

There Was Al-Anon

Looking back on the years of chaos with my son, I like to believe that everything happened for a reason. I used to drive past familiar places that would bring back sad memories, and my heart would begin to ache. I now realize that everything had to happen the way it did in order for my son to reach the point where *he chose* his path to recovery.

My favorite part of the book *How Al-Anon Works for Families & Friends of Alcoholics* (B-32) is the chapter called “The *Family* Disease of Alcoholism.” One section describes the entire family holding the alcoholic above water. When one person lets go, the alcoholic falls. At that point, the alcoholic may become so uncomfortable that he chooses recovery. I truly believe that my letting go had something to do with my son seeking recovery. When my well-meaning efforts ended in failure, I had to turn our futures over to a Higher Power. While I was powerless over my son’s drinking, I wasn’t helpless or alone. There was hope; there was Al-Anon.

By Ruth O., Michigan

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Virginia Beach, VA.