

Drug experience

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Week One Reflection What events have occurred in your life that have contributed to your current values about drug use? Back in difficult times when I could not seem to have proper control of myself because of drugs, there had been a couple of moments I felt people would merely impose rules as if I was solely responsible for the occurring psychological and emotional disaster so my only option was to follow their lead. Apparently, my dependence on drug use had brought me to the state of well-being where my weakness became the source of low self-esteem. At that stage, I must admit I could neither decide for myself confidently nor act or think in a normal manner so I kept on arriving at outcomes for which I barely had sense of fulfillment. Simple talks with others had often ended in nonsensical arguments because I could not quite express myself with order and coherence that this made relatives and friends alike treat me with poor respect as though I were a helpless crook or special freak who only required any fleeting attention despite my significant need of patient love and understanding. Prior to drug experience, I had peers of early youth with whom I learned the value of self-discovery. For them, the quest for self can only be achieved when one has successfully crossed the societal norms, having undergone a sort of psychological transformation. They thought that a desired state of mind induced by a substance could effect the needed change especially when a person happens to be in a serious mode of seeking the meaning of life or in a process of gratifying curiosity of a lifetime. Back then, I supposed that this idea would also work for me the time I was feeling bored and empty all along. Little did I know that it would cost much dependence on drug to be able to realize such value. My peers themselves had reached the extreme point of depression through the unexpected

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adverse effect of substance application whether intermittently or to the extent of abuse. It was as if our lives lost sense of purpose and control somewhere as we held on to the assumption that independence from rules and social freedom are valuable in addressing a critical issue of identity. Well, we could have possibly managed to meet the right end or goal but with the original principle that should have excluded the notion that drug would prove useful in our endeavor toward personal growth. Moreover, I can recall times of necessitating drug usage for relief from emotional pain. I was inclined to believe that since taking drugs can alter mind-state, I could take advantage of substance to drive away worries at the chance of becoming elated. I seemed to have developed something which I could associate with the value of confidence because it turned out that more drugs rendered me capable of grand imagination where I could not help being proud of myself. Due to elevated levels of self-esteem, I got relieved of distress and even of any form of intimidation and anxiety. This condition, however, went as far as establishing faith in drug, thinking that I could derive from it the necessary strength to move on from emotionally hurtful encounters. For a while, it delighted me to feel great and excited above the rest, as if I were the happiest of all though I was bound to find out later on that such was merely a short-lived incident that only prevailed with the live activity of drug. After that period, my family, close friends, and even people in our neighborhood noticed a drastic change in my mood and behavior. A few months of rehabilitation strictly followed as soon as I got caught on indulging with the vice and my parents heavily reprimanded me for a number of things including all the negative aspects of my character. At an instant, I felt a massive attack of words and insults the time I was struggling to cope with

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mental disturbances for I knew exactly it was my fault but I wanted people to recognize my personal challenge for them to be part of the creative solution rather than unconstructive criticisms. On the contrary, I received inconsistent moral support despite medical treatments but I understand that it was one huge lesson which taught me the value that in this world, drug would never do in man's search for meaning. Eventually, I have learned that life truly is a matter of choice. Choosing to resolve conflict through drug influence bears unfavorable consequences of social injustice. Sometimes, just as I had encountered in the past, a person can be reduced or be made to perceive himself as the most insignificant creature on earth according to the moral judgment of society. Hence, through the old struggles with drug use, I have realized the value of human life and how essential it is to live by virtue of prudence and profound respect for oneself, having observed the truth in the unscrupulous response of self-righteous people and institutions.