

Don's Story

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My name is Don and I am an alcoholic. I was a functional Alcoholic they tell me. About 14 years ago the company I worked for, for 20 years, sold. As a result of that sale I took a 50 percent pay cut. What happen then was the need to tighten the belt. I could cut everywhere, except my bar tab.

I started drinking when I was 14 years old. I finished high school but didn't graduate. At 18 I entered the United Armed Forces where I made rank in minimum time drinking a maximum amount of time. I never missed a formation; I always showed up for work on time.

I knew I was drinking too much even then. So when I got married I said I wouldn't drink. That lasted until the first fight, maybe 30 days. From that time on I continued to drink from the time I got off work until I went to bed daily without fail.

I still worked in retail management running a grocery store.

During this time we lost our first house in a foreclosure. We had two beautiful children a boy and a girl. On more than one occasion I told myself I had a problem, but look, I had a good job that paid good money and I never drank before I went to work. I never drank on the job. The financial problems weren't my fault it was the times.

As a result of the pay cut my world came falling down. I stopped drinking cold turkey, then one night on the way home I stopped at the local bar just to visit; I was entitled to it.

That started the last run. I was in a black out off and on for the next 90 days. The rent check bounced, I lost \$1,000. I woke up and looked in the mirror and knew that it was life or death. I self admitted to treatment program On 15 Sept 1990.

By this time my daughter didn't want anything to do with me, our son was on a run with his addiction, my wife wasn't talking to me when we did talk it was a fight not a talk. Our home had become a total war zone. BUT I STILL HAD A JOB!

As I approach my 13th sobriety birthday we own a home free and clear we have two brand new cars and we did this making 25 percent less than I was making before. My daughter says, "Dad work your miracles." Our son is in recovery. Our family can sit down at a dinner table and we don't yell at each other.

The only major thing that has changed is that I got into recovery, got a sponsor, attend meetings, do my steps, and don't drink no matter what! One day at a time. The Promises do come true. Stick around for the miracle.

<http://www.stopdrinkingadvice.org/guide/>

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