

A FAMILY TESTIMONY OF FAITH & SURRENDER

THE HOUSE WE BUILT FOR GOD

*A Family's Journey Through Epilepsy,
Addiction, Heartbreak, and Surrender*

7433 FAIRWAY DRIVE | YUCCA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

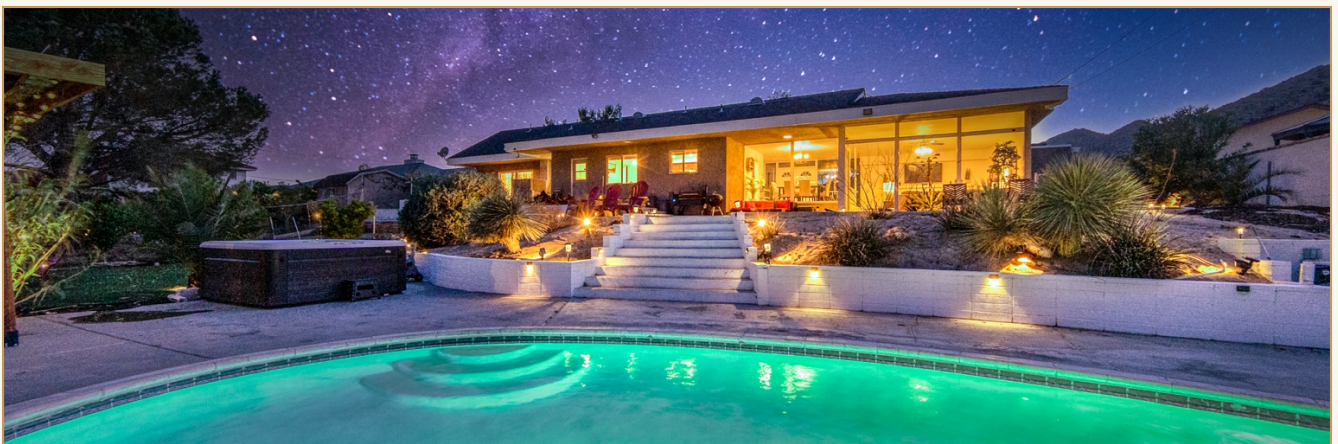
Pamela Soon • Mike Soon • Michael Craig

Love@HeavenConcierge.com

"We can lose a house without losing our home in You."

A HOME FULL OF HOPE

THE PLACE WHERE A FAMILY DREAMED OF HEALING LIVES



7433 FAIRWAY DRIVE | YUCCA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

A sanctuary in the desert. A dream rooted in love.

Dear God

We don't know how this story ends.

We don't know whether we will lose the home we poured our hearts into, whether someone will come forward to help, or whether You have a purpose for this property that we simply cannot see.

But we know one thing.

This house was never supposed to be about money. It was supposed to be about saving lives.

And perhaps, Lord, that is why it hurts so much to let it go.

A Little Boy Who Never Asked to Be Sick

Pamela and Mike Soon welcomed their son, Michael Craig, into this world with the same hopes that every loving parent carries.

They wanted him to be healthy. To laugh. To play. To grow up. To fall in love. To build a family of his own.

They never imagined how much suffering their little boy would endure.

Michael was born with epilepsy.

While other children were sleeping peacefully, Michael's brain was betraying him.

At times, seizures came as frequently as every three hours.

Imagine being a little boy, terrified of your own body.

Imagine growing up knowing that at any moment, without warning, you might lose control of everything.

Imagine living with a condition that nobody around you truly understood.

For years, Michael's seizures were misunderstood. He received diagnoses that included night terrors and schizophrenia.

He didn't understand what was happening to him.

And somewhere along the way, he began to believe there was something wrong with who he was, rather than understanding that he was living with a neurological condition.

So Michael did what so many suffering people do.

He hid.

He hid the seizures.

He hid the fear.

He hid the shame.

He learned how to smile while silently falling apart.

And the world saw a young man who appeared to be living his life.

But inside, Michael was fighting a battle that nobody could see.

Three Times He Wanted His Pain to End

There came a point when the suffering became almost unbearable.

Michael reached such depths of despair that he attempted to take his own life three times.

Three times, he found himself at a church.

And three times, his life continued.

Michael believes God was speaking to him through those darkest moments:

“Not your time, Michael. I am not finished with you yet.”

He didn’t understand why.

He didn’t understand what purpose could possibly come from so much pain.

He only knew that he was still here.

And sometimes, when you are suffering that deeply, simply being here for another day is an act of extraordinary courage.

The Addictions That Nearly Took His Life

Michael eventually discovered what he believed was a way to escape the seizures and the terror surrounding them.

Alcohol.

Marijuana.

Cocaine.

MDMA.

Nitrous oxide.

And other substances.

He turned to drugs and alcohol because, in his experience, being under the influence sometimes seemed to make the seizures less likely to occur.

But the substances weren't healing him.

They were creating another prison.

What began as an attempt to escape his suffering became a battle with addiction.

Behind every drink and every drug was a frightened young man desperately searching for relief.

He wasn't trying to become an addict.

He was trying to stop being afraid.

And all the while, Pamela and Mike loved their son.

Through the diagnoses.

Through the addictions.

Through the fear.

Through the moments when they must have wondered whether the next phone call would bring news no parent should ever have to receive.

There is a particular kind of heartbreak that comes with watching someone you love suffer while knowing you cannot simply take the suffering away.

Pamela and Mike lived with that heartbreak for decades.

"Michael, Pull Over!"

Approximately seven years ago, during the holidays, Michael was driving with his mother, Pamela.

Without warning, he experienced a seizure behind the wheel.

"Michael! Pull over!"

"Michael! Pull over!"

A mother's voice, filled with terror.

A son losing control.

A moment that could have ended two lives.

By the grace of God, they avoided an accident.

But imagine Pamela's heart in that moment.

Imagine knowing that the little boy you had spent your life protecting was now a grown man whose condition could take him away in an instant.

They survived that day.

And although Michael did not know it yet, God was still writing his story.

A House in the Desert. A Dream to Save Lives.

During COVID, Pamela, Mike, and Michael purchased a property in Yucca Valley, California.

7433 Fairway Drive.

To most people, it might have looked like a desert home with a swimming pool, bedrooms, and beautiful views.

But Michael saw something different.

He saw a sanctuary.

He imagined men and women battling the same addictions, fear, loneliness, and hopelessness he had experienced.

He imagined a place where people could come broken and leave with a renewed sense of purpose.

A place where someone fighting addiction would not be judged.

A place where someone considering ending their life would be reminded that their story was not over.

A place where people could discover that they were still worthy of love.

A place where no one would have to suffer alone.

The family began pursuing the necessary healthcare licensing for a drug and alcohol rehabilitation center.

While working toward that dream, they renovated the property and operated it as a short-term rental to help support the enormous financial undertaking.

Michael eventually moved to the property himself.

His seizures were still relentless.

His future remained uncertain.

And yet something extraordinary happened.

In that little house in the desert, Michael found peace.

Not freedom from epilepsy.

Not freedom from fear.

But peace.

He worked tirelessly to remodel and improve the property.

He poured himself into the walls, the grounds, and the dream.

He worked with the frightening knowledge that his life might be cut short.

And he carried another fear.

If epilepsy eventually prevented him from working, how would he financially survive?

How would he support himself?

How could he build something lasting?

Michael desperately wanted residual income, not simply for wealth, but because his health had made the future feel terrifyingly uncertain.

He wanted security.

He wanted independence.

And beneath it all, he wanted to create something that mattered.

Something that might continue helping others long after he was gone.

More Than Two Million Dollars. And a Lifetime of Hope.

The family raised approximately \$1.3 million in investor funds toward the rehabilitation venture.

Pamela, Mike, and Michael contributed another approximately \$800,000 of their own resources.

Together, it represented more than \$2 million committed to a dream.

But the cost was never only financial.

It was years of effort.

Years of sacrifice.

Years of carrying debt.

Years of serving patients and clients.

Years of believing that if they just worked hard enough, prayed long enough, and refused to give up, this beautiful dream might survive.

But it didn't.

The rehabilitation venture eventually collapsed under its financial and operational burdens.

And the family was left carrying the consequences.

Not because they had stopped caring.

Not because they had stopped believing.

But because sometimes even dreams born from love become more than a family can sustain.

And sometimes the people who give everything they have to help others are the very people who end up needing help themselves.

The Pain of Feeling Unwelcome

Throughout the property's history, repeated complaints from a neighboring property contributed to an increasingly difficult relationship with the city.

Noise.

Lights.

Short-term rentals.

Violations.

What began as a dream of healing became entangled in complaints, regulations, and mounting financial pressure.

Approximately four years ago, while Michael was undergoing medical evaluation at UCLA, another complaint involving short-term rental activity reached the city.

Michael received the news while in the hospital.

He was already frightened about his health.

Already wondering how much life he had left.

Already struggling to understand whether his illness might ultimately take everything from him.

And now, even the one place where he had found peace seemed to be slipping away.

He was devastated.

More than the complaint itself, what broke his heart was the feeling that nobody understood what the property meant to him.

Nobody saw the frightened little boy who had grown into a man desperately trying to build something meaningful.

Nobody saw the parents who had spent decades trying to keep their son alive.

Nobody saw the dream.

They saw a property.

Michael saw his refuge.

And that difference was heartbreaking.

One More Attempt to Save the Property

The family eventually decided to rent the home to a full-time tenant.

They hoped the arrangement would provide stability, preserve the investment, and finally allow everyone to move forward.

Approximately eight months ago, the tenant requested permission to use the home for Airbnb stays when the tenant was away.

Additional complaints and city enforcement issues followed.

Today, the family faces approximately \$8,000 in unresolved city penalties.

And the financial pressure has become overwhelming.

The property carries approximately:

- \$480,000 on the first trust deed, at an interest rate of 3.25%.
- A first-mortgage payment of approximately \$2,400 per month, including taxes and insurance.
- A \$70,000 home equity line, costing approximately \$600 per month.

Approximately \$3,000 every month in mortgage-related obligations.

And that does not include the years of money, labor, heartbreak, and lost opportunities already invested.

The family now faces the reality that they expect to miss their mortgage payments beginning in November 2026.

For the first time, losing Fairway Drive is no longer a distant fear.

It is a very real possibility.

AWAKE: THE STORY OF A SECOND CHANCE



WATCH THE AWAKE VIDEO ON YOUTUBE

AwakeMichael.com — A story of epilepsy, survival, and finding peace after fear.

But God Was Not Finished With Michael

While the house was struggling, something else was happening in Michael's life.

After decades of seizures, misdiagnoses, fear, addiction, and despair, Michael underwent awake brain surgery at UCSF on August 12, 2025.

For a man who had spent virtually his entire life frightened of his own brain, the decision required extraordinary faith.

He placed his life in the hands of his medical team.

And, ultimately, in the hands of God.

The surgery marked a profound turning point.

Michael reached his one-year seizure-free milestone in August 2026.

Think about that.

A little boy who once experienced seizures every few hours.

A teenager who hid in shame.

A young man who battled addiction.

A son who nearly lost his life.

A man who wondered whether he would ever know peace.

After decades of suffering, he finally experienced a year without seizures.

The very man who had once struggled to find a reason to live was now discovering a reason to serve.

And out of that journey, a new mission was born.

Angel Michael: The Dream That Survived



Michael founded Angel Michael, a nonprofit initiative built upon three promises:

No Senior Forgotten.

No Family Alone.

No Pet Left Behind.

www.AngelMichael.org

A mission to help the forgotten.

To care for lonely seniors.

To support families through illness, death, and overwhelming transitions.

To help ensure that beloved pets are not abandoned when their owners can no longer care for them.

And to remind people who feel invisible that their lives still matter.

Michael also created Heaven Concierge.

www.HeavenConcierge.com

An end-of-life coordination service designed to help families navigate some of the most difficult moments imaginable.

From compassionate consultation and funeral coordination to important documents, belongings, property disposition, and pet rehoming.

Why?

Because Michael knows what fear feels like.

He knows what it is to wonder whether tomorrow will come.

He knows what it is to feel alone.

And he understands how important it is for someone to stand beside a family and say:

“You do not have to walk through this alone.”

The very suffering that nearly destroyed him has become the foundation of his desire to help others.

And now, Michael’s extraordinary journey is being developed into a film called AWAKE.

A four-minute trailer is available at:

www.AwakeMichael.com

The story of a man who spent much of his life living in fear, only to discover that his greatest purpose might emerge from the very things that nearly broke him.

And Now, Lord, We Give You the House

So here we are.

Pamela.

Mike.

Michael.

One family.

One house in the desert.

One dream that has cost more than we ever imagined.

We are exhausted, Lord.

Financially exhausted.

Emotionally exhausted.

Spiritually exhausted.

We have cried tears that nobody has seen.

We have carried burdens that nobody understands.

We have tried so hard to keep this property alive.

We have watched our savings disappear.

We have watched our plans unravel.

And we have wondered, more times than we can count, why something that began with such beautiful intentions could end with so much pain.

Lord, we do not understand.

We really don't.

But perhaps we were never supposed to understand everything.

Perhaps we were only supposed to trust You.

So today, we stop fighting for control of something we can no longer control.

We stop pretending that we are strong enough to carry everything.

We stop allowing fear of financial ruin to convince us that our lives have lost their purpose.

And we place 7433 Fairway Drive at Your feet.

Dear Heavenly Father,

This house was built upon a dream to serve people who were hurting.

It was a refuge for a son who was terrified of dying.

It was a place where he found peace while his body was still suffering.

It was a dream that brought a mother, a father, and their son together in the hope of doing something good.

We gave it our money.

We gave it our time.

We gave it our strength.

And Lord, we gave it our hearts.

Now we have almost nothing left to give.

Except our faith.

So we surrender it to You.

If this house must be sold, let it be sold.

If this house must go through foreclosure, give us the strength to endure it.

If this house is meant to remain in our family, open a door that we cannot open ourselves.

And if this house was always meant to become a sanctuary for the forgotten, the addicted, the lonely, the grieving, and the brokenhearted, then Lord, let Your will be

done.

We ask You to soften hearts.

To bring understanding where there has been conflict.

To bring compassion where there has been judgment.

To bring forgiveness where bitterness has grown.

We pray for our neighbors, even through the hurt we have experienced.

We do not want to carry resentment into the next chapter of our lives.

We want peace.

Lord, we have already lost so much.

Please do not let us lose the love in our hearts.

Do not let financial hardship destroy our family.

Do not let disappointment extinguish our faith.

And please, Father, do not let us forget that our worth has never been measured by the property we own, the money in our bank accounts, or the success of our businesses.

Our worth comes from being Your children.

We know You have not promised us an easy life.

We know faith does not mean we will never suffer.

But we believe that even when everything around us is falling apart, You have not abandoned us.

And Lord, if this house must leave our hands, help us remember:

We can lose a house without losing our home in You.

The Final Prayer of a Mother, a Father, and Their Son

One day, Pamela and Mike will no longer be here.

One day, Michael's earthly journey will also come to an end.

The mortgages will be forgotten.

The city violations will mean nothing.

The arguments, complaints, and financial struggles will fade.

Even the walls of 7433 Fairway Drive will someday be gone.

But perhaps one thing will remain.

Someone whose life was changed because Michael refused to give up.

A senior who was no longer forgotten.

A grieving family who was no longer alone.

A beloved dog who found another home.

A person battling addiction who discovered hope.

A frightened child with epilepsy who saw Michael's story and realized:

"If he made it through, maybe I can too."

And perhaps that will have been the real purpose all along.

Not the house.

Not the investment.

Not the rehabilitation business.

But the lives that might be touched because this family kept believing that suffering could become service.

Michael once feared he would die before he had the chance to make a difference.

Now he understands something far more beautiful.

He does not have to own a sanctuary to become a source of sanctuary for someone else.

And if Fairway Drive must be lost, the love that inspired it does not have to be lost with it.

Because a calling from God cannot be foreclosed upon.

Compassion cannot be repossessed.

And faith cannot be measured by a bank statement.

So tonight, as November approaches, as the payments become impossible, and as the future remains uncertain, we lay this property at the feet of Jesus.

Not because we have stopped caring.

But because we have finally accepted that we cannot carry it alone.

Lord, we built this house with our hands.

We filled it with our dreams.

We watered its soil with our tears.

And now, Father, we release it into Yours.

Whatever happens next, may our family remain together.

May our hearts remain open.

May our faith remain stronger than our fear.

And may the story of 7433 Fairway Drive never be remembered simply as the story of a family who lost everything.

Let it be remembered as the story of a family who, even when they had nothing left, still wanted to give something to the world.

We surrender the property.

We surrender the outcome.

But we will never surrender our love for You.

In the mighty name of Jesus Christ,

Amen.

With love, faith, and complete surrender,

Pamela Soon, Mike Soon, and Michael Craig

7433 Fairway Drive

Yucca Valley, California 92284

Our family's continuing mission:

AngelMichael.org — No Senior Forgotten. No Family Alone. No Pet Left Behind.

HeavenConcierge.com — Compassionate end-of-life coordination and family support.

AwakeMichael.com — The story of Michael Craig's journey through epilepsy, survival, and faith.

"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit."

— Psalm 34:18

7433 Fairway Drive A Prayer to God