

TRACKS

MAGAZINE FOR ILLICIT DRUG USERS

Issue 12 2011



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QUIHN'S VISION

An affirming holistic response to the health and well being of illicit drug users in Queensland.

QUIHN's PURPOSE

Identify, articulate and respond to the health needs and well being of illicit drug users by challenging perceptions relating to illicit drug use, providing client services statewide, and by linking, partnering, and connecting with individuals, families, communities, business and government.

Counselling services provide a range of strategies for people wanting to reduce or cease their drug use, including psychosocial education, and process and recreational groups offering support for people contemplating, making, or sustaining changes to drug use.

Training and education are provided to clients, professionals and the wider community in regard to illicit drug use, through peer education, outreach, group education and staff training. Information and resources are provided through QuiHN's website, brochures, magazines and NSPs. QuiHN is the Queensland member organisation of the Australian Injecting & Illicit Drug User's League (AIVL).

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WE WANT YOUR FEEDBACK!

We welcome feedback on this magazine, QuiHN's other publications, website and services. Your comments help us to improve our resources, information and services. Feedback can be provided in writing, by phone or email, using the details above. You can also lodge feedback using our website, or download a form from there to fill in. You can choose to remain anonymous.

This publication does not necessarily reflect the views of Queensland Injectors Health Network (QuiHN). QuiHN chooses not to judge those who use illicit drugs, but welcomes contributions which reflect opinions and issues of those who have used, or are still currently using illicit drugs. It is not the intention of this publication, or QuiHN, to encourage people to use illicit drugs or engage in criminal activities, but to reduce harms caused by illicit drug use. The editorial panel reserves the right to edit material submitted, and will not be held responsible for the accuracy, or otherwise, of information in this publication. No responsibility will be taken by QuiHN for harm people encountered following actions taken upon reading the contents of this publication. This publication is not intended for general distribution — its target group is those who use, or have used illicit drugs. QuiHN is funded by the Queensland Department of Health and the Australian Government - Department of Health & Ageing.

Editor's

Welcome to the final edition of Tracks Magazine for 2011. In this edition we will be focusing on families. As many would know, drugs affect all members of society in one way or another and while we often think of the issues facing the person using the drug we sometimes forget the issues that families face in trying to help or support the person.

In this edition of Tracks you will find various articles covering issues that many families face on a day to day basis. Many families think they are alone and don't seek support or are not aware that support groups even exist. If you are unsure where to go for support or advice there are some family support groups listed on page 17.

We have moved!

Our Brisbane office has relocated to:

1 Hamilton Place, Bowen Hills QLD 4017



The telephone is still
3620 8111.

letter

This edition has many true life experiences that the authors have generously shared with us from “Empowering Families to Break down the Barriers” (page 10) to “If We Are in it, Then We’re in it Together” (page 5). QuIHN runs a number of supportive programs, of particular significance for this edition is the Parent Child & Family Program (PCF). The PCF counsellors have a vast amount of experience, knowledge and expertise in family work. Carol White, our PCF worker on the Sunshine Coast has written an article on page 17 outlining the work done, and issues faced, by the PCF team.

On page 18 you will find an inspirational interview with “Dangerous Dan” who undoubtedly has made many people proud by showing true determination in the face of adversity. It also shows a mothers obvious respect for her child.

All that and much more in this edition of TRACKS “Family Issue” MAGAZINE, Hope you enjoy it. Nik Alexander



SPM Health Promotion, QuIHN

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After that my sister and I are scooped up, one under each arm and put in our room. With the slamming of a door we are locked in with the yelling echoing outside our room. My sister and I have an old record player in our room; I turn it on to drown out the yelling and slamming. We sit on the floor not speaking with the music playing, then we wait. We wait for the crying, the crying signals: the beginning of the end. Crying and sobbing mostly ends with the word 'pathetic', then slamming of the door, down the stairs to the slamming of the car door, screeching tyres then silence.

Dad has left the building ladies and gentlemen. Off he goes, he will be back much calmer after his 'fix' then home he will come. Sometimes he throws up in the bathroom sink so my sister and I use the laundry tap down stairs when we brush our teeth. Mum will clean it up, washing away all that has happened until tomorrow. Then it starts again.

Slamming, yelling, pushing, crying ...

You may think that your children are hidden in the room, you may think that they are protected but your little one see, they listen and learn from what you do or what you allow someone to do to you.

You don't have to suffer domestic violence, get help now and protect your children.

Slamming doors, that's how it starts. Car doors, bedroom doors, cupboard doors. Without fail, it starts with slamming doors. Then the yelling. From the yelling we move into the pushing, pushing into cupboards, up against walls or the pushing over onto the ground.

Domestic Violence

...its not just about you

What is Domestic Violence?

When one person in an intimate relationship causes fear or harm to the other person. This can occur in all kinds of relationships such as

- Marriage
- Defacto
- Intimate personal relationships
- Between family members
- Same sex relationships

What are some of the kinds of Domestic violence?

Emotional abuse - this could include abusive language, threats, being put down, blame (this is all your fault etc)

Financial abuse- taking your money, taking control of all finances, refusing to give money (rent, health needs etc)

Physical abuse- this is when another person put their hands on you in a violent way or they threaten to do so. This could include pushing, slapping, kicking, punching, damage to property, use of weapons

Sexual abuse- ANY unwanted touching or sexual contact. The abuser expects the other person to be sexual available. This includes rape or the threat to do so.

Stalking- when the other person makes unwanted contact after it has been made clear the relationship is over. This includes following, constant phoning, emailing, texting, etc.

Social abuse- this is when a person isolates a person from family, friends and support networks. It

could also include constant 'checking up' as to where the other person is.

Mental abuse- is linked to all of the above and includes, lying, deception and fraud

The impact on your children may include:

- Low self esteem
- Behaviour problems – acting out, anger, physical and verbal aggression
- Bullying or being a victim of a bully
- Drug and alcohol abuse
- Feeling frighten – scared of the dark, fear of being alone
- Bed wetting
- Physical reactions- stomach aches, head aches, eating problems

The potential impact on pregnancy:

- Early delivery
- Low birth weight
- Fetal trauma or injury
- Delay in brain growth
- Substance use
- Late or no pre natal care

For Women - DVconnect 1800 811 811

Phone line for women, children & young people.
24 hours, 7 days

For Men

1800 600 636

Phone line for men.
9am - midnight, 7 days

Ah, how I've missed my children. They were so adorable when they were young, full of fun, beauty and promise – my best friends, we did everything together, and I was their world – in their

without warning. Then the drugs came into our world. Drugs meant more lies, stealing and arguments. Ok, but then came abuse, violence and unsafe behaviour towards the younger ones. We parted company.

that there are secrets and lies when we only come together. I have grandchildren, but it's not like I pictured. Far from looking forward to regular visits where I can spoil them, I have them all day every day – the

It's not about me

...its not just about you part 2

innocent eyes, I knew everything – the fount of all wisdom. Then the wonderful teenage years attacked us without warning! Arguments, defiance, lies. It was as though the aliens came and kidnapped them

After a time, things settled down, they might not be here with me anymore, but we're friendly. Living in my home confronts their lifestyle. It's not so obvious

tears, tantrums and discipline, not to mention the sheer hard work that I am now too old for.

Ah, how I miss my children...

Protecting the ones we love and the community

Safe disposal



From time to time it can be necessary to have injecting equipment (syringes, tips, swabs, filters, tourniquets) in your home. Some of the reasons we keep equipment in our home can be for:

- Drug use
- Insulin (diabetes)
- Treatment (interferon)
- Needle play
- Lancets (for blood collection)

The list can be endless however correct disposal reduces risk to loved ones and the wider community. When you have equipment (needles, fits, sharps and all the bits that go with it) in and around your home its important to remember to keep everyone safe in your living environment. It can also be an opportunity to educate your loved ones about the 'risks' when you come across unsafely disposed of fits in the community.

Once used injecting equipment can end up in our general rubbish, recycling bins (fits are not recyclable), down the toilet, sewage treatment plants (risking workers) or in public places (schools, parks, beaches, playgrounds). This puts the ones we love at risk of needle stick injury and the trauma it can cause not only to the person injured but also to extended family and friends.

Fit safety tips:

- Have disposal containers to put equipment in (or at the very least puncture resistant sealable container)
- Warning children about the 'do not touch, get an adult rule'
- Explain that all blood is a risk and the 'do not touch get an adult rule applies to this one too'
- Ensuring all equipment is out of reach or locked away from anyone's reach this includes children, pets, family and friends
- Don't recap or break the tips on fits
- Always dispose of equipment immediately after use
- In the event of a needle stick injury
- Try to remain calm
- Squeeze blood out
- Put under running water for 5 minutes
- Apply antiseptic and a band aid
- Go to your doctor or hospital and seek medical advice
- By educating and doing the 'right thing' we can protect everyone around us.

Daddy's little girl

Daddy's little girl

by Tegan Nuckey



*When a child is born they have no name,
They have no Identity no guilt or shame,
God chose you too guide me well,
Too teach me too walk, talk, eat and spell,
In choosing you I guess he didn't see,
That sometimes you wouldn't always choose me,
There was something else in your life that would always come first,
It didn't matter about promises to watch the dance I rehearsed,
When I was little so innocent and sweet,
I quickly learned how too charm anyone I'd meet,
You did teach me something, you taught me very well,
You taught how too cover my feelings an that 'everything' is swell,
You taught me that I shouldn't trust people or 'talk out of school',
You taught which junkies where alright to
see an the ones where 'un-cool',
I learnt early about the legal system, my
rights and what I shouldn't say,
I learnt not too worry about tomorrow, that's too far away,
You never showed any interest in me unless you where off you face,
You don't even remember my birthday, the year or even the place,
All I ever wanted was too be 'Daddy's little girl',
I wanted you to show me right and wrong
and guide me in the world,
I craved for you to want me or show me that you cared,
To teach me about boyfriends and boys that should make me scared,
Now in relationships I seek for someone like you,
Someone who escapes reality, and treats me like you do,
That little girl in me still looks for her dad,
In every boy that reminds me of you there the ones I grab,
I'm trying to accept that this will never be,
That any boy that's like you will never be right for someone like me,
We are very different but very much the same,
We don't like emotions, we don't know how too deal with pain,
We burry our feelings, we don't want anyone too see,
Under neither this pain and hurt there is a
little girl just wanting you too love me.*

If we're in it, then we're in it Together

I am a 22year old girl. I completed year 12, completed a diploma in community welfare work, worked for Department of Communities and other drug and alcohol organisations. I have traveled around Europe and currently study at university while working full-time as a health promotion welfare worker. I rent my own unit on the beach and have a great social network. I am also the only child of 2 heroin addicts...

I was asked to write my story. I don't think there will be enough paper as you can imagine my life has been a rollercoaster! So I'll give you a brief run down...here we go. It was 1989 I came into the world (5lbs 11oz). My mum was on methadone and my "dad/ sperm donor" was using heroin and was also a heavy pot smoker. Being born in 1989, hep C wasn't recognized yet. 21 years later I had a blood test done and was diagnosed with hep C. Hep C is usually not passed on through birth, in saying that, my birth was complicated and there was blood to blood contact.

My father was a very violent man, he use to beat mum up constantly. He would come home crying saying he was sorry blah

blah. The police didn't do much.. DVO after DVO Mum finally left him when I was 3 years old. Mum met my step dad, who I know as Dad, and we moved to Southport to live with him. He was a heroin dealer and mum was an earner so I guess they made a good team. They both decided to do earns on shopping centres (they believed that breaking into people's houses was bad, but shops was ok). Dad wasn't the best thief; mum just had a knack for it. I was her 5'8 - with this I would be the distracter while mum would do the work. She would never let me take anything, she was good like that.

It was great as a kid anything I wanted she would say "load up the trolley". Jewelry shops where definently a favorite for mum, as one decent earn would go a long way. These were long days, not just your average 9 to 5 job. Sometimes this would be driving to and from Brisbane 3 times a day. I was at school for year 1, only did about 2 months and then moved to a different school and stayed there for about 1 month.

I hated it there so mum and dad decided to go up to the sunny coast to dry out. Mum got a phone call from nan saying that she had just saw them in the paper and they were wanted for over 200 charges. I guess that's when shit got crazy. We were on the run. The 'dry out' went out the window.. hotels, motels, holiday apartments ,friends places, you name it I've stayed there. I guess the one thing I can always say I

had was a roof over my head, food in my belly and shoes on my feet. Eventually 6 months later dad finally got pinched. We were in a car chase from a shopping centre in Brisbane. We cut through cow paddocks and pinched a car which was on gas - ha ha that was interesting.

So at 6 years old mum decided I should go live with nan, and I was off to go and learn how to be a kid? I had 6 bags of clothes and toys, "only the best" my mother would say. I had a gold chain around my neck, bracelets and a ring. I started year 2 in Brisbane. This was strange since I hadn't really been around kids my own age for a while. I quickly fitted in. I had learnt how to do this very well growing up - how to say, act or even smile the right way to get what I wanted and I learnt how to talk my way out of things.

Mum had found a new co-earner and was earning on the GC. She would come pick me up on the weekends and we would go shopping! I used to love some aspects of it, it was all very exciting for me. I would always be fearful though of mum getting locked up which hadn't happened yet. A year went by, Dad got out, they got their own place, and I came home and started school on the coast. Mum decided to start dealing, earning was getting too hard. Mum was the brains and dad was the run around. Everything was going well. Mum would treat this as a 9-5 job. I was at school, started horse riding, life was good. Mum would always come

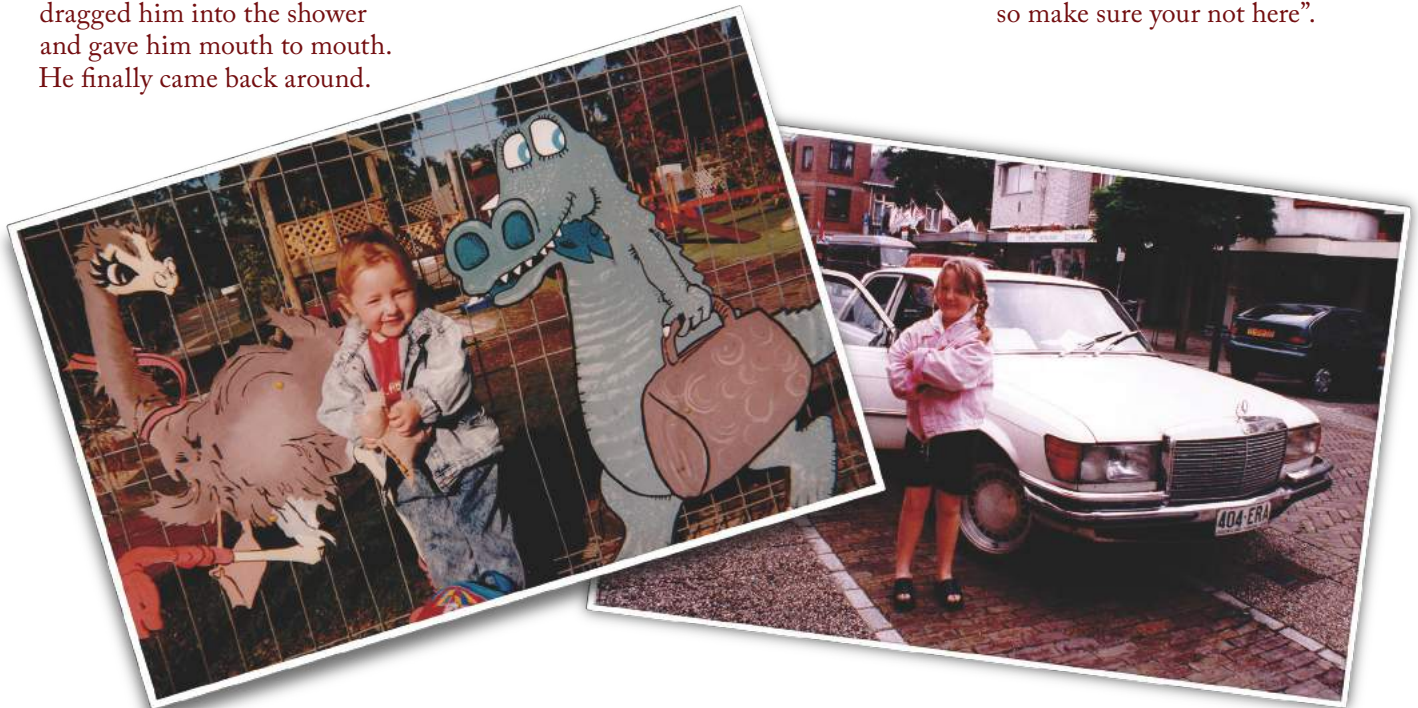
home with new TV's, computers, gold, you name it. I would write a list of anything I wanted and I would get everything on it. It was great for about 6 months.

Dad isn't the best criminal. He has always been in situations where police have beaten him up. He loves to run, my father, and if the opportunity comes up where he might be getting locked up its "come and get me! catch me if you can". I can remember one time when he had been beaten up by the cops, we picked him up and stayed in a hotel in Ballina. You can imagine how big hotel rooms are. Dad had a shot and dropped to the ground, he was covered in bandages and a sling. Mum was screaming and didn't want to call the ambulance. I dragged him into the shower and gave him mouth to mouth. He finally came back around.

around Queensland this time but overseas. Mum had saved approximately \$50,000, as well as credit cards and we flew over to the UK. I was 10 at the time. Mum had brought over enough gear and they were planning on stopping when it ran out. We bought a camper van and started traveling around Europe looking for a place to live and start setting up our lives. Our trip came to a stand still when the gear ran out. Where else better to go than Amsterdam? So there we stayed for about 8 months. The money was running out quickly and mum and I wanted to go home. So the plan was mum and I would come home, make some more money, and fly back over.

Mum bought a house, I had a horse and was settled in school. Everything was running smoothly.

14 now, dad came home and the police started watching us. Then the worst day of my life happened. I remember it like yesterday. 12 police officers bashed through the door at 5am. A street block was put up. I was strip searched. NSW and QLD police, cameras, dogs. I get goose bumps writing about it. They took mum and dad away. I was left in the house on my own. The coppa said to me, and I remember it so well, "the next time you'll see your parents is when you're locked up with them. If you're not picked up in an hour, ill be calling DOCS and I don't want to do the paper work so make sure your not here".



Anyway, so getting back to it, my parents would buy in bulk, if you get the drift, so as he was flying back, the police had gotten wind of it and grabbed him when he landed. He ran and was tackled by police and security. He was beaten badly. As one of the officers was kicking him, the gun fell out of his holster. Dad grabbed the gun and yelled for them to get off him. This was originally classed as 'attempted murder' and then dropped to serious assault on a police officer. Dad got bail and once again went on the run. Not just

During this time, Dad's father was sick in the Philippines. He flew over there to be with him and we met him over there. Dad was coming back to Australia to organize a medical plane to bring his father back to Australia. In coming back, dad was arrested at the airport and locked up for 4 years. His father died a few weeks later. Mum and I battled along, we are survivors you see. Mum was dealing and we had a driver who became part of our family and my brother from another mother.

My parents were extradited to Sydney and I had to call my 'oh so innocent' grandmother who had no idea what was going on. I had gear and \$15,000 on me and was on my way to Brisbane. I was on the phone to solicitors, banks, watch houses, you name it. The police came to my school and tried to get a statement out of me. They tricked the school to let them in. You can imagine my reaction! I was dragged out the front in hand cuffs, and from that day on I'm pretty sure the whole school knew.

The court case went on for 3 years, 36 adjournments, 36 goodbyes and hoping that I would see them again. The bank took the house, we had 2 Mercedes Benz cars and a Jaguar, everything was gone. I had a bag of clothes to my name. Dad was sent to a rehab in Cairns and mum came home.

We had no money, and she wasn't dealing again. Mum and I lived in our place while the bank was making the settlements with no power and no petrol to drive me to school. The church was dropping us around food boxes. Mum started using benzos heavily. Zannys, vals everything. Suboxone had just started being prescribed and she managed to come up with \$50 to get on the program. After this mum went into a deep depression. With help from the director of a rehab on the coast, she used her last \$250 centrelink paycheck to get herself down to Sydney and was admitted into Oddessy house. I started living with a close friend of mine and carried on my life. She left after 5 weeks and came back to Qld.

Dad came home, I moved back home and they continued using and dealing a little. Eventually just living on centrelink and doing a few little earns here and there, which would result in police visits blah blah blah...

This is a brief outline of my story. If I had more paper I'm sure I would have a novel at the age of 10 years. Police raids, hiding in car parks, car chases, jail visits, police stations/cars, court rooms..... the list goes on and there's a story to go with all of them. Ha ha, there's always a story!

This is where I come from. I have had to do so much work on myself, everything from relationships to re-learning morals and principles. Even to the extent of having a 'normal' routine? As a kid I was made to do counselling, haha. I use to go in and tell them my story just to spin them out. Today I have a fantastic counsellor that I have been seeing for just

over a year now. I am learning how to show emotions and how to deal with them. I have never touched drugs in my life- pot once and I drink occasionally. I guess for me I knew I would like drugs, so if I didn't do it, I didn't know what I was missing out on? My parents were very big on that - if I ever touched drugs they would have killed me. Mum said she would take me to Alice Springs and tie me to a tree, ha ha.

Mum and I are close. We have our ups and down but we manage. Dad is very disconnected from the world, doesn't really like people, hates the government and the rest. I would never take back anything that I have been through in my life.

I work as a drug and alcohol worker at QuIHN and if it hadn't have been for my past I don't think I would have the insight, strength, compassion or empathy that I do now. I'm not saying growing up was easy but I didn't know any different. It's only now that I can reflect on it and how crazy it really was.

I am growing and understanding more everyday. A big thing for me growing up, I could never understand why my parents would always 'choose' drugs over me. My mum had 5 miscarriages due to her drug use and as a kid that is something I could never understand.

A police officer said to me once: "heroin is the only thing that will separate a mother from her baby" and she was right. I have seen both sides of the fence and I am grateful for that. The only thing I feel I missed out on was actually being a kid. I had to grow up fast and now at 22 years I'm well beyond my years.

I love my parents and I thank them in some respect for showing me the life they didn't want me to have. Everyday I'm doing work on myself to make sure the cycle of addiction doesn't continue with me.

Tegan

& HEALTH HARM REDUCTION

Education & training is provided to clients, professionals and the wider community in regard to illicit drug use and blood-borne virus transmission.

Services offered include:

- Mix-Up (is a peer education program for current drug users)
- Brochures and printed materials
- Health Promotion
- Individual and group education sessions (e.g. blood borne viruses, vein care, sexual health, art groups)
- Needle disposal issues and business outreach
- Support and input into research, community development and policy making.

NSP's are part of Australia's public health strategy that aims to reduce the harms associate with drug use, including the transmission of blood-borne viral infections, by the provision of sterile injecting equipment.

The NSP neither condemns nor condones drug use and are located across our Brisbane, Gold Coast and Sunshine Coast offices.

These NSP's are provided free and in a friendly, non-judgemental environment:

- Sterile injecting equipment and disposal containers
- Referral to housing, health and welfare services
- Information and education aimed at reducing blood-borne virus transmission and sexually transmitted infections and other welfare assistance.

"I've got a monkey on my back and I can't shake it "
The Angels"

MY FAMILY'S PET

MONKEY



*My family owns a monkey, he's been known by many names
We've owned him for generations and he treats us all the same
He has so many faces and each one fills a gap.
But he always ends up ugly and he lives upon our backs
My great grandmother named him alcohol and he was with her when she died
A brainless alcoholic who once had been so wise
My Nanna named him Benzo, he made her life so sad
He watched her as she passed away, before slowly going mad
My Grandad called him Rum; he was an old dog of the sea
Rum hurt his sons so much; they just wanted to be free
So none of them would take him on; they tried to right his wrongs*

*Could this mean our monkey had left, was he really gone?
Everyone applauded, the monkey had moved on,
But the monkey hadn't gone too far, he'd be back before too long
And to my parents horror as I quickly grew
They knew the monkey had returned, how could this be true?
They saw the monkey on my back, gaining strength through the years
Yes the monkey was well and truly returned and beckoning my fears
So I inherited the monkey and I called him many things
Acid, speed, heroin, names that increased his sting
He clung to me so tightly to try and even the score
Skipping a generation just made him want me more*

*The scars still burn; where I ripped our monkey painfully from my back
So he changed his name back to alcohol and my man he did attack
The hardest man I ever knew, is now no more than a shell
But the monkey is growing stronger it's not that hard to tell
Now he's lost his family with no one for support
I pray the monkey leaves my kids alone, that's my only thought
Every day I look for signs of the monkey on their back
But he's much cleverer than you or I and he's very hard to track
Many of us have pet monkeys we know this to be true
I just hope he leaves you alone and your children too*

Fiona, October 2011

Mothers, drug use and the methadone program

Numerous mums who choose to use drugs; whether injecting, swallowing, shafting, smoking or snorting are never the less competent when it comes to raising their young; providing they have access to support networks. This is according to a recent study.

Unfortunately many mothers who are currently on state methadone programs are not in contact with appropriate much needed services. The study has indicated that a child is under more threat of mistreatment due to the mother's mental health and social seclusion rather than from problems that arise because of the mother's drug use and sometimes following addiction.

Stephanie Taplin (a visiting fellow) at the National Drug and Alcohol Research Centre who co-authored the study with Professor Richard Mattick stated "You can't say all drug-using parents are abusive; some are quite together," Over 3 years and after interviewing 171 mums who had accessed the methadone program in Sydney Dr Taplin established almost all of them had used heroin. Of the 171 she spoke to 37 still used.

Most of the mum's (2 thirds) still had their children in their care; however the other third had at least one of their children (under 16) taken into care by Community

Services. About half of these offspring were given up at birth. The study found despite the significance of their drug problem, mums were unlikely to have children taken into care by family services if they had regular (daily) contact with their own mothers, if they weren't on medication due to mental health issues and interestingly; if they had fewer children.

Dr Taplin declared "Parental drug use does not automatically put a child at serious risk of harm. It's important to look at the whole picture, including the level of dependence, the type of drug used, and if they use around the children," Some of the women interviewed told her that Community Services required total abstinence before they were able to have their kids back in the family home. "In some cases, it was clear the decision to remove the children was right, in some cases it seemed harsh," she said.

The study found the majority of women accessing the methadone program were not being offered the mental health and social support services that they so badly need. Dr Taplin insisted

"The provision of women-only services is critical. We should be doing more to reduce the high rates of intergenerational abuse, trauma and disadvantage,"

The women involved in the study had an average age of 37 and most grew up in extremely deprived circumstances. Two-thirds had lived with physical and/or sexual abuse; more than a third had an "upsetting sexual experience with a relative or person in authority". Dr Taplin said. The average age of the women when the abuse occurred was 10.

Dr Taplin maintains all girls who endure sexual abuse require access to thorough psychological aid. These girls are at more risk of having mental health concerns, drug use problems, teenage pregnancy and ultimately the removal of their children by family services. "More has to be done for these young women before they become mothers," she said.

The study concluded removal of children would not stop intergenerational harm as many gravitated back to their mothers from care. The overwhelming proportion of mothers said the methadone program had improved their parenting abilities.

Read more: <http://www.smh.com.au/lifestyle/life/addicts-arent-necessarily-bad-mothers-study-finds-20111204-1odfa.html#ixzz1foe2N87n>

I would like to share with you my story.

Empowering Families to break down the barriers.

Seventeen years ago I was advised by police that my son and his friend had been involved in a drug induced suicide pact from which his friend did not survive and my son had been taken to the intensive care unit of the local hospital. My world shattered into a million pieces.

How could this happen?
Why did this happen?
Why couldn't I protect him and prevent this from happening? These were just some of the questions that I urgently required answers to.

Throughout the many months it took for him to recover from his physical injuries my questions changed to: How can I help him? How can I connect with him? How can I really let him know that he is loved? How can I stop him making that decision again? I wanted so desperately to be able to 'kiss his heart with mine' and did not know how.

Slowly over time he found the support that he so desperately needed and still more questions arose for me. How do I support him in recovery? Is there anything that I might say or do that will cause him to relapse or not want to live again? How can I stop this fear that I have in my heart?

I still could not find any answers to my questions and yet I knew that there had to be answers.

I then went into overdrive and set out on the biggest learning curve of my entire life. I started the first support group on the Gold Coast for families who also needed the support that I did. I wanted to know what other families felt, what they were going through, how they were handling these changes and trauma in their

lives. Were we similar, all the same or different in how we approached our children's conditions? I heard so many amazing stories; some that made my hair stand on end!

I found that regardless of your level of education, your cultural background, social status or age differences of our loved ones, we seemed to react in very similar ways.

My research then turned to trying to understand - what we do, why we do it and how we can do it better so that we could all reconnect from the heart and work towards having and maintaining healthy productive relationships with our loved ones. Relationships that actually support recovery, and each other's growth and development.

That was the support that my son needed from me. I had no control over how he managed his recovery, but I did have enormous control over how I reacted to events in his life and the relationship that I was able to form with him. It has been one heck of a journey - much bigger than I had ever imagined.

Today I am the proud author and facilitator of Empowering Families to break down the barriers. This program is achieving some awesome results in reuniting families through enhancing their problem-solving, communication, and coping skills. It's a support program that provides clear, concrete guidance to

families to enrich their relationships, whilst focusing on building mutual understanding and trust.

No doubt some of you are thinking 'What about your son?' Well, let me just say that today he is taking life one day at a time and growing in self confidence, experience and knowledge much the same as I am.

If you would like to stop the fear and anxiety that you are experiencing around your loved one's condition or if you simply want to know how you can form healthier relationships with the people you love, then come along to one of my groups or contact me for a 1 on 1 counselling session.

The program is conducted each term through The Gold Coast Drug Council 'Mirikai'.

2012 Programs

Term 1

January 12th - March 15th

Term 2

April 12th - June 14th

Term 3

July 12th - September 13th

Term 4

October 11th - December 13th

I hope to see you sometime.
Bless you all, Sue Koningen
Mobile: 0412 732 717

Parent, Child & Family (PCF) – Support



When the TRACKS committee asked me to write something around parents and drug use it seemed a little difficult to put into words the many “knowledges” I have encountered through my work with QuIHN. It is not easy to put these things (drug use and parenting) together in any kind of sensible way and yet it is a reality of life. Things happen. People find themselves “serving a substance” while their desire is to “serve” their family. I use the term “serve” because it seems to me that the power is in the hands of the substance - taking all power from the person or parent with promises of “happiness” and “peace” (and a big one “relief”), when in fact more often the very opposite occurs. It occurs when a substance gains power over a Mother, a Father or a Child. It may happen gradually or quickly and I think it is fair to say that no-one truly decided or chose to be both addict and parent at the same time.

At QuIhn we have a non- biased approach to all of our clients and no less in the area of PCF. My position and my aim is to create a space for a person to be honest and open about their drug use as a first step to honouring themselves and to becoming the parent they want to be. Child services are often involved and we have clients mandated for support. They may be in various stages of change and they may be grateful to access our

service, or sometimes not so ready. Either way my aim is to ensure that they get listened to and not judged.

To assist clients we may make referrals to GP's, to other AOD services and gaining referral pathways - often through the NSP for information about treatment - this may include a program - ie a Methadone program (with ATODS) or a rehab such as WHO'S Najara. That is if the client is searching for this kind of assistance. Counselling offers the emotional support a client needs when they no longer rely on a substance to “make it all go away”. In many instances they are overwhelmed by emotions that have been building up inside for many years, this encased in shame and guilt - especially if they are a parents who have had their children removed. (As Christmas nears us we are particularly aware that this is especially difficult time).

We assist parents in taking their strengths not their weaknesses to build a new future for themselves and their families. The Treehouse Parenting Group is one way in which we can achieve this. We offer to them the idea of being a “Good enough parent”, observing perfection as idealism and not reality. Parents are made to feel honoured for what they are doing not blamed for what they are not. We work with the premise that ‘by being in relationship with oneself

- we are in a better position to be in relationship with others” including our family. So a lot of work is done in group to lay a foundation to beginning this work. Ongoing counselling and support from the Lighthouse counselling team at QuIHN helps them to sustain ongoing personal growth.

With regard to Child Services Interventions - my observation is that safety of the child is uppermost and neglect is often a common part of substance use. Not in all cases and neglect may not necessarily pertain to physical neglect but to the parent being unattentive, emotionally and mentally unavailable to their child as the substance is prioritised. One aim of Treehouse is to offer tools to assist parents in becoming “available and present” within the parental role.

We have seen this happen on many occasions as clients regain the power from their substance they redeem their position as carer and reunification is a great reward for us as well as the client - we rejoice that even when addiction has taken over - there are those who go on to reclaim their lives and their families and pass on this hope to others.

*By Carol – PCF @ QuIHN
Maroochydore*



I really felt I didn't have many options left for me to try. I had given Suboxone a good go but that just made me want to use more and more. My body felt so toxic using and then putting Subbie on top of it. I felt pretty desperate and had started to put myself on a timeline. In twelve months if I wasn't clean then that was it I didn't want to take part in this world anymore. I had started using 4 years before that, usual story tried it for fun, had lots of fun then things really started not working out for me. Tried so many times to quit, I would detox, take a couple of days off work feel like shit then start to feel ok but within a few days would be back on. I moved cities to get away and that worked for a couple of months, I felt good, work was going well, my relationship back on track but once again I tripped up I found the right people and was back on. Up until that point I hadn't accessed any support services and really didn't know what was out there and was in real denial that my using was out of control.

After two years of trying self detox and relapsing within days I rang up BIALA and they put me on a weeks detox with Suboxone, after a week I was nowhere near ready so I did the call around no government service had space and I ended up at the local GP. Suboxone definitely took the pressure off but it never stopped me totally but it did give me breaks and without it I would have lost my job, my partner and probably everything else I valued. Two years on Subbie I felt I hadn't really progressed any further other than to gain a bit more control over my habit but it was still there, I went to QuIHN and did counselling the desire to quit and change my life was there but the desire to use was stronger.

Back to when I set the timeline I needed to do something serious, I kept saying I wanted things to change but I never acted in a way to make that change. My husband (yes I'm female) was close to leaving me, my work was on tenderhooks and my family were very close to knowing I was a big fuck up. My GP knew the

The Implant and recovery

Subbie was hugely working for me and I wanted to make some serious life changes. He wanted to send me to Perth, by then he had known me long enough, he had dealt with my tears and complaints and encouraged me to start acting on my intentions. I made a plan, I took 3 weeks off work and went up North to detox from everything. I got the doctor to agree that if I was successful and didn't use then he would give me the Naltrexone implant here in Brisbane.

I found detoxing off Suboxone wasn't too physically painful but all of the emotions that had been suppressed for the past 4 years came to the surface. I felt so much guilt, anger, frustration, sadness and pain, it felt terrible I didn't want to face any of it but I did it. I came back to Brisbane but within an hour of arriving I wanted to use, everything in Brisbane just reminded me of

wanting to use but it just felt like the monkey was off my back. It does something to your brain, I can't give you the exact science but the doctor certainly can. I'm not sure it would work for everybody because if your full time job is using then it's it might be really hard to break that pattern but I had a life outside, I had a husband, a job and family and they were enough to keep me distracted. Five months on things have radically changed in my world, I've slipped up a couple of times with using other substances but I feel so much more control. No more having to be nice to psycho dealers, no more being totally broke, no more double life.

The implant lasts 6 months and I do worry about when it has finished and how I will feel but I'm in counselling and I'm feeling really confident about the future. I'm in a space to look at my past experiences and assess



using but I had way too much to lose. The next day I was at the doctors, paid the money and had the implant. You can't have anything in your system or you will immediate have a painful withdrawal, I had been reminded of this and knew I didn't want that. You need at least 3 days to recover from the surgery and you feel pretty shit in those three days but after this I noticed an immediate change. For the first time in 4 years I didn't feel the immediate urge to use, I remembered the feeling of

what has lead me to the choices I've made. I have started studying again, my relationship is back on track, I want to have a baby in the future and those messed up years that yeah had some great highs but were filled with pain and grief are way behind me..... I couldn't have done this without my GP always being there for me, members of my family who never judged me for my choices, staff at QuIHN who supported me and my husband who walked beside me.....



Fix

You

I really thought I could change you, I really thought I could
Every time I opened my mouth it started 'what you should'
When I look back now on what I could have done,
I would have sat back and listened with my teeth biting my tongue,

I thought you were the one with the problems and it was never me,
So why am I wound up in the drama triangle of 3,
I never actually realised how you really feel,
I'm sorry I never listened, I was lost in my "no it all spiel",

I keep telling you to grow up, and why can't you understand,
But how can you ever grow up if everyones holding your hand?
When its time you will be ready I think you will come back to me,
You are learning to walk now and its ok if you scrape your knees,

I will always love you no matter how many scratches you get along the way,
You will learn how to solve your problems and that I cant make them go away,
It's my time to grow and someday it will be yours too,
I know who I can change now and for once it's me not you.

Tegan Nuckey



This is a true tale

My name is Ben

My name is Ben, I was born in 1991, it makes me 22yrs old now. My life hasn't always been easy. From the start, I was born to a disabled mother and a mentally ill, addicted father. My parents met in Britain in 1990 when my mother's parents sent her overseas to experience life. Since her diagnosis with Spine Cerebellum Degeneration (a chronic and terminal motor neurone type disease) at age 17, they wanted her to experience some joys in life before the illness took hold.

Dad, who had not had an easy upbringing also had traumatic experiences in the British army serving in Northern Ireland. They married in Britain in 1990 and came to Australia. No-one fully understood that my dad had addiction problems and mental health problems.

All went well for the first few years with a specially built house being supplied for my mother's needs by the Government. My father was principal carer for my mother (now in a wheel chair) and myself. His job was not easy. He started drinking and staying awake all night, sleeping all day, unable to care for us adequately and leaving us to our own devices. For a long time nothing was said to the family for fear of physical reprisals at home,

my mother lived in fear. When I was 4, for Christmas, my grandparents gave my parents \$500 worth of new Tupperware. One morning after a heavy night, my father was sleeping, my mum unable to move, and I got into the Tupperware thinking it was fun. I was only 4....my father awoke in a rage, beat me around the back causing six 10cm welts to arise and locked me in my room. My mum was screaming and no one could help. Thank god for my uncle, he was visiting from Sydney and came over. He saw me, what was done to me and went home very upset to tell my grandmother, who rang the police and child safety. The police arrived, and arrested my dad for child abuse.

Children's services moved my mum and me into a safe house for 2 weeks away from my dad, and, as the house was in mum's name, he was evicted. My mum and I were moved back in, dad had trashed the house, and family services along with social services cleaned up for us. Carers and nurses came 2x daily feeding us, cleaning and supplying medical attention to my mum, and this lasted a month. My mum tried her best, but without a carer she knew things were bleak.

One day mum rang my grandmother and asked if I could visit and stay for 2 weeks to give her respite, but deep down my loving mum knew she had to give me up...that's the last time I

lived with my mum, 16 yrs ago. I stayed with my grandparents who were financially well off and they were to raise me from then on. Life with Nanna and Granddad was vastly different. For a year I slept with a light on, crying for my mum every night for 6 months. I had been subconsciously traumatised and didn't know it. My grandparents lived in a large home on 5 acres, drove luxury cars, and went to church. Most of the family had moved away so life there was easy. My grandparents and uncle went to Europe, and unable to take me, I was left in the care of Christian friends, who passed me from home to home for 6 weeks while rubbishing my grandparents. This instilled in me a feeling of further instability and feelings of abandonment. In this time my mum went into a Nursing hostel with 24hr assistance if she needed it. We often went to visit so that a bond was kept between us.

School was good for me, I overcompensated for my early years by being a bit of a joker and I became popular. My grandparents, knowing what I had been through, decided to raise me with more leniency than they raised their own children, and now I wish in hindsight that they had done the opposite, as I needed discipline. I would often hang out as a child at a local skate park, coming into contact

with all sorts of people older than myself and the other kids I went to school with. I felt I had found where I belonged. I was sometimes around people that I know my family would have disapproved of. Often I was just yearning for a "normal" family with a mum and dad, I felt robbed when other kids would ask why I didn't have a Mum and Dad.

I chose to lead my life. From this time through to the age of 17, I had a rebellious expectation that my grandparents should just shut up and keep supplying me with what I demanded without maintaining a relationship with them. I was getting into dangerous gang type brawls, I just used girls for sex, took lots more drugs, basically anything I could

teenage boy into the house who came from a troubled background... WHAT ABOUT MEEEEEE!!! I had resentment, felt ignored, so I fell back on my rebellious nature going out a lot, not paying rent. It was MY HOME!, and they were living there rent free, charging me rent...no way was I going to allow that to happen!!! Around this time my uncle Peter was going through major problems of his own which took a lot of focus off me.

Peter eventually moved to Cairns to start anew, or so he thought. I had heard how good life in Cairns could be and decided to leave, driving to Cairns and arriving in September 2010. Throughout this time drinking, party drugs and gambling had worsened. I thought that moving to Cairns would hold the key to my problems.

I moved in with Peter, his partner and their flatmate. It was to be another tumultuous time. Although working, I was heavily in debt to almost \$40,000, and it weighed heavily on my mind, keeping me awake, worsening my anxiety which worsened my drinking, and when I got paid I would gamble to try to make things more manageable. In my diseased thinking it just contributed to making things worse. Peter's life and home were not good either and I was not happy.

By NYE 2010, I had a drug taking friend visiting who wanted to score drugs, we asked Peter, which with his history, was not a good thing to do. He scored for us, but then went on a 3day bender, making my relationship with him further deteriorate. In January 2011, I returned to Brisbane only to find myself homeless and living at a train station for 2 weeks, and no one knew where I was.

My mental health worsened, my addictions worsened with my altering states of mind, I was now suicidal. I had attempted to ride a motor bike into a tree, and overdosed on drugs, nearly dying 3 times in a hospital emergency ward. So diseased was my mind, that I discharged myself and walked down a main road to a mates place

and this is my story

I wanted for nothing materially. By age 14, in high school, my grandparents bought a holiday home near to my mum who by now was in a nursing home. They enrolled me into a public school for a year before I was asked to leave for being abusive to teachers. I was then enrolled into a Private School for a year. I was coerced to sell marijuana by year 12 students. When caught, I was expelled with no consequence to the seniors. The sense of betrayal, sent me over the edge, I never really told anyone in my family at the time what was going on for me...I was a teenager for gods sake...we don't talk!!!! At this age I was sleeping over at friends places (or so people thought), going to parties, having sex and experimenting with Ecstasy.

I went back to a public school; I had a bad attitude, smoking pot every day to numb my emotional pain.

I left school after 6 months and went into an apprenticeship. Earning money, I started drinking much more, and taking more drugs. My grandparents and I argued at home, as I tried to exert my own authority. By this time I was associating myself in gang type friendships; this gave me a "new" family where I felt that I belonged without fear of judgement for how

get my hands on. I had no care for myself, or for anyone else, I drove a car drunk, under aged and smashed into a parked car. I didn't care about the consequences as I felt life was pointless.

Between 17 and 18 I was basically itinerant, moving around from friends to friends, eventually I was allowed to move back to the family property and my eldest uncle Peter was now living there too. He has had his own difficult journey, with depression, anxiety and abuse of amphetamines to the point of social condemnation throughout the family.

A friend and I moved in with my uncle, we had no regard for any rules and especially from an uncle who I thought was in no position to be a "role model". We didn't understand each other's problems, just hit out in anger. My friend moved out, my uncle left and my grandparents moved back to look after me, as I was not coping or able to look after myself. By my 18th, nanna and grandad moved back up the mountain and my auntie, uncle and cousins moved in (as they were to save up for a home). Things went well initially, and I loved having parental type family members closer to the right age as well as a close relationship with two female cousins who I looked on as sisters.

I had started to develop a good relationship with my uncle in law when they moved a

to drink and get stoned...WTF!!!!, what was I thinking? Nothing! I didn't care for the consequences. Recently, I spoke with Uncle Peter, who began a life changing journey. After more bad drug experiences he finally got diagnosed with depression and anxiety, saw a psychologist, started antidepressants, allowing him to have peace of mind to start a life of recovery in Narcotics Anonymous. I heard about the change in him, and I wanted it too.

After a failed robbery attempt at a soccer club off our faces with mates, I was caught, I took the blame, but they never had my back. They were no longer mates but a liability to a life of drugs and petty crime. Peter spoke with my Grandad who's never stopped loving me, and with my grandparents coming to Cairns, they flew me up here, in my darkest hour of need.

I am now back living with Peter and his partner and things have changed dramatically, Peter and I now understand each other and Peter can help me to find recovery.

I've attended a few NA meetings, am seeing a psychologist, I'm sober, clean from drugs (just for today) and no longer gambling. I still suffer sleep problems, outbursts of anger and aggravation, and I'm seeking medical help.

My family are loving and supportive. My relationship with my grandparents is repairing and I have a new future to look forward to.

I've lived a life of crime, loneliness, drugs and alcohol which never worked and only made my mental health and depression a lot worse, and now is a longer road to recovery, but I'm young and have a whole life in front of me.

My name is Ben and this is my story.

Relationships • Communication • Self-esteem • Emotional well-being • Self-care • Stress management

Feeling stuck?

Thinking about changes to your drug use?

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AFFECTING
YOUR LIFE?**

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- Understanding triggers and cravings
- Improving self-esteem
- Relationships and communication
- Self-care and stress management
- Morning tea provided.

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Family Support Groups

SOS (Significant Other Support Group):
QuIHN Gold Coast
07 55207900 Please
call to verify date

Mirikai family support group
– Sue Koningen 10 week program
runs 10 weeks on 2 weeks
off- Call to book in 55354302

Al-Anon/Al-Ateen
VARIOUS LOCATIONS
ACROSS QUEENSLAND
Call or visit website for
more information
Al-Anon Family Groups
Australia 1300 252 666

ALANON
afgsqa@bigpond.com
www.al-anon.alateen.org/australia

Nar-anon:
BRISBANE Thursday
3.45pm to 5pm
(Steps Group)
3rd Floor, Biala Centre,
270 Roma St.
Contact Peter on 0407588014.

TOWNSVILLE
Tuesday nights (weekly) 7pm

Ryan Catholic
Community Centre,
Morindo Drive, Kirwan.
Contact: Brian, 0415290965.

Family drug support
FDS: 24 hours 1300 368
186 www.fds.org.au

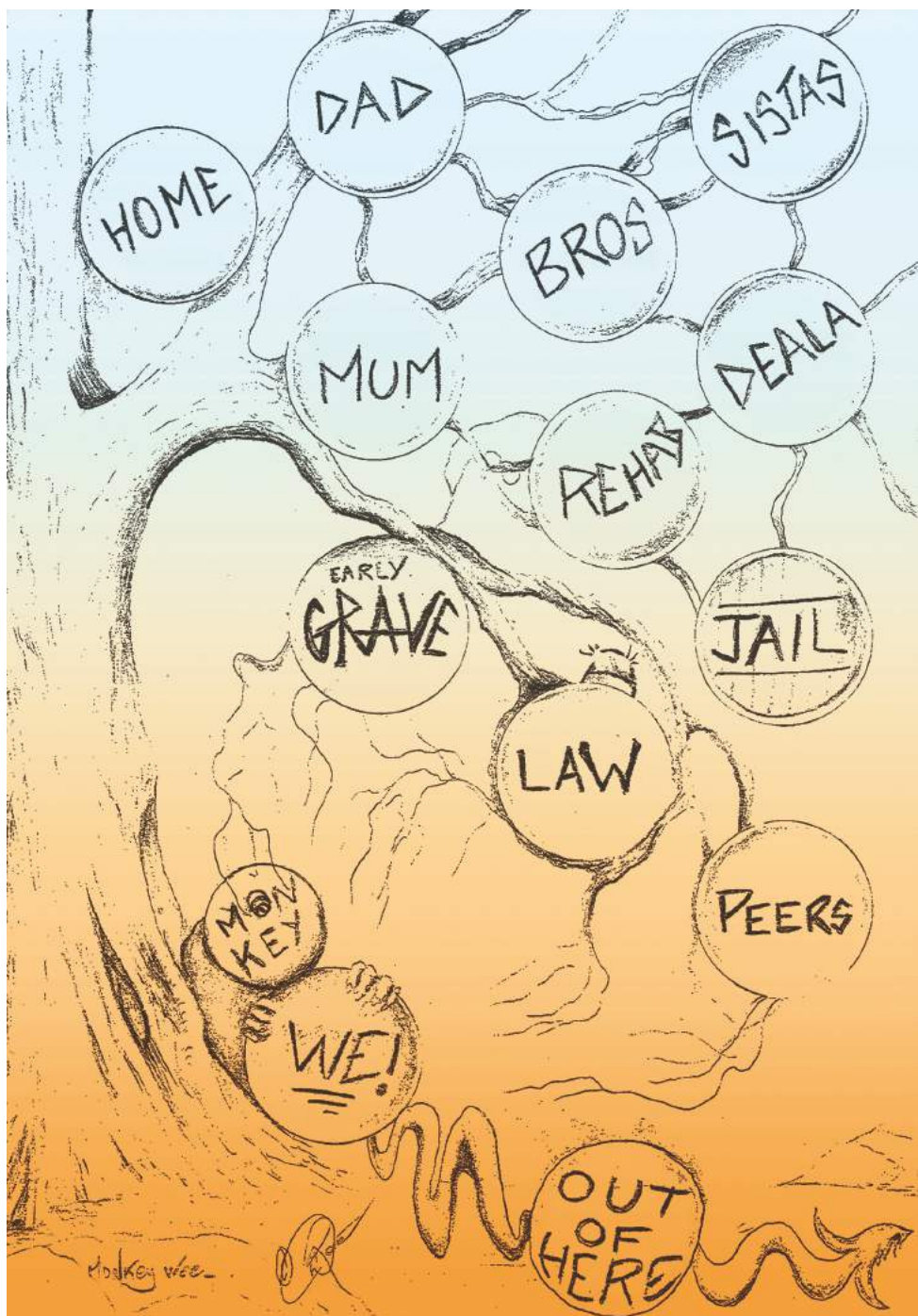
Byron Bay Family Support Group:
Guide Hall Byron Bay,
Carlyle Margaret
0427 857 092 - 2nd and 4th
Monday 7 - 9pm support group

Drug and Alcohol Hotline:
02 94188728
Youth Drug Support - 1300 368
186 (local call) www.yds.org.au

Counselling Online
www.counsellingonline.org.au
An anonymous, free online
counselling service (24
hrs, 7days) for those with

an alcohol or drug problem
and their family members.

Narcotics anonymous
www.na.org.au
07 33915045
Parent line-
1300 301 300



"Monkey Wee" - A Family Tree
By Anonymous
Cairns, QLD

Growing up in the drug world



Daniel how old are you?

I've just had my 21st.

Both of your parents were heroin addicts when you were born. At what age did you realize your parents were different from the norm?

It was apparent from a fairly early age that most "normal" children weren't living around the same battle we were; near poverty. In saying that it wasn't until I started

In my glowing career as a journalist, this is the 3rd interview I've done. This is the one closest to my heart; and by far the most confronting. Daniel is my interviewee (as well as my son) and one of my heroes because even though he was born to 2 parents who were heroin addicts, he overcame the odds to become a well known local boxer "Dangerous Dan" who went on to box for Queensland and then Australia. His story is inspirational.

making friends with other kids that it really opened my eyes to the class struggle. The way the "upper class" (people who don't take the time to try to understand alternate lifestyles) viewed or judged the "underclass" (people who choose to use drugs, people on welfare etc); nearly as if it was a civil war.

I see this as the most common form of discrimination as its less publicized in society's media than racism or sexism, so people still get away with it and it shows society still has a lot to learn.

What is your earliest memory of your parents drug use?

About the ages five and six were the first signs but at that age

I had no real understanding of what was causing certain actions. After getting older and educated I had somewhat of a spiritual epiphany.

What do you mean?

Just seeing that anyone could be caught in a bad situation in life even if it's absolutely no fault of their own; Life can change like "flicking a coin".

At the time how did this affect you?

As a child, I never really felt the severity of the situation we were in. It was all I knew at the time. Not until my teenage years when my parents had stopped using heroin was I able to look back and realize what



we went through. If anything it gave me a sense of pride and strength, being able to overcome adversity (me and my parents).

Do you have any brothers and sisters?

Yeah, I've got an older half brother and sister who live in NSW where their dad lives and a little sister to my mum and dad, she's 18 now.

What age were you when your little sister was born?

Nearly three years old.

Did you feel responsible for her in any way?

Yes in many ways. Knowing you might have a major impact on someone's life at such a tender age isn't easy.

Do you have any memories of police coming to your house because of your parents drug use?

There were a handful of incidents ranging from age five to sixteen that I remember well. Raids were never fun.

What was your biggest fear (if any) at that time?

Just losing either parent; after a history of watching family being taken away.

Who did you turn to for support during this time?

My grandfather ('pop', my dad's dad). He often worked as the glue in the family. I have a strong belief that I wouldn't have made it through such hard roads without his support and constant reassurance that "everything will work out".

Was boxing the first sport you did?

No, I played many years of rugby league at both club and school levels.

What drew you to boxing and what age were you when you started?

Just the sheer rawness of the sport, I love it. Straight, man on man combat doesn't get much rawer than that.

Who or what have been your biggest influences in your life?

Well obviously my family and a lot of close friends have always helped me see the important things in life. I also drew on a lot of musical influences too. From Tim Armstrong and Mike Ness, the lead singers of punk rock bands, Rancid and Social Distortion to Pegz and Drapht, at the forefront of the Australian hip hop movement. All these artists sing about issues I relate to personally, about reality and how to "not be scared"; to have a say when it comes to what you believe in.

Did your boxing coach have an influence on the way you view life?

Not really. I've always tried to stay pretty strong on the way I see life and I'm always aware of people trying to influence me in a way I wouldn't like, so that was never a problem. But the gym was a good place to escape to and exercise my own demons and of course to stay fit and focused on what was important to me.

How many fights have you had now?

I've had 44 from 2006 to 2010.

Have you won any titles?

I won 5 titles in total. 4 state titles and one national. The first two were state junior titles at weights light-welter in Caloundra and light-middle at the acacia ridge hotel. That was later followed by the junior state title at welterweight at the Queensland Championships in Esk. I then failed at an attempt to obtain the junior national

title at welterweight. After a few months of more preparation I succeeded in front of a home crowd. After turning 18 and rising to senior ranks I was out classed in Caloundra for the state title, only to claim it in Rockhampton in front of an opposing fairly hostile crowd. I've also fought for Australia in Fiji and Vanuatu. My amateur boxing career finished not long after.

Did your parent's lifestyle have an influence on the choices you've made in your life?

If anything it just made me more aware of my actions and the environment that surrounds me; more street smart but less judgmental.

What do your parents do now? Do they still use heroin?

No, they stopped using heroin when I about 13. My dad's a furniture removalist, and my mum works for QuIHN supporting other people who use drugs and their families.

What advice would you give to any children currently living with addicted parents?

There's always a light at the end. It's the way you use the struggle to your advantage. If people are able to pull themselves out of a "down n out" situation then they have proven their strength in life unlike people who have been "handed life on a gold platter".

Given how you grew up and the lessons you've learned and the insight you've gained, and noting you are a young person, partying with young people what do you think of drugs (all drugs) now?

Like anything, drugs can be used to an advantage until abused. They can bring people closer but can also drive people apart. It's all about keeping headstrong and not losing sight of how you want to live, not

letting substances change your views on life; it's about staying true to yourself.

Would you say illicit drugs are worse than legal ones? (Tobacco, alcohol, dex amphetamine, morphine) What negative effects (if any) do you see in your peers, friends, and/or family?

Well obviously there's a lot of unknowns about illicit drugs in the sense of what chemicals are added to it. But when it comes to addiction I don't think the law has anything to do with it. Illegal drugs are a lot easier to access than they're made out to be.

One last question I have to ask; do you forgive your parents for their life choices and how those choices have affected you and your sister???

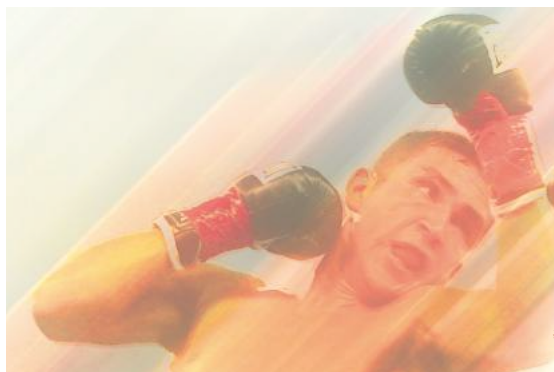
"Forgive but never forget". I'll never forget where I came from but that's a blessing if anything, being able to see the bottom of the food chain and realizing the "only way is up".

Thank you for your honesty and time in undertaking this interview. Do you have any last comments or favorite sayings?

"Every single person living in society is misunderstood, simply because no one can understand a person as much as the person themselves."-Danny Goodall, 2011.

I've found struggling or "obstacles" in life builds natural anger against the world and society. Everyone releases their angst in different ways from living lives of crime to harming themselves but personally

I turn to writing. From lyrics to fiction books, this helps me express pain felt through past and present. Lyrics and poetry, my usual choice of literature makes me feel like people who read or hear it may be influenced and realize people do get through pain and struggle. If only one person reads one of my pieces and it helps them see the bigger picture, then that's all I wanna achieve. To use my memories of pain and heartache to help others.

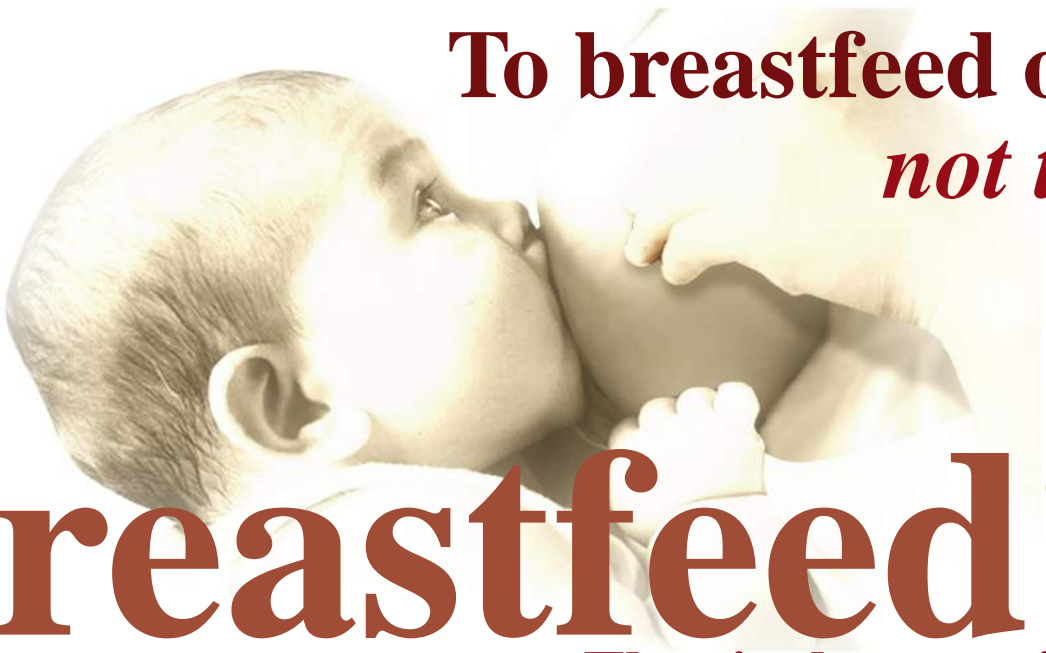


Below is a rap written by Daniel.

Lucky For Tough Luck

*KNOCK KNOCK!!! Cops are at the door.
Straight after a big score;
Sweat dripping from my fathers head.
He's shaken with nerves and starts to turn red.
As a five year old, how should I feel?
Is this my fate? Is my life even real?
My old mans scared so I start to cry.
What's with this obsession with getting high?
The other kids had gameboys and new bikes.
I had a fucked up and obscure life.
I witnessed the nod first hand for years.
The coppers took my old man, screamed through eyes of tears.
I had no peers but one enemy.
Mr.H damn near destroyed my family.
It takes more to crush my loved ones.
Shone by light even Jesus runs.
It was a dark time for us all.
But at the end we all stood tall.
Abused at school for having a shady past.
Fuck em we move like a yacht in a strong draught.
Where are they now? No idea; who cares?
People just used to stop and stare.
At the tracks that scarred my mumas arms.
It all started in the opium farms.
I wouldn't change my past for anything.
It curved my view and outlook, I'm a different being.
I was brought through the hard times.
Through an addicted home that fed my rhymes.
Now when I look back I feel a sense of pride.
My life's been one hell of a ride.
Always managed to confide in one another.
Told by my mother, I was the man of the house at age 8.
Dad was behind bars and mum was in no state.
To provide for our family, I roll a lucky 7.
Pop came in like an angel sent from heaven.
Helped set up a life I still manage to live.
Housing commission home, always different from other kids.
But at least I know what hard times are like.
The other kids can take their new bikes.
Cause I wouldn't change my past for anything.
I love my views and the way I think.*

Danny Anarchy, 2011



To breastfeed or *not to*

breastfeed?

That is the question.

The great debate has raged on and does to this day, with many women working fulltime. Juggling family, breastfeeding and returning to work requires some planning. Adding to this, the lack of extended female role models to 'teach' and support women sees us heading to the supermarket each week for formula, bottles, teats, sterilisation solution...

For working mum's, expressing at work can take a little extra time and energy. Then thinking about lugging your breast pump to work, refrigerating milk and getting it home can be overwhelming.

Here are some of the Pro's for breastfeeding:

- Healthier for baby
- It's free
- On tap at all times
- No cleaning up, washing bottles, no waste if baby isn't very hungry
- The body burns more calories breastfeeding which can result in weight loss
- Good for the environment – no waste or washing/sterilising processes

Here are some of the Cons:

- Baby feeds more often initially (?) (This is because breast milk digests easier)
- In the early stages breast feeding can be difficult to learn, without some support
- Some people aren't open to feeding in public
- Licit and illicit substances can pass through breast milk

Here are some of the Pro's for formula feeding:

- Other family members/friends can feed baby
- Convenient for working mothers
- Mother doesn't have to watch her diet

Here are some of the Con's:

- Not as good for baby as breast milk
- Bottle feeding can be expensive
- Cleaning bottles can be time consuming
- Babies may become constipated easier

Myths about breast feeding:

- You can't breastfeed if you are on medication. **FACT:** consult with your health care professional, in some cases medication can be altered or have little to no affect.
- Mothers with Hepatitis C can't breastfeed. **FACT:** Hep C is spread through blood to blood contact, not through breast milk or other bodily fluids.. If you have hep C and choose to breastfeed, take precautions if you have cracked or bleeding nipples (by expressing milk and throwing it away until healed).
- Women with smaller breasts produce less milk. **FACT:** breast size has no impact on milk production.

Whether you breast or bottle feed your baby always consult with a health care professional and make an informed decision.

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Below is the number for the Australian breastfeeding association.

1 800 686 268

The National Breastfeeding Helpline is supported by funding from the Australian Government
<http://www.breastfeeding.asn.au/>

South-East Queensland and Brisbane Needle and Syringe Program Locations

Beaudesert Hospital

64 Tina St, Beaudesert
3837 5614
Open 24 hours 7 days

Beenleigh Community Health Centre

10-18 Mt Warren Blvd,
Mount Warren Park 4207 ph.3290 9811
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 4.40pm

Biala [pp]

270 Roma St, Brisbane
3837 5613
Open 24 hours 7 days

Brisbane Youth Service

14 Church St, Fortitude Valley
3252 3750
Mon to Fri 9am -12pm, 1pm - 4pm

Brown's Plains Community Health

Crn Middle Rd & Wineglass Drv,
Hillcrest 3290 8923
Open Mon to Fri 8am - 5pm

Caboolture Community Health [pp]

McKean St, Caboolture
5433 8300
Open Mon to Fri 8am - 4.30pm
AH Needle Dispensing Machine

Caloundra

West Trc, Caloundra
5436 8550
Open Mon to Fri 8am – 4.30pm

Cherbourg Hospital

Fisher St, Cherbourg
4169 8800
Open 24hrs 7 days

Chinchilla

Slessar St, Chinchilla
4662 8889
Open 24hrs 7 days

Dalby - Goondir

1 New St, Dalby
4662 6199
Mon to Thu 8.30am - 4.45pm
Fri 8am - 12pm

Dalby Hospital

Hospital Rd, Dalby
4669 0555
Open 24hr 7 days
needle dispensing machine AH

Dunwich Health Service

Marie Rose Centre Cnr Petrie and
Oxley Parade Dunwich
3409 9059
Open 7 days 9am - 12pm & 1pm - 4pm

Esk Hospital

30 Highlands St, Esk
5424-4600
Open 24hr 7 days

Gold Coast (Southport) [pp]

Queen St, South Port
5519-8777
Open Mon to Fri 10am to 4pm

Gympie Community Health

20 Alfred St, Gympie
5489 8777
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 4pm

Inala Community Health [pp]

64 Wirraway Pde inala
3275 5300
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5pm

Inglewood Hospital

Cunningham Highway, Inglewood
4652 1311
Open 24hrs 7 days

Ipswich Sexual Health [pp]

Ipswich Health Plaza, 21 Bell St,
Ipswich ph. 3817 2428
Open M, T, W, F 8 - 4.30pm
Thurs 8.00-5.30pm
AH Needle Dispensing Machine

Jandowae Hospital

13 Dalby St, Jandowae
4668 5356
Open 24hrs 7 days

Kilcoy Hospital

17 Brown St, Kilcoy
5422 4411
Open 24hr 7 days

Kingaroy Community Health

166 Youngman St, Kingaroy
4162 9220
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5.00pm

Laidley Rural Community Health

75 William St, Laidley
5466 8110
Open 24hr 7 days
needle dispensing machine AH

Logan Central Community Health [pp]

97-103 Wembley Rd, Woodridge
3290 8923
Open Mon to Fri 8am - 4.30pm

Maleny Memorial Hospital

17 Bean St, Maleny
5420 5000
Open 24hr 7 days

Millmerran

50 Commens St, Millmerran
4695 1211
Open 24hr 7 days

Murgon Hospital

Coronation Drive, Murgon
4169 9600
Open 24hrs 7 days

Nambour [pp]

Nambour Hospital
Cnr Mapleton & Hospital Rds, Nambour
5470 6869
Open 24hr 7 days

Nanango Hospital

135 Brisbane St, Nanango
4171 6700
Open 24hr 7 days

Noosa Community Health

14-16 Bottlebrush Ave,
Noosa Heads ph.5449 5944
Open Mon to Fri 8am - 4.30pm

NorthWest Community Health

49 Corrigan St, Keperra
3335 888
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5pm

Nundah Community Health

10 Nellie St, Nundah
3146 2300
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5pm

Palm Beach Community Health

9, Fifth, Ave, Palm Beach
5525 5600
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5pm

Proston Outpatients Clinic

Brigooda Rd, Proston,
4168 9288
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 11.30am

QuIHN Brisbane [pp]

89-101 Gipps St, Fortitude Valley
3620 8112
Open Mon to Fri 9am - 5pm

QuIHN Cotton Tree [pp]

59 Sixth Ave, Cotton Tree
5443 9576
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5.00pm

QuIHN – Gold Coast [pp]

Unit 12 89 - 99 West Burleigh Rd,
Burleigh Heads
5520 7900
Open Mon to Weds 8.30am - 8pm,
Thurs 8.30am - 9pm
Fri 8.30am -10pm

Redcliffe Comm. Health Centre [pp]

Redcliffe Health Campus,
181 Anzac Avenue, Kippa-ring
3897 6300
Open Mon to Fri 8am - 4.30pm

Redlands Comm. Health

Weippin St, Cleveland
3488-3200
Open 24 hours 7 days
(needle dispensing machine AH)

Stanthorpe Health Services

8 McGregor Terrace,
Stanthorpe ph.4681 5251
Open 24hr 7 days (
needle dispensing machine AH

Strathpine

Pine Rivers Community Team
568 Gympie Rd, Strathpine
3817 6333
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5pm

Tara Hospital

15 Bilton St, Tara
4678 7900
Open 24hrs 7 days

Texas Multipurpose Health Service

Mingoola Rd, Texas
4653 1233
Open Mon to Fri 8.30am - 5pm

Toowoomba Sexual Health

Peachy St, Toowoomba
4616 6446
Open 24hr 7 days
(needle dispensing machine AH)

Warwick Health Service

56 Locke St, Warwick
46600 3939
Open 24hr 7 days
(vending machine AH)

Wondai Health Service

43 Scott Street, Wondai
4169 2600
Open 24hr 7 days

Wynnum Hospital

Whites Rd, Lota
3893-8100
Open 24 hours 7 days
(needle dispensing machine AH)