

Recovery Monologue.

“Oh for God’s sake Anne, not another bloody shop!”

I lash out at her as we sit in the car park of Asda. I always remember the look on her face as she glared back at me completely confused, “What is wrong with you? I just wanted to call into the Range on the way back up the road, I need a new set of bed clothes for our Tricia when she’s home”.

All I could think about was getting back home

to the house

to that bottle of vodka that I left on the kitchen table 93 minutes and 2 seconds ago.

We had been around 4 shops already and now she wanted to go the bloody Range, I couldn’t bare it that was going to take at least another 45 mins to an hour and I wanted home now, I needed home now.

Johnny was going to be out all day at Uni I had the day to myself this was a wasted opportunity walking about shops I hated the places at the best of times.

“I’m sorry Anne, I didn’t mean to snap I need to be back to the house for the internet guy calling, I missed him the last time and our Johnny needs the WI fi for his course work”

This lie like all the previous ones just danced off my tongue I was an expert now at fabricating stories and did so with such ease and little effort, actually... I was absolutely brilliant at it, no one ever questioned for a second that my stories weren’t real.

Finally I am back home, bra off, blinds drawn T.V on and I am so happy and relieved as I pour myself a large glass of vodka, I love it, I love the taste, I love the smell

“I’m a fussy Alcoholic” There’s Gin and Bacardi and beers left over from the BBQ we had at the weekend, but I wouldn’t entertain them, I’d rather get soaked in the pissing rain while I walk up to wine flair and get another Litre of vodka... this one is near done as it’s the end of my bottle from yesterday.

I love the numbness I will start to feel, but my mind is sharp always sharper than it is when I haven’t had a drink.

I give mummy a ring in between Golden Balls and tipping point, “Well I suppose you’re sitting there doing nothing the day again” But here’s the thing, nobody does nothing, if you are breathing, existing, then you are not doing nothing, and I am pretty sure I am doing both.

I start to ponder over this thought, I am halfway through the bottle nowI do a quick time check, Johnny will be home in approximately 43 minutes

I like to have a good dinner ready for him when I can, you know what kids are like especially at university... they usually eat crap if they eat at all. We are having stew today and it's definitely a day for it, the weather is rotten the rain is still pissing down and its freezing.

I am still thinking about the whole existence thing while I add the gravy to the stew. I like to do this at the end... it gives it some extra flavor and makes it thicker.

I am definitely breathing, and I am existing, but I am not Living.

The tears start to well up and my insides are churning that horrible feeling you get in the pit of your stomach. That feeling of grief, loss, shame, guilt, and pain... everything comes at once it's so overwhelming the reality of my situation, I actually stopped living a long time ago.

You see my family don't know I am an Alcoholic, my friends don't know I am an Alcoholic, My son doesn't know I am an Alcoholic and he lives with me, I have become so good at hiding it but the shame is always there.

I have missed so many family gatherings and social events with friends because I don't want them to see how much I actually drink.

If I do end up going out, I will make sure to have an excuse to get a taxi home early then I can get back home on my own and drink until I pass out.

I prefer being with myself in my own company. It's a bit like dancing with the Devil when you're alone, it is just simpler. But some say that no one drinks alone, and they are right!.... demons and memories and ghosts from the past they like to visit me from time to time.

I am sitting in the Doctors surgery "I need help" I have finally said it, I can't go on.... he agrees.

The next step of my journey is Re-hab and you know I would go back in tomorrow and maybe I will have to. The structure, the routine, the repetition, being part of a group with people just like me, the praying, the nuns, their faith, it was my saving grace.

For the first time in a very long time I had Hope, I felt safe, I felt the possibility of setting myself free from myself. Finally telling my family, my son, my friends "I'm an Alcoholic"

Now it is the first thing I tell people within the first five minutes of meeting them.

Every day is a challenge, some days are easier than others and triggers are always there.

I remember one evening after a support group meeting, I purposely walked the long way home which led me to an off licence. I went in and bought a litre of Vodka.

As I walked home the shame, guilt and anger I felt overwhelmed the desire and I smashed the bottle...I actually did this on two occasions. The next time I felt that urge, I bought myself a bunch of roses and as I sat them on the table I felt proud of myself at how far I had come.

Believe me, there are days when I have given into my desire..I am very much a work in progress. I am still on my journey and alike so many other service usersI could not do it without the Support, Encouragement, Love and Compassion I have received from the addiction services.

So for now I am taking things day by day and I am trying to be the best version of myself,

Someone once asked me: "Is Recovery a destination"? My reply "No it is A journey"

Quick time check its 31 mins past midday and my taxi is outside. I'm on my way to my Friday support group and you know its a funny thing.... I notice I never check the time when we are chatting,

I am just there, present, in the moment, laughing and giggling, feeling supported and safe and accepted.

"The Great thing in this world is not so much where you stand as what direction you are moving"