



RecoveryWerks!

Changing the world through recovery one **underserved** community at a time

#GIVINGTUESDAY

Giving Tuesday is the 2nd Largest giving day of the year!

For an example of how your donation could help, check out Emily's Story! →

When: Tuesday December 3, 2019

Your donation to RecoveryWerks! has a huge impact towards bringing recovery to teens and families in our community. Please click on or enter the link below to donate: Thank you!

<http://www.recoverywerks.org/donate-now.html>

Our Mission:

RecoveryWerks! provides proven recovery support services in a safe and nurturing environment for teens and families in rural communities affected by substance use. We educate, partner with local agencies, and advocate for strong community support systems to reduce the stigma of addiction and increase recovery success.

Our Beliefs:

Recovery works when there is a belief in a Higher Power.

Recovery works when physical, mental and spiritual issues are addressed as a whole.

Recovery works when clients are empowered to break the cycle of addiction and dependency through the 12 steps.

Recovery works in fellowship when clients feel safe and have access to education, counseling, sponsorship, and support.

Staff Highlight – Emily's Story

My name is Emily and I am in recovery. A few years ago, if you had told me that I would type something like this, I would have laughed at you. I never would have believed that sobriety was an option for me, much less something that I would actually be proud of. But sobriety did indeed become an option for me and it saved my life. Typing this now, I am sober. I work a full time job I am proud of. I am a strong and independent woman, a college graduate, and people are safe from the havoc that I used to bring everywhere with me. This is so important to me now because it is the opposite of who I once was.

I'm a firm believer that my disease struck long before I ever started using. I was raised by a single father, who I now know did the best that he could, but we were not close nor ever used the "love" word (until I became old enough to go to bars, and then my father became my drinking buddy/best friend). My mother chose not to be present in my life, and I basically lost my older half-sister when my parents divorced. Because of these circumstances (I believe), I grew up with no love or respect for myself, and I did not know what a healthy relationship was like with anybody. I grew up feeling as if I did not really belong anywhere and started dealing with depression at a young age. Early on, I sought out love from toxic relationships and the bottom of bottles. After my very first time using, I knew immediately that I had found my perfect drug. Partying quickly became my only hobby. I actually graduated from high school a semester early, but only to spend more time partying and having fun. Then I eventually went to college and got my Associate degree (my Dad forced me to), but once again, I chose not to continue my education so I could focus only on partying and having fun.

After only 6 years of using, and after getting out of a very toxic/abusive relationship, I finally just gave up. I was a shell of who I once was. I was regularly waking up in strange places, drinking and driving, and my friends stopped inviting me to parties because I wasn't fun anymore. All I did was cause chaos. Out of desperation one night, whilst driving down the highway at 3 AM when I absolutely should not have been behind the wheel, I prayed to some sort of God that I wasn't sure I believed in and asked them to give me a reason to live. I did not know my prayer was going to be answered in the form of a DWI. I also did not know that one DWI was not going to be enough to teach me a lesson; no, it took two DWI's only three months apart. I hit my rock bottom during my second DWI, where I was put into one of the "padded" cells at the local jail (I had admitted I was suicidal). In this cell, they had to give me a special velcro uniform that would not stick together; because of this, I sat in that cell for 12 hours mostly unclothed, alone, and wishing I had not survived. But even this was not enough to convince me to get sober – I continued using until I was finally sick and tired of being sick and tired, then still kept going, until a judge forced me into a court ordered rehabilitation program.

That DWI Court program gave me a second chance at life. I had thought for so long that alcohol wasn't my problem and that I was simply broken beyond repair. During my arrests, I still had a job, a home, a car, and no debt. My mind told me this meant I was just broken and hopeless, not battling alcoholism. Even my lawyer told me I was "just going through a lot" and didn't have a problem with substance abuse. But this obviously wasn't the case. Through being forced to get sober and putting work into myself by working a program, I grew into the woman I am today. Today I am 3 ½ years sober, and work at RecoveryWerks! where I have a purpose and a chance to be of use to others. Today I have developed healthier relationships with friends, family, and my love, and I even went back to college for my Bachelor of Science (actually graduated Summa Cum Laude!). Today I have love for myself, and I love life a little bit more with each passing day. My sobriety and my second chance at life are my motivation for sharing my story today, and for that I am grateful.