

Temptations of Relapse

July 5

It was years before I reached my final sobriety date, and 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 know I 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 what is within, 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 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."

In those moments, 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 premeditated attempts at suicide 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 buy a one-way express-pass to oblivion. There is nothing a drink or drug can make better. I could have been a statistic. Nothing but recovery can compete with the self-medication that drugs and alcohol offer.

Without a regular recommitment to our sobriety, one that comes from strength not from us, but from our Higher Power, our disease crouches and waits for the exact moment to deny us a life filled with 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 to the

will that springs from my Higher Power, that I grasp especially when life gets harsh, 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

