



Kicking the Addiction

By Paisley Lukenbill

I HAVE HAD a problem with drugs my entire life—not my own, but my father’s addiction. It’s been really difficult to deal with it. I have felt a lot of embarrassment about him. I will always love my dad, but there have definitely been some broken promises and hurt feelings. There have been a lot of lies and there have also been a lot of masks put up to look like a perfect family and a perfect father daughter relationship. I know that I haven’t always been the best daughter for him; I haven’t always given him the support he has needed. But he hasn’t always been the best father either. I know the places that we both need to work at to create a better relationship, and I know what I need to change to help him kick his addiction.

When I was probably eleven my dad first told me that he smoked marijuana. Things started to make sense to me, I understood why some close friends of mine wouldn’t let their daughter stay over at our house. And why I always had to go to her house instead. That embarrassed me. I didn’t like suddenly turning into that child that parents say can come over to their house, but they won’t let their child come over to my house because my dad smokes pot all of the time. I felt humiliated; I sudden-

ly had a deep dark secret that I couldn’t tell any of my friends. My dad promised me that with my help he could kick this addiction. So I did everything I could to help him. I would find information online about the effects that smoking marijuana has on your body. I was really supportive the first time I found out about his problem. With my mom’s help and mine we were able to help him get over his addiction.

Unfortunately, this wasn’t the last time my father had to tell me that he had a problem with pot. I actually had to learn from my boyfriend at the time that my dad had started smoking again. He had walked in on my dad smoking in our kitchen. I was once again so embarrassed. I felt stupid, I wanted to scream at my dad, but instead I just gave him the cold shoulder. This probably wasn’t the best choice, and we didn’t talk for a long time. He would tell me that I was being unreasonable, but I couldn’t look past his addiction that he just couldn’t quit. I hated him for it, but it was really hard to not feel upset. I think that my anger toward him may have helped him quit for a while. I thought it could finally be over for good. We started trying to mend our relationship, but there were still some masks out when people were around

so that they would think we were one happy family.

The final time I learned that my dad wasn’t done with smoking, I walked in on him having a conversation with one of his buddies over the phone. He then was forced to come clean again to me, I felt so hurt. I was feeling emotionally exhausted and I just wanted to be done with it. I didn’t give him the cold shoulder and I didn’t help him. I just felt like I’d given up all together. I am ashamed to admit that I really have given up on trying to do anything about his problems. As of right now I have no idea if my dad is still smoking pot or if he’s once again “quit”. As much as I want to continue to believe that he will one day finally quit, it’s really hard. There have been so many broken promises of him quitting. I told my best friends about my dad’s problem the last time he told me he was off the wagon again. One of them said not to give up on him, and I know that is really what I should do. But it’s hard not to give up on someone who has already given up on himself.

I know the problems that have been my fault. I feel like I should be more like my mom in these situations. She is obviously disappointed in him as well, but she is able to handle it a lot more than I am. She gives him choices, like leave the house or kick the habit, but she still loves him and supports him and shows him compassion. I think I need to start thinking about what I should do through Jesus. I know my dad messes up. But I know that I need to show him compassion, and need to be able to love him for who he is. One of my friends said it was part of the generation that my dad comes from. I understand that, but I really just want him to quit for good. It would be better for him and for the rest of us. 🙏

ALERT SCHOLARSHIP

Paisley Lukenbill is a recent high school graduate from Idaho. Alert Magazine congratulates her for winning the Alert Scholarship and we encourage her in the pursuit of her academic goals. We would also like to encourage future seniors to participate in our scholarship program.