

I moved house 6 months ago, I did it with the help of my brothers whilst my 18 year old son was out. I didnt tell him I was going, the locks were changed and he got a call from his uncle to say he was no longer welcome and where he could collect his belongings. I will never get over the torture of having to make that decision but when you have another child who is depressed, a family torn apart and you have been abused emotionally or physically every day for 3 years you are left with little choice. I still blame myself and truly believe my actions or lack of are what lead us down this path. I was widowed when my son was 13. He had always had a very difficult relationship with his strict dad and when he died I made a conscious decision to be more lenient. His dad and I had always smoked grass occasionally and openly and in fact when his dad was ill it was a major source of pain relief and he was allowed to smoke it in the garden of the hospice in the days before he died. We also tried Skunk once and agreed it was lethal, making us ill and paranoid and we'd never touch it again. After he died we moved house and I created what I thought was a haven for my kids with few rules and an open house policy for friends. This was no substitute however for what they really needed.....love and attention. I was so distressed myself I didnt see that so I took my eyes of the ball, I turned a blind eye to the cigarettes and cans of lager that before long became bottles of vodka and spliffs. My house became littered with rizlas, roaches, bags of weed, folds of paper, grinders, tubes, plastic bottles, bong, lighters, tinnies and burns on the carpet. My beautiful boy became aggressive, violent and cruel. If I disciplined him his reaction was terrifying, once whilst he was smashing up the house I had managed to lock him out. Later he came back and stuck a note to the front door 'My revenge will be sickeningly harsh' I cried myself to sleep that night. Over the last few years my house has been wrecked and most of my possessions stolen or broken. I have very little left that belonged to my husband as I decided to give the kids open access to the 'memory boxes' I'd made to comfort them. I had no idea that my boy would stoop so low to steal his dads things, watches, cufflinks, lighters, jewellery his old mobile phone, camera, wallet and door keys. How could I have been so naive? After drifting and sleeping on floors and sofas for months my son finally reached his absolute low his friends had had enough him and he had nowhere else to go. He turned to my Mum and Dad who have taken him in, given him a home and found him a job. I believe he has been clean for about 8 weeks. He has been to visit myself, my new partner and his sister and maybe we will spend Christmas together. I have been here before though and the life of a skunk addict is full of good intentions and broken promises. My best friend of 35 years left to move to France a few weeks back. She has been addicted to weed for the last 30 years. She turned to me and my daughter (her goddaughter) and said 'I have wasted my life on weed, I've never been married, had no kids, no money, and no decent job' I know all this, I've seen this. My question is how did I let this happen to my son? How did I not see it coming? My heart goes out to you all, but especially anyone dependant on weed or skunk.