

Recovery & Me  
Voices from Soberstock 2009

When I was 12, I was kidnapped and some bad things happened. My family buried it under the rug and it led me to an addiction to hell.

I robbed, stole, took, and hurt anyone in the process, in and out of jail and a twirling tornado in and out of my family's life.

My family never gave up. They were always out looking for me and as for me I just didn't care.

My addiction led me to places I thought I would never go and did things I never thought I would. After my fourth DWI and struggling with recovery for many many years, I finally surrendered to this deadly disease.

As of May 1, 2006 and 28 years later I can say I am home. God led me to where I needed to go to be where I am today. It has been a long journey but God gave me the wisdom and the strength to help the next suffering alcoholic. I thank God each and every day for the life I have today...

Finding me....I could have never done it without total surrender, my sponsor, the 12 Steps, my higher power, and my family in AA. You loved me and taught me until I could stand on my own two feet.

Recovery rocks!

-Roxanne P., South Dakota, 5/1/06