

Dear Gambling,

I'll call you slot machine. My lover, my friend. I have known you for many years. You were there for me

- when I retired and had time to play all day
- when my relationship, separation, marriage ended
- you became my romancer
- When my son was given a ten-year sentence and I wouldn't be able to talk to him and share my pain
- Through bankruptcy
- running my credit cards up
- loans from Money Tree

But somewhere along the way, you turned on me. You no longer covered or sheltered me from the pain of loss, debt, loneliness or fear. Playing with you only made my pain worse. The pain of humiliation, degradation, self-pity and loss. The hallucination was the end of the road.

So I mustn't romance you, but separate, divorce and find a way to live without you. Fill my days with love, others have for me that is genuine and positive to heal from your wrath. I choose to recover and regain my power back and find my own happy!