



## **My Body on Drugs**

By Jody Bahre

When I was on drugs, my body didn't really belong to me—it belonged to the drugs. When I first started using, it was only on the weekends and for fun but that changed very quickly. Before I knew it, the drugs owned me—I wasn't using them for social reasons or for an escape—I couldn't live without them. It was hard just to get out of bed without having substances to alter my mind. If I didn't have any means of using when I first woke up, sometimes I didn't get out of bed at all for the day. This meant not going to work, to school, and hardest of all, not spending time with the family. I was sick without drugs.

I couldn't even perform simple household tasks like making my bed, cleaning the house, doing laundry, and other chores. It was even a struggle to brush my teeth, take a shower, and get dressed. There were many days when I didn't even do any of the above.

Different drugs affected me in different ways. I missed many important appointments, lost jobs, and worst of all, I lost others people's trust. I was incapable of being either responsible or dependable, no matter how much I wanted to be. Once I consumed alcohol or other mind-altering chemicals, I lost the power of choice. And I didn't care.

Today I am in recovery and happier than ever! I have a wonderful sense of freedom when I wake up and can hop out of bed. I look forward to what the day is going to bring. I am accountable now, and people trust me when I say I am going to do something. I am able to be there for my family and friends. I go to school full time and do a lot of volunteer work. When I am sick and take a day off these days, it is normally just for a minor headache or a cold. I would not trade where I am today for what I was in the past on any given day. I finally have my body back.