

MY
GREATEST
LESSON *in Sobriety*



The Daily Reprieve
July 2021



Letter from the editors

Welcome to the latest edition of the Daily Reprieve!

Most of us here at AA have had many wonderful experiences, which range from small things like being on time, learning how to meditate or bigger things like buying property, becoming debt free or marrying the love of our life. Great things happen between the sunrise and sunset of every day when we stay sober. But we can all say that being part of the fellowship has given us a lot of wisdom through learning our lessons.

The hard part is that it takes rigorous honesty, painful admissions, humbly and sincerely making restitution for harms done and many, many more. The other fact is that we have to keep on cleaning house, constantly hand over to a power greater than ourselves and promptly admit when we were wrong and all of these actions lead us to have spiritual experiences - which in turn are lessons learnt.

In light of the 7th month and the 7th step, where we *Humbly ask our higher power to remove our shortcomings* - we have an array of articles, poems, jokes and shares of people learning their lessons through AA.

We hope you enjoy each and every bit and we thank you for being of service, until next time!

The AA newsletter team

Tatiana's Story

Hi, I'm Tatiana,
Grateful recovering alcoholic!

The first time I came to the program I drank only once a week at parties, always drinking till the morning. I didn't see the point in drinking one or two glasses. Work hard, play hard was my motto. After each party I would have an emotional breakdown, but I didn't know why. I would cry, drink some more, cry some more, and try to figure out why the hell am I crying? It felt like the whole world was closing down on me and I felt this doom that I didn't think would ever pass. I would beg for death, even though my life outside was great and my close friends would always be surprised why I am so depressed. They'd say, "You live a beautiful life, what are you complaining about?!" and I would feel guilty, and drink some more. Then I'd get sober and behave like a normal human being for the rest of the week, but deep inside there was this void and I just could not see what was wrong with me. I didn't want to live anymore. I didn't know where else to go, so after another unsuccessful suicide attempt and an epic fight with my then husband I checked in to rehab, where no one sat with me and worked out if I was actually an alcoholic, (step one) everyone just assumed I was, and I didn't argue because I needed help.

To go to a psychologist and to be weak seemed an even worse idea for me. I didn't blame anyone and I always thought I was a warrior and no one could affect me. The first session with a doctor finally shed light at what was going on. I wasn't crazy, I was weak! I was just as weak as all of those who go to psychiatrists and whine about their

poor selves and how mummy and daddy didn't love them! That was a tough pill to swallow. I was apparently affected by my alcoholic abusive father, sexual abuse and bullying and, from that point on my drinking took off. I was so disappointed with myself, I despised myself for being so weak! I hated people who were going to psychologists, I felt pity for them, "Just get yourself together! Don't be a wimp!"

After I came out of rehab I continued to go to AA, and again, everyone just assumed I was an alcoholic, but here I started trying to actually figure out if I was. People just kept saying I'm in denial, no one had explained anything to me and of course I didn't care to read the Big book or the Doctor's opinion, I was so much smarter than that! My favorite philosophers at the age of 15 were Nietzsche, Jung and Freud for God's sake! What could I find more intellectual than that in the stupid big book written by a bunch of alcoholics!

Secretly I would take some tests that I could find to confirm I wasn't an alcoholic! So I left AA and tried to fix my PTSD and a bunch of other diagnoses that I got in rehab but now I gave myself permission to drink more! After listening to all the war stories in rehab and AA I thought, wow, I could drink at least two nights a week and still won't qualify as an alcoholic!

Then the psychiatrist prescribed me pills. It was impossible to accept, it meant that I was a hopeless case, not just weak but actually sick and one step away from a loony hospital. I drank more, however not as much and only twice a week, I still didn't think I was an alcoholic. Every day I was checking myself whether I'm an alcoholic and tried to prove to myself I wasn't! My doctor gave me pills to remove the craving

and I would drink just to prove I am choosing to! Those pills make alcohol taste like metal, you really don't want another glass, but I'd be determined to finish a bottle just to show that it was me who chose!

Only when I started to get into more and more trouble while drunk, finally hit my rock bottom did I run back to AA, on my knees, humbled and ready. This time I was convinced I was a real alcoholic and realized that all my problems are of my own making, so I started to work the program.

In the first few weeks my trauma started to jump out at me, and what a surprise! Being sober and working on my steps, working on

my trauma became so much more effective! What a revelation! I finally understood what "avoidance" is! I could make the connection between my anxieties, panic attacks, the triggers and the memories of actual events that caused it finally came to me! Now I believe I've recovered from my traumas too as I don't get any symptoms, I suddenly want to live again!

And most importantly, for me, I made peace with my higher power! I let it into my life and into my heart. I do not fight it anymore and I pray every day that it will never let me wander away again!

~Tatiana



**ENGLISH SPEAKING AA CONVENTION
ONLINE FROM THE NETHERLANDS**

"AA in a Digital World"

Al-Anon & ACA Participation

August 21, 2021

Saturday



Speakers

- *Yisrael C. (Jerusalem, Israel)
- *Harry M. (The Hague)
- *Clair T. (Kent, UK)
- *Cheryl V. (The Hague)
- *Tatjana (Amsterdam)
- *Harry (Belgium)
- *ACA & Al-anon Speakers

Meetings

- *Letting Go of Anger
- *Attitude of Gratitude
- *Making Hard Amends
and more

Discussion Workshops

- "Your own concept of GOD!"
- "Sponsorship"
- "Growing my Sobriety in a post Covid world"
- "Loving Parent, ACA"

**Registration NOW Open
Program Available Online**

www.aa-netherlands.org

Volunteers Needed

One Big Lesson

Could I choose the greatest lesson? Maybe it has to be the lesson of humility. This is necessary for me to let go and to change the way I live. But for humility I need the lesson of acceptance - to not resist and rage against how everything is and hating that it is not how I want it to be...that's humility.

Maybe the best lesson is that I am not alone, that there is something there for just my situation and that there are people who get me and I get them. When they share I listen and I learn. To listen well I must be humble, I must quieten my chattering ego, let go and accept.

Perhaps the best lesson is that practice is necessary but perfection isn't. Practice by going to meetings, by reading the daily reflections when you get out of bed, by praying (on your knees - a good lesson in

humility), by doing service, by saying "just for today" when things start to bubble...

All of these are amazing lessons, but perhaps the one thing that has stuck with me, surprised me and at the same time lifted me, was learning that this program is a spiritual one, that I will learn and practice ways of dealing with life that anyone, alcoholic or not, can apply to their lives and take comfort, strength, happiness and serenity from. Serenity, now there's a lesson...

I don't think there is any greatest lesson learned here - it is all one big lesson, passed on from teacher to teacher and student to student, (for we are all both), and I am just so glad I found this class.

~Anon

*God grant me the serenity
To accept the things I cannot change,
Courage to change the things I can,
And wisdom to know the difference.*



Love is Reflected

Invisible wall
Imagined division
Standing up tall
In smug opposition

Glib satisfaction
Of knowing I'm right
Fades to a fraction
From morning to night

Leaves behind stains
Of shame and regret
Broken remains
Of spiritual debt

This is what drives
The quest for relief
Soul sickness thrives
On self-centred grief

For me to stay sober
I have to believe
In turning it over
For daily reprieve

Stay close to God
Hold tight to connection
Drop the facade
And quest for perfection

Live this day knowing
That we're all connected
The spirit is flowing
And love is reflected

~ Marnie



God Leaves the Door Open for Everyone

No Need to Overthink This Issue

The Alcoholics Anonymous program is open to anyone that has a desire to stop drinking. It makes no difference if you are an atheist, agnostic, Buddhist or a member of one of the vast numbers of religions in the world.

All of us have the same opportunity to get well through the steps. They were fashioned that way to ensure that no alcoholic is left out. We embrace everyone that walks through that door. If step two had been written to say, "Came to believe that God", rather than, "a Power greater than ourselves" could restore me to sanity, I wonder if A.A. would have succeeded in the way that it has, especially when we consider the problems that the Oxford group had with this issue.

I have seen people talking of religion, and others that were irritated with any talk of God, yet we still hold hands at the end of the meeting and say a prayer and everyone leaves the meeting feeling a little better. I personally know priests and ministers in the program, and they seem to adjust to the diversity of the landscape. I wish that it could be simpler for each person, but there are no two people that are identical in this matter.

Speaking for myself, if I wanted to be freed from the deadly obsession of alcoholism, I had to trust the guidance of the two books that are suggested, and the leadership of the more experienced members of the group, to come to terms with a concept of a

power greater than myself. I was the one in the Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions (12&12) that tried religion and had found it wanting. I also read that, "even the militant atheist got through the hoop with room to spare." I did not believe in the God of the religionist, but I did not think I was an atheist either.

The Power Greater than myself option was a good start for me. Something happened to me within minutes after arriving at my first introduction to three people. Sitting on a bench in the front yard of a little house in Los Angeles, where they held their meetings, the obsession to drink was gone, and I have not had, nor wanted, a drink since then. You might call that a miracle, and you might be right, depending on your definition of a miracle, but it came to me as a profound Change of Perception brought about by the Love, Understanding and Compassion I sensed as they welcomed me.

These experiences were a great way for me to start, but, what about PRAYER? Who or what do I pray to? I heard about doorknobs and icons, the ocean, and other such things but that way of thinking did not sit well with me. I did not want to be too glib about such an important matter. Then I noticed that, in step two, it did not say that I had to believe in anything, only that I had to believe that a power greater than myself could restore me to sanity.

The collective wisdom of the A.A. programme and the people in it have been the framework for my faith in a higher power. The experience that I had in that front yard, fifty-one years ago, was all I needed to know to get on with the rest of the program. I pray to God every day to show me what to do and to give me the strength to do it and I still do not know for

sure, who or what God is. I use the word God, only to describe the spiritual influence that A.A. has had on this drunk. I pray to God as I understand God, and he expresses himself in my consciousness, the only thing left for me to do is to separate the wheat from the chaff.

~ Rick R.

My greatest lesson in sobriety

My greatest lesson in sobriety, thanks to the AA community and its program is learning to love myself again through spirituality and humility.

How can one love, help, build relationships, connections with an inner feeling of self-hatred? Not possible.

The imposter syndrome and its many ramifications had become the core of my inebriated self. I was not that person before collapsing from this malady! (cunning, baffling as we know).

Today, I pray, I do my inventory, I am of service, I love my sponsor, I meet you in the rooms. I am grateful! Gratefulness is also a huge part of my sobriety and recovery.

Additionally, I love to listen to speaker tapes and celebrities expressing their addiction stories. Money and fame do not matter!

Here is an example of H.O.P.E. from the brilliant Anthony Hopkins:
<https://youtu.be/7cKTrH0Utd4>



And to conclude...All of you are a fabulous inspiration to my recovery because it is teamwork! I am still vulnerable over alcohol and will always be, yet I found the solution which works for me: one day at a time.

~ From M (that letter phonetically means LOVE in French:)

My greatest lessons

That it was an illness
It wasn't just me
That undid my shackles
It let me be free

That here there are others
I am not alone
It made me feel hopeful
A home from home

That I couldn't do it
Unless I let go
This opened my eyes
And also my soul

That I had these defects
That ate me away
But he, he would take them
If I gave them away

That just for today
Was a powerful idea
I will be happy and
Drink no more beer

That I had an ego
A face in the mirror
That I couldn't look at
Reflection of terror

That day by day
Being humble and real
And helping out others
I would heal

~Anon



My Greatest Lesson in Sobriety

"It's not my fault!", "Well if you helped me I wouldn't be in this mess!", "Of course you are to blame!" "Why else did this shit show go down?"

Hi, My name is Ateca and I'm an alcoholic. It's a strange feeling to write that word down. I'm sighing as I think about that word because it conjures up countless heartbreaking stories in my life of those near and dear to me.

When I came into the rooms 9 months ago I was a broken, helpless angry bitter bitch. I felt the whole world owed me something. I felt completely justified in my behaviour because everyone else was wrong. I could not or would not see my part of the unfolding drama that surrounded me. Drama followed me like a bad smell. In fact I had such a reputation for it that when terrible world events were being televised or shared on social media my husband would joke, "Are you sure you weren't involved?!"

I have spent my whole adult life blaming everyone else about why I didn't get that job or promotion; why I've not moved on further in my life; why I'm at odds with all my husband's family, my family, extended family, everyone really.

It was only in doing Step 4 and Step 5 that I realised I had a part to play in it. I'm not talking about childhood trauma where things happened to me, that's a separate

issue. For me it was looking at my behaviour and actions as an adult. Drinking and behaving badly, lying and hurting people; my husband, my children, my friends, my family. Being a very angry person exploding at the most stupid thing and upsetting everyone around me. Complaining about everything, everyone and its dog. I was a raging bull and felt completely justified. I did not take a minute to think about anyone else. I was so self centred, it was frightening. I had no awareness of myself at all.

This programme has helped me see the light for the first time. It was not a pretty picture. But I needed to see it in all its ugliness for me to truly make amends and turn the corner.

The greatest lesson I have learnt in this programme is that I am responsible for my behaviour. It's so easy to get caught up in the pity party, the "I'm justified" camp, which I often did to excuse my bad behaviour. It has been my greatest lesson and I continue to set right what was wrong and own it.

It's been liberating for me because I'm finally growing up and learning to own up to my stuff.

Thank you AA. I am a grateful alcoholic!

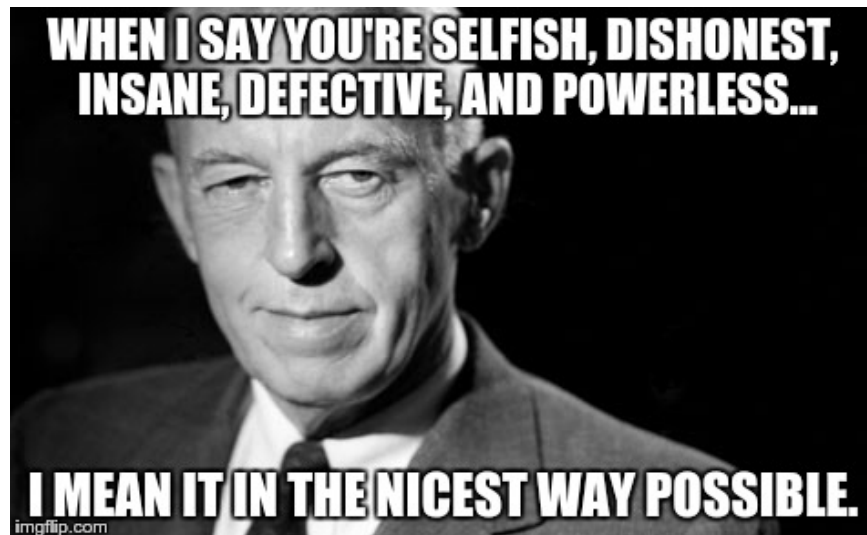


~Ateca

Honesty at Its Best

Life wasn't going well for me when I showed upon the scene
But I was ready for the change, whatever that would mean.
The life I'd lead was scandalous I think you get the gist,
And to get rigorously honest, was the first thing on my list.
When practicing this principle, I was brutal from the start,
But it sometimes caused reactions, and it wasn't very smart.
My wife asked me a question, while trying on some jeans
Did they make her look extended? Well, you know what I mean.
That put me in a quandary and, I knew I had to lie,
If I must be that rigorous, well, I guess I'm gonna die.
I told a friend about it and he said, "you got it right".
Kindness trumps the *rigorous* clause, and you've got to keep it light.
He gave a definition and for our purpose, I believe
Kind honesty is *Devoid of all motives to deceive*.
It gives a little wiggle room and, I think God wouldn't mind
If self-righteousness takes a little hit, *if only to be kind*.
I've learned there are few absolutes, and my conscience is my guide
And I must put self-honesty first, when these *things I must decide*.

~ Rick R.



My Greatest Lesson in Sobriety

My greatest lesson in sobriety... It's difficult to boil it down to 1 thing. When I came into the rooms nearly 9 months ago I was a very different person to the one writing this post. I think over the last 9 months I could summarise it into 3 lessons.

1. **Trust the program:** I was full of scepticism when I walked through the (virtual) doors of Boomerang 9 months ago. I didn't think it was where I belonged or what I needed. 9 months later I'm still here, still sober (no relapses!) and the program has changed my life for the better.
2. **Listen before speaking:** Learning to listen more and speak less is a big lesson for many but for this alcoholic it has taken a long time to learn. For years I thought I knew best and knew it all and had the most important opinions that everyone needed to hear, especially after a few drinks. After completely losing my self-confidence and being somewhat broken when I came into AA I have learnt so much by just listening to others. My universe gave me 2 ears and 1 mouth for a reason.
3. **Lose all expectations:** This was hard for me to hear when I first heard it. I had extremely high expectations of everyone, but more than that I thought the world owed me everything and was resentful that I didn't have what I

thought I deserved. Over the last few months I have been working really hard at having my universe remove my character defects, and expectations is one that has taken A LOT of work, and we are not there yet!



Now, for me, the road ahead looks full of opportunities, not full of fear and misery. A life in sobriety is still a bit scary, but that's just because I haven't lived this life before. If I have my universe and my higher power by my side, I need to trust that it'll be ok.

~MS

The best lesson that AA has taught me

My name is Adrian and I am an alcoholic. I had such a distaste for that word because my Dad was one and when he drank, he just turned into a monster and I never, ever wanted to be like that.

Like most alcoholics, I always felt like an outsider, especially with being gay in a predominantly Christian society, white and growing up in Africa, feeling poor when I felt that everyone was richer, better, more good-looking and more talented than I was.

Basically, I couldn't accept me or anything around me, let alone *love* myself or my surroundings.

Except when I had a drink.

Man, that burning feeling down my throat was the best thing because I knew that in that drink, I could find a lot of love, laughter and even a bit of the life that I always wanted. I felt better, funnier, richer and smarter... until the next day, when I felt even worse than I did before I took the first drink.

The only solution for how shit I was feeling - was to take another drink! I got trapped in this vicious cycle, because it was the only thing I knew that worked.

Until it didn't...

I got into the rooms about 6 and a half years ago battered and broken and desperate beyond measure. I sobered up, got a sponsor, and started working the 12 steps of Alcoholics Anonymous and I still do them today by admitting powerlessness, doing inventory, and asking God to help me in all of my affairs.

But the best thing that AA has taught me, was to accept and love myself exactly as I am and that is the biggest gift I have ever received! I don't only love myself, but I LIKE myself on most days.

I'm a happy customer and I'll keep on coming back.

Adrian

Our greatest lesson in sobriety

Practical experience shows that nothing will so much ensure immunity from drinking as intensive work with other alcoholics. It works when other activities fail. This is our twelfth suggestion: Carry this message to other alcoholics! (BB 4ed, Ch.7, pp 89:1)

When I entered the rooms, I was given the gift of desperation. I went through the steps in 6 months. The career I thought I had lost was restored and a marriage on the brink of divorce was saved. I had a sponsee and even set up a new meeting. But once I'd done all that, I sat down on my laurels.

After a few difficult events in my life, my serenity was gone, and I experienced "dry bottom".

I asked my current sponsor for guidance and threw myself into more AA service. I started to visit prisons and share experience, strength and hope with medical students in the social sciences. I became more active in meetings and intergroups and sponsored a few more newcomers.

Now entering my sixth year of sobriety, I am as close to the BB as possible: *"practical experience shows that nothing helps but intensive work with other alcoholics"*.

The best part of it, for the most part at least, is that it is also fun! I often propose (covid

measures permitting) going for lunch or a cup of tea after meetings to experience that 'we are not a glum lot'.

With this attitude, suddenly my own affairs also fall in place, not that they simply resolve themselves, but with this attitude, I am given strength from my HP to cope with living life on life's terms.

It is like fitness. It is not enough to sign up for the gym and even learn how to lift weights, it requires constant lifting. AA is no different! As Bill says:

"We are not cured of alcoholism. What we have is a daily reprieve contingent on the maintenance of our spiritual condition. Every day is a day when we must carry the vision of God's will into all our daily activities."

So, my greatest lesson in sobriety is: *I need to give it away, to keep it.*

~Anon

My greatest lesson in sobriety

My greatest lesson in sobriety is to stay in the now. AA is a 24 hour program so whoever got up the earliest in this room today has the longest sobriety.

My last drink was April 4th, 1979. My 90th day of Sobriety was on Saturday July 4th, 1979.

I was raised in a small town called Freeport, Long Island, New York. My first home group was Roosevelt We Care in the next town. Thanks to Zoom, I am still able to attend their Saturday 1030am morning meeting and their Sunday Sunrise 930am morning meeting which is an absolute joy since I moved to San Francisco, CA to live nearly 35 years ago.

My 90th day, July 4th, fell on a Saturday that year and I was petrified. I didn't have a car so I walked home. It is the only holiday when everyone, all the neighbors talk to you. They are all out in the backyards BBQing Ribs, Chicken & Hot Links Pork Sausage. "Hey Man", he yells, "jump the fence, grab a drink or a beer and stay a while till these ribs get 'Jumping' ready". I managed to avoid jumping any fences that day but I was scared to death about drinking. I walked over to Freeport Detox Hospital on Grove Street in Freeport and stayed all day and evening at their pocket meetings at the hospital.

Hospital offices closed for the holiday, so AA used the empty rooms for meetings. The 7 Eleven was around the corner, I grabbed a bag of chips, a couple of hot dogs and soda to tide me over between the hospital pocket

meetings going on around the clock. To this day I don't know why I chose to stay alone, it never crossed my mind until now to 'hang' with sober members at their backyard BBQ's.

Now that I write this and look back on it, Roosevelt We Care was a St8 meeting and of course I was gay and very closeted in those meeting rooms but every one knew but me. Haha. Anywho, late that evening I got back home exhausted but I didn't drink that day. That was my last holiday in Sobriety. To this day, holidays are for normal people. For this alcoholic, holidays are AA marathon meetings with plenty of good food, mostly homemade and tons on non alcoholic beverages. Don't let me start talking about the Dessert Table; Scrumptious! Another great lesson in sobriety.

Announcing my 3 months of Sobriety at that Saturday morning meeting was thrilling. I felt so proud and grateful for AA. When the meeting was closed, I asked a member how he got to be an Old Timer. He looked at me real serious, smiled and said, "You don't drink and go to meetings. You don't drink between meetings and YOU DON'T DIE! That was my first lesson for the day. As I was walking down the hallway to exit the meeting hall, he yelled, "TonyT". I turned around to face him. He yelled to me, "Enjoy

the 4th without a Fifth!". My second great lesson in Sobriety.

Thanks to AA Brick & Mortar meeting rooms, I got a great lesson that day to stay sober. How I miss the hugs, kisses, all of us going to dinner for meals and fellowshiping. Yes, missed but not forgotten. I still go to my meetings, sitting in my underwear while attending meetings in Singapore, Kona or Honolulu, HI, New York Long Island & up in The Bronx NY, San Francisco and Ft. Lauderdale, FL. daily. Who knew AA would 'morph' into a new format, Zoom over the internet using WiFi technology.

Thank God, I listened to that Old Timer 42 years ago. I don't drink and go to Zoom meetings. Don't drink between Zoom meetings. I am going to be 84 years old this year in October 2021, Lord Willing. I ain't dead yet. AA is a 24 hour program to learn many great lessons while attending and sharing. I've learned to listen to Listen to Learn. Another great lesson in Sobriety.

~ TonyT/San Francisco, CA



Those Friends Thou Hast

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel.

~ William Shakespeare

Every so often at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting I hear a newcomer share that most of his old friends stopped coming around and that he thought that he was losing them. Sometimes this may be distressful and may cause a person to question whether the sacrifice is worth the loss of those old acquaintances.

Sometimes the word friend is misunderstood. We often refer to people we are associated with as friends. Others will say that you can count on one hand, the true friends you will have in a lifetime. So where do these associates or acquaintances come in?

I played golf for about 35 years and had many so-called golfer friends but when the round of golf was over, we put our clubs in the car and went our separate ways. Fishing was the same. When we finished fishing, we put the rods and tackle box in the car and went home.

With these acquaintances, the common denominator was golf or fishing. That is what bound us to each other. I quit playing golf about 15 years ago and when the common denominator was gone, I did not continue to go to the golf course to hang out with them. I seldom saw my old golfing friends except in passing where we exchanged pleasantries and then we went our separate ways.

Most of the so-called friends I had before I got sober had only one thing in common with me and that was the drinking. Unlike golf and fishing, we could drink 24 hours a

day if we wanted to. We did not need a boat or even a set of clubs to associate with each other. The bottle was all that was necessary and without it we had little in common. When the common denominator was gone, trying to hang out with them became awkward for them and for me. I had to accept that reality and let them be. If we have anything else in common, we will know it and share that association with each other, but that was seldom the case except for family members or work associates.

We, in A.A. are fortunate indeed for we have a common denominator that has been likened to the survivors on a sinking ship, in a lifeboat, caring for each other. We associate at such a deep and intimate level that we develop true friendships that the average person seldom is exposed to. Understanding this can be a great comfort to those new members who may need to be prepared to move on with their lives.

If that new member is fortunate enough to adopt the A.A. program for the long haul, he may become the true friend that those old acquaintances in the bar room may need should they become a troubled alcoholic seeking help themselves. I cannot tell you how many true friends I have developed in the program of Alcoholics Anonymous, but I have been grappling with them unto my soul for over 50 years now.

Thank you for the advice Mr. Shakespeare.

~ Rick R.

The Tree of Unselfishness

Selfishness, Self-Centeredness, the root of all our flaws.

When first I heard those simple words, it really gave me pause.

Could this be the answer to the troubles of my past?

Removing all the guilt and shame, my conscience had amassed.

Unselfishness was not a word my EGO could embrace.

For it was much more satisfying when I lived in disgrace.

When in the clutch of my disease, I really had no choice.

But in the comfort of A.A, I heard God's loving voice.

He had me check my motives for, my habits and my deeds.

And redirect my thoughts to meeting other people's needs.

As I adopted this approach, not looking for approval.

Joy filled that dark and guilty space, left after their removal.

Unselfish motives are the seeds that spawn this loving tree.

The fruit of which brings happiness to both others and to me.

These things could not have happened, when my EGO had control.

It was my choice to summon up my Conscience for that role.

Unselfishness has been the answer to a life of grief.

The more I put it into play, the more I get relief.

It's my Conscience now that monitors my motives at their roots.

The result has been a healthy tree, and I enjoy the fruits.

~Rick R.

Forgiveness: Life's Hardest but Sweetest Lesson

Is Memory like hoary frost;
painful, ceaseless, frigid scenes.
Joy comes only in forgetting?
Tho, we are told to visit these.

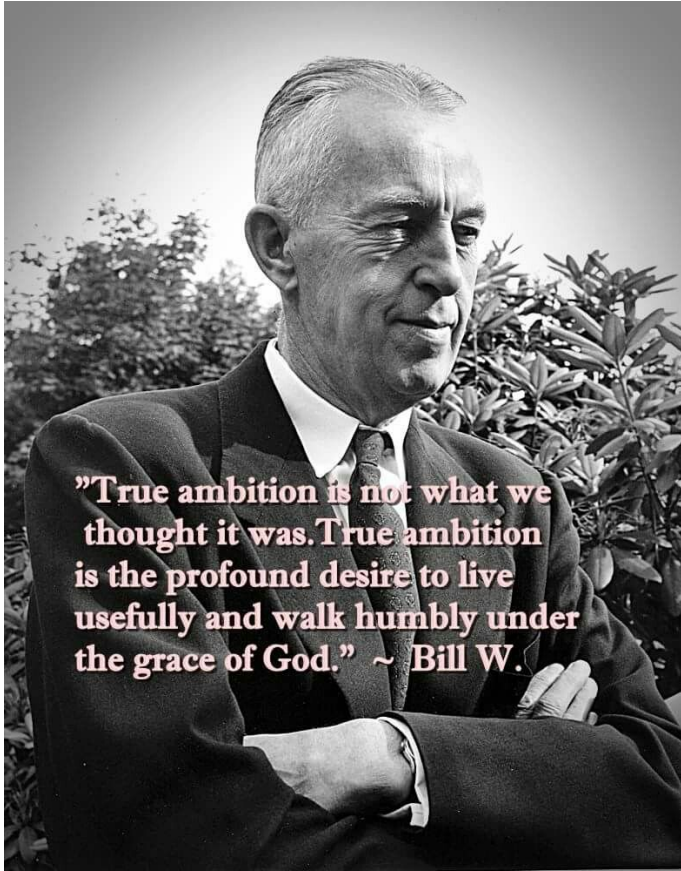
Befriend the memory, dear friend.
Accept that this happened to ME.
Then forgive ugly abusers;
this will block the den of thieves.

You ask me why I voice these tales?
Aren't these 'me too' moments lessons?
Forgiveness of my abuser's wrong?
Easy! It's for me; it spares the guns.

Forgiveness foils Adam's sin;
Avoids the shameful, future troubles.
Share a pain — its cut in half;
share a joy and it is doubled.

So, I sat with my abuser.
Him: "Can you forgive me?" Me: a simple nod.
Forgiveness is life's hardest lesson
The sweetest exit on life's tawdry, bumpy road.

~Anon



Me judging everyone at the meeting who has less time sober than me

