

# A Different Drug Problem

We seldom pick up a newspaper or hear reports from the electronic media that the subject of drug problems is not discussed. Often, it is because of the addiction of an individual to an illegal substance, or it may be the frustration of a community as it attempts to deal with the widespread incidence of drug abuse.

A letter written anonymously to a newspaper, submitted by a “concerned citizen,” has appeared on the Internet. Its message will have personal meaning to many of the residents we serve in Life Care, Century Park and Life Care at Home, as well as a number of associates. Here it is:

*The other day, someone at a store in our town read that a Methamphetamine lab had been found in an old farmhouse in the adjoining county, and he asked me a rhetorical question: “Why didn’t we have a drug problem when you and I were growing up?”*

*I replied that I had a drug problem when I was young: I was drug to church on Sunday morning. I was drug to church for weddings and funerals. I was drug to family reunions and community socials no matter the weather.*

*I was drug by my ears when I was disrespectful to adults. I was also drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents, told a lie, brought home a bad report card, did not speak with respect, spoke ill of the teacher or the preacher, or if I didn’t put forth my best effort in everything that was asked of me.*



*I was drug to the kitchen sink to have my mouth washed out with soap if I uttered a profanity. I was drug out to pull weeds in Mom’s garden and flower beds, and cockleburs out of Dad’s fields. I was drug to the homes of family, friends and neighbors to help out some poor soul who had no one to mow the yard, repair the clothesline, or chop some firewood, and, if my mother had ever known that I took a single dime as a tip for this kindness, she would have drug me back to the woodshed.*

*Those drugs are still in my veins and they affect my behavior in everything I do, say or think. They are stronger than cocaine, crack or heroin; and, if today’s children had this kind of drug problem, America would be a better place.*

*God bless the parents who drugged us.*

These are some of my memories, too – and perhaps they stir up some recall for you.

– Beecher Hunter