

Letter of reference for I.C. Interventionist, July 28, 2010

I had been talking to my twenty year old son for weeks about checking into rehab for his drug use, and I had found the perfect place for him, a treatment center that specializes in working with young, male drug addicts. Unfortunately, my son was balking. He insisted that he could quit on his own, but I knew that was unlikely to happen. As I was talking to the intake counselor at Treatment Center about what to do, she gave me I.C.'s phone number and told me that I could call him, free of charge, just to find out what an Intervention was like and how it worked. I had been considering trying to get my family together to conduct our own intervention, and I thought that I.C. could give me some pointers. The thing is, I knew that I might get weak, not have the skills to convince my son that he could not quit on his own, and fail, thereby losing what I felt like was the only chance to save his life. From the moment I talked to I.C. I knew that I was talking to someone with a genuine concern for my son and our family situation. I knew that his enthusiasm for helping us could not be feigned. I felt immediately, even though no pressure came from I.C., that I wanted to hire him so that the intervention could be done perfectly and my son would get to the treatment center safely. I.C. told me that he had been on the receiving end of intervention five years previously. I was absolutely amazed that I had this opportunity to help my son, and I just could not pass it up. I.C. and I talked on the phone and texted to set things into motion. I had a million questions. I.C. helped me relax and take the intervention process as it came, one step at a time. I felt like I was in the most capable hands the whole time because I knew that this job of his was something that he was suited for both due to his life experience, and his desire to help others. He told me, and I truly believed him and still do, that he would do this job for free if he didn't have bills to pay. It's that kind of dedication and total commitment that I.C. showed throughout the four day process. We talked and texted on Saturday and Sunday and by Monday we had a flight for him to my town and a meeting set up with myself and those of the family who would participate. The ages of family participants ranged from 15 to 84 and I.C. communicated his goals to each of us in a way that we could understand. He listened to our questions and thoughts, and he counseled us on what to expect. He assured us that we were doing a great job as we did our best to prepare for this incredible event that was going to take place. We all felt responsible for how things might turn out, and I.C. kept telling us what a great support group we were and what a fantastic and loving family we had. I.C. learned as much as he could about my son through interviewing each of us privately. He certainly did his research so that he could prepare for how my son might react. He knew that anything could happen during the intervention, and he had a scenario for how to respond to whatever would happen. He was amazing to watch. What had me nervous and scared left I.C. confident and sure because he had done this so many times before. I.C. never made any promises, but he showed me that he believed in the power of a family's love and determination. The biggest challenge we had was to decide in exactly what way we would include my son's girlfriend. She is very young and vulnerable. We didn't want to shock her into feeling that she had to run to my son and give away our plan, but we wanted her to be able to do her part in helping him and in saying goodbye before he left. Though my son's welfare came first, before anything else, I.C. and I decided the night before the actual intervention was to take place that we should talk to the girlfriend's parents, ask them to help us tell their daughter what we had planned, and include her by allowing her time to say goodbye the next morning. We had to keep everything a secret, of course, and that meant that the parents had to wake the daughter at seven a.m. the next morning and bring her to our house, explaining on the way there what was up. We were nervous about how the parents would respond, but things went beautifully. My son didn't have to leave feeling like he was abandoning the girl he loved, she got to be part of the decision to make him well, and I got to trust my instinct in having faith that her parents would support us 100%. I.C. showed respect for our family

dynamic and trusted that I knew my son better than anyone. That made I.C. and I the perfect team. An intervention is a process of small steps, so one can't plan too far ahead. It is a very quick process where each minute and each decision counts. I.C.'s talent lies in the fact that he can think on his feet while the process unfolds around us, and he never loses his cool or stops thinking of the alternatives that are available when plan A doesn't work. That in turn allowed me the room to trust my instinct as a mother. What a wonderful feeling to have found a way to help my son when for years I had felt trapped by my inability to do so! I.C. and my son got on a plane at 10:40 the morning of the intervention which was held at 6:00a.m. He texted me in each airport from Columbus to Las Vegas to Salt Lake. He sent texts that told me how my son was doing, and that settled me down so much! I.C. did not leave my son's side until the transport team from Treatment Center picked him up at the airport. He made sure my son had something to eat, he made sure my son had someone to talk to the whole journey there, and he reassured my son that he was making the wisest decision of his life so far by taking the offer of drug treatment. I learned so much about what a family's determination can achieve when the right tools are available. I.C. has been a godsend, and he will have a special place in my heart forever. Also, to put icing on the cake, I.C. is available to me still, and he texted both of my son's siblings for days after my son made it to Utah. When my son got a little scared and wanted to come home after the first few days, I called I.C. so that he could reassure me. I knew that what my son was going through was normal, but I was nervous, so I called I.C.. He was fabulous. He helped me to calm down, and he reminded me that we had done everything right. I.C. is a very spiritual young man, and he clearly gets joy from helping young men in need as he was once helped. I'm so happy I made that call and brought him into our lives. I will never, ever regret it, and I believe that I have in I.C. a friend for life!

Concerned Mom
Ohio