
ECT worked, and I no longer experience deep depression. I realized it was up to me to stop beating myself up.

I am now thankful for my emotions I once tried to bury with drugs and alcohol.

A Whole New Life

I am now living with my sister Susie, and people call us the Golden Girls. We go just about everywhere together, and people question each of us if we are apart from one another. I am helping her now since she helped take great care



of me for so long. She loved me unconditionally and allowed me back in her home knowing who I was.

I have two great nieces that are a big part of my life now. I love them to death and am very happy I get to be a part of

their lives. It feels so wonderful to be loved and be part of a family again. It's Never too late.

I found it's never too late to be what I wanted to be in my life. My faith is unbelievable now. My will to a fresh new beginning is as important as the determination I have to become the loving, honest, caring, and happy person I once was.

I have a wonderful world of tomorrows and my success will be one day at a time. I am still forgiving me for my past but I choose to look at it differently now. I will never give up what I have today. Serenity, Faith, Family, Blessings, and Sobriety!

I wish the same for you! One day at a time. One day at a time is what helped me become the person I am today!

Thank You,

Tina

P.S. Please share my story with anyone you know who needs help. Each of our stories have value and can help one another.



A True Story of Hope

From Addicted & Homeless to Being Happy in a new



Homeless and Addicted.



I laid flat on the floor drunk and high again and totally incoherent.

My son and sisters then picked me up off the floor and took me to the hospital. Rehab once again.

When I woke up from a terrible detox my life was changed forever. The doctors and nurses didn't have much

hope for me. Then my life flashed in front of me.

That's who I was. A drunken and a 'drugger.' An addict for 30 years.

My name is Tina, and this is my story of beating addiction and creating a new life for myself after years of abuse. The point of me sharing my story is to let others know it's possible to beat the worst of addictions. Even after decades! My story is hard for me to share because it makes me realize who I was for so long.

My life flashed before my eyes

So, there I was going through the worst detox I had ever gone through when my life flashed before my eyes...

I grew up in a good home with ten brothers and two sisters. Yes, 13 of us and I was the baby. Somewhere along the way I fell away from my family and began drinking. Drinking led to drugs and partying all the time until I lost all concept of living a good honest life.

I gave up on taking care of myself let alone my son Tommy. There were times when we had no food or money to pay the rent.

We constantly moved around despite me making good money. All my money went to my addictions. Eventually, Tommy moved out, and I was completely alone and in my own little world left to my addictions.

I continued to move around until I found a live-in boyfriend, Jim. I lived with Jim for a while and stopped drinking and getting high for a period of time. Jim began to get sick, and we took him to the hospital. He was diagnosed with Leukemia and died two weeks later.

I was lost! When I came home from the hospital, I found all my stuff outside, and the locks changed. Jim's son kicked me out.

I was homeless. I called the only friend I knew with a truck, Larry. Larry showed up with his friend Ronnie, and they helped me move my stuff. I moved in with Larry in an abandoned garage.

I had a hard time accepting this, but Larry taught me how to survive. We took electricity from the house in front and buried the line so no one would find out. We had no water. So, we filled used milk jugs with water from the gas station. We used to let them sit in the sun and took showers and went to the bathroom with them. It was really bad but not as bad as being physically beaten and thrown down stairs from past relationships. I still have a fear of stairs and heights because of that.

The call for help. After living with Larry for a while I got back to my addictions, and then one day I don't know what came over me, but I called my family for help.

I swallowed my pride and moved in with my brother Tom.

Not to long after I started up again. Then, once again, kicked out... So I moved in with my sister, Susie and once again began drinking, lying, and drugging again.

Again, I had to move, and my family moved me into an apartment where I lived by myself until the day my son and sisters picked me up off the floor and took me to the hospital.

Back to Reality through Detox

I was pissed and angry at everyone. My family and my doctors. I thought out of 12 brothers and sisters at least one would help me. After some thought, I realized they were helping me by leaving me alone. Reality set in and I realized I was on my own, and it was to me to change my life. My family and friends were tired of my B.S., and that's why they put me in a group home.

I was full of a lot of shame and guilt and overwhelmed by emotions during my detox. By the time I got to a better group home, it had been six weeks. I was six weeks sober, shaky and sick to my stomach. There wasn't a pill that could help me this time. I had to get over this myself and couldn't rely on drugs or alcohol anymore. This time I wanted to help myself.

I wanted help from my son and family but realized I wasn't ready for their help yet. I still had to help myself first. When I finally accepted help from them and it was overwhelming. I know a lot of prayers came my way.

For the next 14 months, I lived in the group home being sober and starting to put my life back together. I went to three meetings a week and eventually did ECT (electroshock therapy).