

Finding a productive path to help my grandchildren

“The one thing I really learned was not to feel sorry for the alcoholic.”

I spent most of my time wondering and worrying about my son. What was he up to now? I wouldn't sleep soundly, waiting to hear him arrive home safely. When he moved out, there were hard feelings. I'd still wonder about him. I'd cry. I'd jump whenever he called.

Today I still have a long way to go, but I find that Al Anon fortifies me with courage. I work at getting through today—and I don't worry about my son. I still feel sad...especially when I think about my daughter-in-law and granddaughter. I see my son trying his best, but I see the downward spiral that alcohol can bring. I don't cry anymore for my son. Rather, my concern goes to my daughter-in-law and granddaughter. I try to focus on myself.

I have come to realize that alcohol made me hide feelings and sad memories of growing up, that alcoholic patterns continue on, and that this disease can be brutal. But the one thing I really learned was not to feel sorry for the alcoholic.

I have learned to respond differently to the effects of my son's drinking. When things go wrong I don't jump anymore. I don't try to resolve his problems. I don't try to help him mend the consequences of drinking. I think he may come to realize his alcohol problems if he learns to deal with them himself.

Instead of reacting to my son's disease, I give love to the baby, and pray to my Higher Power for the courage to carry on each new day. I'm glad I came to Al-Anon.

By Dianne, Ontario

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