

I, Dana Lamcomb, was the name I was born with and I shared my moms' belly with my twin brother Dustin Joey Lamcomb. Our mother is Deidra Lamcomb. She gave birth to 10 children. We are the babes of the family. My mom was a twin to Doris. My mother had a rough life. She like to drink booze and take pills because she was beaten repeatedly and had her jaw broken by her first husband. She was always stressed out having so many babies at a young age and a husband that didn't provide and drank all the time and never gave her money. He fooled around with other women.

My father is deceased. His name was Jamie Joseph Cunning. He liked his alcohol too. My dad had my mother change our name to our fathers' name when we were 10 years old because her first husband Andrew Lambert that was really abusive had died, so she married my dad when we were older. They didn't stay together very long, but they stayed friends drinking buddies till he died.

I had things happen to me when I was really young. There was lots of abuse in my life over the years. When I was about 2 years old, which I do not remember, but a cousin told me what happened and made amends a few years ago. Her brother locked me in a car and they peed in my mouth. She had always felt bad about it and wanted to apologize. There were different times I do remember the physical and sexual abuse when I was young.

My mother lost me and my brother Dustin to child welfare and we were placed in a foster home together. We lived in three foster homes over a two year span and didn't have any bad experiences or memories at these homes. When we were returned to my mother, a previous foster child, who was now an adult, broke into our home. He raped me and cut my clothes with a knife. I was about 10 years old. He must have gotten scared because he ran out of my room. My twin brother had heard his boots down the stairs and ran out to see who was going down the stairs. The police were called by moms' boyfriend that night. This ended up being a humiliating experience with me having to testify in court. It ended with charges being dropped. When I was abused again I never went to the police for help.

I was also abused by my favorite uncle Gerry who was an alcoholic. He was at our house drinking with my mom. That night I remember asking my uncle if he was hungry and made him a sandwich. Then he came into my room to lay down. There were two beds in my room because me and my twin shared the room. I went and laid with my uncle as he was passed out. That night I was sexually assaulted by this uncle. I left the house when he was done and he fell asleep. I called my mom the next day and she was mad that I wasn't home. I shared about what had happened and my mom said to come home and we could talk. When I got there my mom said uncle wanted to talk to me. He was in her room and I remember feeling uncomfortable with going into her bedroom alone, but I did it anyways. He ended up saying he was really drunk and must have thought I was Auntie Veronica. He said he was sorry and gave me a hug. I walked away; my innocence was gone. I started to run away a lot after this and also started drinking.

When I was thirteen years old, I went over to a friends moms place, Faith, and it was a rooming house with much older people living there, approximately 40-50 years old (Around my age today lol).

They were old compared to me back then. I was watching them all do drugs; they were using needles. For the first few months, I was only drinking, but I became curious. Faith said I could stay with her as long as I wanted. Faith had a friend, Kendell Lloyd Laboucane (Buffalo), she wanted me to meet. He had been in prison for the last 18 months and he was 29 years old. I remember being woken up by Faith...saying I have someone I want you to meet. I was looking a bit rough with not washing off my makeup, and hair was all over the place. He was a nice looking man with a beautiful body. He was 190 pounds of muscle and stood about 6'1 with one blue and one brown eye. I was a bit embarrassed to be meeting this man and wanted to go back to bed. He asked me what I was up to that night because he had some things to do. He would come back to pick me up and we would go out. I absolutely wanted to get together. I giggled like a little girl because I was a little girl. When he came back it was around 7:00 and I was all dolled up, ready and curious as to where he was going to take this child. He got a hotel room that was in the hood; dark and very dingy looking had an awful stale cigarette smell.

This is a little girl who is so broken and wants to be loved by whoever. I remember feeling really nervous about meeting this complete stranger. He walked over to me and kissed me. I felt weak in my knees. That is where I fell in love with this man that I ended up giving up so much for. He was 29 years old and I was just turning 14 when I let this man into my life. I shared about what my uncle Gerry had done to me. After only being with him for a few hours, he sexually assaulted me. I was so in love with him at the time and he seemed to be my hero. He told me that night my uncle would pay for what he had done to me.

A few weeks had passed and I went home to shower when my mom told me that my uncle Gerry had been taken to the hospital. He had been beaten with a tire iron just about to death. When I saw Buffalo again that night he asked how my uncle was doing. This kind of shocked me because he knew about the beating. At that moment, I felt loved by this man and he was not going to let anyone harm me again. My mom couldn't protect me because she was caught in her own pain, so I fell victim to this 29-year-old man. He saw I was broken and nobody stopped this.

I had started using drugs shortly after meeting Buffalo. I just wanted to fit into his life, whatever that looked like. I was obsessed with this man. I idolized him but was scared of him at the same time. I started working the streets in Edmonton one month after meeting Buffalo. I ended up pregnant at 15 and gave birth to Jim George Labou when I was 16. He was beautiful. A few months later, Buffalo said we needed to leave because he was in a halfway house, was caught doing drugs, and was afraid he was going to be sent to jail. That is when we jumped in the car and headed to Winnipeg. My life got really crazy for the next few years with this man. He introduced me to a cheque scam as a way to make money. He had me isolated and I was so afraid. I had the baby for 8 months. The day he was taken by Children's Services, I went to jail because of the cheque scam. It was a blessing that Jim was taken because this was no life for a child.

After Jim was taken, Buffalo moved me to Vancouver. I had Tyler John Labou on July 9 and I turned 17 on July 12 in the hospital. A baby having babies. He was taken by Children's Services right at birth. I was using drugs everyday. I had a drug habit and nothing else mattered. I again saw it as a blessing that this baby was taken. I was living a crazy and wild life. I was prostituting on the streets of

Vancouver at this time and I was only 17 years old. This seems insane saying that at that age I had seen so many things already. I was beaten just about daily and had been injecting myself with drugs on a daily basis for about three years.

I don't remember everything up to this point in my life hearing about the Lord, but looking back, there were angels with me. God's hand was on my life and because of this I survived. I know he has a purpose for my life. I believe the Lord brought some people to me to try and help me. There was a lady who read scripture on the corner where I worked. I don't know her name or anything about her, but she impacted me enough that I remember her. I was so rude to her. There was a police officer named Drew Charleston that I met on the east side of downtown Vancouver. He worked with the worst of the worst for many years. He tried so many times, picking me up and having me put in group homes. I would leave the moment he left. I would go outside and walk away and hitchhike back to the streets because I was lost without Buffalo. There was also a social worker, Rachel Langley, who I was introduced to by Drew Charleston. They were a team and tried to help troubled teens. They both wanted to get me away from Buffalo. Looking back, I see that she was another angel, but at the time, I saw her as a threat. There were so many times that she found placements for me, but I wasn't ready for change. At Christmas one year she drove to the corner where I was working to bring me a turkey sandwich and I didn't even realize what day it was. I was really overwhelmed with joy to be having turkey that she had cooked. I felt so loved by this woman and never got to tell her thank you for all she tried and did for me. That was Jesus in my life, using his people to show me love and kindness. He is an amazing God: I can and will thank him for the rest of my life.

Then there was the whole thing with Ronald Peterson. Women from the east side were disappearing. Police and outreach workers were handing out information about dangerous people to watch out for and their vehicle's description. They would ask us if we had seen the missing girls and women. A few years later, Ronald Peterson was arrested as numerous body parts were found at his farm. When I saw these women's pictures on the front page of the Edmonton Sun I cried because that could have been me. I'm only still here because of GOD'S GRACE.

I finally got the courage to make a phone call to get away from Buffalo. 1991 was the year I jumped on a bus. Rachel Langley bought me a ticket and breakfast and gave me lunch and a bit of money for the long trip back to Alberta. I joined my twin brother for a few months, but then found another man who would take care of me.

My next partner was Patrick Henderson. This is a sick man as well as very controlling. He never physically hurt me, but he was controlling and verbally hurt me. I had my third son, Peter Jr. with him. He is amazing like my other sons. Peter was never apprehended and I stayed in this relationship until he was two. Peter Jr. was raised by his father as addiction continued to control my life. I really don't like that I've done that, but without Christ, left on my own, I will make a mess and hurt people, even my children. I dislike that I was walking with Satan. He is all about instant gratification. I am a believer that hurt people hurt people. I was brought into this world by parents that were broken so they raised broken kids, and kids grow up to be broken.

I discovered that the abuse in my family did not just happen to me. My cousin Jennifer, who was nine, who is my uncle Gerry's daughter, disclosed to me that she had been abused by my aunt Didi's boyfriend. I instantly believed her story. I shared with her that I was also abused, not telling her that it was her father. I encouraged her to go to a trusted adult and explain what happened; she did. She was removed from her home and placed in foster care. The abuser was investigated; he later hung himself. I saw Jennifer again five years ago and she thanked me for believing her. She felt I saved her life, but we all know only Jesus saves lives and restores them. In His name all things are possible. Believing and supporting her through this helped to heal my inner child.

I truly believe God chooses us and I was his before I was conceived because of all of his miracles I have witnessed along the way. Dominic, the father of my third son, told me that I need to go somewhere to get help. I remember thinking at this time that everything I've tried has gotten me in the same place. New city, new relationships, and I would always resort to drugs. Until an angel, my boyfriend, Dominic, encouraged me and found me a place to get treatment and clean up. I see that God will use books, places and people to get through. He is unfailing love. In this place, Henwood, outside of Edmonton, I found a 12 step program where I again believe God is at the center. The goal of this program is to get closer to him. This was on June 10, 1995. The only way I still have that date is because I was given a medallion when I graduated from the 28 day treatment program. I still have this medallion. This is where again God brought the right people to help this broken girl.

I was 23 years old. I have been blessed since I entered the journey of my recovery and there have been really good teachers along the way. I left Henwood treatment program and went to MacDougall House, a live-in recovery house in Edmonton. I had God reveal things to me right away. I was so angry and resentful, but Jesus said I need to forgive and this is still a work in progress. Jesus, early in my recovery, put my uncle Gerry, the abuser, in the same room with me at a day program. Seeing him forced me to address the anger I had towards him, and with the help of Crystal Shoemaker, my counsellor, I was able to share with her my experiences around my abuse. She helped me sort through it and to find forgiveness. She is an amazing lady who is still in my life.

I believe that the abuse that happened to me as a child became a snowball effect. I fell into a pattern of connecting with abusive men. This was a "thorn in my side" that God told me he wasn't willing to remove. He would get me to a great place with it. Looking back, the experiences that I had have allowed to connect and help others in a very real and powerful way. I see that these experiences have been a blessing in my life because God is in charge. When my uncle Gerry died, I was asked to do his eulogy at the funeral. It was only through God that I was able to be loving towards him. I know Christ helped me find forgiveness from my head to my heart the day of his funeral because I had no resentment or bitterness in my heart whatsoever. That day I found compassion for him.

If God is for us (me), who can be against us. (Mark 10:27). Early on in recovery, I learned that I was a Cree Native woman and I walked into that part of my heritage. I learned a lot about that walk, and it helped me find myself more. But when I found Christ, my life really changed. I said yes to Christ in 2000 but it wasn't from my head to my heart yet; that took a few years. I went to church and started to pray more and it was amazing.

My twin brother, Dustin, was living a dangerous lifestyle of a using addict. I distanced myself from him and was praying for a change in his life. He died on May 8, 2002 from suicide. After his death, I became even more reliant on Jesus. I got to a different place of acceptance of powerlessness of people, places and things. I remember praying please God, help me stay away from him until he is ready to surrender. When he died, it was really painful and very sad but there was a peace that I felt and that was Christ. "Watch and pray, so that you will not fall into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Mark 14:38.

After his death, I ended up staying with my mother, which was when my mother and I became close. We prayed and cried together because at this point my mom had buried three of her children to drug-related deaths. She understood the closeness of a twin. I stayed with her for ten days before we could bury him. That year was a whole bunch of pain, emptiness, loneliness and growth. It was the first time in my life that God wanted me to make my life about Him. I read a lot of the Bible and really struggled to understand. I got really involved in the church. I fell in love with Jesus because I was so broken.

I remember a point in my recovery, five years clean, six months since my brother died. I couldn't find a job, had just sold my car to finish paying it off, and bought a little junk truck to get around in. I was staying on my friend's couch. It was a very painful and humiliating time. I was praying for God's will to be done. There was one day I was so broken and feeling deep despair. I was at Walmart picking up coffee for a volunteer event I was helping with at Christmas time for people who don't have a safe place. When I went to start my truck, it wouldn't turn over. I started to bawl. I was so angry, I couldn't handle one more thing. I was in the door entry of Walmart crying. I said to God, really, well, I'm tired and can't do this, I want to get loaded. I knew I could go to my mom's and she would drink with me to stop the pain, but God had other plans. I heard him tell me to reach out to my recovery friends. I called a few but nobody answered. This made me even more upset. Ok God I've done everything and I'm tired. I called a cab and made the decision, I was going to my mom's to get drunk. Then god told me to call my Christian friend Ken, which is really bizarre because he lived about 40 mins outside of Edmonton. When I called him I was crying so hard that he couldn't understand me. I said I don't want to do recovery anymore. He said I will be there in a couple of minutes. He happened to be at the traffic circle nearby. That is God's grace: he had other plans for me. He is such a loving god.

Romans 8:28: and we know [with great confidences] that god [who is deeply concerned about us] causes ALL things to work together [as a plan] for good for those who LOVE GOD, to those who are called according to his plan and purpose.

Well that was a very powerful moment for the turn from believing in my head to my heart AGAIN. This was the day that God had brought another blessing into my life. It was the day I met my AMAZING loving husband, Doug. He was hanging out with our mutual friend Ken and was in the truck with him that day that they rescued me. He was so kind but I was too self centered to even notice him. He said to me don't worry about the small stuff (my truck that wouldn't start), we are heading to a meeting and then we will come back and see if we can figure out what's wrong with your truck. If not, we can take it to a shop to get fixed. I was quite annoyed with his friendliness.

Over the next few days I wasn't in good spirits. He asked me why I was so upset and I told him about my twin brother's death. He told me he knew how it felt to lose a loved one to suicide. When he was 11 yrs old, his father shot himself. Doug was in the room and witnessed the shooting. The first shot didn't kill him. Doug ran downstairs to get help and heard a second shot. It changed me at that moment when I heard his story as he was able to talk about it without falling apart. I instantly was connected to him. He had a wicked sense of humor and he is so perfect for me because he is such a gentle spirited man. I was such a mess and he really helped me get through that hard time in my life. He was a god send and I was super grateful that Jesus brought the perfect man to me. He proposed to me a year after we met at my mother's house. We were married on May 29, 2004. We have had some ups and downs but have persevered because we love each other. There were so many thing that we did right. We both had never been married and he had no children.

We have two beautiful children together; David Donald Jamie is an amazing 13 yr old that loves school. He is so smart and everyone likes him. He loves sports; hockey is his favorite and he is an amazing player. He is a huge help around the house and he loves his family. Looking good is very important too him. He is all about stats and loves to read about fitness. He is a really heathy eater.

Daniel is our awesome 10 yr old. He too is a really good hockey player. He has the most gorgeous blue eyes. He is so much like me. I love this little boys personality. He is very outgoing, not shy at all, and can make friends easily. He has a great sense of humor and loves to joke around a lot. He can say sorry easily, he is very loving and it is natural for him to show affection. I know that the best gift I can give my boys is to teach them God's word and show them Love.

I have been so blessed by what god has done in my life. I have been able to stay home raise these 2 wonderful boys because of my amazing husband working so hard for both of us. I feel god has redeemed me and has given me another chance at being a mom to my sons. I choose to see that god is number 1 and that my boys are gifts from him.

Corinthians 12:7-10; because of these surpassingly great revelations. Therefore, in order to keep me from becoming conceited, I was given a thorn in my flesh, a messenger of Satan, to torment me. Three times I pleaded with the lord to take it away from me, but he said to me "My Grace is sufficient for you, for the power is made perfect in weakness. "Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest in me.

That is why, for Christ's sake, I delight in weaknesses, in insults, in hardships, in persecution, in difficulties. For when I am weak, then I am strong.

I have been given a gift to help others with similar issues and struggles. I have shared my story within recovery for 21 yrs in recovery programs, schools and jails. I have been listening to God and he has put it on my heart that it is time to share my testimony with others. I want his will to be done and for him to get the glory for how this broken little girl was able to persevere through tough times. I have had evil done to me and I've done some evil stuff.

“My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.” I finally get what Jesus has been telling me. He has turned my painful stuff into blessings. I have met some amazing people because we have these issues that we can relate too or they just are kind compassionate people that are working for god and his glory. Jesus has given me hope and know I can share that hope with others and he gets ALL THE GLORY.