

## **My Disease**

Before Al-Anon, I knew little outside of grief. My relationship with the addicted members of my family had transformed from frustration to obsession. Without realizing it, I had built a prison in my mind, where I was convinced that I was trapped and nothing would ever change.

My mother, who has been in the program for 30 years, listened to me complain, even as it ate into our time together. Finally, she said, “You sound like an addict.” Only then did I see how my addiction to control, judgment, self-pity, anger, and dependence mimicked the signs of addiction to alcohol.

I found a meeting and have been going ever since. From the start, I knew it was where I needed to be. Without Al-Anon, my life would be terrible and completely unmanageable.

Today I am someone who shares regularly in meetings and sponsors others. I now carry a sense of calm I haven’t felt in decades!

*By Helena J., Illinois*

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