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Crystal Meth / Methamphetamine: Letters & Stories

by Users, Loved Ones, and Parents

My story; got clean in 1995

I began my young years drinking the left over's from my parents card night. They didn't really drink much but had friends who did. I didn't grow up in a home that had a lot of alcohol use, my father was a prominent Police Officer in San Jose. The little sips started it all. Being the adopted son of a Police Man didn't really have much to do with my addictions, at least I know that now. From the sips of booze on card night to more and more stealing from the liquor cabinet, to where my parents locked up all the booze, marijuana came into my life. Being born in 1955 I kinda grew up in the "love peace dope times where drugs were for enjoyment unlike today they are for the money. Pot led me to hash, then to L.S.D. and cocaine and pretty much anything that would change the way I felt about myself. I never got into heroin as when In high school I was told if I shot alcohol in my vein I would get loaded much quicker and use less booze, so I tried it and missed the vein and had this huge bubble of vodka stinging my arm to where I had to squeeze it out and that scared me from ever doing needles again. But still having the need to change the way I felt and thought about myself I pretty much used drugs off and on for 26 years. I did stop for a little bit when I got married and stayed married for 18 years, not getting into trouble only because I stayed home more and it wasn't that I was not doing things I just didn't get caught.

Then at the age of 40 I didn't want to be married, I wanted to be out playing with the kids and separated from my wife, met this sweet young thing of 23 years old and she taught me how to blow glass pipes from the air freshener containers you got at service stations. For 3 months we made pipes and smoked crank until the Police, yes the department my father had now been retired from for 32 years, arrested me, though they came to arrest a person a rented a room to for drugs and I didn't think I was in that much trouble. In the struggle they did shot my dog and when I called to find out where my dog was still not thinking I was in that much trouble, decided to meet with the PD and find out where my dog was. Well I was arrested and locked up, but I bailed out and one week later went back to court and that's when they Three struck me. I found myself facing 25 years to life. Here I stood the day of sentencing standing in front of a judge my father had worked with all his life, and he was behind me crying. It was then I realized all the time saying "I'm not hurting anyone with my drug use" how wrong I was as I could see the pain in my father's eyes. That was the deciding day

in my life, although my attorney put me into treatment, knowing what he was doing, I went in to treatment to beat my case not get clean, but as time went on and I listened to the stories about how I didn't have to do the drugs any more if I didn't want to I heard something that stuck and have just celebrated 11 years clean in 06

For me it took what it took to learn I could stay off drugs one day at a time, and I still do what they told me in the beginning, I go to meetings regularly, I have a sponsor and work the steps. This is what kept me clean all this time and it still works for me today.

I have also been blessed to become a Drug and Alcohol counselor working with others who are just like me, not wanting to quit their use until a nudge from the judge.

Its very rewarding and of course not everyone who is in treatment is going to make it, the statistics are against us, but some of us do make it and can go on and lead productive lives and give back to those we took from for so long.

It can be done
--Ken

Selected e-mails are published monthly. The purpose and intent is to discourage crystal meth & methamphetamine use. If you, or someone you know, have been affected by crystal meth, please add your story so others may learn from your experience. We do not disclose personal information and edit out such when possible.

E-Mail letters to: kcimeth@yahoo.com

2 years in hell

Soon to be 23 years old n instead of planning a wedding or thinking about being a mommy the only thing on my mind is staying off meth. I began using drugs at 13(weed) then slowly progressed to anything that would go up my nose. At 17(cocaine), and then at the age of 21 the DEVIL came knockin, meth. My best friend (at the time) and I were really heavy into coke, one day we couldn't find it n so she told me i have something else that's like coke. So she busted out a couple of lines, and the next thing i knew i was in heaven. I was up n about in just a matter of minutes. The truth serum is what we called it cause no matter what when i was tweakin no matter where i was if someone asked me a question i would have the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I came from a lower middle class family, mom was always working, dad passed away when i was 12. I felt like i had lost something in my life that i could never get back, depression and anger filled this void for a very long time. Then Crystal came along and everything ceased to exist, except the land i had built in my head. Tweakerville central. I became an investor, a manufacturer, and an advertisement agent is where i started out. Bringing in the rookies for her to destroy. I didn't care about nothing or anyone else except where's my next hit. From snorting i went to smoking.

This is where the spiral began to wind down even faster. I ended up crystallizing my spinal fluid in Jan 08,05 a day after my friends birthday. I had been going for about three months with maybe an hour every three days of sleep, and no food supplements except water and peanuts. Then i learned how to sleep n eat on it, so the suspicions of something being wrong died down. My weight loss was glanced over cause i was always fluctuating. I got kicked out of my moms house n i jumped from place to place. My 3000 dollar teeth that my mom paid braces for were chipped n thinning by the day. And to top it off one day i was so messed up that I didn't see the cue ball headed for my face till it struck n broke my front tooth. So now every morn. i wake up n in the mirror i see a reminder of how stupid i was. Then on a day where depression was kickin in fast my ex friend decided to introduce rock bottom to me. In Sept of 05 i shot up for the first time. I had no cares in the world after she told me to relax and breath. I was on air until the day my sister stopped hanging out with me, my mom stopped calling, and stealing became a hobby for me. Life was a trip n so was I. The drug had won and i had given in. It took me two times to hit rock bottom to realize i don't need a third time cause the third times a charm or at least that's what i've heard. I finally realized i don't wanna die, at least not by OD. My last hit was 9 months ago 3 more months and it'll be a year. It hasn't been easy and i thank god for a third try at what i call the true life. I still get cravings and my body still aches for it. But in my heart of hearts i know that i would never want to be the person i was at that time. Life aint easy but neither is leaving ur family with an empty whole in the heart the day u r no longer around because of ur own stupidity. We all struggle with everyday life and i know sometimes its hard, trust me i still wanna run away but i have found that it is easier to stand and fight then to run and cower. If it wasn't for my warden (my mom), my best friend (my sis), and the man upstairs i don't think i would be here right now. If u know or live with someone who has an addiction, remember there not lepers, there people who need love just like u and me.

--Clever Philosopher

Victims of meth use and addiction

I would like to share my thoughts and concerns about meth use & addiction and how it affects the community. I am not a user but would like to elaborate from the victims point of view. Unfortunately, I live next door to someone that is

uses meth and also makes it. You never realize how a situation will affect you until you are put in it. I have four children under the age of 12. Not only have we been subjected to the very contaminated & hazardous material that goes into making meth, but this situation has also brought very different people from all walks of life to our community and made it very unsafe. At one point my neighbor and I were great friends, until they started using / making ice. It started with very sudden and unpleasant violent behaviors. This person was neglecting their kids, I fed their children more than they did. One day we were great friends the next day this person was threatening to kill me and my kids. This drug is not your best friend not only will it ruin your life but those around you as well. This drug will take over your life and it will eventually be the only thing you care about. I thought this might be helpfull to someone that uses. Maybe you will see that not only does it affect you but it will affect your family, your loved ones, anyone that is around you, and the community you are in. Individuals using meth will do just about anything to get it. Its very dangerous, I ask that if you are using that you think about those that will be affected by your high. Think twice...

--Jen

I stumbled across this site quite by accident. Or was it an accident? I am victim of Meth use. My mom was killed in a car crash. The other driver was a Meth addict. She had passed out doing 55 mph and hit my mom head on. The crash happened on my sister's birthday. My mom died on my sister's birthday.

There are no words to describe this loss. I have to believe that the crash has affected her killer, who is facing significant time in State Prison. Her sentencing is next week. I have to say that If I were in her shoes, I would hate myself. I would be suicidal. I would also be frightened. Facing prison would not be my idea of a good time. My family meets with her tomorrow, to get some answers to our questions. They are hard questions, and I hope that she has the courage to answer them truthfully. That is another big question. Do drug addicts even know what the truth is?

My mother's life was sacrificed in order to save this person's life. I hope that she uses her life in order to help others who are addicted to this terrible drug.

I have nothing to say except that these poor souls are pathetic. They are lost. They are generally angry with the world.

They have no reason to be driving. I think that this woman's license should be taken away for life. She should not be allowed to own another car. Of course that would not stop her from driving. So I have to rely on the penal system, and drug testing to keep her clean?

This happened in rural Washington State. The meth user is a 35 year old mother. This drug knows no boundaries.

If you want to see what it does to a person go to facesofmeth.com. Have a look for yourself. If you see yourself in those pictures, you need help. For the rest of us, all I can ask is Why?

--Margaret

Meth has won my husband over

I am 23 my husband 27, together we have a little girl who is almost 5. I was one of the people who thought I would never be faced with meth. That soon proved wrong; I found out my husband has been using for over a yr now. My husband was a gorgeous man, smart, goal oriented, out going, and loved life. Now my husband is 130lbs maybe, violent, hateful, aggressive, sex crazed in a way I have never seen anyone before, and he no longer cares about anything but his life style. Unfortunately I am to afraid to let his family know in fear of my life, or his. I burden this "demon" all alone. Sadly we are separated now. I was scared of him, I have heard awful stories of people hurting people while on meth. Soon after I left he wanted all my belongings out of the house. I guess to rid him of the paranoia I will continue to find his meth hiding spots as I do once a wk. I sometimes think he will not hurt me but he kicked my car in, through something at it, and all this he did because he wanted to search my car. My 4 yr old witnessed it all and was shaking uncontrollable and crying. I just wonder can someone so loving really physically hurt their spouse or their precious child? Meth is truly "devils candy". My husband will not let me love him, he will not speak to me (because I know when he is high), he has not even called his daughter in 4 days. Meth can make even the greatest man, father, and husband become evil. Meth is like hell on earth, crazy, paranoid, sex obsessed, violent, aggressive drug. How did I 23 married 7 yrs end up alone with my daughter because we can't go home because daddy does drugs? Meth doesn't care if your good looking because it will soon steal your beauty, Meth doesn't care if you have money it loves it because that's more you can buy, Meth doesn't care if you have children because you soon forget that their priority. Meth doesn't chose you, you chose Meth. The user chooses to use that first time, and then they start dying from that point on and so does the families of users. The really sad part about Meth is that the user never notices how messed up their lives have become.

--E

Letter from a user

To all of you out there. KCI is one of my favorite sites. My son sent this to me from jail and asked me to post it. He also asked me to share it at the support group I have started here in Mills County Iowa for anyone affected by another's addiction. Thank you for allowing us to share.

Meth:

Meth in my life as an addict. I am addicted to methamphetamines. It has caused great pain and agony. It has taken from me once again everything that I hold dear in my life. It has taken the most incredible women from me. My fiancé and my mother. It turns me into a demon, monster, liar, a**hole, makes me selfish and anything but the human being I truly want to be!

I am currently in a bad situation once again in my life. My days with being jailed fluctuate mentally from day to day. One minute I'm feeling confident the next I have no hope in my life. I know deep down inside myself I am strong, but I also question when the suffering will end. I do not want to put my loved ones that mean the most to me in this world through this any more !! I have been through drug treatment once before and I will admit it helped me a lot. Me and my mothers relationship was great! I enjoyed talking to my mom, but as I was relaxed & time moved on I got weak and gave in to temptation!

I will regret that for the rest of my life!! The relationship I had with my girlfriend was incredible!! She gave me so much hope! She is an unbelievable human being who gave up everything for a man who was so confident in how he wanted everything in life to be. Then I came home to HELL !! Hell being Tabor, Iowa .

I have lived here since I was 4 yrs old, I just recently turned 26, so basically my whole life. Yes, it will always be my "home town", but I CANNOT continue to live here! I know too many people to try to stay away from METH! Yes I understand that in this situation I should try to stay away from those types of people but it is hard when it is almost everyone I know. My being the 'On The Go ' type of person that I am (I have to constantly have something to do) I cannot stand to be bored. Boredom to me is a disease. I know that sounds weird but that is me and my reality, and living in Tabor, or Hell as I call it there is simply nothing to do! Why I say this is cause I feel like I've done everything there is to do over & over in this town.

But back to staying away from those types of people or temptations, my mother says there will be those types of people everywhere you go and yes I understand that, I do but I can get out and away from the people I know and feel I have a fighting chance to build my confidence and find new friends that are straight, honest & trustworthy. Then I can be stronger and the sense to say NO! No, I do not want any part of that! I am a recovering addict and I believe that is my key to the new life I truly want for me & my loved ones. So to those who walk in my shoes, Can you help me change my life ? Please, cause I am running out of life. So to those who care to help save a life, can you help me ???!

--Donovan

Hi, my name is Amanda. I am 30 years old. I have only been clean for a little over a year. 409 days to be exact. I used Crystal Meth for 10 years. I smoked it. I weighed 91 lbs. When I got in trouble and was taken away from my family and kids. I lost everything. My dad, my mom, my kids, and my mind. I thought that I would get a smack on the wrist and be Turned loose, cause after all, it just wasn't my fault!! But the pinned me up in jail for the first time in my life. I was stuck for a little more than 5 months. I am still paying for my roll as an addict, but I am now able to open my eyes to the deadly facts of it. My life now is great. I am working two jobs, and working on custody of my girls!!! My entire life has changed for the better since I got caught. It really was a blessing in disguise!!

--Amanda

Today I read a story on this site of a 14yr old whose mom and dad both used meth. I know this little girl. I have known her her whole life. Her mom was my best friend for 18yrs until meth took everything. To this day her mom does not see what she has done to those around her. It is almost as if the drug has completely altered her brain. She no longer feels the pain of her babies. She feels only her own pain.

I read these stories to try and understand. I no longer search for understanding to restore a friendship but to make some kind of sense out of it all to help her oldest daughter. I hate meth. I think in a way the users have it easier than those who love the person who is using. I tried to help my friend but, I think I only enabled for awhile. To this day she says I hurt her. It's true, I did. I hurt her by putting the responsibility of not keeping her children back into her own lap. I hurt her by not letting her have free run of my home while she is an addict. I hurt her by no longer allowing her to

manipulate me and convince me everything is someone else's fault.

She never knew how important she is not only to her children but to me. I will always miss the friendship we had. It's been over 2yrs without her in my life. I know the friendship is gone forever but I pray for her almost everyday that she will find Jesus and peace.

--J

I have lost my husband to meth - this is a letter that I sent to him

love you. Plain and simple – I love you.

Remember the letter that you wrote to meth when you were in treatment??? Please go read it! Remember the work that you did on your steps – please go read them.

I know that you are a good and strong man. If you weren't you would not have been there for me when I need you most and you were. Never forget that – YOU WERE.

I know that I have to let go and just pray that you are able to get well from this, but it is hard. It is hard because I do not want you to hurt and the choices you are making are causing you pain. It is hard because I do not want Lisa to hurt and she is. Regardless of if you think that she is or not she is. I deal with it every day. She is a little girl who wants her daddy back. Her real daddy, not someone who comes in to tuck her in every once in a while and just looks like her dad.

I do not want Sam to hurt and he is. He is getting so messed up by the madness and seeing me cry. I do not want your parents to hurt and they are. They love you so much and feel helpless

It is also hard because I do not know when I am supposed to give up on love and I know that love alone is not enough to conquer addiction. I want to believe that the love that both of us have for each other underneath all of the chaos is strong enough to overcome this but wanting to believe something and having that something being real might have to be 2 different things. It hurts for me to give up on the life that I believe that we could have.

I will be here for you when you are ready to deal with it. I don't know if it will be as your wife or just as your friend but I WILL BE THERE REGARDLESS OF WHAT HAPPENS OR WHAT YOU SAY OR DO TO ME AS THIS PERSON.

When you are ready to give up on addiction I will be your best friend if you want me to be. I pray for the day that you let go of the demons and are able to feel good about yourself and your life.

Bj – there is so much good in you. Think of how you love to play with kids and how much they love you. Your heart is soft and loving and not everyone is blessed with that gift.

Remember right after I had Lisa and you told me that I was your hero – I am holding on to that.

Remember all of the times that we watched American Idol, Sopranos, Deadwood, NYPD Blue– I am holding on to that.

Remember our first trip to Green Bay – I am holding on to that.

Remember the day that we bought our house – I am holding on to that.

Remember Christmas shopping – I am holding on to that.

Remember how we were friends when you first came home from treatment – I am holding on to that.

Remember the walk that we took on Christmas eve - – I am holding on to that.

I could go on forever..... You might think that you have brought nothing but pain, but you have brought a lot of happiness to me too. I did not really know how to have fun before you and I did not know how to love as deeply as I do now. You gave me that and I thank you.

I am not going to say please go to treatment – I know that asking does not matter, but when you are ready to go I will breathe a sigh of relief because I will not be scared that you are dead, in jail, hungry, cold, lonely or living in the pain that you are trapped in right now.

I love you and I am trying my hardest to hold on!!!!!!!!!!!!

--K

I met a man 3 years ago that is a meth user. I had absolutely no idea because I've never used drugs nor, to my knowledge, been around them. After a period of a few short months, he quit. Our families, his kids and mine, came together and we had a very joyous home. We were truly a family. I didn't truly understand why his family was so excited about him being with me. It turns out, he was the best he had been in years. His former wife was happy for him as well since they had used together over a 25 year period.

After 1 year, he received some money for a supposed disability. Off he went, back on meth, smoking ice and walking out of our home. It's been 1 year now, and during that time, he lost his rental house, vehicle, cell phone and his family (at least the sober ones). We still see one another on occasion and I wish I could just walk away.

Several months ago, I spoke with the Executive Director of Janus Recovery as well as Suicide Prevention. They both

told me the same thing - "get him into the system". It took me months to do so. He was arrested twice for narcotics and is now looking at facing a forced recovery or jail. He is opting for jail and wants me to write him, take his calls and come visit him. I ask him what his plans are when he gets out and remind him that he will end up back in jail and he doesn't say much other than he'll take it "one day at a time". I don't believe he has any desire to quite even though he is homeless, has lost 35 lbs. and a good deal of his brain cells. The drug has affected him horribly - his mind is out of focus - his stories coming from some other world.

The heartbreaking part is the affect his behavior has on his grown children. They are convinced he will die soon. This is the most selfish thing I have ever witnessed in my life. He is an incredible father when he's clean and now his kids won't even talk with him. They have nightmares of fighting with him or of his dying. It really has angered me. My adult children adored him as well and now all anyone sees is his walking along the roads picking up garbage.

What to do next? Can I find the courage to really truly walk away? I am the only sober person in his life and he knows what I've tried to do for him. Even in his drugged out stupor, the thought of me walking upsets him. But I've got to take care of myself. I would appreciate hearing from any of you.

--Leslie

My Cousin

My first cousin, Sam, has been using meth since he was a teenager and now he is 34 years old. He doesn't have anything to show for his life. He has one child which I have custody of, and he is with her mother. They both would leave their daughter with people for weeks at a time while they went off and did their thing. She was neglected, having terrible constipation, not having been fed and she never had any of her immunizations. The baby was antisocial. She would not smile or laugh. She did not even crawl until she was almost 10 months old. CPS put her in my custody when she was 13 months old and even then she would barely stand with assistance. She is now 2 1/2 and she is barely talking. My cousin hasn't seen her since July of last year and I really don't think that he has any desire to. He would manipulate people into giving him money by saying that he needed diapers or food for her. He came to me several times asking for money or telling me that they were homeless and needed a place to crash. He stole money out of my purse and would lie about it. On his daughter's first birthday, he even had someone come with him who was so stoned that he kept falling on the floor. That guy was the person who was going to be driving them around that day! I don't think that Sam will ever get help and that breaks my heart. I have learned that I can't help him and that I can help his daughter. I just wish that meth users could see the damage that their addictions cause to all those that are around them.

--Sara

Meth success story

I'm not addicted to meth, but my boyfriend was severely immersed in this lifestyle for six solid years. For six years he was in and out of treatment, in and out of relationships (which included his family) and in and out of jail. But I'm not here to post a bad story. Hopefully, I can inspire those who long to quit. It IS possible!! I know it may seem inconceivable, but if a heavy user/seller can go from the epitome of crack-head to sober and suddenly a good-hearted working man, then anyone can do it.

My boyfriend was an extreme meth user. He did all of it. He did it until he cinched his belt so tight around his pants that he went past all of the notches. Not only did he lose about 70 pounds in 3 months, but he became icy, careless and completely void of emotion. I know what everyone thinks: why do you stick around? I've known this guy for a long time and we have a very interesting history. I love him as a lover and a friend. We've been through a lot. I can admit that I enabled him. I gave him the money to buy it. This only fueled his addiction. The only thing that stopped him was eventually getting arrested. 3 months in jail changed him, and I believe the fact that I stuck around for him gave him something to look forward to on the outside. After being released, he came straight home. He never went to rehab or to an NA meeting, but for some reason, he kept his promise to stay clean by babysitting my daughter, moving 65 miles away from all of his dope buddies and studying online classes. Slowly, we managed to pull him out of debt. He had such horrible credit, but today everything in a negative balance is paid off and he did it himself. He endured a lot of aggravating times, like me being pregnant and my wild emotions, his family's nagging and his own self-doubt, but he is coming up on 2 years sober with a nice home, car, family and fantastic car. Not only that, but he's gotten some of his emotion back, not to mention a lot of trust!

It's not impossible; remember, you have to hit bottom before you bounce back up!

--Beth

time to bash addict.....but none to get educated on addiction.. WOW

What really amazes me about people is when they have the time to ridicule addicts, no one said we were victims we have a disease and it is called addiction, the ones who don't understand what it means should do research on that instead of having all this free time bashing addicts, everyone one is addicted to something rather it is food, sex, gambling, work, computer. This web site is not for putting addicts down, it is to help the families understand the meaning and to help them through it, (apparently you weren't smart enough to read that section), and our stories our to let people know what this drug has done and try to stop people from using, not to be on a pity pot. With the people that are open-minded to get educated on addiction and understand it, are the intelligent ones; and the individuals who are so closed-minded to addiction, needs to be tied and shot up with meth for a week and see if you don't find yourself wanting more. So get off the computer and watch the news and see what this epidemic has done to America, before trying to judge us addicts. I have an education to get, I would give some more advice to the closed minded people but I would probably get bumped off there buddy list.

--Rachelle

Ruined marriage, broken heart

Hi, I have never done drugs in my life, but have managed to be involved with someone who is addicted to it. I met my husband seven years ago, and if I could go back, I would have never gone out with him. We met through mutual friends (who smoked weed every day), but I was instantly attracted and we just clicked. Me being very anxious all the time, found his laid-back personality exhilarating. We laughed all the time, and I was so infatuated. Against my parents' wishes, I moved in with him, and in 2005, we married. The wedding was the best day of my life, but if I had only known what was to come....too late now. A year into our marriage, I found out he had lost his job, was lying to me about it for months, stole money from my account, my credit card, and then got us evicted. The whole time, I believed every crazy story he told me, even though they all were way out there. How naive I was. His family and I confronted him and basically told him get help or we are out of his life. He went to a 30 day program, and was clean and beautiful, the man of my dreams, when he got out. We moved into a new (our current) apartment in September, and I thought everything was okay. That lasted 2 months, and then the lies began again. He looked like a skeleton, and for the first time, I was a bit scared of him. I know he would never intentionally hurt me, but he was not himself. He looked like an old man, and everything he said sounded stupid. New Years Eve, my dad and brother moved all my stuff out of our apartment, and I immediately felt that it was a mistake. I kept coming and seeing him, and he seemed to be changing, saying he was never doing it again. I moved back in 2 weeks ago, and last week, found out he bounced the check on the rent, and here we are again. I want to die, because I know the man I love is in there somewhere, but the meth has taken over, and I dont think he will ever get the help he needs. It is time to move on, with my broken heart. Don't do drugs, and don't talk to people that do.

--AM

This will be my third letter...crazy to see where I was and amazing to be where I am today. I was a functioning addict. I believed that my life was under control because I had "control" of which days I used and which I didn't. I maintained my life beautifully, even managing to get a huge promotion to my dream job. I always looked amazing and had anyone I knew (outside my party crew) known I used meth, they would have never believed it. I didn't lose my car, my house, my family or my job....what I did lose was myself.

I have been clean now for a year and like a child am rediscovering how it feels to be alive again. My years of "controlled" meth abuse turned me into a lifeless zombie. I became a person incapable of feeling anything...nothing felt amazing, warm, loving, breathtaking...nothing felt like anything!! I didn't enjoy getting out and enjoying dinner, music, shows, art...all the things that used to make me happy were swallowed up by hours of useless, meth driven projects inside the walls of my house...which became like a self inflicted prison.

It wasn't easy at first. The first month, all I did was sleep, eat, work and hate myself for being so lazy and letting everything pile up. I couldn't imagine cleaning the house without meth, working on major work projects without meth, reading through work tutorials without meth....all I thought about was how if I only had meth, everything could be fun again.

The next little while was good and bad...I still missed my meth immensely, however, I actually found that I was capable of doing household chores and work projects without being high and that although, not nearly as fun...I was pretty damn good at doing things without meth.

In fact as time went on I realized I was better. Here in the last few months I have regained the most valuable thing and that is myself. I feel again and it is truly amazing. I care about the people I work with, love to listen to music and get goose bumps when a good song comes on and the sunset coloring lights the sky on fire. I like to go out, meet co-workers for dinner, see shows, art, take classes or just take walks in the neighborhood. I don't fear what others will think or see because I have myself back, I know who I am and I no longer have anything to hide.

Life isn't perfect and there are days when I still miss meth...but after reclaiming my life and feeling alive again, I can't imagine ever going back.

--Michelle

I see it everyday...

I read many stories regarding people's struggles with their addictions. I have never had a drug addiction. If I drink it's maybe once a month.. and it's sipping on one drink. My interest in drug addiction started about 5 years ago. I am a nursing home administrator. We have begun to see an influx of addicts that have over dosed being admitted into our faculties. Many of them are brain dead and do not speak. They are being tube fed and are totally incontinent of their bowel and bladder. Then we have some that have just wiped out what was left of their brains. But, the sad part is they still have just a little bit of a brain left to go out and use again. At which time, they return to my facility to cause chaos! We then send these residents out to a psych hospital..... and they do not return to our setting. Many of these people have horrible stories. And we as healthcare providers become attached to helping them. We along with their families get hurt in the process. I often wonder what have happened to many of them. I have a daughter in middle school. Since she was 5 yrs. old I have shown her the actual addicts lying in their beds defecating on themselves. I feel it is so important to show her how ugly that drugs truly are. I have such a desire to help these people, I have recently begun to think of a career change. Please... if you are thinking of doing drugs, walk into your local nursing home and ask them to see an addict. It may just stop you in your "tracks." Good luck to you all!

--Tammy

My Life and testimony....

I was raised in a good middle class family .. I had 1 sister and we were both adopted ...which wasn't a issue to either of us... Our parents never did drugs, drank, faught, anything.. Not sure if they ever even got a parking ticket... Home life was good...

I think I was 14 when I smoked my first joint with my buddy Mark.. At the time it wasn't really a big deal, so I thought.... After all I didn't even like it... But it was the start down that long road of drug addiction .. Which lead to pill speed , then to coke , then to meth and finely the needle.... For those of you that never shot dope into your arms yet . Be WARNED when you push the plunger in for your very first time the devil himself just flowed into your veins along with the dope.... It only takes ONE shot to destroy your life... or at least steel 20 years of it...

Once we got the taste of dope in us... well lets just say nothing was going to stop us from getting high... although being that we were both 17 we didn't exactly have the kind of money we needed to get high properly ... Which brings me to our first brush with the law... For about the next 5 or 6 months we were steeling government checks out of the mail and cashing them to get high... in fact we were doing pretty good at it to be honest with ya.... To about the tune of 60,000 over that period.. Not only could we get high but we stayed in the best hotels weeks on end...It wasn't long before the secret service was knocking on my parents door though Well thank God for only being 17 yrs old....2 years probation 6000 in fines and was in the past...

For the next 10, 15 years I continued to get high but also tried to mix the family life in there to.. Let me tell you just incase you don't already know....Dope and family life don't mix.... In that time frame I was married and divorced 3 times. To this day I have no idea what year or month any of the marriages or divorces happened....So I had enough and ended up in Colorado.. Before you knew it I was selling dope...I didn't go there with the plans of it ..some how it just happened and I thought I died and went to Heaven ,(so I thought) never pay for dope again!! I loved it....and got good at it to....Before long I had every topless dancer in town buying dope from me.. Had the Harley nice place the works.... And was just tweaked out the frame constantly.... I really thought I arrived ...About 2 years into it I started standing out like a sore thumb ,,I didn't want to stop cause I was having way to much fun but I was scared of getting busted... so I started taking dope to a friend of mine in Wisconsin twice a week... I was really making the money now .. But you know the fear I had of getting busted in Colorado.. Well it must of just been a vision as to what was going to happen in Wisconsin...needless to say I got busted and got 30month in dept of corrections... it sucked!! I was so high when I got arrested it took me two weeks to come down..... Then the reality of what happened started to sink in.... I felt like such a looser and thought life was over....30 months!!! Hell I had a hard time staying in the house all day.... It felt like a life

sentence... I never was locked up before other than a day or two in Arizona one time..

Once you got to the prison you went to what they called intake where they evaluated you to see your security level Well since I never did time before I went right to minimum security camp..... (NO FENCE EVEN) well when I heard there wasn't even a fence I thought I'm out of here jack..... So about 6 months into my bit I took off one night..... I had no idea where I was going I just knew I was going..... So after about a 20 mile walk on a cold cold Wisconsin night I finally came to a town caught a ride with a trucker and started hitch hiking to Colorado... All I could think of was a nice big shot of dope when I got to where I was going...

When I finally got to Colorado 2 or 3 days later I found my friend Leo and hung out with him till I figured out what I was going to do....one day I was out the cops showed up looking for me.... I had no idea how they knew to look there ... in fact I really didn't even think they were going to look for me,,,I just figured they'd put a warrant out for me or something... well it seemed every where I went they were right on my heels So I got scared and blew town....and went to new Mexico to stay with another friend....well I was safe there.. No one knew where I was and I didn't tell any one either... About a month into that I was getting board and decided to jump on a bus and go to my dads house in pa. (long bus ride!!) he was in fla. For the winter so I figured I could break in his house and get some of my stuff I stored there.... I couldn't let him know anything or he'd turn me in..... Once again going to my dads house was a stupid idea cause that's where they nabbed me..... So back to Wisconsin I went , When I got there they gave me another year and a half for running off.....Plus now I had to spend it in maximum security..... Well I never been to a place like this before.....kind of scary to be honest with ya.... This is probably the first time I had any kind of desire to learn about God.... As a child I went to church with my parents, it was a Lutheran church, looking back the fact that it was such a dry church is probably why I didn't have much understanding about God... I noticed every now and then they would let people out of there cells to go to church services and bible studies.. So one day I went, mainly to get out the cell... well I heard the preacher say we could all be forgiven and still go to Heaven.... So I spoke up and said "preacher you don't understand all my life I stole, did drugs, lied, cheated...and the list goes on.... I have way more bad than good.... There's no way I can be forgiven and go to Heaven.." then he explained about how Jesus died on the cross so we could be forgiven and we just needed to ask him to come live in our hearts and be our personal savior and forgive us of our sins ,,then turn from our sins..... So when I got back to my cell I did that... now to this day I don't know if that's when I truly got saved or later in my life Only because I turned back to my old ways quit a few times after that... But after praying that prayer I did have a peace come over me that did help me get threw the next 3 years I had to be there yet.... Being in prison wasn't like I thought it would be... nothing like all the fake stuff you see on tv.. If you mind your own business and do your own time every thing is ok.... It sure opened my eyes to a lot of things.. The saddest part was meeting people that were NEVER getting out.. Young dudes to.. And 80 to 90% of the time it always had something to do with dope.. Good people that just got caught up in the buzz.. With NO second chances.. Dam shame!!

Once I got released ,I got paroled to my dads house in pa. ... About a week after getting out I when to a strip club with a friend of mine in west va.. It kind of brought back memories of the old dope dealing days... well while I was there I met a dancer named Gail..... I asked her if she ever went to Colorado ,she said no, I said do you want to go and a week later we were on our way... Well once we got there the party was on! We were so high for so long before you knew it we were living in my van behind my friend Stevies house.... By now Gail's pregnant , we're broke and the baby's due in a week..... It wasn't looking good.... I said we need to get the hell out of Colorado RIGHT NOW!!! We only had 20 dollars but I put it in the gas tank and started out for west va... ..needless to say we only made it to Kansas but at least we were 3 hours away from the dope....After many calls and much begging we got enough money to make it home... we weren't there 5 hours before Levi was born.... Close call!! But we were still homeless....not a good start for our new born son., before long after even more begging we got into a place and got jobs.... And probably went a year with out doing any dope.. Before long Gail was pregnant once again with our daughter Sierra.....It wasn't long before we made the stupid decision again to move back to Colorado..

Well it wasn't long after that Gail got tired of the drug thing starting all over again and took the kids and moved back to west va..... Once she left my drug use moved to another level....I didn't care about anything any more!! Not even my life... so I became very suicidal... after all by now pretty much all my old friends either killed themselves ,,been killed by some one else, had aids or were in prison..... It was all pretty depressing !! But before I did it I just wanted to check with a friend of mine that was a Christian and ask him this question...." If you kill yourself do you go to Heaven or hell or does it matter ?" Well after hearing that Chuck said well you ain't goin do that and tried to talk he out of it....I said no Chuck I am ,,I did all I want to do in life and I'm just tired of living..... Well some how he talked me into going to church with him the next day..... We were in Denver and went to Heritage Christian center.....it was the biggest church I ever saw 3000 people in the service.... I think some how God had planned for me to be at that service because it was made just for me and the title of it was "its time" Wow wasn't that the truth!! Threw the service I even had to put my sun glasses on so no one would see me cry.. At the end they had a alter call I was one of the first one there.... that's when I truly think I gave my heart to the Lord and got saved..

For the next few months I hung out with Chuck and really started learning about God.. Lessoning to hours of church tapes... Going to church every time the doors open..... Even giving 10% of my money I made.....Life was really going good and I was glad I lessened to Chuck and didn't kill myself... Week after week my faith got stronger... the peace I

felt in my heart could of only came from God It was great.... I didn't even think about doing drugs....

After a few months I decided I wanted ,,and was well enough to live around my kids again.....I really was missing them BAD..

So I moved back to west va. And got a apt.. I found a good Church and stated working again.... Before I knew it Gail ask if I wanted Levi to move in with me full time.... I jumped at the opportunity !! It was a little scary being a single dad but I was going to make it work no matter what!!

Life was going good The Lord was blessing us in every way....By now I had 3 years clean under my belt... more than I had in the past 20years...

But once again I screwed it all up again!!!!!!!!!!!!!! One day out of the blue a old friend I use to get high with in Colorado called me...She got my number from another one of our friends....(I now know the devil sent her in to my life to tempt me and I fell for it) so we got to talking and I told her how well my life was going and asked her if she was still getting high....she said she was and asked for my address.. I asked why she wanted it and she said to send me some thing... I knew she was talking about dope but the weak side of me gave it to her anyway Well in a few days it came ... the old drug addict in me just couldn't wait to open it... I even went to the store and got a new needle Once I did a shot I rushed like I never have in my whole life....like for 45 mins... I left a crack for the devil and he crawled in with the quickness.....WHAT A FOOL I WAS!!!!!! But I made my way to the phone to call her.... And told her that was some of the best stuff I ever did....and if she brought some to west va, she would make a killing because there wasn't any around there..... she said "boyfriend I don't have to bring any I'll just make it when I get there" I said "there's no way you made that!" well she did and I was intrigued ... any one that ever did meth only could dream of meeting the cook!!

Well like a idiot I flew out and drove her back....and the nightmare was about to begin!!!! If you think a person can have a bad drug habit when you have to buy the dope just think how much worse it could be when it was next to being free and top quality every time.....for months we stayed higher than I ever been before.... And my poor son was right in the middle of it.. I am so ashamed of letting it broad side me the way it did... but that's just how powerful the drug is.. Before you knew it we had two labs goin.... Hers upstairs and mine in the basement... we started getting so paranoid of each other.... We had locks and booby traps everywhere... it got to the point we had baby monitors everywhere to so we could lesson to each other... just tweaked out the frame!! Before it was all said and done the secret service had a search warrant served on our place looking to see if we were making counterfeit money.... Well it wasn't long before my friend went to prison for the money thing.... I continued getting high but I kept sensing God was hinting to me to stop... I think he was about fed up with the way I was acting... especially as far as my son was concerned.... Well one night I was sitting in my motor home getting high when a good friend of mine stopped by with a movie in his hand.... He only stayed for a few min's and said to watch the movie it was good and he left.... I thought it strange he didn't stay longer... the movie was called "Blow" for those of you that never saw the movie it was about a drug dealer that at the end of the movie got caught and got 60years and never saw his daughter again.... It was a sad ending.....but right when the movie was over I KNEW God was showing me if I didn't stop I was going to prison again...

Well I really did want to stop anyhow but I had big plans for the next weekend and figured I'd stop after that.....(BIG MISTAKE!!)

amen I pray....amen.....

When next weekend came I was in my motor home in the next town over making a batch with a so called friend...at one point of the night I gave him a real bad bag of trash to go throw

Away for me....but instead the little snitch took it right to the police and told them where I was.....shortly after that the sun started to come up and my ex wife called me for some dope.... I kept trying to blew her off because I knew she had both the kids for the weekend but she kept it up..... So I agreed to meet her at a parking lot ... like a idiot she brought the kids!!!! Well the cops must have been lessoning on my phone cause when I got to the parking lot they were there to... along with Gail and the kids..... Needless to say we got busted as the kids watch...I never felt like a bigger piece shit than I did while riding away in the police car as the kids stood there and watched.....what a looser I became!!! My charges equaled 68 years!!! Almost just like the movie warned me..... Now my life was truly over... I didn't think I'd get 68 years but I was pretty sure I'd get 20,,,especially with the other drug felonies I already had...Levi was 9 at the time and I didn't think I'd see him again till he was out of high school... what a looser I was!!!! Plus my dad was in real bad health and needed me to help take care of him.... I couldn't believe how I let every one I loved down again.. just because I wanted to get high!!!!!! Once in jail no one would except my calls or help me in any way..... I was on my own!! Boy did I hit my knees and ask for Gods forgiveness..... Now that I look back God had to let me go threw this to get my attention.... And my attention he got!! After spending some time with God I knew in my heart he forgave me and our relationship was ok again..... But I still had this legal mess in front of me to face alone.. All my public defender kept saying to me was how they were going to make a example of me..... Not very encouraging words...I was screwed!! ! Plan and simple..... One day I had to go to court for some thing... while in the holding cell I met with my lawyer he was still telling me they were going to make a example of me!! Plus what did he care ... I'm sure he wasn't going to try to hard anyhow.... Well while I was waiting for them to take me in I started to pray.... And I mean pray.... I was saying every bible verse I knew....finally the last thing I remember doing was looking up and saying God I just need a miracle !! I turn this whole thing over to you and what ever you do is ok with me.. And I went and sat down..... God as my witness

within 10 min's the jailor came and opened the door and said " I don't believe it but they dropped your charges you can go" ... it blew my mind. I didn't know what to think.. But I looked up a little and thought MAN WAS THAT A QUICK MIRACL... I knew they didn't drop my charges.... But I wasn't going to say any thing so I let them let me go.....so they took me back to the jail and checked me out.... I was so nervous !! I kept thinking at any time they would figure out there mistake.... Once out I went right to a friend of mine I knew I could trust with my life.... I said Troy....after I said a prayer the next thing I knew I was out.....I kept saying it and saying itmy mind was blown how God was right there with me in that cell...it was truly a miracle!! Well it wasn't long before I was telling Troy how I needed a fake ID and this and that..... Then it hit me..... If it was God that let me out he wouldn't want me doing all this sneaky stuff... .So I thought Lord what is it you want me to do..... and the answer was one I didn't want to hear..... It was turn your self back in..... Boy I didn't want to hear that...but it was so strong in my spirit , I just knew it was right.... So I called my lawyer and told him what happened.. And I told him I didn't want to run because I did it before and just wanted to do what was right this timewell he made some phone calls and they still didn't know I was gone after 2 days.... In fact I was the only one in the history of that county they ever let out accidental ...but he said they still didn't want to cut any deal...although they said as long as I went and checked in to rehab I didn't need to come back.. Just so I went to court when I was suppose to ...I thought cool I'll do that.....so I did....and let me tell you I loved rehab.....it was great!!! Even had snack time a 9 pm.....ha ha.... Well about 2 days before I was about to leave I called my lawyer to check in.... I said what's the deal now.....he said no deal they are still going to make a example of you.....I got so tired of hearing him say that!!! I said WHY I AM DOING EVERYTHING RIGHT.....but to no avail so I had to make the hardest discussion of my life.....Did I want to trust God with the rest of this thing and just walk into court willingly with every one saying they wanted to make a example of me or did I want to go back to what the old Bob would do and RUN!!! Well sorry to say but I failed God and every one once again and got a bus ticket to Oklahoma city

Are you starting to see how much Grace and mercy the Lord has???? As many times as I failed him he still loved me and didn't leave my side as you will see.....

Well about a month went by and my court date was next week and I still haven't let any one know where I was..... Some thing in my spirit said to call my lawyer one last time.... When he answered the phone he was pissed and said do you know we have to be in court next week??? I said yea and I ain't comin!!! He said why and I said all you can do is keep telling me how they are going to make an example of me.... He said let me make one more phone call..... when I called him back he said ok here's the deal 2 years DOC....I said well I'll do that!! But now I thought he might be tricking me to come back... but he assured me he wasn't Well this was a true test of my faith to trust God.....So I said ok God if you want me to go back I'll trust you.....so I went..... it sure was scary that day to walk into the court room but I had a peace over me that every thing would be ok..... Well we agreed on 2 years and after the judge heard they left me out accidental and I turned myself back in he made it 1 year instead!! Praise the Lord!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I was happy it was all going to be behind me soon!! But do you see how God was in this thing from start to finish???? He will never leave you!!

Which brings me to the present.... I been out of jail 4 years now and have 5 years clean from drugs....Levi is back living with me.... Oh by the way my dad did die...but the Lord was merciful enough to keep him alive 1 day past me getting out of prison so I was at least able to see him one last time....Thank you Jesus!! The Lord also blessed me with 31,000 dollars from my dads will to get a fresh start with.....I love the Lord with all my heart now more than ever for all he put up with from me and will NEVER turn my back on him again.... If your reading this please take it from me and don't do like me and waste 26yrs of your life over dope!! Get high on Jesus He's truly the only one who can bring true happiness to your life..... If you don't know him and want him in your life then pray this prayer from your heart..... Praying this prayer also is the ONLY way to Heaven..... You don't make it to Heaven just by doing good... you must have a relationship with Jesus...

Dear Lord Jesus .. I come to you as a sinner in need of your forgiveness.. I believe you are the son of God and died on the cross for my sin...I now turn from my sin and ask you to come live in my heart and be my personal savior .. Make me the person you want me to be...in Jesus n

Well that's it, my life..... And I have a pretty good idea that most of you are thinking ,why would he tell everyone all that?? Doesn't he know everyone will be judging him now and putting a label on him...ect,ect,ect... well I sure didn't write it because I was trying to be in some kind of popularity contest or some thing... I wrote it for 3 reasons....Number one to give God the glory because he's the ONLY way a person can be changed from the inside out with the kind of change that's real and lasts a life time.. Number two... in hopes some one will read it AND believe it to the point that they can either stop using drugs or never start and avoid all I and thousands of other people had to go through... And third Just to let people know there is a Heaven and Hell and you just don't die and automatically go to Heaven.... Do you know there's not one day in my past I would change....Do you know why?? Because if I wouldn't of when through what I went through I may never of turned to Jesus and got saved.... In my opinion the person that is in the most danger of ending up in Hell is the person that never did any thing wrong in life... life just went nice and smooth and there never was any reason to worry about crying out to God for any reason..... That's the person I pity.... Please don't end up that person!!

God help me!

Hi, I've been doing meth everyday for around 6 years. I was put on probation and one of the terms was that I in roll into a treatment program. The Maverick House here in Phoenix is the one that was suggested to me. It's a 28 day in house program. I'm currently waiting on a bed to be available and I had some concerns I need help with. We all know it's very common to sleep a lot while coming down of meth, it's a fact. The Maverick House said they kick out meth users who fall sleep during there group sessions that they hold everyday, all day long. These treatment centers are supposed to help users get off drugs not punish them, right? I don't believe they administer medication so it's a "cold turkey" treatment. My insurance is paying \$5,800 for this program, for that kind of money I believe a "cold turkey" treatment is not treatment, that's cruel, that's punishment and that's inhumane. There are people there not on probation, they're there voluntarily so do they get medication or do I have to suffer because I'm on probation? We all are paying the same amount; we should all get the same treatment. Is it common for treatment centers to practice the "cold turkey" way to treat there patients? I have a bad feeling that I'll get kicked out for something as stupid as falling asleep. I want to quit, I have to quit but without medication I don't think I can do it. God help me, my life depends on it.
--Bob

RL (February) asked why do we stay and put up with this. We care about people and we think that we can save them and help. It takes a lot for a person to realize that we can't. I wrote back in August of 05 and my story still goes on today. I have never used drugs and I never will but my life has been affected in so many ways because of meth. My step daughter's mom is still using and can't even see her 2 children without supervision. My nephew doesn't know his mother and has a brief relationship with his father (my brother). My ex boyfriend is still using and in an out of jail. It never stops unless they want it to. My brother in law is also still on drugs and missing out on his 2 little girls life. I hope for the best for my brother whom is on his way to recovery. He was in Jail from December 05 to October 06 and since has been in a live in treatment program. He so far is doing well. He wants to have a life and raise his now 3 year old son whom since he was 5 months old has been raised by his grandparents. I learned a big lesson when I dated an addict never think you can help. They will only drag you down. They take and take until there is nothing left and then your the one that is left with nothing. It's not always love it's about thinking that you want to make a difference in the world. But you can't it has to be them whom makes the change.

The people in my life that are truly being affected by the drug use is these users children. Everyone of the people in this story are parents and have children that they should be with and should be supporting but there not. Instead they are supporting there habits. Other people are raising them and being parents to there children. It makes me crazy when I can see that they are still on it and think that it is ok to be around there children in that condition. These addicts use there families and friends to enable them by telling them they are getting better when truly they are still on it. I have seen so much I wish the families could see how much they are enabling them. I know it's hard but the families need to intervne to be able to help the user let them figure out what real life is like. Do not give them money, do not give them a place to stay, make them get a job, stop babying them because they are on drugs. Get them help, make them go to an in treatment facility and that is the only time you should help them. Been through this to many times I know that is the only way to help is to use tough love.

Again I have never used nor will I ever but this crap has affected my life so much. I pray that soon all of them get off the stuff.

--Mary - in Cali

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