

My Journey

My journey back to recovery has been long overdue and beset by obstacles - most of which have been of my own making. At 43 I find myself back in a residential rehabilitation centre. I spent many years looking at the bottom of the well without realising I was already in it. My life was hell and hell is the same destination whatever house or street you live in. I have always felt like the odd one out or a bit of flat-pack furniture that hasn't been assembled properly. I came to Phoenix to get well and rebuild myself once again. I am only human, I have an illness from which I endeavour to recover. The skills that I have learned throughout my illness are highly transferable and used positively will take me to my next journey. I think, therefore I am. I am Phoenix.

Jill