

Saying Goodbye to Addiction

January 10

I always knew I was on a slippery slope. The seductive lure of addiction no longer held excitement. The monster turned its back on me more than once. But this time was different. This time, I felt in my bones a deadening cold betrayal.

Filled with hate and anger, a suffocating fear consumed me like a virus. I infected everything and everyone in my path. Addiction had rejected *me!* No longer could I touch that ease and comfort place on the mountain top where I reigned strong, omnipotent—untouchable. I could no longer get there, feel the thrill, or hide behind the fraud that was my sickness. My mind pulsed with confusion and twisted thoughts of insanity. I couldn't drink, but I couldn't *not* drink! I stood at the jumping off place called a living hell. Alone, insane, I wanted to die. My best thinking held me, trapped in a downward spiral of death.

I gave up. A. A. was my last hope, and I dissolved into sobs of surrender. A calming force drew me deep into the group, and for the first time in my life I belonged. I had hope. I cannot explain the miracle of hope that found me that day, but each day, sometimes one hour at a time, I wanted to live just a little more than I wanted to die.

The fellowship loved me until I could love myself. The place in my soul where death called my name receded as I began to trust the process that is recovery.

Sobriety through The Steps, its fellowship, and a Higher Power I call God sustains my thinking today. Just for today, I remain clean, sober—and free.

TODAY'S MEDITATION

Thank you, God, for my life.

"Saying good-bye to the things that cause you pain sometimes means saying good-bye to the things and the people—the addictions—who once brought you pleasure." —Cassia Leo