

21/03/2018

Hello Keith, hope all's well with you and the hall. Had a few days off and found some files on my old laptop. Thought I'd send you a snippet of something I wrote a week out of treatment [7 years ago] and wanted to say thank you.

The second rehab that [my funder] had recommended was called Littledale Hall Therapeutic Community, [he] described it being like a stately home at the end of a lovely riverside road, away from towns and off licenses in Lancashire countryside. Looking back now I can honestly say those 12 months were the strictest, emotionally draining and difficult months of my life. Everything I lived for, my drink and everything that I thought was me, stripped down and almost retrained to believe in constantly improving your inner strength. I went on the interview and day visit all in one, can't say I remember a lot about it. I got upset I think. I managed to sneak down a couple of magners cider before leaving the house to calm my nerves, and give me a boost of hopeful confidence. They called me back for a couple of weeks' time, this time they wanted me to meet and have a one to one with a psychologist, and Keith the manager was there to have a chat to. I couldn't speak. The words just wouldn't come out. I stuttered vague sentences, as I hadn't managed to sneak a drink that morning so I was shaking too. I remember Keith saying to me that day, and it swayed me to commit to rehab, life's good. Just the way he said it made me want to move in there and then. 6 weeks before going into Littledale I had to detox myself off the high intoxication levels of alcohol in my body, then also taking antabuse, the anti-alcohol drug. Before going into Littledale, I experienced 6 full on seizures. I remember nothing about them apart from feeling extremely dazed and confused and having random pain in funny places. I was coming off the alcohol, getting it out of my system, weaning off it, I know how dangerous this can be. I went to Littledale [in] 2010, my sister accompanying me for the journey, in case I fitted. I vaguely remember leaving my sister, but my memory is really fuzzy around this time. I can't remember my first week much, my first meal there was fish, chips and peas and was very nice except I hate fish! On my second day, the other 15 girls and I went to base camp, a national trust log cabin in the lakes, helping out with landscaping and sleeping in bunk beds. I knew I had to do it. Well life is good!

Wouldn't change a minute of it ... 😊 Thanks Keith xx

7 years sober 😊