

Letter From Our Disease

Hello...

Just in case you forgot me, I am your disease. I hate meetings, I hate higher powers. I hate anyone who has and works a program. To all who come in contact with me: I wish you suffering and I wish you death. Allow me to introduce myself.

I am the disease of addiction. I am cunning, baffling, and powerful. I have killed millions; I have ruined the lives of millions more, and I am pleased.

I love to catch you by surprise. I love pretending that I am your friend and lover. I have given you comfort, haven't I? Wasn't I there when you were lonely?

When you wanted to die, didn't you call on me, and didn't I answer? I was there. I love to make you hurt; I love to make you cry. Better yet, I love to make you so numb that you can neither hurt nor cry.

I love to help you give up and feel hopeless. When you can't feel anything at all, that is my true gratification. And all that I ask from you is long term suffering and lonely despair.

Haven't I been there for you always? When things were going right in your life, you invited me in. You said you didn't deserve these good things, and I was the only one who agreed with you. Together, we were able to destroy everything good in your life.

When things went wrong, I was there to agree with you about how unfair life is and how blameless you are for anything that happens to you. I was the only one who would crawl down into the slimy paralysis of self-pity and wallow around with you there.

People don't take me seriously, and while this wounds my pride, I don't really mind because it so strongly serves my purpose. People take strokes, heart attacks, diabetes, and AIDS seriously. Fools. Without my help, those illnesses would not even be possible, for many people. I am such a hated disease, and yet I do not come uninvited.

You choose whether or not to have me active in your life. Doesn't that prove how powerful and cunning I am? So many choose me, over reality and hope—even while they say they hate me.

But more than you hate me, I hate all of you who have embraced recovery. Your refusal to invite me in: your program, your meetings, your higher power.

All of these things weaken me and disgust me and I can't function in the manner I am accustomed to. So now I must lie here quietly waiting.

Oh, you may not see much of me anymore, but I am here—and I have all the time in the world to wait for you.

When you only exist, I may live. When you live, I only exist. But I am here.

And until we meet again—if we meet again—I wish you misery and death, just as I always have done and always will do.

Most Sincerely,

Your disease

Credit: Houston SAA: <https://houstonsaa.org>

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