

Temptations of Relapse

July 5

It took years and an equal number of relapses before I reached my first successful sobriety date. After so many false starts, I had to be sure this was the day. And it was.

Since then, I've had yearnings to pick up a drink or a drug again but now have too much to lose. My obligation to myself and my Higher Power is to stay the course. I do this for me—not for my children or anyone else. If my sobriety is not anchored to my Higher Power and a continued desire for conscious contact, I. Will. Fail.

In the moments my husband passed from cancer, I was hit with the realization I had never lived alone sober. I was terrified. I was sucker-punched, wanted to die, convinced I couldn't live without him all in the same instant. As the coroner removed his body from the house, I stepped into his bathroom.

The sick committee in my head exploded with chatter as I looked around the room at the large bottle of liquid Morphine, Oxycodone, Morphine suckers, and Fentanyl patches. Whispering, that itty-bitty shitty committee said, *“Here you go, this will help. You deserve this. We know how you feel and this will take that suffocating fear of living without your husband away—forever.”*

My God did for me what I could not do for myself. With one foot already in the hereafter, I grabbed the phone and called my sponsor who told me to run outside to my front porch. She came and disposed of everything, and she saved my life.

I'm convinced that relapses are deliberate suicide attempts that often prove successful. Those of us with a vigilant life-saving gift of sobriety are the lucky ones. Each day we stay clean and sober, regardless of what is happening, we are walking miracles. Those who do not remain sober, often buy a one-way express pass to oblivion.

There is nothing a drink or drug can make better. I could have been a statistic.

We need a regular recommitment to our sobriety, one that comes from strength; *not* from us, but from our Higher Power. Life as we know it, cannot withstand the horrific pain and surrender necessary to live life sober, one day at a time no matter what life presents.

Our disease crouches, but dormant, waiting for us to slip: the exact moment needed to *deny* us a life of miracles of hope and freedom.

I will forever, be indebted to those who came before me, those who continue to pass on what was so freely given to them.

Most of all, I am thankful for the will of my Higher Power, that I grasp especially when life gets harsh, what needs to be done to help me stay sober one day at a time, no matter what.

TODAY'S MEDITATION

I'm so grateful to be convinced there is *nothing* my disease will ever make better. Its only goal is to kill me—nothing more.

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“... *this business of resentment is infinitely grave. We found that it is fatal. For when harboring such feelings, we shut ourselves off from the sunlight of the Spirit. The insanity of alcohol returns and we drink again. And with us, to drink is to die.*”
—*Alcoholics Anonymous, Page 60*

