

The Day I Gave Up Fixing

Last year, on the first Tuesday in February, I attended my first meeting. It started as one of the worst days of my life—worse than the day I lost my dad to a sudden heart attack, worse than the day I lost my mom to a horrific infection. It was the day I had decided to end my suffering by driving off a winding road that overlooked a lake from several hundred feet above. I had found my spot and was getting ready to follow through with it when, suddenly, I heard my father’s voice in my head telling me, “No one is worth taking your own life over. Smarten up and get yourself some help.” It was as if he were sitting next to me in my car.

After a good 20 minutes of crying, I looked at the time, turned my car around, and drove straight to that meeting. I sat outside for about half an hour before people started arriving. I was petrified and couldn’t find the courage to get out of my car. But then, two women walked up to my window and asked me if I needed help walking into the church. I am so very grateful for them, as I didn’t have the strength to walk in on my own. The lowest day of my life turned out to be the day I gave up on trying to *fix* my alcoholic husband and started focusing on myself.

One year later, I am a much better version of myself. Our marriage is still intact, which is shocking considering where we were last year. It’s exactly as I hear in the rooms: if we can help ourselves, then the people around us are bound to notice and might see things in a different light. My alcoholic husband is trying very hard to fix his issues. Because I now fully embrace that they are *his* issues to fix, not mine, I have more serenity than I have ever had.

The three Cs come to mind for me today: I didn't cause it. I can't control it. I can't cure it.

However, I can continue working on myself, and Al-Anon has given me all the tools I need to do so.

By Anonymous

**Reprinted with permission of *The Forum*, Al-Anon Family Group Headquarters, Inc.,
Virginia Beach, VA.**