

Chuck's Story – Old Habits Die Hard

Old habits die hard with me. I have one foot planted in each of two worlds. One is the world of my youth, weekend black outs, and little sense of family stability. The other is an enlightened world of holistic health care practitioners. The rest of me is stuck someplace in between.

Do I know what is best for me? Yes.

Do I do it? No.

Those old patterns are so hard to break. I need daily support to grind against the ruts in my road. In Suppers for Sobriety I'm seeing a pattern to my patterns. There's a metaphor of failure to care for myself, even while I spend my workday caring for others. It shows up in my diet; it shows up in my sleeping habits; and it shows up in my relationships.

You would think after all these years of staying up late to watch the news that I would realize nothing is new. But I'm addicted to the TV news. And as sure as I got alcoholic hangovers in the old days, I get sleep deprivation hangovers today.

What I'm getting from Suppers for Sobriety is awareness and consistent reinforcement as I experiment with healthy change, new patterns like eating better and letting myself rest. I should give myself the same good advice I give my clients: work less, take care of yourself more, and follow your own good advice.

Old habits die hard, especially the ones I have around basic self-care. I find it very motivating to get a charge from these meetings, take the lessons home to my son, and know that the group will not judge me when I founder.