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My Name Is Edward, I Am an Alcoholic

Edward Baros

While I was still a baby my Grandmother adopted me. I was born into a family of 12 sisters but I really hurt because my mother and father did not want me. On my 10th birthday, my sister and a friend came over while my grandmother was shopping. I was outside playing basketball, when my sister called me in to play a game. First they tied me to the bed, took my clothes off and had sex with me. I tried to get loose but my legs and arms were hurt with the ropes.

When I told my Grandmother about it she hit me on the head with a 2 by 4. At the hospital the doctor believed me and called the police who arrested my sister and her friend. The court gave them five years but that does not stop the nightmares still on my birthday.

I first learned to drink when I was 16 when my father taught me with beer and whisky. I was a heavy drinker from 16 til I was 21. My next nightmare was when I was 18. I went hunting with a friend. I was only drinking beer, but he was taking "angel dust" but I didn't have any.

We were walking on top [of the] train track bridge with me leading in front. I turned around just as he shot himself in the head and fell in the water. I called to my house to get help. I couldn't talk and was in shock when I saw the blood on my clothes. I called the police and an ambulance was called too. He was pronounced dead. We had to inform his parents about what happened. This hurt me and still does sometimes.

When I was 21 I was kicked out of my grandmother's home. I lived on the street for ten months. I was lucky to have had a friend who bought me food and beer everyday. The day my grandmother went to the hospital I was in jail. Someone put a "micky" in my drink, I was even knocking [down?] doors. It was best that she didn't know I was in jail. I was given 30 days by the court. Of course, one of them was my birthday.

While I was in jail my grandmother died and I was released to my uncle. At the reading of my grandmother's will, my uncle and aunt decided to help because my grandmother had left me \$2,000. After I moved [into] my uncle and aunt's house, they kicked me out and back on the street. I went to a group home in Wyoming. I met [my] wife. When we broke up, I wanted to die, but they found me in time.

While I was in Wyoming, my sister came to visit from Rhode Island. After meeting my wife she said if I ever need a place, to come to see her. One day my wife and I had

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a big fight. [I was] thrown up against the wall. I didn't need that. With only my clothes, some borrowed money from my uncle, I rode the bus from Wyoming to here.

When I first arrived, I got help from the James L. Maher Center. I went to work and worked on the Navy Base for 5 years. When I moved into 50 Washington Square I met David Mehl. I changed jobs and started working for them and living in a nice apartment.

All the time I lived with my grandmother, uncle, aunt, sister, I was a lonely person and felt no one cared for me. Everything was fine til I got into an argument with a girl I thought I loved and started to drink again. When I drink and drink I am hateful to myself and others. I also get angry a lot and bang my head up against the wall.

I was banging my head on the floor when someone called rescue and I went to Newport Hospital, where I stayed overnight. When I drink it makes me not want to live. When I was discharged my counselor asked me if I wanted to go into treatment. I agreed to go to the Good Hope Center. I am glad to have someone like her to care for me.

To everyone at the Good Hope Center I want to say "Thank you." You helped me to open my eyes better and be happy! When [I came back I] didn't want to come out of my bedroom, it took me two days, but I am so glad to be back at work.

This always [seems to happen? when I] meet someone that can share time with me and I can care for her. I just don't want to be lonely again. I've never been on a date with a lady. 2.

2/22/91