

"I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT"

THIS IS NOT LIKE BEING THE MOTHER OF A CHILD WITH CANCER DIABETES, OR AIDS. THIS IS NOT LIKE BEING THE MOTHER OF A CHILD WHO IS SERVING WITH HONOR IN A FOREIGN LAND. THIS IS NOT LIKE BEING THE MOTHER OF A CHILD WHO LIVES NO MORE AND IS MOURNED BY ALL.

I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT

THERE ARE NO MARATHONS OR FUNDRAISERS FOR THIS DISEASE. NO SWEET GIRLS SELLING COOKIES. THERE ARE NO FLAGS FLYING OR BUMPER STICKERS TO PROUDLY ACKNOWLEDGE MY CHILDS DEEDS. THERE ARE ONLY TEARS AND SILENT SCREAMS. THE DREAD OF WHAT THE NEXT KNOCK OR PHONE CALL BRINGS.

I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT

I SEE MY CHILD AND I AM NOT GLAD, FOR THOUGH I ACHE TO SAVE MY CHILD, WITH RELIEF I LET THEM GO. I SEE MY CHILD WITH FEAR AND SUSPICION AS I HEAR ALL THEY SAY AND I CAN BUT ENDLESSLY HOPE. I SEE MY CHILD AND WONDER WILL I EVER KNOW THEM AGAIN, SEE THEM AGAIN.

I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT.

THEY SAY IT IS NOT MY FAULT, THAT I DID NOTHING WRONG! THERE'S LITTLE I CAN DO. THEY SAY ITS NOT MY CHILD'S FAULT. JUST A DISEASE OF DISGRACE WITH NO PITY, NO CURE. THEY SAY "BE STRONG." BUT MY LIFE STANDS STILL AND MY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES MOVE ON.

I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT

I WATCH ALL OF MY FAMILY SUFFER WITH SORROW AND PAIN THROUGH THE ADDICTION. I WATCH THE EVENING NEWS AND CRINGE AS ANOTHER MOTHER'S ADDICT CHILD IS ARRESTED AND CALLED SCUM. I WATCH A YOUNG MAN BEG FOR CHANGE FOR FOOD AND KNOW HE COULD BE MY OWN.

I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT

I REMEMBER SMILES AND LOOK AT PICTURES OF MY SWEET LITTLE CHILD. I REMEMBER THE HUGS AND KISSES, THE SCRAPPED KNEES, THE SOCCER GAMES. I REMEMBER THEIR PLANS, THEIR GOALS, THEIR HOPES AND DREAMS.

I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT

I LOOK FOR MY CHILD TO COME HOME, TO CALL AND SO I DO NOT SLEEP. I LOOK FOR MY CHILD TO FIND THE STRENGTH TO BATTLE THIS TERRIBLE DISEASE. I LOOK FOR SOLACE, FOR HELP, FOR A CURE AND I GRASP AT WHAT STRAWS OF PROMISE I CAN.

I AM THE MOTHER OF AN ADDICT

AND I HOPE IN THE ENDLESS HOPE FOR A FUTURE FREE FROM DRUGS. AND I HOPE IN RESTLESS SLEEP OF A WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE. AND, I HOPE AND I PRAY AND I CRY AND I PLEAD. BUT ALWAYS, I LOVE MY CHILD