

SO CLOSE TO LOSING IT ALL

I came close to losing everything and everyone near and dear to me because of alcohol. Alcohol was responsible for making my life totally unmanageable. It took away my self-esteem. I nearly lost my marriage, my children and most important my faith in God. I became emotionally and spiritually bankrupt.

I WAS ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF BEING A WIFE AND MOTHER AND LEAD WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A NORMAL LIFE BUT IT WAS ALL A SHAM.

How did I get to this point? I am not sure, -- I do know that no one makes the decision to become an alcoholic. No, -- it's more subtle than that.

I was born and raised in a Christian home and married a Christian partner. I was active in Church, taught Sunday school, was a Calvinette (Gems) leader. I HAD IT ALL; but then things started to change in my life. I had to deal with some big ticket items and I did not handle these changes very well. I was angry, upset and made a big mistake.

At night when I could not sleep, instead of reaching for my Bible, I reached for a drink to relax me. After all, I had to get some sleep. I had to be all things to all people. One drink became two and I did not wait until evening any more. I justified my drinking. I needed it to calm my nerves and be relaxed when the children came home from school, at supper time and during the evening. I was withdrawing from God, my family, my friends. SLOWLY BUT SURELY MY BODY AND MIND STARTED TO DEPEND ON ALCOHOL. It was replacing them all. Everything I did and everywhere I went depended on the availability of alcohol. It dictated every action and reaction. I had become addicted. I was now living with the insanity of alcoholism. But you would not know about this. I was very careful not to drink before being in the church

public. Only my husband and children were being subjected to the behaviour caused by my drinking.

But then, by the grace of God, my husband said I had to do something about my drinking problem, TODAY, now, or else remove myself from the family, as he was no longer willing and able to live with all that I was subjecting him and the children to. That day I received from God the courage to reach out and seek recovery. With His help and the support of my family, who, regardless of many broken promises, stuck by me and supported me, I entered a treatment centre.

There I met counselors who were not shocked, did not criticize; they only listened and offered their help. They took me back in time to when things started to go wrong and even further back. I found out why I had made wrong choices and why I had allowed some of these things to happen. They taught me to take my 'stuff' (past, guilt, shame, etc.) and put it behind me, to go on with life. ONE DAY AT A TIME. I began to notice the sunsets, flowers, birds and my family, I no longer needed to drink to face the day. I joined A.A. and life became normal again.

BUT .. as a Christian, I needed to do one more thing. I needed to take this 'stuff' which I had put behind me .. I had to take it to the Cross, to Jesus, to be forgiven. When I finally did this, the Lord took it all and nailed it to the Cross. I began to believe that Christ died for ME, an ALCOHOLIC and that I never need to walk without Him again. A wonderful joy entered my heart. Christ's forgiveness made it possible to forgive myself, to look forward instead of backward. To make the most of every day that the Lord gives me. I am learning to live the A.A. slogan, "LET GO AND LET GOD". Yes, recovery is discovery. I pray that the Lord will use me in the lives of others still lost in the fog of alcoholism.

ANONYMOUS