

A little about myself,

I was born in Europe and came to Canada with my Mom and Step father when I was around 4 years old.

My biological father abandoned my mom and I before I was born.

I had a very good childhood despite that fact, very active with sports and scouts.

I went to catholic school and saturday school. I went Back to Europe several times, pretty much every summer.

I was a nice happy kid.

I will mention (.....) Needless to say as I got older this created confusion and who knows what else in my head. I remember when I was in grade 6 or 7 when I finally clued in that the whole thing was bullshit.

I believe that around this time that a kind of falling away started between my step father and I. Which only deteriorated as the years went on, especially when I started using.

It was in grade 8 when I smoked up (marijuana) for the first time with "friends". Part of it was that I wanted to be considered as being cool and the other part is that I just stopped caring about consequences and myself.

It became an every day thing in no time, plus I started smoking cigarettes.

I was still playing team sports such as soccer and track and worked out, So i did not see this as a problem. Even though my grades were slipping because I was skipping school and not doing homework.

My life was taking a twisted turn from having a healthy body and mind, to a life of getting "fucked up and doing fucked up things". I was losing weight and had a pale complexion. By the time I was in grade 10 or 11 I had basically dropped out of highschool. I can't remember exactly when I stopped sports but it was around this time as well.

Also by this time I had upgraded from smoking pot to using harder drugs. The harder drugs were never an everyday thing, more of a Every weekend thing. But sometimes during the week as well.

It didn't really matter to me which drug I had, just as long as there was a drug. My thinking also at the time was "if I don't do it the next day, I will be fine".

The drugs came with side effects such as anger issues, which led to fighting.

Plus I would steal and sell drugs on the side, even though I had 3 jobs at the time which I stole from. I ended up in the drunk tank a few times. One time in the drunk tank they had to strap me to a chair for a few hours because I was so out of control.

I eventually was charged for breaking into a car and theft under 5000 while under the influence. Luckily I received a criminal discharge.

The list goes on.

3 major car accidents, one involving a Bus where I was nearly thrown out of the vehicle because I wasn't wearing a seat belt, but because I was so loose from being under the influence that I walked away. Another time I flipped my truck into

a pole walk away from that one. The ridiculous part is that i never received a DUI charge. The fact that i could of died did not make me want to stop using.

In my twenties I moved in with the love of my life. We had known each other for many years and some how managed to stay in contact through it all. I replaced my drug use with heavy alcohol use. But i would still sneak a little nible of pot here and there. Even though i promised i wouldnt and also knowing that it could end our relationship. It eventually got to the point where i ended up in detox for about a week and half for alcohol. I had tried to stop drinking on my own and was taking adavan to help. My thoughts at the time where that " i should be able to stop bymyself because i am a man and that i would be considered weak if i cant stop on my own". I ended up in detox because the day before i had taken alot more ativan than recommended and decided i would have some beers to wash it down which triggered a trip to the hospital and psych ward. After detox i started daytox and counselling but i never really stuck with a plan. I had many relapses each one worst than the last. I was depressed and had a very bleak out look on life. Another thing is that I was always working , and this also made me think that since i was able to get and go to work that i didnt really have a problem, because i was "functional". I would constantly lie about things and i was smoking pot in secret during work and sometimes at home when everyone was asleep. The fact that i eventually had a duaghter did not make me want to stop. The relapses continued and the secret use continued. My deppression got worst as a result even though i had a beautiful family and good job.

The "secret use of" pot and alcohol eventually wasnt enough. So i decided one day to get my hands on on "some" cocaine and pot and dissappered on a bender for a few days. I did not care if i would live or die . the police found me in my truck behind an abandoned house.

My loss was great.

I had lost my family at this point.

My job.

My truck.

A place to live.

And nearly my life all because i wanted to get high.

I hit rock bottom.

I dont know what it is but, I am lucky and un-lucky at the same time.

In about a weeks time I had ended up in a homestead on the Island ,where the deal with Barka was that i could stay there and work as long as i stayed clean and sober.

I ended up staying there for a few months.

I had started looking after my health by eating healthy and exercising. For example riding my bike from work and playing soccer 3 times a week. I was going to AA twice a week there and seeing a counsler once a week there.

I had alot of support which is key. Its almost impossible to do this by yourself.

I eventually won my family back through hard work and determination. I am

currently back with my family and I have great job as a scenic carpenter in the film industry. I have a goal to continue going to meetings AA / NA and to stay busy. I bored mind is a dangerous thing when dealing with addicts. I also try and have a good/positive attitude towards things in life. One of my mentors told me that " your attitude is the only thing you have control of in life".

You have to want to stop.

I dont know what the future holds and i think that is a major fear for recovering addicts.

My advice is to take it step by step , try and prepare yourself for whatever may come and that you dont have to do it by yourself.

But the most important is that you have to truly WANT IT.

Thank you