

# New Beginnings

Winter 2011

## *An Addiction Letter*

Dear Addiction,

I am returning your letter only to tell you goodbye. I am 36 now and I can't remember when the last time we had fun together. Sure you were always there for me when I was lonely, or needed a buzz but did you hear yourself in that letter? You know my family is all I got and live for yet you made it so they didn't want anything to do with me. I was so in love with you, I would ignore them so we could be alone. I mean seriously how many times do you want me in jail on account of you? Don't you see I am far better without you? I want you to know I will not be hurting the kids anymore. They have suffered enough pain from me. I don't think you realize how it hurts me to not be with them as a family. I would call you a piece of shit, but I'm not here to name call. Why did you do this to me? I will have to go on for the rest of my life thinking about you and you seem that's ok if you never leave my mind. Well just for the books we will no longer be friends. I will know every time you show up you will only put me in danger weather it be my family or my freedom. Really, really? Do you want me back? Kiss my ass. Go find someone else to bother. They will eventually kick you to

the curb too if you don't kill them first. That don't sound like something any of my friends would do to me now. I might sound harsh, but yea, you made me angry in your letter. So I'll leave you far back in my mind, and that's where you'll stay. Please don't bother me. I'll be just fine.

~Brenda



## What Recovery Means To Me

To me recovery means a brand new life. To me recover means feeling like a brand new person, a person I am getting to know, a confident person full of hope, and with rising self-esteem. Recovery involves letting go of everything from my past. I don't wish to shut the door on it, because I can learn something from every mistake I made in the past. Recovery from all mind altering chemicals can be exciting, but

frightening to say the least. For me some of my days are filled with great pain and suffering, but all in all, it makes me stronger.

Now in recovery I have rejoined the land of the living once more, because I had been hiding under a web of drug addiction for all these years.

For me recovery also means respect and admiration from my children, family, and non-using friends. Recovery also means getting used to being around people again by developing social skills with me filled with confidence, and full of hope as I make new friends, for without friends, without people, there is no hope for recovery, only isolation.

Also recovery from active addiction means hope for a new future. I know recovery has restored my confidence, my faith, and my self-esteem.

Recovery takes time, one step at a time. There is never full recovery right away. I have to work at it, work hard at it. I find there are still a few trials and tribulations that still remain. But this time the will to fight is stronger than the will to give in.

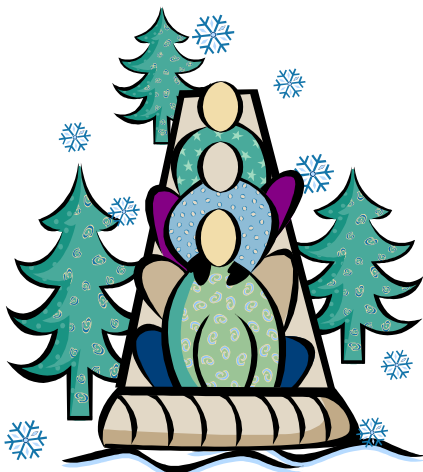
~Jessica



## Surviving the Disease

There is a disease in the land; it's name, "Addiction." Millions of us suffer from it in some shape or form; no one is free from its grip. Its side effects touch even the innocent. "Addiction" comes in many forms. Most of us are exposed every day not even realizing it. Addiction is in our face 24/7. It's in our caffeine adds, our alcohol adds, our tobacco adds and even in our fast food adds. Its constant, it shows no mercy. Not to the young or old, the rich or poor, or to those in the prime of life. Only by the Grace of our Higher Power many survive. By faith, hope and diligence in restoring order in our lives, in our churches and community. By sharing our experiences with each other, seeking solutions that work, making that commitment to overcome and break free, we remain sober, sharing in the gift of life, of an addiction-free life.

~Joe



## Poetry



### Trapped

Sometimes I step out of bounds  
on the road in and out of towns.  
I have a good heart that not everyone sees and it's a good heart, I want it to be.  
The past haunts me - so hard to live down - so then I end up leaving town.  
My family will tell me what I lack, but God always has my back.  
I lost job, girlfriend, and my home. I had nothing so I turned it into a poem.  
To have faith is the richest gold  
It's something that can't be sold.  
I found myself in music and art.  
No one can take from my heart.  
To the rich people, it comes back to you; Not all your dreams come true.  
Forgiveness is the key to mankind. A peace is so hard to find.

~Tommy

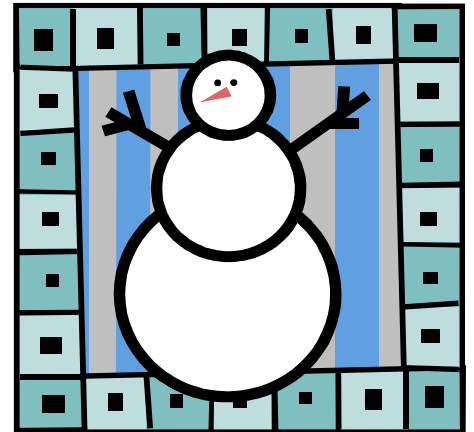


### Untitled

once again it's back to the pen and pad  
no friends this is all i've ever had  
never mad, always content  
though i look sad

shits gettin hectic trying to walk the right path,  
im on track one day at a time, not lookin back  
not shootin crack, though i have feelin the aftermath of all that my backs been stabbed so i stand straight today and move on from my past  
alas at last i finally have my mind back  
no more spinnin wishin to get a hit in  
bitchin yellin and kickin trippin for a blast  
then fightin tryin to stay in line and not crash  
they say i attract the bad so whats that make me? worse? crazy,  
maybe but id rather be that then stuck in the cycle of relapse

~Anon.



### "Untitled"

Laugh your heart out  
Dance in the rain  
Cherish the moment  
Ignore the pain  
Forgive and forget  
life is too short to be  
Living with regrets

-Brenda



Center Pointe helped me stop  
my life is all new to me  
all things are possible

one day I woke up  
the world I saw was all new  
I was thrown back in

What I use to do  
What I was trained to do  
What I am doing now

The hearts are pounding  
passion is almost  
overwhelming  
love is on its way

-Monte



## Addiction

The life of drugs took its toll  
and brought me heart ache  
and little control

I was out on the streets. Night  
to night had nothing to eat,  
not even a bite

My food was poisoned - played  
dirty tricks. All I could do is  
get my next fix

I try so hard to run away, but  
it caught up to me every day

I tried real hard to do what's  
right. I prayed to God each  
and every night

My addiction took everything  
from me. Now I might see  
everything clearly

I know God will always be  
there, and I know that he does  
care

~Tommy

## My Personal Space

Here I stand alone.

The storm has passed and the  
clam makes the devastation  
within even more brutally  
naked and raw.

But I do not feel lingering guilt  
and anguish like I usually do. I  
am filled instead with a sense  
of serenity.

I survived.

I could not survive if I didn't  
have friends. I am calm and  
trying to focus and squeeze out  
the constant lingering doubts  
and fears that scratch at my  
confidence.

I miss you right now.

I feel your own emotions of  
hopelessness and I truly  
understand.

Even if you push me, I will not  
budge.

I will continue to stand by and  
be close.

I am here to offer the strength I  
have, to offer the caring to give  
the hugs, and to continue to  
believe that you shall, too,  
make it through your storm and  
the demolition of dreams.

You will rebuild.

New dreams will be realized.

If you cannot remember  
anything else, then remember  
that time doesn't stop for  
anything and that this too shall  
pass.

I have been to and over the  
edge so often, and yet it never  
becomes a comfortable familiar  
space.

I struggle and fight.

Often I fight against those I  
care the most about.

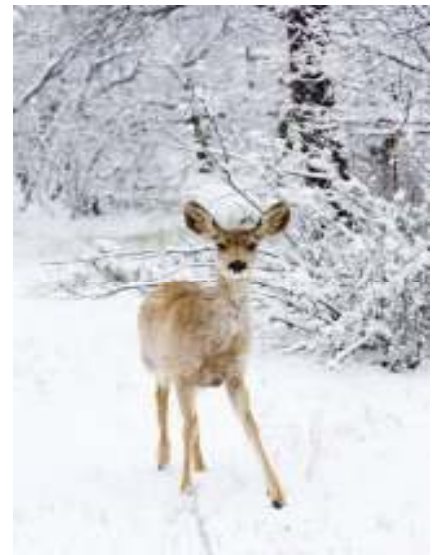
I am blessed that they stay and  
take the abuse.

I will be right here...standing  
by...waiting for the time that I  
can give...as so many have  
given to me.

I do it as much for me as for  
you. I find a wealth of joy is  
being able to help and care.  
I am thinking of you...and of  
my night alone. It will come to  
pass also. The clock tells me so.

Enjoying the peace after the  
storm...

~Laura



## Untitled

There are some things  
eating at my soul, some  
secrets that keep eating at  
me because they are untold...  
They come from the times  
when I was not the real me,  
back when I thought getting  
high was the key.  
I look in the mirror and  
who do I see? That  
worthless junkie that

thought the drugs set her free.  
The wounds are so deep, they won't seem to heal, I cut and I burn just to feel something real. The secrets I keep will only keep me sick, there is no quick fix, and no easy trick. So I must continue this journey to vetter myself, I must let go and let god, and accept his help.

~Paige



### Hello, My name is Crazy

Hello, My name is Crazy, I don't think I've ever thought or seen things clearly. I've never known what "NORMAL" feels like or anything even close, and the not knowing is what really hurts the most.

If I could be not me, I could maybe see the world and all the "good" people say exists in it, But for now I say they're full of shit.

I have babies and family that I don't want to see me this way. And at times when I make misstates, "I don't know what to do" is all I can say.

I want a magic pill to make me like you, so that I'm not always questioned about all the crazy things that I do.

People look at me like I am some kind of freak, not knowing that all it is is a life of normalcy that I seek.

If I could be not me, I could maybe see the world and all the "good" people say exists in it. But for now, I say they're full of shit.

~Christy



### "Untitled"

Let me tell you how I feel... My mind is never eve sure. the Past, present and future seem to all be a blurr. I never know if I'm right or wrong. Or maybe just unsure of my whole life long. Will I get better? Could I get worse? Or stay the same and never be sure.

I live my life as if I'm not me, hoping and praying that someday I'll be free... Free to live, free to love, and free to believe that just maybe one day I won't be so fucking CRAZY.

Does anyone know how it feels to always seem to cry? About what? I don't know. I wish god could tell me why.

Why am I the way I am, is anyone else like me? My brain feels like it's going to bleed. My heart is always broken, I want to say and do so much but the words go mostly unspoken. Why, why, why – why me? Why can't anyone else stop inside my head just for a moment just to see what it's like to be me...

I live my life as if I'm not me, hoping and praying that someday I'll be free... Free to live, free to love, and free to believe that just maybe one day I won't be so fucking CRAZY.

~Christy



### ✧ Haiku Poems ✧

The snow will fall down  
I will make angels in it  
The snow will fall hard

~JN

I like red fall leaves  
Trees are nice when they turn brown  
Leaves of fall are neat

-Brenda

What do I write down?  
I am not that creative.  
Now I feel stupid.

-Tyler

I don't mind winter.  
I enjoy changing seasons.  
Winter through summer.

~Tyler

I love the Huskers  
I love the great traditions  
I love Tom Osbourne  
~Tyler

Look at all the leaves  
Orange, yellow, on the ground  
Everywhere I look  
~Paige

Christmas time is near,  
It's my favorite time of year  
Spreading all the cheer  
-JN

Leaves are falling down  
There is snow upon the ground  
winter is around  
-JN

Green, red, and silver  
Shimmery light on the snow  
still and quiet day  
-Anon

Crystalline flakes fall  
Eyelashes freeze like needles  
Wind gathers my voice  
~TW

Leaves scrunch below feet  
Naked branches reach skyward  
Summer ends winter comes fast  
-Laura

I'm sober and clean  
These are the things I now need  
To be me, drug free  
-Nelly

The leaves are falling  
Raking leaves is a good job  
Put them all in bags  
-J.

Enveloping sun  
Starlit soft warm velvet night  
Rustling arbor calls  
-Terri