

# WE GOT YOUR SIX

**Walking alongside veterans as they rebuild their lives.**



When you hear someone say, “I’ve got your six,” you know exactly what they mean: *I’ve got your back. You’re not alone.*

It’s a phrase that resonates deeply with those who have served. At Another Chance House it’s our commitment to veterans like Wilton, and to every man who walks through our doors carrying the weight of their past.



Wilton is a 66-year-old Marine veteran. He’s soft-spoken, quick to help, and carries a deep sense of responsibility. But behind that quiet strength is a story filled with loss, hardship, and a long fight to reclaim his life.

He grew up in rural East Texas, spending much of his childhood on his grandmother’s farm. He remembers fishing and roaming the land as a boy—moments of calm and comfort in a life that was anything but stable. Both of his parents struggled heavily with alcohol. His father was a truck driver, often gone for long stretches. His mother stayed home to raise Wilton and his seven younger siblings, but the house was far from peaceful. Arguments, drinking, and volatility were part of the daily routine.

By the time Wilton turned eighteen, he was desperate for a way out. He enlisted in the Marines and left home hoping to build something better for himself. But just three months into his service, he got the call that shattered everything. His father, in a drunken rage, had shot and killed his mother—six times, in the back.

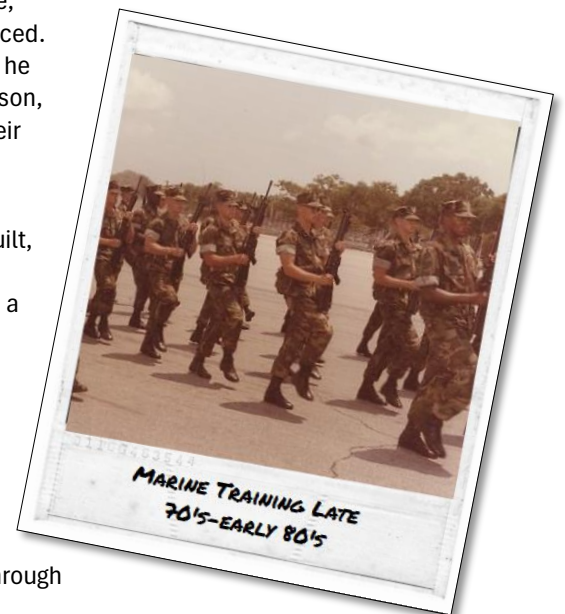
Wilton returned home with an honorable discharge, but the world he’d known was gone. He was the oldest of eight, standing in the wreckage of a family already weighed down by addiction, now broken by violence.

Still, he kept going. He started driving trucks like his father. He got married and had children. But pain has a way of piling on. At twenty-five, Wilton and his wife lost a son to stillbirth. Two years later, they divorced. He stayed on the road, doing what he could to provide, sending money home when he had it, trying to keep a connection with his kids. His daughter stayed in his life. His son, who would later serve in the military himself, pulled away during his teen years. Their relationship never fully recovered.

He’ll tell you now, plain and honest: “I got around the wrong people.” That’s how it started. The drugs filled a space inside him that had been empty for years - grief, guilt, loneliness, the echoes of a childhood filled with shouting and silence. He began using more often. Then came the dealing. He was arrested for delivering cocaine in a drug-free zone and sentenced to eight years in prison. Nearly a decade of his life, gone. He spent most of his 50s behind bars, thinking about everything he had already lost - his parents, his marriage, his son - and everything he still might lose.

When he was released in 2019, Wilton was determined to do better. And for a while, he did. He got clean. He stayed focused. He tried to stay out of trouble and keep to himself. But addiction doesn’t vanish just because you’ve served your time. It waits. It lingers. It shows up in quiet moments — when you’re isolated, when you’re tired, when no one’s calling, and the ache of everything you’ve been through starts creeping in again.

Wilton stayed clean for four years, but eventually, he relapsed. He started using again. Got back around the wrong crowd. He was tired, disoriented, and starting to believe that maybe this was all life had left for him. He’d wake up and wonder what he was even waking up for.



***He stopped reaching out to family. Stopped taking care of himself.***

***He wasn't living — just existing.***

***This time, he knew if he didn't get help, he wouldn't make it out.***

Through the Veterans Administration, Wilton was referred to **Another Chance House**. He moved in this past February. He was three months clean, tired, and ready **-really ready-** to try something different.

Since then, he's been rebuilding from the ground up. There's no shortcut to that kind of work. It takes patience, honesty, and showing up even on the hard days. Wilton attends recovery meetings. He works closely with his case manager to set goals he can actually meet. He keeps to himself when he needs to but is always the first to offer a hand. If something needs doing, he does it. No complaints, no fanfare. Just a quiet commitment to being better than he was yesterday.

He doesn't talk much about what he's been through unless you ask. But when he does, he's clear about one thing: he's not going back. *He's moving forward.*

He wants to build a home where he and his daughter can live together. **A place where stability finally outweighs survival.** He dreams of a day when all eleven of his grandchildren can see him not for who he was, but for who he is working to become.

Right now, he only has a relationship with three of them. The other eight, his son's children,

he doesn't get to see. That loss sits heavy on him. But it's also

what drives him. More than anything, he wants to be the kind of man his son would be proud to welcome back into their lives - not just for his sake, but for the grandkids he's never stopped hoping to meet.

And Wilton isn't alone.

More than 60% of the men we serve at Another Chance House are veterans. Like Wilton, they've fought battles most people will never see — trauma, addiction, homelessness, and the long shadow of a system that too often leaves them behind when they return home.

That's why our work goes far beyond shelter. We offer structure. We offer stability. We offer support that meets each man exactly where he is. That means one-on-one case management. Recovery support. Mental health referrals. Transportation assistance. Life skills coaching. And the simple, powerful dignity of a clean, safe place to begin again.

**This work isn't just about helping men survive.  
It's about helping them rebuild - piece by piece - and reclaim  
their place in the world.**

