

THE POWER OF ADDICTION

Never, ever, I mean do **not** underestimate the power of addiction. Whether it is your addiction, a family member's addiction or a friend's addiction, it is all the same. Some are more self destructive than others but that doesn't matter if the addiction is for power, heroin, speed, sex, or money; the fact is that if a person is addicted, they are a narcissistic megalomaniac who actually believes that whatever they are addicted to is the most important "thing" in the world, and they believe they are entitled to have it. I'll leave it to the psychiatrist to explain why they became that way, but they can't explain it. They only try to help them.

This addiction leads the addict to say anything to anyone they believe that person wants to hear, or say anything to influence people to incur their help. They make promises they never intend on keeping; admit to their addiction if they believe it helps their own agenda; have no compassion or even think of the feelings of those people that love or care for them.

They do not have the slightest regard for what you may have sacrificed to make their life better, even if you brought them back from the dead. No matter how often they have said they appreciate all you are doing for them, they still believe that was what you should have been doing for them in the first place -- and nothing else.

Let's take the example of a person addicted to Oxycotin. Why Oxycotin? Because it is the closest thing to heroin on the pain killer market today that can be prescribed by a doctor. Doctors, of course, are aware of how addictive Oxycotin is and the bottle it comes in lays out in no uncertain terms that after 40 days of use you will be addicted. Therefore, it is normally used for pain management in the hospital after surgical trauma such as a burst colon and the pain resulting from having to heal from the wound cut down the belly from breast bone to inches below the naval resulting in having to carry a colostomy bag the rest of the addict's life.

But upon being released from the hospital the pain medication is usually dropped to a lower opiate derivative like Percocet and then a semi synthetic pain killer such as Hydrocodone, then aspirin.

But for a person who is 100 pounds overweight, and suffers from diabetes, and has found a Dr. Feelgood that has kept the obese diabetic so addicted, that for five years the doctor has been feeding the addict double doses of Oxycotin (10/350) 120 pills at a time, to be taken on an "as needed" basis. This doctor knows he has one Hell of an addict on his hands. And Dr. Feelgood never bothers to check him physically because the addict lives out of the county, so he has no concept for the fact the Oxycotin is masking the pain of the addict's swelling of the ankles up to 18" with ugly, pussy sores up and down his legs.

The addict is so overweight, and has so little strength in his legs from the diabetes, that when he falls, which is too often, it is impossible for him to get up on his own, He must scream for help until somebody either comes along and helps him or call's the police, who call the fire department, to help him up. Meanwhile, the opiate in Oxycotin creates such constipation to the addict's bowel movements that his colon finally backs up and burst under the pressure of constipation, causing sewage to burst into the self inflicted addict's gut. The doctors have to cut out 8" of his/her colon, which leads back to the colostomy bag. Can you feel the pain?

It is a fact that many addicts will voluntarily submit to unneeded surgical procedures in order to get a new run at pain killers. They may do that several times over the years. But not even the hardest core drug addict ever wants their colon to burst, spend three months in the hospital, and end up with a colostomy bag. So there is a certainty that the addict had no idea of the repercussions he would have to deal with as a result to the Oxycotin addiction and its constipation. What about Dr. Feelgood?

It turns out the best thing that happened to the addict, from the point of view of a person who cares about him, was that during his/her three month stay in the hospital they broke the physical addiction to Oxycotin and had him on four Percocet a day. The next step upon release from the hospital was to work him into Hydrocodone as a pain killer..

But this is where being an addict comes in. Any normal person would never again want to touch Oxycotin. The addict lost 60 pounds so far during the stay in the hospital, his/her ankles were normal and the sores were gone. He/she was on the brink of having a normal blood sugar level and an end to diabetes. All the addict had to do was work with rehabilitations to gain strength in the upper body so he/she could use a walker or wheel-chair to get their self around the house.

But here is what was going on in the addict's mind. He/she hated being in the hospital but did not want to die and did not have the strength to leave the hospital. His/her biggest problem was that they could not smoke pot in the hospital and regardless of how much the addict kicked and screamed and demanded more pain pills the less receptive they were to giving them to the patient. For their own good?

It was then, and only then that he/she called me. Although I had not spoken or seen this client for three years, I get a call from the social services of the rehab center where the client is located and told by a very nice complete stranger that the client wanted to be taken home and dropped off on their living room floor to die. The nasty part was that it would take two or three days to die in which case the client said they did not mind defecating on their self until they passed on. But the real reason the client demanded this was because he/she thought they had a

big bag of Oxycotin at home. Therefore the addict told the medical personnel that the only person in the world he/she wanted to talk to was his attorney in Santa Barbara.

Mark this experience as a rule of life. The addict is an addict until he/she decides not to be. You have nothing to say or do about it.

Unfortunately for him, and later to his utter astonishment someone else who cared about him had been to the house first and threw his much desired stash in the garbage.

I will make the following three months story of last summer bearable by simply stating I could not take him down that road to death and wanted to give him something to live for. The mere legal hi-jinks I had to perform to first undo the fraudulent mess his estate had gotten into, which was founded on nothing but spite, alienation of friends due to his daily intoxication of narcotics, and led by a State paid care-giver who completely defrauded him by taking him to her lawyer sixty miles away and making herself trustee of everything he owned, all of which is totally illegal under "Elderly Financial Abuse" laws.