

My son was 14 when he had his first joint at the church youth club, the vicar brought him home....that was the beginning of a long journey. My two younger children and myself were badly affected in all sorts of ways throughout the years. I have to interrupt my story to say that Dan is now 30 years old, is expecting his 4th child and has recently passed his HGV class one driving course with flying colours !! For fourteen years I watched my son and his girlfriend slowly destroy their lives, cannabis became their God and I was tortured by this boy/youth/man's behaviour, lies, deceit,abuse, theft,the list was endless. This good looking, intelligent boy, very likable, adored both by parents and grandparents alike, was slowly destroying his life. His looks were spoiled by spots and his eyes were dull, the lad who looked not unlike Tom Cruise, now looked what he was, a druggie, baseball cap, thin, dirty rotting teeth, shifty, no aims, no focus in life, just the next fix.....We shouted, threatened, bribed, cajoled, but nothing could stop this misguided boy, who by his own admission, has an addictive nature.The only thing I can say upon reflection is that pushing him to stop failed, waiting in the wings, ready to catch him when he was at his worst, just being there and asking for no promises from him, eventually paid off.. when his beloved Nana passed away and was laid to rest with his grandad, (July 2006, Dan was then 28)Dan turned the corner....both he and his long term partner stopped.....we are now 25 months into recovery, We as a family are slowly moving forward and celebrate quietly that we have all survived. Dan quit by himself