



My Denial

When I used to use I would use until I passed out. I thought that is what every “normal” teenager did. My mom and I would have long talks about what a “normal” teenager was. It was not the blackout drinker or take anything to get me to that level teenager and after all that I still didn’t think I had a problem. I would fight and argue that I was being a “free spirit” that I was just being a teenager. I remember asking my grandma when I got caught to be my caretaker so I could get a medical card so it would be “legal”, yet I didn’t have any pain, depression or anger that I knew of at that time. I just wanted to get high. I thought that using before going to the grocery store, before eating, before sleeping, before hanging out with family, and before taking a test was okay. I thought I was functioning because that’s what my dad always said, “As long as you get your priorities done you’re good to go.” I would constantly play that in my head but the priorities got put aside when all I could think about was getting the next fix, but I still thought that that was okay. I actually thought my life wasn’t crappy, I thought that my dad’s OD didn’t affect me and that he was okay. I thought my dad and I had a stable father-daughter relationship and that getting high with your parents was a thing. My life was cool in my eyes and I actually thought I made my group cool but I was the biggest loser of the whole group. In my mind I thought if I get them to use with me that I don’t have a problem and I was a normal teenager. I thought my grandma would never find out and that I would be able to live like this forever. I am so thankful I got the help I needed to not be another statistic in my family and stop it before I have to live with all the guilt and shame my parents live with on a daily basis.