

The Gift of Desperation

January 23

Walking my dogs in the fresh air, I thank Higher Power for a life recreated in serenity and peace. My contentment in the moment is like being wrapped in a lover's arms: safe, secure, and sheltered, light years away from the life I once led.

Before recovery, I knew only dread and hopelessness. I spent each day cloaked in debilitating fear with a conviction that my world would end at any moment so, what was the point of living? The smaller and darker my world appeared, the more desperate I became.

It is counter-intuitive, but we should remain grateful for the gift of desperation. This desperation forces our cries of surrender to accept the miracles of recovery. It is in turning away from desperation that we see the courage to become willing to believe there is life after our death from addiction.

Our gift of desperation is a constant reminder of what our life can be in an instant if we revert back to old ways of doing. As we *think-the-drink-through*, we feel the hopelessness of months, even years earlier, and the complete desperation that brought us into the rooms. We pray that reminder will never leave us.

Each day is the day we stop where we are and give thanks to our Higher Power who carries us when we cannot walk, and reminds that just for today, life is wonderful!

TODAY'S MEDITATION

I am grateful for the gift of desperation. It brought me to a truth that cannot be denied. Miracles allow me to find a way out of the self-induced stupor of addiction and into the light.

"The gift of willingness is the only thing that stands between the quiet desperation of a disingenuous life and the actualization of unexpressed potential." —James Patrick McDonald

