A Battle Against Myself

Brian Washington

Have you ever hit rock bottom and wondered how you could ever recover? I am one of those people. In the early 1990s, I was not living well. I was not taking good care of myself. I was a mess because of my drinking and partying lifestyle. I was lost in a world of self-destruction. I thought I would die from it! I did not know myself anymore. The man who used to run 10 miles and work out every day was gone. He was gone, and I did not know how to find him!

I felt less than human during that time. If you had seen me then, you would have thought I was one of those people who would never be able to recover. However, on March 4, 1996, God showed His grace and mercy. I started to go to Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. I started to turn my life around. It was one of hardest battles to fight because I was fighting against myself.

Alcoholism is a disease that does not care one bit about you. It does not care what race you are or how much money you have. It doesn’t matter how many titles you have. All it really wants to do is destroy anything positive in your life and replace it with alcohol. But God gave me the blessing of resilience to help me combat this disease that was devastating my life. All I have is one day at a time.

Describe what recovery looked like for Bernie (p. 29) and/or for Brian (above).