know she went home with someone from the bar." Now remember, it's 3 in the morning, so I had no idea what I was going to do or say. My instincts appeared to be right because when I arrived her car wasn't there. My mind was racing all over the place. I knew that she was kind of getting into the party scene, so I convinced myself that she was sleeping around. We had already separated, and I realized that I was having no luck in letting her go. Completely worn down from sleepless night and totally out of my mind, I decided to drive around aimlessly until one of my hundreds of phone calls were answered... but they never were. I was driving so fast and had a hard time keeping my car on the road. Realizing that I was going to hurt myself (accidentally), I slammed on my brakes, put my car in park, and called 911. When the operator answered and asked what the emergency was, I said, "I'm crazy and I don't know what to do." They told me not to hang up, and they would come and get me. Since I was driving around anyway, I told them that I would drive to them. That morning I had reached my lowest point. When I arrived at the station, I was welcomed by an entourage of armed police officers. It was obvious to the officers that I was too torn apart to be of any threat, so they calmly walked me to the holding area where I was asked to take of my



STATS

Visits	Plays
3,519	219
Streams	Downloads
164	55

Featured Songs

1



Show Me The Way

Rock

area where I was asked to take off my belt, hat, necklace, and shoes. They also wanted my cell phone, wallet, and keys. Once they had taken all my belongings, I was locked in a 6x6 cell which was something I was not unfamiliar with. It was good to be there because it gave me a chance to think. I can't help but imagine what it must be like to spend 24 hours a day, 7 days a week in those cold and lonely cells, but many people do. I think your own mental prison is a far worse sentence. I became aware that they really thought I was crazy when they had some sort of therapist talk with me. She kept asking why I wanted to hurt myself, and I kept replying that I did not....but they insisted that I did. This became very frustrating to me. If I wasn't crazy when I came, they would have made me crazy. It got to the point where I had to tell them, "I hurt.... That's why I'm here. I want the hurting to stop!!!!!" She wasn't satisfied with this and continued insisting that I was suicidal. I wasn't then and never in my life have been suicidal (Suicide is a permanent solution to a temporary problem). The arrangements were made for me to go to a mental home for a few days, but first I had to go to the emergency room for blood tests. They wanted to see what type of drugs I had been taking. In today's world, doctors believe all problems start and finish with drugs. I remember hearing from the hallway, "It's like we did a test on a glass of water." You see, I don't even drink soda. Another therapist came in and asked me why I wanted to hurt myself. It began to make me upset, so I probably appeared to be crazy. When you're crying out for help and everybody thinks they know how to fix your problem before they even know you, it can really take a toll on your inner strength. I want you to picture this... At my very lowest point, I was sitting on a hospital bed wearing a backwards hat, an open-back green gown, haven't shaved in 3 days, completely sleep deprived, and

completely sleep deprived, and hunched over from depression. It was then that a priest who had been wondering around outside waiting for the right opportunity to come in entered the room. He told me that he knew nothing of my situation, and he felt that God had put it on his heart to pray for me. I remember he asked my mother and I to hold his hands, so together we made a three fold cord (Scripture says: "A three fold cord can not be easily broken"). To this day I can't remember a single word of his prayer, but I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit for the first time.. It was like pure deliverance and sanctification. I could physically feel the ties that Satan had on my soul being ripped off in Jesus' name. I knew at that instant that people couldn't help me... I cried out to the Lord, and he answered... A few days later sitting in my car parked at a mall, I asked Jesus to come in to my life as Lord and Savoir. And what has happened since, I can't put into words... "

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