



## Letter One: Getting Sober

Dear Friend,

Over the next thirty days I will be writing you each day to help you understand what an alcoholic is, how an alcoholic thinks, and what to do to stay sober.

These writings and insights do not come at a cheap price... they almost cost me my very life and robbed me of my sanity.

Let me first start by saying that I understand how you feel.

I understand how hard it is to accept that something so simple, so pleasurable at one time, and so innocently used by other people, can knock us down to our very core and cause me to wonder... what is wrong with me... why can I not stop drinking.

On so many other areas of life it was easy for me to excel. I started a successful online business from just a simple idea when no one believed in me. At that time I had nothing to my name, no fancy degree, no formal schooling, and I barely knew how to use my computer.

Certainly someone that can do that... can kick something as simple as drinking... or so one would think.

I used to pride myself on the ability to learn and talk my way out of any situation... this was a valuable tool at times or so it seemed... I was even able to talk my way out of staying the full 72 hour stay at a state run mental facility... convincing them I was sane... the law requires a full 72 hours... I got out in four.

Or the so many times people looked up to me for answers and advice saying... wow... he seems to have it all together... hes so grounded and mature,

Yet deep down I knew there was something wrong... deeper than the alcohol... deeper than my outward appearance which was usually presentable.



I was a functional alcoholic... I ran my business, took care of my family, cooked dinner every night, and helped other people with their problems... I even had a therapist who stopped charging me because I was “helping her more than she helped me.”

But... amidst the anguishing thoughts, daily guilt and shame, and inability to shut my mind of... I knew something was wrong... but I did not know what or how to move past it.

Could this little drink... be what is wrong with me.

Is there more... I would often wonder this as I searched the internet for ideas day and night...

I would search things like “am I an alcoholic” and “what is an alcoholic” and even things like “am I going crazy” many a sleepless night I would stay awake researching and learning.

To no avail... nothing seemed to help. No one had the answer I was looking for so I could stop drinking long enough to clear my mind and figure out what was going on.

In the spring of 2014, my life seemingly came to a crash.

I sold my home in California completely in a drunken fog and was about to relocate myself, my two kids, and my wife across the country to florida for no real reason other than... I wanted to and the houses are cheaper.

We had problems getting the house in florida, my income wasn't what I had expected... and I could not run away from fear and constant thoughts of impending doom.

My life was worth less to me than my life insurance policy.

At this point my kids were afraid to be alone with me when I drank because I was not able to tend to their needs and care for them like a father should.



My wife and I had our problems... 14 years of them... but all faded in the distance when I could not stop drinking... that was all there was... that consumed me and them.

WHY CAN I NOT STOP DRINKING

WHY CAN I NOT GET PAST MY PAST

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH ME

These thoughts plagued my mind day and night, I could not escape... I could not “turn them off.”

The only thing that helped was more alcohol.

After a few weeks of serious consideration... I had decided the best way to solve my problems and get rid of these haunting thoughts was to end it all.

I had planned to take my own life... seriously planned and thought out – not another one of my half cocked plans, this one was dialed in.

After all... if no one knows what the hell is wrong with me... then it must be really really bad and I should not be allowed to exist anymore.

Perhaps you are not as bad as I was... or maybe worse.

But I can tell you that today after being two and a half years sober... I still have the desire to drink sometimes... sometimes I just want the taste... and others I know it used to help me escape a tough situation or just shut my mind off for a little bit.

In those times I find it helpful to remember where I came from...

To remember what it was like to wake up after a crappy 4 hour sleep obsessing about what I did the day before... trying to nervously account for every minute, where I was, what I did, who I talked to, what I said, what I thought I did, what



I thought I didn't do... often times I would be in tears over what my life had become... and I do not want that back.

Or to remember what it was like to HAVE to drink.

When I used to HAVE do down a few drinks, or cheap box wines, or the bottoms of whatever was left over from the bottles of the day before... just to calm my anxiety to function in daily life.

One time It got so bad that I could not take a walk with my wife for more than 200 yards because my legs gave in from anxiety and made me feel like my world was crashing in.

Other times I made excuses not to go to school functions because of anxiety so bad I could not sit still.

For over a year I could not attend church with my family because of this body crippling anxiety that would not go away no matter what I did.

I was going insane.

My therapists said I just needed exposure therapy or some other cokamamy shit they came up with for the day... I even took anti-depressants to try to help.

NOTHING WORKED... alcohol helped at first...

Then it got to where it was needed for daily functioning. I drank all day every day, in the morning, at 4am, at lunch, all night... I was in the grips of alcohol... it owned me.

The very thing that helped me cope... had turned on me.

I HATE YOU ALCOHOL.

Why did you do this to me... what have I become... how can I get out.



These letters I will be sending you over the next thirty days are going to...

- Show you what is going on with your mind and how alcohol is affecting you
- Teach you how to not drink even if things get worse than they are right now
- Give you the gift of sober thinking
- Help you understand how your mind got this way in the first place
- Reveal tools you can use to combat the “unstoppable thoughts”
- Inspire you to overcome down times and depression
- Put an end to the useless guilt that plagues you
- Calm you by showing you how to deal with anxiety
- Inform you of what an alcoholic is and is not
- Give you daily coping skills to deal with just about anything
- Show you how to get by without alcohol
- And of course... you will start feeling better starting now

I write these to you as your brother, a friend, and someone who knows what its like to be where you are... you are not alone anymore... my words will go with you... take them and use them.

These are the letters I wish someone had sent me when I was at the end of my ropes... and sometimes not...

You see this is a tough mountain to climb.

Sometimes I was able to maintain my drinking... sometimes I could stop for one, two, or even three weeks. And, I thought I had it all handled... I wasn't a fucking drunk like those dudes in the park.

I had my houses, my cars, my business, and my family.

Then I would look back wondering how I ended up drunk again... I was doing so well... now I am endlessly searching the grates under the bbq, the sheetrock





in my office, the boxes in the garage where I hid my \$1 box wines... pining like a fiend for my next fix.

Trembling, afraid, anxious, and guild ridden.

WHAT THE FUCK... I was fine last week... I went a whole three weeks... I had a beer at lunch with my diet coke... I was good... I had a diet coke for crying out loud... i was fine... till I wasn't.

I cant tell you what took me from my diet coke and lite beer to bottles of box wine and vodka, I can't even tell you where I bought them or why. It was as if some force above me was guiding me to that store and putting it in my basket.

My friend, you are not alone, and you do not have to do this by yourself.

I have walked this road before... and I am going to walk it with you for the next thirty days.

Remember... alcoholics drink... that's what they do. Do not look at yourself as a success or failure if you drink again. Do not trust your feelings when you are hungover, sad, angry, or tired... let these letters be your guide and I will help you.

Welcome... to the first day of understanding your mind... try not to drink today no matter what happens... if you can get thru the next 24 hours and make it to my next letter... that will be helpful... if you cannot make it 24 hours... go as long as you can and if you get the urge to drink... or find yourself about to order one... read my next letter first.

I love you and can't wait to share my life stories and experience with you.



I am not writing this as an all knowing enlightened son of a bitch who thinks he knows all... I'm just sharing what happened to me, what got me sober, and what keeps me sober today... use these words as a guidepost and make them your own... in them you will find what works for you.

Love, Marcus

**Be Sure To Check Out Marcus & Terry's Sober Coaching Group  
For Added Help And Support To Get Sober, Stay Sober,  
And Live The Life You Were Meant To Live...**

**[www.talksober.com/GO/](http://www.talksober.com/GO/)**

**we have weekly live calls, tons of mp3's for your phone, pdf  
printables, downloadable worksheets, and an entire course  
to help you get and stay sober... and its fun!**