

Dear Barbara:

I thank God for the Enuresis Treatment Center, even though I have never been there. I wet the bed until I was 19 years old, and in all that time I never knew there was a place where I could receive support and help. So I thank God for the clinic, because I understand the pain and shame faced by those who suffer with bed wetting. I know how it feels to be in grade school or junior high feel like you can't go on sleepovers or campouts. I know how it feels to be in high school and be jealous of your schoolmates who are "kidnapped" in the middle of the night by their friends to go bowling, and at the same time petrified that your friends would come into your room. I know how it feels to be in college, living in the dorms, praying for every morning to be the last morning you wet the bed. Even though the clinic was up and running the entire time I was suffering, I never knew they existed. I never had the courage to open up about my problem with anyone, so I never had the opportunity to be helped. The shame was so deeply imbedded in me that it has only been in the last few years that I have been able to look at all the pain I endured, and begin to heal my emotional wounds.

So I thank God for the Enuresis Treatment Center, because they are giving multiplied thousands of people the help that I did not have, not only with their bed wetting problem, but also with their self esteem and their shame. They are helping many others join the ranks of those who can say, "I don't wet the bed any more!"

Cathy Bridges
Lakewood, CA
39 years old