

Recovery

I ran into Jane [not a real name] just outside the courthouse on my way to drug court. She looks terrible. Nothing's changed in her world – it's obvious she's still using – I felt uncomfortable being around her – I told her I'm clean and sober and quite well – She wanted to give me her number – She says she still has some things that belong to my baby girl – I told her to toss them – we've gotten along fine without them this long so we don't need it – She got a little miffed about that and said she was trying to be my friend by saving it. I started to get a little heated myself but decided I didn't have time to go into all the “favors” she'd done for me in the past, so I just thanked her for the favor and told her goodbye.

I'm sitting in drug court replaying old tapes about favors that have been done for me over the years involving drugs – no where can I find anything that's come out to my advantage when drugs have been involved – no where! All I can see is what I've lost – the tangible and intangible – both many times over.

I find myself getting enraged about all the energy, time, and money I've wasted on something that did nothing good for me and has given nothing in return. I find serenity in the fact that I'm clean & sober now and everything that I've lost in the past can be regained and repurchased and I get to keep everything that I have as long as I don't use drugs and I don't drink.

And you know what? I'm starting to like me – oh I ain't perfect and I still mess up and have negative (using) thoughts – but I like my honesty now and I love looking in those gorgeous eyes of my little girl and seeing how happy she is – She's trusting me to be there for her.

--Anonymous