

Why would someone come rescue me at 11 o'clock on a Friday night?

I was in a horrible situation. I *knew* I was going to relapse. They took action right away, took me to a place of peace and kindness, and the next morning everything was different.

I was safe. I was surrounded by love and acceptance and empathy. No one judged me for my mistakes. They helped me learn how to quit making them.

Why did someone come rescue me at 11 o'clock on a Friday night? They didn't think I'd live 'til Monday.

**This is a true story as related by BG,
who has been clean and sober
since September 2015**