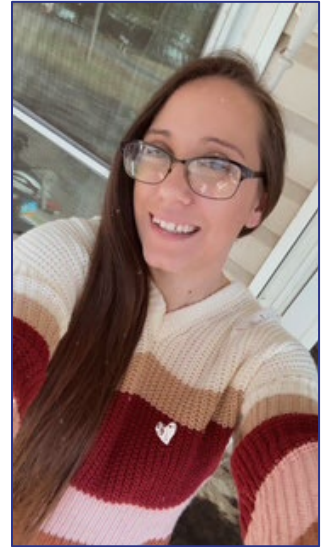


Chassie Umfleet: A Story of Redemption, Surrender, and Unshakable Hope

My name is Chassie Umfleet, and I am a Certified Peer Recovery Coach (CPRC) with Peer Recovery Services at Daviness Community Hospital. Most importantly, I am a woman in long-term recovery. I am also a mother, a fighter, and someone who once stood on the edge of complete hopelessness and found the courage to cry out for something more.

There are many different paths to recovery, and in my work, I honor every individual's journey. But for me, my recovery came the moment I surrendered my life to God—when I realized that my way wasn't working, and I desperately needed something stronger than willpower to survive.



A Childhood Shadowed by Absence and Addiction

My childhood was a journey of pain, discovery, and resilience. I was raised in Driftwood, Texas, by my father, who became my anchor when my mother—trapped in her own addiction to meth—was absent from my life.

From the time I was seven years old, my dad gave me unconditional love, support, and stability. But the ache of not having my mom lingered deep in my heart, leaving a void I didn't know how to fill.

At 16, I had my first experience with substances. Cocaine and alcohol felt like freedom at the time—but really, they were an escape. The numbness they brought felt easier than confronting the grief and confusion I carried from growing up without a mother.

Chasing Connection, Finding Chaos

At 17, I moved to Mount Carmel, Illinois, in hopes of reconnecting with my mom. I had left behind everything familiar—including the one person who had always stood by me, my dad—in search of something I didn't even know how to define.

While my mom was no longer using meth, she had turned to alcohol. We fought constantly. I felt like I could never be the daughter she wanted. The pain of that rejection pushed me deeper into self-destruction, masking my wounds with drugs and alcohol.

Before long, I was in and out of jail, first for underage drinking, then for resisting arrest. When my mom bailed me out, I expected disappointment—but instead, she laughed. It was in that moment I realized: I was completely alone in my pain.

People you know. Healthcare you trust.

A Life-Changing Realization

Everything shifted when I found out I was pregnant at 17. That news hit me like a wave, but instead of drowning in it, I stood up. I quit drinking and using cold turkey—no rehab, no program. Just pure, fierce love for my unborn child.

My dad soon moved from Texas to be near us, and my mom was still going to bars. I remember being pregnant and having to drive to bring her home. I told myself I would be different. I was determined to give my child the life I never had.

But life wasn't magically easy. After my son's father went to prison, I entered a toxic relationship filled with mental, emotional, and eventually physical abuse. I got pregnant with my daughter and, after she was born, continued drinking to numb the pain.

What followed was a series of toxic relationships, another child, and a home that became a hub for addiction. My house was a revolving door of drugs and alcohol. I opened my doors to anyone who needed a place to party—and in doing so, I shut out everything that mattered.

Losing Everything – and Falling to My Knees

I filed for divorce and tried to reclaim my life. But I was still battling addiction while trying to raise three children alone. When Child Protective Services showed up, they found a house filled with mice and barely any food. My kids were taken.

That moment broke me.

I collapsed on the floor of my living room and decided I was done. I told God, "If you're real, send someone—because if you don't, I'm ending it all."

And God answered. My Aunt Jen and a police officer knocked on my door.

They took me to the hospital, where I began treatment for depression and addiction. I got my kids back. I moved, started fresh, and believed I could stay sober—but recovery isn't a straight line.

I slipped.

I started drinking again and using stimulants to stay awake. I hated myself for it, but I couldn't stop. I didn't just need sobriety—I needed something stronger than willpower. I needed a spiritual anchor.

My Moment at the Altar

People you know. Healthcare you trust.



It happened at a church where my kids attended daycare. I sat through the service, ashamed, broken, and desperate. When the altar call came, a woman who had also survived addiction called my name.

We met at the front. She held my hands. We prayed. I sobbed like never before—soul-cleansing, gut-wrenching sobs. I felt something I can only describe as electrifying, like God was physically pulling the shame, pain, and addiction from my heart.

That day, I cried out: “God, I need You to intervene. I can’t do this life without You. My path isn’t working. I surrender.”

Since that moment, I have been clean and sober for more than three years.

A Life Restored, a Mission Renewed

Today, I work as a Certified Peer Recovery Coach with Daviness Community Hospital’s Peer Recovery Services. I help others who feel hopeless, scared, and stuck in the same cycle I once lived in.

I walk with them—not in front of them, not behind them—but beside them. Because sometimes, all it takes to believe in healing is seeing someone who’s lived it say, “Me too.”

If you’re struggling, you’re not alone. There is hope. There is healing. And there is life after addiction.

Call us today: (812) 254-2760, ext. 4178

Visit us: 3rd Floor, Daviness Community Hospital, 1314 East Walnut, Washington, IN

Fill out a request form: dchosp.org/peerrecovery

People you know. Healthcare you trust.

1314 East Walnut, Washington, IN 47501 • (812) 254-2760 • dchosp.org/peerrecovery