

As I've written this out, I think I've come to understand why alcoholism was such a taboo. It was for my sake. My younger brother's sake. We were brought into a world, a family, where that man, my mother's alcoholic father, didn't exist anymore. I never knew the man my mother talked about, but I knew the man he became.

I only wish I could have heard his story in his own way and in his own time. I wish I could have told him that his past was nothing to be ashamed of because of everything that he overcame. I wish I could have seen the smile on his face when I overcame the battle myself.