

## Telling Tales: Intervention

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Well, I hate to admit it, but I'm back on the crack.

A year ago, I was completely addicted to it. Consumed by it! I'd wake up and the first thing I'd do was find my phone, check my emails and texts and then stumble to the coffee maker.

My children remained in the state of terror as I drove down Coles Ferry trying to text, drive and call out spelling words all at the same time.

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I knew I had a problem. There was no question there. And, one day I looked in the mirror and didn't recognize the person I'd become. When I couldn't take it anymore, I marched myself into Verizon and went cold turkey! And much to the chagrin of the 21-year-old behind the counter -- I turned in my Blackberry (otherwise known as a crackberry to addicts far and wide).

So for the past year-and-a-half, I've owned a flip phone. No emails, no texts and no pictures. Just a phone. (I know -- amazing right?)

Until Wednesday....on Wednesday I pulled my flip phone out of my purse, tried to call Becky and couldn't get a signal.

When I came home that evening my husband met me in the kitchen with a big smile.

"Look - I bought you a Droid today! Welcome to the 21st century!"

"AHHHGGGGGG!!!!" It was if he took the needle and stuck it right back into my arm!!

"Take it away. You know I can't have that!"

"Are you crazy? Who doesn't want this phone? Anyway, your phone is an embarrassment!"

For two days, I refused to even look at it. It just sat there, unused. But this phone is so advanced, that I swear -- I think it was calling out my name.

And then like all addicts, who are handed their drug of choice...I took my first taste...and was completely lost!

It was as if I never left. I immediately texted three people, sent an email to my dad and took a picture of my dog and posted it on facebook. AND OHHHHH IT FELT SOOOO GOOD!!!!

Three hours later my husband came to find me.

“What are you doing, it’s 1 a.m.?”

With glazed over eyes, I looked up at him, “My name is Angel and I have a problem.”

*You can reach Angel at*