

ALCOHOLICS

Fact: The person an alcoholic hates the most is the one trying to help them stop drinking.



I can think of no other disease more heartbreaking than alcoholism. The affected are chained to the all-consuming illusion that everything is fine, nothing is wrong with *them*. I grew up with it, I was around it all my life and it leaves a bruise in your soul. You can sense it, you can predict it, you can watch it encroach and overwhelm someone that you care about.

The horror of alcoholism is that you are left watching it completely consume someone you love knowing there is absolutely *nothing* you can do to help a person who does not finally acknowledge there is a problem.

The minute they drink, even a small amount, their personality changes. They don't realize it, they are oblivious and

are convinced *you* are the problem, *you* are the one with the issue, *you* are the one causing the argument. They have no clue how alcohol creates an absolute, immediate and negative change in their personality. Alcohol is like an armor that protects them from any logical reasoning about their own behavior.

The person who wrote: “*Every storm runs out of rain ...*” never had to endure the thermo-nuclear fury of an alcoholic defending their right to drink. The person they hate the most is the one brave enough to weather the hurricane of anger as they try to stop them. The one they are most furious with is the one who cares enough to try to help them change. They do not want to change, they don't want to stop drinking, they don't think anything's wrong at all. It's *you* that is wrong.

An alcoholic will condemn and vilify anyone willing to endure the combat of trying to help them. The reaction to that effort can be nothing short of brutal as they fight, claw and take a flamethrower to everything and everyone around them so they can maintain their access to their illness.

What I despise even more than the disease are the circle of enablers ... these drama-sucking, life invading piss-ants ... most alcoholics surround themselves with. Alcoholics will reach out to those who sympathize with their moods, console their over reactions. These enablers are cancerous gnats that celebrate the dismantling of an alcoholic's life and cause more damage than the booze itself only to stand at a safe distance like the cowards they are as the alcoholic is left with nothing but the smoldering ashes of the world they once enjoyed, only to move on to their next victim.

And when the thunder subsides and the earth stops shaking, they stand in the smoking the ruins of a world of lost opportunities in the painful realization the person they hated so much for wanting them to stop drinking was, in fact, the only one who truly loved them.

They learn, often too late, the one who loved them the most was the *only one* who tried to help them stop drinking.

