

My son Jason was 32 in July, he is my only surviving child, he is an avid cannabis, skunk user. He also has been on heroin in the past and abused prescription meds. He recently came into my house through an open window and took 50 pounds from my purse, whilst I was upstairs in the bath. I called police and Jason handed himself in, he is now in jail, awaiting trial in November. Looking at possibly 4 to 6 years, with a minimum of 3 years. How bad do I feel? It's indescribable, I have dropped charges now but Crown Prosecution Service are proceeding due to Jason's previous record. I have tried for years to get him psychiatric help but all to no avail and I cannot afford private. I have been feeding, clothing and subsidising him all his adult life, paying for flats and contents which he then systematically sells for drugs. Cannabis has ruined an otherwise, funny, intelligent, good looking human being. I have had support from my husband who is not Jason's dad but, other than that I am alone with it all. It's killing me emotionally. Now, I have to also live with the fact I put him in prison for a long time and that I cannot save him. Drugs rule all the time, Jason says they are his friend, some friend, it plays with your life and addles your brain to the point of being able to attack your own mother verbally, aggressively and without thought. It needs wiping off the planet, now and forever. Drinkers get good NHS care, a drug user gets second rate attention, if any. I know I have seen it first hand in the ward I used to work on.