

The Ice Breaker

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Volume 3, Issue 12 June-July 2008

“Men acquire a particular quality by constantly acting a particular way . . . you become just by performing just actions, temperate by performing temperate actions, brave by performing brave actions.”

–Aristotle (384 BC - 322 BC)

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The Butterfly House marks one year of challenges and victories

The idea started with the words “wouldn’t it be nice?”, as in “wouldn’t it be nice if there was no meth? Wouldn’t it be nice if people weren’t addicted to drugs and alcohol? Wouldn’t it be nice to see women get sober and take care of their kids?” Over time, the phrase “what if” began to take the place of “wouldn’t it be nice”. “What if there was a place where women could get sober? What if that place helped them to find work, learn coping skills, reclaim their lives?” A short time after that, “what if” morphed into “we could” and “we will”. That’s when things started to get exciting, and a little scary.

One year later, the “what ifs” having become a reality at the Butterfly House, we’ve discovered that “nice” was an understatement. Being a part of a project where women recover from addiction, rebuild their lives, and discover the strength and beauty within themselves is nothing short of astounding.

We printed up a brochure that referred to the process as “everyday miracles” long before we realized how truly miraculous it is when people achieve and maintain sobriety. We hoped it would be easier, but we weren’t surprised to find that it is difficult to help addicted women find their way to sobriety. We thought that a beautiful house would inspire a beautiful life, and realized that it would take more than peaceful, lovely surroundings to deal with a disease as ugly and painful as addiction.

In the past year, twenty-three women have lived at the Butterfly House. In some cases, we discovered in the course of their stay that they were not suited to live in the House, so we helped them to find other places. In other cases, they had violated the rules of their probation, committed serious infractions in the house, or had other issues that led to their eviction.

Nine residents came to the Butterfly House from jail, and seven women went to jail from the Butterfly House. Nine residents came to the Butterfly House from a treatment program, and four residents left the house to go into a treatment program. Seven residents have gone directly home, or to the home of a friend or relative, after their stay in the house.

Thirteen residents’ drug of choice included methamphetamine, ten residents were addicted to alcohol, four residents were addicted to crack cocaine, 2 residents were addicted to Vicodin or Oxycontin. In many cases, residents’ drug of choice included two or more substances, such as alcohol and crack cocaine, or meth and Vicodin.

As far as employment goes, 0 of the 23 residents had jobs prior to coming to the Butterfly House. Fourteen residents worked at least part-time hours while in the house. Five residents were on SSI due to

illness or disability, and were unable to work. Four short-term residents (7 days or less) did not seek work. Five residents have continued to work full-time with benefits after leaving the house. If nothing else, we can take a little credit for helping unemployed women find jobs.

We have had two rousing success stories; women who graduated from the house and are on their own, living successful and sober lives, and who continue to offer their insights and expertise to the Butterfly House. These women embody what we had in mind when we first began to wonder “what if . . .”.

Lessons we’ve learned at the Butterfly House

We’ve learned a lot in the past year. We found that residents with cell phones distracted themselves and their housemates from recovery. Women with male dependency issues certainly shouldn’t have 24 hour access to their significant other, particularly if the woman has a no-contact order, and constant contact with using friends can be perilous to a person in recovery. We prefer that residents do not have cell phones.

Residents with a vehicle are harder to monitor and may travel to places they shouldn’t be, accompanied by residents who shouldn’t be with them. As much as we appreciate residents being able to drive themselves to and from work, having a vehicle puts them at risk of relapse, if they are not honest about their outings.

In the early months, some of our residents were corresponding by mail with prison or jail inmates. In one case, the young woman was not aware that the inmate she was writing to was a child molester. Some of the young women were also sending pictures of themselves in questionable poses. Now, residents are not allowed to write to, call, or receive calls from prison or jail inmates, and we work with the jails to ensure that our residents are complying with that rule.

Addiction to prescription pain killers has become endemic in the U.S., so it was not too surprising to have our own problems with it. Four former residents abused prescription medications while in the house. Two of them with the pain medications Vicodin and Oxycontin, and two were with the sedative Seroquel and a sleep medication. We now monitor prescribed medications, we work with a doctor who understands addiction, and we require residents to use only one pharmacy to curb doctor and pharmacy “shopping.”

One of the more bitter lessons we learned came from young women who were given the choice of “prison, jail, or Butterfly House”. Naturally, they chose the Butterfly House, but not because they longed for recovery. Consequently, when they failed and were returned to jail, they lied about the conditions and staff, and damaged the reputation of the house.

Life lessons, hard lessons; we learn, and we never lose hope.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Meet the Board of Directors

They are the “behind the scenes” staff at the Butterfly House. They meet weekly, discuss everything from the progress of residents to repairs or improvements to the house itself. They ask the hard questions, they cut through the b.s.; some of them understand addiction issues from the unique perspective of people in recovery, and they are all volunteers, asking for nothing but the opportunity to help. They are the Board of Directors.

Doreen, Denise, Mike, Dan, Donna, Randy, Sam, Elsie, and Lourie are essential members of the Butterfly House staff. Each of them brings his or her own perspective on recovery issues and living skills, as well as a wealth of knowledge on topics ranging from real estate to healthy eating.

This group enforces House rules, offers encouragement, and also makes decisions regarding residents’ length of stay or termination. With over 50 years combined term of sobriety, some of the members of the Board are in a unique position to spot those residents who lack the commitment or skills to maintain a sober life.

While they try their utmost to ensure that every resident has a good chance of attaining sobriety, keeping a job, and rebuilding their life, they also realize that one “bad apple” can threaten everyone else in the household. In those cases, they take a strong stance and demand better behavior or termination of residency.

Chemical dependency is a disease of duplicity, deception, and denial. It takes guts, knowledge, and patience to guide addicts to a better way of life. The Butterfly House Board of Directors are just the people for the job. They bring their own strong commitment to helping others, a down-to-earth approach to

recovery, and they give residents the hope of a better life.

Where's the Magic Dust?

Below is a handout that is given to new residents at the Butterfly House. While much of the language is specific to life at the Butterfly House, we believe that it is true of many people caught in addiction. The fact is, we all hope for a magical cure for the ills in our lives; in many cases, it lies within us.

You came to this house because you ran out of options. Your life wasn't working for you, you had trouble staying clean and sober, your families and friends were disappointed in you, you were disappointed in yourself, and maybe you were able to admit you needed more help than you were getting. So you came to this house.

The "Honeymoon Period"

You may have felt peace, serenity, joy, comfort, and a hundred other positive feelings as you came in the door. On the other hand, you may have felt fearful that you might not make it here, but you pushed aside those feelings in case someone in charge caught on to your doubt. The first few days, it was a relief to be here: it is safe from the temptations you face at home, your dealer, your significant other, and the dark thoughts you have when you are alone. There seemed to be some kind of "magic dust" in the air. You laughed, you sang, you did your chores, you went to your meetings, you did everything that was expected of you . . . but where was the reward?

The "Honeymoon" is over

You wonder what happened to that magical feeling you had a few days ago. Why is it so different now? The rules seem stupid, pointless, and hard to follow. Why did they set you up for failure? What does house cleaning have to do with recovery? Why can't you do laundry anytime you want? You question everything and resent everyone. You think that one person gets more privileges, another person gets away with breaking rules, the staff doesn't like you, and the people at your meetings don't like you, either. You spiral into more and more negative thinking until it's hard to concentrate on anything *but* your anger and resentment. Hah! You realize that they lied to you about this house; there is no magic dust here!

Time to get real

No, there is no magic dust here. If you think about it, you will realize that no one here promised you magic of any kind. You are working at the hardest thing you have ever done in your life, and no one in this house can make it any easier for you. If you allow your anger, resentment, fear, and self-doubt to continue to fester inside, you will not recover here or anywhere else. Your disease uses those tools to give you excuses to drink or use drugs. It is a way to place blame on anyone but yourself if you should fail. No one in this house wants you to fail, but no one can help you if you can't work to help yourself.

Here are the facts: *You have a deadly disease, and there is no cure. You can recover, but you will never be free of the disease. As with any incurable or chronic illness, you will need to monitor your condition for the rest of your life. This is a painful, heartbreaking truth, and a huge part of your recovery will depend on your ability to believe it with all your heart.*

No magic at all?

If you put everything you've got into your recovery, it will *feel* like magic. It's not enough to go to meetings and say what you think people want to hear. It's not enough to believe in a Higher Power without allowing it to change your way of thinking. You have to surrender to the knowledge that you alone could not make your life work; you need help and you need to learn to ask for it. As you feel yourself getting stronger, more centered, and more serene, you will realize that the only way to hold onto that feeling is to share it with others.

You have the magic dust! You can accomplish wonderful things if you use it!

Just the Facts on: LSD

In Salem, Massachusetts in January, 1692, eight young girls became sick, beginning with 9-year-old Elizabeth Parris, the daughter of Reverend Samuel Parris, and his niece, 11-year-old Abigail Williams. The girls suffered from delirium, violent convulsions, incomprehensible speech, trance-like states, and odd skin

sensations. The villagers of the small community searched desperately for a cause of the symptoms, and finally settled on the easiest explanation: bewitchment. Thus began the famous “Salem Witch Trials”, during which more than 150 “witches” were taken into custody. By late September 1692, 20 men and women had been put to death, and five more of the accused had died in jail.

Linnda Caporael, a college student working on a thesis in the early 1970s, noticed a link between the strange symptoms reported by Salem’s accusers, and the hallucinogenic effects of drugs like LSD. More research led her to discover that LSD is a derivative of ergot (*Claviceps purpurea*), a fungus that affects rye grain, a grain grown and consumed by villagers in Salem. The ensuing hysteria and trials may have been the first recorded case of a “bad trip” on LSD.

Lysergic Acid Diethylamide is the chemical name of LSD, which is also called “Acid” or “25”. Sandoz Laboratories, a Swiss company, studied ergot in the 1930s, when chemist Albert Hoffmann first synthesized its molecules. His aim was to discover a medication for painful conditions, such as migraine headache. By 1943, he had studied 24 compounds of the substance, none of which had had any effect on his animal test subjects. He tried LSD-25 on himself, with surprising results: dizziness, uncontrollable laughter, seeing vivid colors, and noting a distortion of sounds (hallmarks of a “trip” on LSD).

Sandoz continued the research on a variety of subjects, with a variety of doses. Interestingly, spiders given a small dose of the drug wove more intricate webs than normal, while a larger dose induced inertia. Chimpanzees dosed with the drug created chaos when put among peers; the “tripping” chimp failed to follow chimp social rules and confused his mates.

As the studies continued, scientists found that low doses of LSD provoked the emergence of suppressed memories, and seemed to promise great hope for psychiatric conditions such as schizophrenia, and even alcoholism. Through the late 1940s, when Sandoz began marketing LSD as “Delysid” and into the 1950s, psychologists were encouraged to try LSD themselves, to understand its effects. The drug was then touted as a psychological cure-all. LSD was becoming the drug of the highly educated, and psychology students began experimenting with it.

LSD is an odorless, colorless (when processed correctly), and virtually tasteless substance. It comes in a crystal form when sold in bulk, then is diluted with water and individual doses put applied to sugar cubes, Fizzy tablets, or, more likely in 2008, on paper imprinted with icons such as Bart Simpson, happy faces, etc. The “blotter” acid, on tiny pieces of paper, is easily transported and sold in public areas without detection.

In the 1950s, LSD came to the attention of the U.S. Military, always on the lookout for a new, cheap weapon. The CIA saw it as a means of demoralizing and brainwashing enemy troops, and began testing it on American soldiers as well as prisoners of war. By the 1960s, the research had been passed on to leading universities, and two later-to-be-infamous Harvard psychologists (Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert,) began a campaign of “psychedelic awareness” along with British author Aldous Huxley.

American author Ken Kesey recognized recreational aspects of LSD; he and his group of “Merry Pranksters” became famous for their wild LSD parties where they introduced hundreds of people to the drug. The bumper sticker that reads “If you remember the 1960s, you weren’t really there,” was inspired by the drug culture that formed around marijuana and LSD.

By 1966, public outcry and law enforcement urging led to LSD being outlawed in the U.S. and a number of other countries. LSD moved to the underground with other illegal drugs, and became a symbol of the counter-culture movement. Use of LSD for treatment of psychiatric conditions stopped around 1968; it hadn’t proven itself as the wonder cure it was thought to be.

LSD remained a highly popular experience through much of the 1970s. With the advent of the 1980s, cocaine became the fashionable drug, and use of LSD faded for a time, only to reemerge in the 1990s. In 2008, it is readily available; mainly used at raves, concerts, and parties.

The LSD high typically lasts around 12-14 hours, during which time the user may experience hysterical laughter, vivid colors, objects outlined in light or colors, distorted depth perception, hallucinations, unusual thought processes, and heightened sensitivity to touch, sound, or odors.

The time commitment for an LSD “trip” makes it a drug that must be scheduled into the user’s life. The LSD high makes it unthinkable to drive, or even board a bus. Normal activities, such as work or school would be next to impossible to accomplish, since the tripper is so “out of himself”. In the “acid parties” of the 1960s, sober people were available to help and guide users who were having a “bum trip” or make sure that no one hurt themselves or others while high. In 2008, medics and volunteers are often called upon to chaperone at raves and festivals where it is possible that LSD, Ecstasy, psilocybin, or PCP will be used. An all night party with loud music and dancing would seem to be a venue made for LSD. The time commitment is what makes many people consider LSD to be a “kids’ drug”, its use only practical for young people with fewer responsibilities than their older counterparts.

Parents looking for signs of LSD use in their child will need to pay attention to behavior, rather than other physical evidence. Pupils are dilated when a person is on LSD, but a number of other drugs also dilate pupils. While high on LSD, a person is subject to sudden, hysterical laughter, deep interest in mundane objects and activities, and late hours.

LSD is *not* a drug that fosters *dependence*, although use can become *habitual*. Should a user desire to stay high indefinitely, the drug will disappoint. Trying for a second day in a row, the user will need to take much more of the drug to get the same level of high as the day before, and after a few days of continued use, no amount will be enough to get the same effect.

Side effects can include the “bum trip”, which often results in terrifying hallucinations—visual and auditory, a feeling of dread, persistent thoughts of death and dying, and other horrors. One of LSD’s other mysterious traits is the “flashback” or recurrence of a past LSD experience. A flashback may include a hallucination or a physical sensation similar to being on the drug, even though it has not been used in several months, or even years.

A longer-term effect may be personality changes that come after using LSD. In studies done with people who used LSD and later developed schizophrenia, it was found that while the drug may not have *caused* the disease, it had likely led to an earlier, and possibly more serious, onset. Another casualty of the LSD lifestyle are those who use it frequently. The movie type-cast “burnout” could well be someone who takes acid three or four times a week. That continued, sustained use can lead to difficulty concentrating, altered thinking, and a feeling of isolation from the rest of society.

Chromosome damage from LSD use was reported in the late 1960s, but researchers have since disproved that claim.

Editor’s Corner

Doing research for this month’s article on LSD took me on a little trip (pardon the pun) down memory lane. In the summer of 1972, my friends and I wandered away from pot and Strawberry Hill wine and tried LSD a few times.

The first time we did it, we had someone’s older sister book us a motel room, so we could be free to be as crazy as we knew we were going to get, and no one’s parents would be the wiser. There were six of us that night, at the Proud Parrot motel, a dive known for its rowdy lounge and the extramarital affairs that were conducted there.

We had just barely begun to feel the effects when one of the boys suggested that we walk a block to a coffee shop for supper. It seemed like a grand idea, as we were in “high” spirits and somewhat hungry. Our walk was pretty uneventful, but when we got to the restaurant, all of us in varying stages of “coming on” to the LSD, any semblance of control ran out the door.

We giggled uncontrollably as the boys did things like imitating walruses with French fries up their noses, and throwing chicken bones over their shoulders. Part of me, at that point, was thinking, “we’ve got to settle down, we’re going to get busted,” while another part of me thought, “get real! You couldn’t settle down if your life depended on it.” I knew that I, and everyone with me, was out-of-control high. At that point, to avoid having a “bummer”, I started my own mental countdown: “It’s nine o’clock, I took the acid at 8:00, so there’s only eleven hours left.” I continued to mark the time, and countdown—between giggles, of course, after all, I was out to have a good time.

We were fortunate in the time and place of our craziness: it was well past the dinner hour at the restaurant, which was accustomed to its stoner clientele. The waitress mildly asked the boys to stop throwing chicken bones, and they did, so she tolerated the less messy silliness.

After our adventure in fine dining, we headed back to the motel room. Once we were in our safe haven, we stopped trying to maintain any sense of normalcy, and just gave ourselves over to the trip.

I remember it all, but like it was a dream. There was a stuffy feeling in my nose and throat, not unpleasant, just an odd sensation. Faces and objects seemed to have a halo of bright colors around them. My eyebrows, in particular, were brilliant red and blue. My boyfriend’s eyebrows seemed to be stuck in a perpetual surprised arch, oh, and they were green. When we moved our hands, we could follow color trails in the movement. It seemed as if we spent hours painting the air.

We sat on one of the king-sized beds, one behind the other, all facing the same direction, and played “bus”...just sitting on the bed and calling out the things we saw, laughing hilariously. We all felt as if we were being perfectly normal and reasonable, and not at all like the crazy portrayals of LSD users in the movies. And yet, we knew perfectly well that if our parents had walked in right then, we could not have “played straight” for them.

We tried it again, another couple of times, at a party once, and one horrendous night, at a friend’s house. . . She never quite forgave us for ruining her dinner party, although, in our defense, her husband was just as bad as we were.

I was just as happy to let it go, and never felt compelled to try it again. Some of my friends continued to trip on weekends, but I never wanted to join them. I decided that LSD, like too much alcohol, gave me a feeling of being out of control, and I was too much of a control freak to enjoy it. Oh, how I’d love to hug that seventeen-year-old and tell her she made the right decision.

I later met people who had been all too happy to surrender control to acid and other drugs. I knew a man who had taken 50 doses of acid and lived to tell the tale, but it had changed him. His wife had sent him a letter coded to tell him there was acid in it, but he missed the part about where it was, and that there was enough to sell. He ate the whole letter and was catatonic for days.

That story, and a few others like it, scared me off all but pot and alcohol. It took a few more years for me to realize that living sober is better by far. I wish I could have convinced myself in 1972 that the best was yet to be, that I didn’t need to search in the drug box to find myself. I was right in sight, all along.

Word of the Month: Desire

We all use words to praise, to express love, to hurt, to vent our anger, and to try to make others understand us better. We've chosen twelve words that we think can have both very positive and very negative connotations, and we'll take a look at both sides each month.

One must not lose desires. They are mighty stimulants to creativeness, to love, and to long life.

Alexander A. Bogomoletz

It is true that the *desire* for something, be it animal, vegetable, or mineral, drives us to find any way to attain it. Desire is always at the heart of great movements (the desire for gold in the 1840s west, the desire for peace in the 1960s-1970s), great expeditions (the desire for fame and fortune in the exploration of King Tut's tomb), and great loves (in which there are too many instances, and too much crazy behaviors to count!).

Dwell not upon thy weariness, thy strength shall be according to the measure of thy desire.

Arab Proverb

I had a history teacher who used to tell us that we could have anything we wanted if we could answer just one question: *how badly do you want it?* If your desire for it was so strong that nothing else would matter until you had attained that one thing, you were very likely to achieve it. Desire carefully.

There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it.

**George Bernard Shaw (1856 - 1950),
"Man and Superman" (1903), act 4**

Man is the only animal whose desires increase as they are fed; the only animal that is never satisfied.

Henry George (1839 - 1897)

There's the rub, what does it really take to be satisfied? When is it time to say "enough" to our desires? Desire can take on a life of its own, when it comes to *things*. A woman with several maxed-out credit cards who continues to spend money on new clothes is caught in a web of desire. She says she just loves

shopping for clothes, but is the desire to shop a symptom of something else she's lacking in her life?

Alcoholics and addicts have a deep, personal relationship with desire. Desire is an all-day-every-day habit. The need continues even after the craving is abated, no amount of drug or alcohol will leave the addict truly sated.

I count him braver who overcomes his desires than him who overcomes his enemies.

Aristotle (384 BC - 322 BC), In *Stobaeus, Florilegium*

A human being has a natural desire to have more of a good thing than he needs.

Mark Twain (1835 - 1910), *Following the Equator*

Maybe we should ask ourselves if what we desire is what those who love us would desire for us . . .

Step 12 of Alcoholics/Narcotic Anonymous is:

Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry the message to other addicts, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

The phrase "spiritual awakening" can often confuse and even frighten those who are new to the program. What is it? How does it happen? It sounds like a cult thing, what does it mean? How will I know if I have one?

By textbook definition, *spiritual* is anything relating to the soul, religion, or all things relating to the spirit. *Awakening* means a beginning, rousing from sleep, a revival of interest, or a sudden awareness or realization. Therefore, it could be considered an awareness or renewed interest in one's spirit.

In the Big Book, it says that "a spiritual awakening is nothing more than a psychic change that, among other things, eliminates our obsession to drink."

As simple as that, and as complicated. Living the Twelve Step program, believing in one's Higher Power, praying for guidance, strength, hope, and grace, going to meetings, helping others as we are helped . . . and tah dah! Spiritual awakening!

Let's go back to the wording of the first part of the Twelfth Step, "as *the* result of following these steps." Not a result, not a happy coincidence of working through the program, but the *very thing* to be working towards. Finding your spirit, which was hidden away in a dark place deep inside yourself. Many, many addicts had come to believe that they didn't even *have* a spirit, that there was no such thing. When they realized that prayers, meditation, and fellowship with others like themselves had made them feel better, it was an *awakening!*

Few people experience the "slap-on-the-forehead *ah-ha* moment" the phrase "spiritual awakening" brings to mind. Like most things involved in recovery, it's a *process*.

Believe it or not, it starts way back at Step One, with the admission of powerlessness. Think back to how huge that was, how difficult it was to admit that you had no control, and that some outside force was actually controlling you! With that step, becoming aware of your helplessness *awakened* you to the reality that you couldn't face your addiction on your own.

In Step Two, you accept the belief that a power greater than yourself could restore you to sanity—not put you "back in control" (as if you ever had been in control, right?!). You pray and you

listen quietly for direction; you learn to hear the voice of your Higher Power (and by the way, very rarely does one's HP sound like Charlton Heston or Morgan Freeman, like in the movies!). For most people, their Higher Power speaks through the soul, a silent *knowingness* that they feel, rather than hear. Like the warmth of loving and being loved, like just knowing what is the right thing to do, and feeling a reward in doing it.

In Step Three, you take a big, spiritual leap into your Higher Power's hands. You turn your will and your life over to your HP. Prayer gets easier; you become accustomed to your prayer times, and you don't feel funny about the time you spend in prayer.

As you move on through the Steps of Recovery, you know two things for sure: Prayer has become so important that a day without it doesn't feel complete and contact with your Higher Power and your recovery peers is keeping you sober and sane.

The Big Book defines one's relationship with their Higher Power like this: "Acceptance is the key to my relationship with God today. I never just sit and do nothing while waiting for Him to tell me what to do. Rather, I do whatever is in front of me to be done, and I leave the results up to Him; however it turns out, that's God's will for me."

How does one keep that spiritual awakening alive? Praying and sharing. The Apostle John said "Faith without works is dead," meaning that just to *believe* is not enough; faithful people need to *demonstrate* the power of the spirit through the way they live their lives. That could include reaching a kind, helping hand out to other alcoholics and addicts. It could mean sponsoring an addict, or telling about your spiritual experience in a meeting. Finding a way to be of service is the best way you can pay your Higher Power back for all the good things your belief has brought you.

Thanks to our Butterfly House supporters!

Not a day of the past year has gone by without one or all of those associated with the Butterfly House giving thanks to God for our supporters. Without the generosity of the people who donated money, furniture, clothes, more money, food, toiletries, carpentry skills, more money, talent with painting, papering, decorating, and an occasional shoulder to cry on . . . well, who knows how things would have gone? As it is, there is a beautiful house in St. Croix Falls where people with an ugly disease can find the skills to recover. . . And everyone listed here has had a part in making this dream come true. We thank all of you!

Those who have given monetary donations: St. Croix Electric, Polk Burnett Electric, Hugh J. Andersen Foundation, Salvation Army, Otto Bremer Foundation, Lowe Advertising, Evan Bell, New Wine Church, United Methodist Church, Walmart of SCF, Ann Davey, Sandy Nihiser, Richard Volmer, UFE Corporation, Esther Wentz, Duane Rasmussen, Tom Hockstetler, Ruth Flostrand, Ken and Jean Keen, Buck Malick, and The Copy Shop of SCF.

Businesses and organizations that have offered goods and services: Alliance Church of the Valley, Snap Fitness, Powers Meat Processing, St. Croix Plumbing and Heating, Hazelden Foundation, Don Rose, Dewey J., A&K Construction, Polaris, Inc., WestCAP, River Falls Partnership for Youth, CPS, Peace Lutheran Church of Dresser, Falls Orthodontics, Dr. Martin Tahara, Counseling Associates of SCF, Somerset High School, St. Croix Floral, Troy and Becky Nelson, and Arly Nielsen.

Thanks to Holiday Station in Osceola, SuperAmerica of SCF, Maynards BP of SCF, Dairy Queen of Osceola, Coffee Time of SCF, and the BP station of Osceola for allowing us to leave donation cans in their businesses.

Individuals who have offered goods and services: Rivard Construction's Roger Rivard, who took us a step (or four) up, Lyman Samo, who supplies coffee, money, and some of the best recovery information around! Randy Ericson, our handyman, can-do-it-all, hero of the day; Donna Stark, who took time from building her own retaining wall to build one for the Butterfly House! (And she's a wonderful painter, too!) Marilyn Brissett, who has been a staunch supporter from day one, and finds the nicest things for us! Wendy Jensen, who has a way with flowers; Nancy and Curtis Kisler, who spent hours trying to tame the wild parts of the yard and other chores. Denise Gunderson, who has donated time, money, furniture, massages, advice,

Welcome!

Enter here and start again
Begin your life and you will win
Love and happiness will be found
No more running or looking around

Bless all of those who stood by your side
The love they have is shared with pride
You have this chance to open your eyes
At times we know the tears will rise

Don't give up on your dreams; though at times it seems
Like the world is not where you should be
But look in the mirror and you will see
A healthy person that is clean

Your journey to life has begun!

Written by loving mother and friend
Gloria Peterson 2007