

Grandmoo Goes to Rehab



by:
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GRANDMOO GOES TO REHAB

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**In collaboration with Sara Zarem Levin, Ph.D.
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For suffering addicts of all species, may they recover soon.

Preface

Grandmoo Goes to Rehab is aimed at children 7-12 whose parents have serious problems with alcohol or drugs. It explains what an addiction is, how it develops, and what it does to both the addict and the people who love him or her. *Grandmoo Goes to Rehab* goes on to describe what needs to be done and offers hope as the reader shares Grandmoo's recovery.

Younger children are best read to, but older ones can read *Grandmoo Goes to Rehab* on their own and then ask questions. It is vital that the parent or other adult reading the story be honest when the child asks difficult questions. For example, if the child asks, "Why was Mommy mean even before she started drinking? Grandmoo wasn't mean before she got sick," the adult should reply simply and straightforwardly. The adult might answer, "Mommy always had a problem with her temper, and now she's trying not to get so mad." It is equally vital that the person reading Grandmoo's story be upfront about recovery being an extended process during which many feelings, some extremely painful, surface. The important thing is to be free to talk about those feelings and to have them heard.

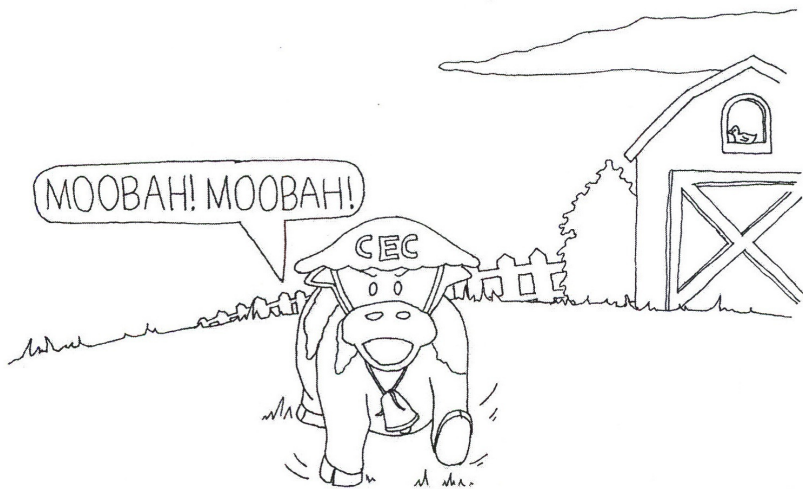
Grandmoo Goes to Rehab can also serve as a useful parable of addiction and recovery for adults, providing insight into both those suffering from addiction and those involved with them. *Grandmoo Goes to Rehab* can serve as well as an educational text in such settings as the classroom, giving young people awareness of and insight into the pervasive and devastating illness of addiction.

A word about the collaboration. Grandmoo's character, quirks, and problems evolved over considerable time in intense discussions between Jerome (Jerry) and Sara. We created, or should I say discovered, Grandmoo, since she is so real to us, together. The same is true of the herd, Moo-on and Moohilda being primarily Sara's inspiration. The story is primarily Jerry's and he wrote the text.

Grandmoo Goes to Rehab

Grandmoo weighed several tons more than she should. She wasn't usually an overeater. In fact, she ate very little grass and hay. Her problem was clover pudding. She just couldn't leave it alone and for her it was a drug. Grandmoo was *addicted* to clover pudding—she thought about it all the time—morning, noon, and night. She worried that there wasn't enough clover pudding in the entire world for her. Clover pudding was more important than anything—more important than her daughter, Manola, more important than her grandcalves, Moo-o, Boo-o, and Co-o. It was more important than her husband, Turnbull, her health, or the dairy she was supposed to be running. Grandmoo was so into clover pudding—cooking it, eating it, hiding it—that she stopped being a good mother, grandmother, or wife. And as a business cow—well what can I say but that the dairy really suffered.

If Grandmoo didn't have clover pudding she became terribly unhappy—nervous and restless. She mooed angrily, “Moobah! Moobah!” stamped her hooves and ran around in circles like a crazy cow.



Most cows are calm, peaceful, and content. Grandmoo was very different and the other cows were afraid of her. She was like people who drink too much beer and whiskey—or use drugs—sad, angry, confused, upset, frightened. She could barely tell the barn from the pasture. If Grandmoo had been a “people,” she might have been addicted to alcohol or drugs. But Grandmoo was a cow, so she was “addicted” to clover pudding.

I should tell you about clover pudding. Many cows love it as an occasional treat, but unlike Grandmoo, they never eat too much pudding. But not Grandmoo. She has a tub at breakfast, a vat at lunch, and a stallful at dinner. That’s *not* the way to enjoy clover pudding. That’s the way to get

addicted to it. Grandmoo is in trouble—really bad trouble. Let me tell you about some of her troubles. Grandmoo is so heavy she can barely walk. She waddles around the pasture, huffing and puffing. When a cow eats as much clover pudding as Grandmoo does, it becomes a *poison*. Her whole body is being poisoned. Clover pudding is doing bad things to her liver, her heart, her stomach, and her brain. If she doesn't stop eating so much clover pudding she will get even sicker. Maybe so sick she will die.

Grandmoo is a Holstein. Holsteins are black and white with beautifully shaped patches of black against sand-colored, almost-white skin. Grandmoo had once been very beautiful. It is true that she was never thin, but she carried her weight well and everyone thought her beautiful. No more. Now you can see all the bad things clover pudding has done to her body and it's not pretty. It's not only those extra tons, but the way her eyes have clouded over and the droop in her tail. She even has difficulty lifting her hooves. Watching so many bad things happen to Grandmoo made everyone who loved her very sad.



But that's not the end of Grandmoo's troubles. Her thinking has become confused. Her brain is being poisoned by clover pudding. She doesn't make much sense. In fact, in her worst moo-ds she is kind of crazy. The herd says that Grandmoo is moo-shuggah. Meshuggah means crazy in people language just like moo-shuggah does in "Bovine," the language cows speak. When Grandmoo went to Dr. Dairy, the pscowatrist, he said, "Grandmoo, you think you eat so much clover pudding because you're crazy. I think you're crazy because you eat so much clover pudding." Grandmoo just mooed angrily and stormed out of Dr. Dairy's stall. You could see the smoke coming out of her

nostrils. Nobody was going to tell Grandmoo that she had a problem with clover pudding. But Dr. Dairy was right. Grandmoo's strange way of thinking is caused by clover pudding.



Grandmoo is not only confused, she has lots of other trouble with her thinking. Grandmoo wasn't always that way. Before her clover pudding addiction she thought pretty much like other cows, although she was always something of a character. Everyone thought her charming and full of fun. Not now. Poor Grandmoo is very lonely.

Grandmoo used to think about lots of things—how beautiful the pasture is in the sunlight, how wonderful the barn is with all its newfangled gadgets to make the cows comfortable, how warm and cozy her stall is. Then she would think of ways to decorate her stall. What pictures to put up and how to place the furniture. And she thought about how wonderful it was to be a cow who produced milk for hungry children. She thought a great deal about the dairy, how to best run it, and how to make the milk, butter, cheese, and cream the very best they can be. And she thought about how much she loved her daughter Manola, her grandcalves, and her husband Turnbull. She wanted to make the cows and calves she loved happier and more content. Back then Grandmoo was the leader of the herd. She thought about each cow and how that cow could best contribute to the welfare of the herd. It was a lot of responsibility; yet before she became an addict, Grandmoo loved being the leader of the herd. And she did a very good job of leading it. She felt good about herself—her bovinial self-esteem was high and she was a happy cow. Not anymore.

Grandmoo used to have many interests. As her addiction progressed—that means it got worse—she lost interest in all the things she used to care about and enjoy. She used to love to look at the beauty of the sky and the stars. She wondered where the river went and why it turned and twisted so much. She felt gratitude for all she saw, and when she felt its beauty, a tear

would run down her cheek and her spine would tingle.

Grandmoo used to wonder what was beyond the pasture and the barn and the field and all that she could see. She didn't know, and didn't think there was any way she could find out. But when she thought about these things, she felt that tingling in her spine. That made Grandmoo want to become a better cow— the best cow she could be. She didn't know why her thoughts made her feel that way, but they did. Perhaps it had something to do with realizing that she was only a very small part of a very large world. Whatever it was about those feelings she didn't know, but they made her want to learn, to grow wiser and more loving and more courageous.



Now she doesn't think about any of those things. Instead she worries and then worries some more that she won't have enough clover pudding.

So it's not only Grandmoo's mind that has shrunk. Her *spirit* has too. Spirit is the part of us that asks those questions Grandmoo used to ask and feels the beauty and wonder of life. It is the part of us that wants to be a better person—or cow. Grandmoo is losing everything as her addiction gets worse, but no loss is more painful than the loss of her spirit.

Her vast intake of clover pudding affects Grandmoo's mind in yet another way. It has changed how and what she *feels*. She used to have the same feelings as the rest of the herd, the same feelings we all have. Mostly she was happy. She had a sense of fun and she laughed a lot. She took things—sun, rain, snow, the ups and downs of the dairy business and the life of the herd—as they came. Usually, she was calm and dealt with whatever she had to deal with without getting too upset. Like all cows she was sometimes sad, or frightened, or angry; yet these feelings didn't fill her mind. If she was so blue or frightened or angry that she stamped her hoof, she knew that it would pass and she would again be her usual happy, calm content Grandmoo self. Not anymore.

Her obsession with clover pudding has not only narrowed Grandmoo's

mind; it has completely topsy-turvy changed the way she feels. Now she looks sad and frightened and very, very angry *all* the time. She has no hope. Sometimes she even thinks of killing herself. Her feelings of anger, sadness, and fear aren't little storms that come and go like a shower on a summer day. Now they are pains she must live with day after day after day. The only thing that gives Grandmoo any relief is clover pudding, and clover pudding is the very thing that is making her feel so bad.

One of the most painful ways that clover pudding has changed how Grandmoo feels is the way it has changed how she feels about *herself*. Grandmoo used to like herself. She thought she was a pretty good cow, and she was. She was proud of many things, and rightfully so. But not now. Now Grandmoo dislikes herself. Sometimes she even *hates* herself. And nothing feels so bad as hating yourself. Not only does Grandmoo hate herself, she feels terribly, terribly guilty and just as ashamed. You know how awful it is to feel guilty. And shame feels even worse. Grandmoo is really suffering.

Of course she can't admit any of this. That would be too painful. Instead, she eats more clover pudding. Clover pudding *deadens* Grandmoo's feelings, much like the dentist deadens the feelings in your mouth with a needle. Temporarily numbing her overwhelming feelings of sadness, fear, rage, guilt and shame with clover pudding is the best that Grandmoo can hope for. When she eats enough clover pudding she forgets what an awful cow she thinks she

is. Of course, the chief reason Grandmoo believes she is such an awful cow is because she can't stop eating clover pudding. Poor Grandmoo is caught in a terrible trap.

Sadly, there is yet another way that clover pudding is messing up Grandmoo's mind. It has made her a liar, a schemer, and a truly double-mooer. Now you can never take anything Grandmoo moos as the truth. She used to be one of the most honest, straightforward cows you ever met. Her moo was as good as gold. Now you can't trust a thing she moos. She makes up the most fantastic excuses for the things she does to get clover pudding. And then she insults the herd by expecting them to believe the nonsense she moos. Being such a clever cow helps Grandmoo invent the fantastic stories she makes up. For instance, when the herd asked her why all of the milk pails were filled with clover pudding, Grandmoo mooed, "All the clover pudding in the pails is to feed poor sick old cows. I started a program to feed old cows whose herds can't afford clover pudding." Of course that was nonsense; all the clover pudding in the pails was for Grandmoo. When the herd got really furious she stomped off, mooing, "You're all idiots. You're too dumb to understand me."

Grandmoo acts so foolishly because she is in *denial*. That means that she cannot admit, even to herself, that she has a problem with clover pudding. If any cow tries to tell her she has a problem she stamps her hooves, has a

temper tantrum, and moos as loud as she can, “What’s wrong with a little clover pudding? You’re always accusing me of something. Leave me alone!” And she stomps her hooves some more. When you’re as big as Grandmoo, stomping hooves is really something. The whole earth shakes. Not only the cow who mooed to her, but the entire herd backs off and Grandmoo goes on her merry way, as addicted as ever. Her denial doesn’t allow her to hear *anything* she doesn’t want to hear.



Grandmoo is terrified that without clover pudding she will die. Somewhere *deep down* she knows it's the clover pudding *itself* that is killing her, but she never lets that thought surface. Poor Grandmoo thinks that she can't live *without* clover pudding, and yet she knows somewhere inside that she can't *live* with it.

It's very sad that Grandmoo thinks so much about herself and how awful her life is. She doesn't want to think and feel like that. But she can't help it. She never thinks about the other cows anymore. Now she thinks and acts like she's the only cow in the herd.

That brings us to the last way her pudding addiction has hurt Grandmoo. That is the damage it has done to her relationships with other cows, including Manola, Moo-o, Boo-o, Coo-o, and Turnbull. Before she got addicted, Grandmoo was the best of grandmothers. She loved playing with Moo-o, Boo-o, and Coo-o, and they loved playing with her. She ran around the pasture with her grandcalves and she didn't mind it a bit when they giggled and laughed because she was so slow. They just had so much fun together.

Grandmoo and Manola were very close. Grandmoo would give her daughter tips on how to be the best of cow mothers and help her calves when they had problems. Not that they had many, but like all calves, sometimes they did. Grandmoo was particularly helpful when the calves got into fights

with each other. She knew just how to calm everyone down and soon they were mooing together happily. Then Manola and Grandmoo would go out to lunch at the barn across the street where they served delicious hayball soup.

And Grandmoo loved her husband, Turnbull, very much. At night they would look up at the moon together and rub muzzles as they licked each other. They were very happy together until Grandmoo got into clover pudding. Grandmoo's first husband had died. She was sad for a long time, but finally she started dating. The bulls she went out with were mean and they treated her badly. There was one called Wild Bull, who was just awful. He mooed that he loved her and then went off with other cows. Grandmoo was deeply hurt, but then she met Turnbull. She loved him from the first moo and he loved her just as much. Now she won't go near him because he doesn't like her eating clover pudding.

The entire herd used to look up to Grandmoo. She was respected and loved. All of the cows in the herd went to her for advice. Some of them had problems of their own.

Moo-on didn't like being a cow, and in fact she thought she was a lion. It's not good to think you're a lion when you're a cow. Cows should be proud that they're cows, but Moo-on wasn't. So she wore a lion skin and went to school to take roaring lessons. Grandmoo thought that was foolish and that

Moo-on was mixed up. But Grandmoo was so kind that she paid for Moo-on's roaring lessons.



Moohilde was a singer. She wanted to be in the opera. She mooed loudly and horribly all the time, thinking her mooing was beautiful. The other cows got tired of all that noise and they told her she would never be in the opera. Moohilde was terribly hurt. But kindly Grandmoo encouraged Moohilde and paid for her singing lessons.

Not all the cows in the herd had problems. Flora and Hallie were happy and contented. Udderkins and Spooky, who was a scarecow, helped

Grandmoo run the dairy. In the summer, Spooky kept the birds from eating the farmer's vegetables.

Manola was divorced. It had been very hard going through the divorce. But Grandmoo had held Manola's hoof all the way through. Grandmoo's holding her hoof and being there for her brought Manola closer to Grandmoo. Manola and Grandmoo mooed about everything to each other. Manola was remarried—to a moose. At first Grandmoo wondered about a cow marrying a moose. But she realized how very wonderful Meese-Moose, for that was his name, was. He was very handsome. His magnificent antlers were twelve feet across. Because she was a cow and he was a moose they couldn't have children. But that worked out because Moo-o, Boo-o-, and Coo-o's father didn't pay any attention to them nor did he send hay. So Meese adopted them. He was a wonderful father. Manola, Meese, and the calves were very happy together.

So the herd, like all herds, had its problems. Yet there was much joy and fun and gladness. Grandmoo had a lot to do with the herd being so happy.

Then when Grandmoo's clover pudding addiction got worse, she started going off by herself—to eat clover pudding, of course. She paid less and less attention to Manola, to her grandcalves, to Moo-on, Flora, Hallie, Moohilde, and her business partners, Udderkins and Spooky. Of course she wouldn't go

near her husband, Turnbull. Before long, she spent no time at all with other cows. She became terribly lonely, but she was so afraid the herd would get in the way of eating clover pudding that she avoided them all. And she started lying even more.

When Spooky and Udderkins discovered that the cream had been skimmed off the milk and that customers were complaining, they became very upset. Half the time the milk didn't even get on the truck because Grandmoo made such a mess of things. Yet she insisted she was still the boss. Grandmoo's dairy was in trouble. Udderkins said it might have to close. Then Spooky discovered the cream in Grandmoo's stall. She was using it to make clover pudding. Udderkins and Spooky were very angry. When they took Grandmoo by the tail and showed her the cream hidden in the stall she got angry too. She mooed, "I'm giving all my clover pudding to poor calves that have none and you call me a thief!" Big tears ran down Grandmoo's cheeks.

Spooky and Udderkins told her she couldn't be the boss anymore. But Grandmoo cried so hard they made her Chief Executive Cow, the CEC. When people have businesses, the boss is called the Chief Executive Officer, or CEO. After Grandmoo became the CEC she wouldn't let anyone forget it. She always introduced herself as the CEC and had a hat made with "CEC" in big letters that she wore all the time. And her vest said "CEC" in big letters. But the truth was that Grandmoo really couldn't do anything useful anymore. Spooky and

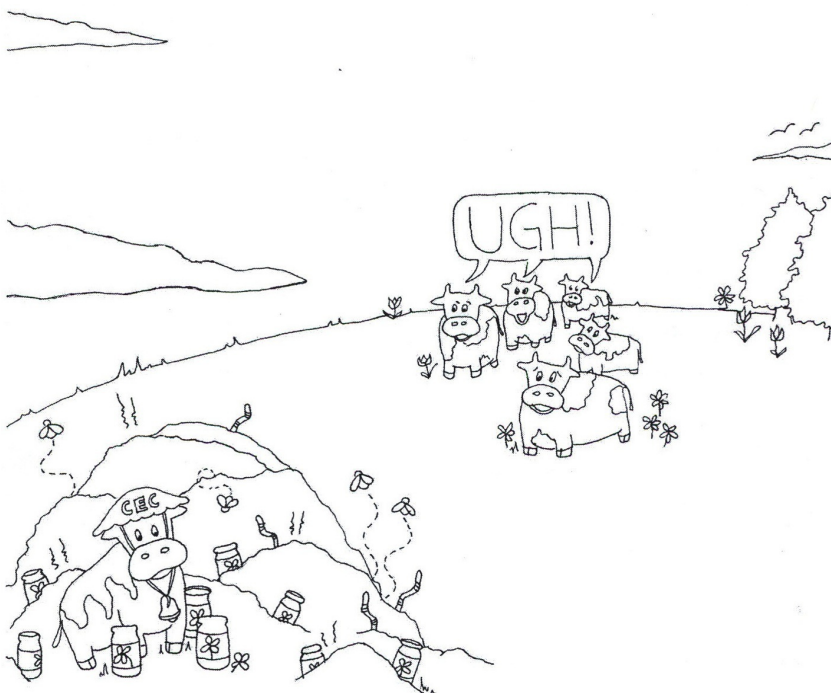
Udderkins took over. They just let Grandmoo call herself CEC so she wouldn't cry. Spooky and Udderkins ran the dairy very well and sold lots of milk. But Grandmoo took all the credit. She needed to act *very* important and *brag* about being CEC because she really didn't like herself at all. Grandmoo didn't think much of herself, but she was all she thought about. It was an empty show. She didn't fool a single cow in the herd, and even worse, she didn't fool herself. And the worse she felt, the more important she acted. The herd was getting really fed up.



Grandmoo told lots of other lies. She said she had to have clover pudding because she was so nervous. Or that she had to have it because Wild

Bull had treated her so badly. When she said that, the herd laughed because that was so long ago. Besides all the other lies she told, she said she really didn't eat clover pudding anyway. Other times she mooed that she took a little bit now and then to make sure it was well cooked. She told so many stories that she couldn't remember one from the other and everyone knew she was lying.

Grandmoo not only lied, she stole to get money to buy more pudding. She even stole hay from her daughter, and she lied about that too. She got sneakier and sneakier, hiding clover pudding everywhere, even under the manure pile. Clover pudding shouldn't have manure in it, but Grandmoo no longer cared. When the herd saw her eating clover pudding from the manure pile, they mooed, "Ugh."



Things kept getting worse. Everyone knew she lied and cheated and stole. When the herd mooed angrily, Grandmoo cried and mooed back, "How can you treat me this way? I'm an honest cow and I never lie." The other cows got even angrier. There were terrible arguments. No cow could stand her, and it got to the point where they were going to throw Grandmoo out of the herd.

Then Meese-Moose, who was very smart, said, "Grandmoo must be sick. No healthy cow acts that way. She is killing herself. She's going to die if we

don't help her." The other cows mooed that they had tried to help but Grandmoo was impossible. Then Turnbull, who was very friendly with Meese, said he wanted more than anything to help but he didn't know how. Meese, who was always reading, told Turnbull that he had read that clover pudding addiction was a *disease*—that means a sickness. Turnbull had never heard of an addiction. But Meeese-Moose explained the whole thing—how some cows get to the point where they need clover pudding so badly that they can't stop eating it. And to need clover pudding that badly is an illness. Grandmoo was a *sick* cow, not a *bad* cow. In fact, she was a good cow with a bad disease. The whole herd listened to Meese talking to Turnbull and they felt much less angry at Grandmoo. Not that all their anger went away—Grandmoo had done too many things to hurt them for that. Yet their feelings about Grandmoo changed. Knowing she was sick, they didn't take the things she did so bovinely. They weren't done to hurt them. They were done because she was sick.

Now the whole herd wanted to help Grandmoo but they didn't know how. Then Meese told them about Puddings Anonymous—P.A.—where cows who can't stop eating clover pudding go. At P.A., cows who eat too much clover pudding help each other. So Turnbull called Puddings Anonymous. The entire herd surrounded Grandmoo and mooed that she had to go to P.A. Grandmoo stomped her hooves, mooed piteously, breathed fire, and refused.

The herd gave up and decided to ignore her. That wasn't easy, for by now she was enormous, walking around all the time mooing that she was CEC.

Turnbull couldn't stand Grandmoo getting sicker. So he kept looking for help. One day he spoke to a cow on a neighboring farm who was in *recovery*. That cow used to be like Grandmoo. Now she doesn't eat *any* clover pudding. But she does go to P.A. meetings every day. That's what it means to be in recovery. When Turnbull told her about Grandmoo's condition, she mooed, "Grandmoo needs veterinary care. She should go to a veterinarian right away, even before she goes to P.A." Turnbull, who was scared, told Meese and they called Dr. Vachestein. Dr. Vachestein is a clover pudding addiction expert. They got her name from the cow on the next farm.

Dr. Vachestein came to see Grandmoo. Grandmoo did some more hoof stomping and refused to moo with Dr. Vachestein. The veterinarian called the herd together and said, "You have to do an *intervention*." Meese asked, "What's that?" Moo-on roared, or tried to, and Manola cried. Dr. Vachestein explained that the entire herd had to tell Grandmoo she had to go away to a special barn where they help clover pudding addicts. The barn where they know all about clover pudding addiction is called a *Rehab*. If Grandmoo refused to go to the special barn, then they had to tell her that she would no longer be a member of the herd. She would have to leave. She would have no stall and she wouldn't be allowed in the barn. Dr. Vachestein said that was

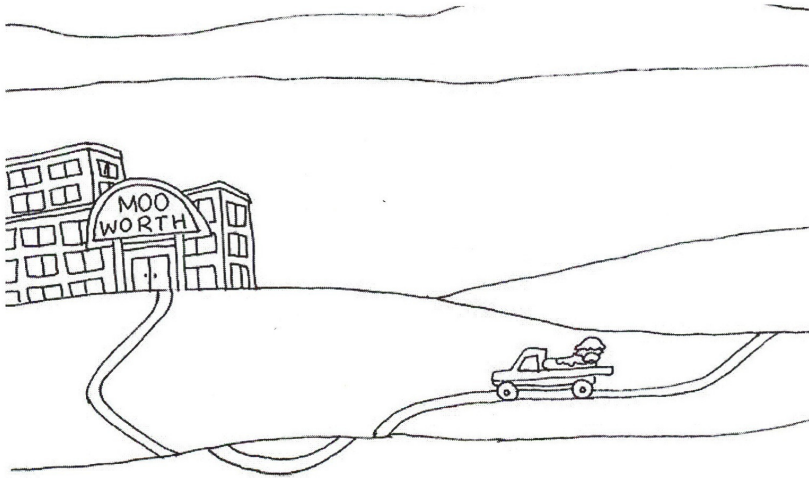
what an intervention was—the whole herd telling Grandmoo that she had to go to Rehab *or else*.

But the herd had never heard of anything like it. They felt confused. They wanted to help Grandmoo, but they doubted they could really kick her out if she didn't go. Dr. Vachestein said they had to mean what they mooed or it wouldn't work. The herd didn't act until Manola mooed, "My mother will die if she doesn't go to Rehab." Meese and Turnbull said they were for it. Dr. Vachestein said she would help. Then Moohilde, whose voice had improved, started singing a sad song and the entire herd cried. They needed to cry because they had been so sad for so long. Sad about what was happening to Grandmoo. Sad about what was happening to the herd. Now they were much more sad than they were angry. When they stopped crying, they mooed in one moo, "Let's do it!"



They found Grandmoo eating clover pudding from the manure pile. She looked awful. Still she didn't give in. She kept mooing, "You're all against me. You don't understand. I need clover pudding for my nerves. Clover pudding is good for me. I never eat too much." This time the herd stood firm. Each cow mooed, "Because we love you, Grandmoo, we won't let you stay here and get sicker. Either it's Rehab or you leave the pasture." Finally Grandmoo agreed. They called a flatbed taxi and just as Grandmoo was getting on, she panicked and jumped off the taxi and started running. Meese and Turnbull caught her. That wasn't really very hard because she couldn't run fast at all. This time

they pushed her onto the flatbed and sat on her.



Manola climbed on and went along, holding Grandmoo's hoof all the way there. When Grandmoo left in the flatbed taxi, Spooky and Udderkins searched the barn and the pasture for hidden clover pudding. They found *hundreds* of vats. Grandmoo had stashed pudding everywhere. It took three trucks to haul it all away.

At Moo-worth Rehab, Grandmoo began to understand that she was very, very sick. She learned that she had a disease. Her denial fell away, bit by bit. Not that she admitted that she was a clover pudding addict right away. That took time. But by the end of her second week there, Grandmoo realized that she was *powerless* over clover pudding. She finally admitted that she needed

help. She finally realized that she *couldn't* stop eating clover pudding all by herself. That's what being powerless means. Grandmoo had always said, "I can take it or leave it." Now she knew that wasn't true. She always took it, because she had no choice. In fact, Grandmoo always mooed, "mo-o-o-re." She had the *disease of more*, and at last she knew it.



But Grandmoo still had no idea why she was so sad and nervous and angry all the time. And she had even less of an idea why she hated herself. Nor did she know why she lied and cheated and stole. All she knew was that every aspect of her cow life was awful and kept getting worse.

Suddenly everything that had happened to her made sense. It was all because of clover pudding. All the crazy things she did were because she had to have clover pudding. And all the bad things too. Grandmoo felt very guilty.

She wanted to make *amends*, to say how sorry she was. She wanted to do whatever she could to make up for the things she had done to hurt other cows, especially her husband, daughter, and grandcalves.

In Moo-worth Rehab, Grandmoo went to P.A. meetings every day. She also went to other meetings led by a veterinarian. These meetings were called *herd therapy*. In a “people” rehab, they are called group therapy. At the meetings the cows told each other what clover pudding had done to them. And they helped each other by listening and caring.

It helped a lot to understand more about her illness. One of the best things for Grandmoo was that she felt less guilty and less ashamed. The other addicted cows had done the same kind of things she had done.

Nevertheless, Grandmoo wanted to make good for the harm she had done. And slowly she became less angry at herself. She heard many cows’ stories—bulls’ too. They were all *sad*. Clover pudding addiction had *hurt* them all and had hurt those they loved. But they laughed a lot too in herd therapy and at the P.A. meetings. They’d done such silly things stuffed with clover pudding, like the time Grandmoo tried to dance on the top of the haystack, and the whole thing fell apart, sending her crashing to the ground.

Like all the cows in Rehab, Grandmoo wondered why she became sick.

Other cows enjoyed clover pudding and never got addicted. Dr. Vachestein said clover pudding addiction ran in families. Grandmoo's grandmoo was a clover pudding addict. And there were other cows in her family who were addicted. Grandmoo was *born* with a weakness for clover pudding. That doesn't mean she had to become addicted. But all those clover pudding addicts in her family did mean it might happen to her. She was *at risk*. That means her chances of having trouble with clover pudding were high, much higher than cows of families that didn't have pudding problems. Grandmoo should have been very careful eating clover pudding if she ate it at all. But she wasn't.

When Grandmoo was young, she went to lots of parties. At the parties all the other cows had bowl after bowl of clover pudding. After the third bowl, those cows did crazy things and sometimes they got in real trouble, like the time Grandmoo fell off the haystack and almost broke her neck. Every cow Grandmoo was friendly with ate too much pudding. Grandmoo never thought she had too much pudding because her friends ate even more. Hanging around that gang of pudding guzzlers helped her become addicted. It seemed natural to eat clover pudding the way her friends did. She never realized that she was doing something dangerous, and before she knew it her pudding eating made her very sick.



Another reason Grandmoo became addicted was her fear of her *feelings*—fear of being sad or angry or hurt. When her husband died, Grandmoo ate more and more clover pudding so she wouldn't feel so sad. She did the same thing when Wild Bull lied to her and spent his time with other cows. She kept eating more and more clover pudding so she wouldn't have to feel the pain of loss and rejection.

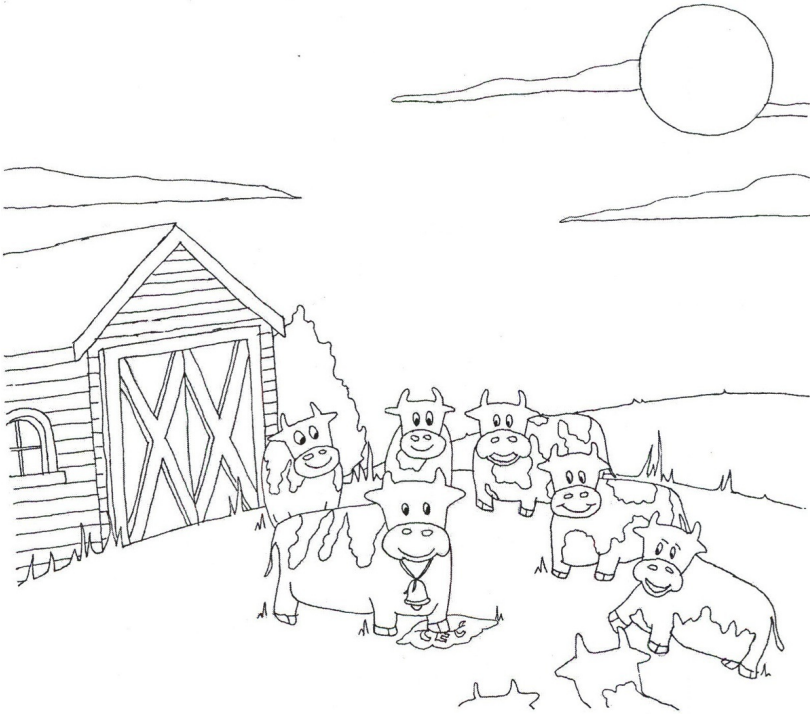
Then there's something about clover pudding itself. When you eat it like Grandmoo ate it you have to eat still more. Clover pudding is *addictive*. The more you eat the more you *need*.

So there are many reasons Grandmoo became a clover pudding addict. But Moo-worth taught her that the reasons didn't matter so much. The *important* thing was *not* to eat any more clover pudding. Grandmoo couldn't imagine *never* eating clover pudding. But she didn't have to do that. She just had to not eat clover pudding *today*. One day at a time is the way she learned to do it.

Grandmoo was getting better. She now knew what the problem was. It was the way she ate clover pudding. And she knew what to *do*. All she had to do was *not* eat it—*one day at a time*—and go to lots of Puddings Anonymous meetings. Grandmoo also arranged to talk to Dr. Vachestein every week. She

knows that she has to stay away from cows who swill pudding. Grandmoo is trying to feel all her feelings. If they upset her she moos about them instead of eating vats of pudding. And she told her herd how sorry she is that she lied and stole and stayed away from them.

Naturally, Grandmoo worried that the herd was still angry with her. And they were a little bit angry still. But they loved Grandmoo, and the whole herd was very happy when she returned from Rehab. One look and they knew she was a different cow. They cried and laughed and mooed. It was wonderful to see her back and well. This was the Grandmoo they used to know. Manola and Turnbull and Moo-o, Boo-o, and Coo-o were especially moo-ved. They have their mother, wife, and grandmother once again. And it isn't only Grandmoo who feels better and acts better. The whole herd is happier and healthier now that Grandmoo is healthy. Moo-on says that it isn't so bad being a cow. But she still roars once in a while. And everyone saluted Meese, who had started Grandmoo on her road to recovery.



Of course the herd worries that Grandmoo will go back to clover pudding. They don't entirely trust her. That upsets her. But Dr. Vachestein says that this will change. All Grandmoo has to do is be patient and not eat clover pudding, one day at a time. Then one day the herd will completely trust her again.

Grandmoo started running the dairy again. That was hard for Spooky

and Udderkins. But Grandmoo took off her CEC cap. She isn't so bossy anymore. She doesn't have to act so important and be the CEC because now she likes herself.

Grandmoo did some awful things while she was addicted. It will take time for the herd to forgive them. Fortunately, Manola, Meese, and the grandcalves go to Dr. Vachestsein for family therapy. That helps a lot. Grandmoo goes too. The whole family moos it all out and Grandmoo listens. Sometimes that's painful for her and sometimes she moos things that are painful for the family to hear. Dealing with these feelings honestly helps every cow recover from the awful time when Grandmoo was "crazy" from all that clover pudding.

Grandmoo keeps getting better. And so does the herd. Every P.A. meeting helps. Grandmoo's health is good now. And she can't believe that she once wanted to kill herself. Now she feels everything that cows can feel. Most of the time she feels happy. At night she holds Turnbull's hoof and they look up at the sky together, wondering what's out there.

Every herd has its problems. So does every cow and bull. But this herd doesn't have many anymore. And they help each other solve those problems. It is a delight to hear them mooing at each other as they squish flies with their tails.

If you visit their pasture the first thing you will see is Grandmoo playing with her grandcalves. And if you're lucky, she will wink at you and invite you to join the game.

END



About the Author

Jerome D. Levin, Ph.D., has treated addictions for over thirty years. He is the author of eleven previous books and has taught at Suffolk Community College, Marymount Manhattan College, St. Joseph's College, and the New School for Social Research, where he directed a program to train addiction counselors for over twenty-five years. He practices psychotherapy in Manhattan and Suffolk County, New York. You can contact Dr. Levin at jeromedlevin@gmail.com or (212)989-3976.

About the Collaborator

Sara Zarem Levin, Ph.D., received her doctorate in psychology from Columbia University and went on to qualify as a psychoanalyst. She worked with mothers and children at the Lexington School for the Deaf and now teaches psychology at LaGuardia Community College. She maintains a psychotherapy practice in New York City and Long Island.

About the Illustrator

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