OVERDOSES ARE EVERYWHERE!

Ask for naloxone training & kits, fentanyl test strips at TRC
The 3rd Street Beat Mission Statement

The Third Street Beat is a newsletter written by and created for people with addiction. Our mission is to validate that experience so people know that they are not alone, and to emphasize the many unique roads that we take to recovery. This is an opportunity to share our experiences to creatively support each other. We are non-political, non-denominational, multi-racial, and gender neutral. Our mission is one of recovery and harm reduction, and all experiences are welcome. All the viewpoints herein are personal in nature and related specifically to our contributors’ recovery.

The 3rd Street Beat Editorial Team

Word Search: “Hobbies”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ANTIQUES</th>
<th>AVOCATION</th>
<th>BEEKEEPING</th>
<th>BY-LINE</th>
<th>COLLECTING</th>
<th>COLLECTOR</th>
<th>COOKING</th>
<th>CRAFT</th>
<th>DRESSMAKER</th>
<th>ENTERTAINMENT</th>
<th>PHOTOGRAPHY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ENTHUSIAST</td>
<td>GARDENING</td>
<td>HABIT</td>
<td>HOBBYHORSE</td>
<td>HORSE</td>
<td>INTEREST</td>
<td>KNITTING</td>
<td>LEISURE</td>
<td>PASTIME</td>
<td>RECREATION</td>
<td>RECREATIONAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCRAPBOOKING</td>
<td>SEWING</td>
<td>SPORT</td>
<td>STAMP</td>
<td>TIME</td>
<td>TOY</td>
<td>WOODWORKING</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SUDOKU (solution p. 7)  
The rules of the game are simple: each of the nine blocks has to contain all the numbers 1-9 within its squares. Each number can only appear once in a row, column or box.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2</th>
<th>9</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
#IGotCoronavirus

My Horrifying But Transformative Experience.

**By Shams**

In the age of social media, the hashtag has been such an important tool in connecting people throughout the world to information, ideas and stories. From the #BlackLivesMatter to the #MeToo movement, hashtags have been utilized to inform, inspire and motivate people in ways that other mediums have not. With that being said, I decided to utilize the #IGotCoronavirus hashtag as the title of this piece to share with you my experience being a victim of this non-discriminatory and dreadfully deadly disease.

First and foremost, let me offer a quick introduction. My name is Shams. I’m currently a resident of one of Project Renewal’s homeless shelters for men and a participant in an outpatient program called The Recovery Center (TRC), a program within Project Renewal that offers various services to help those of us who struggle with addiction. While obtaining temporary shelter in late November protected me from the bitter winter cold, it was TRC that protected me from myself. A long story short, I came in the door stuck in a deep and dark state of depression that had me contemplating suicide. Fortunately, after several weeks of being a part of TRC and meeting with a psychiatrist, I developed a will to live, a new zest for life and a desire to turn all the negatives into positives, - stumbling blocks into stepping stones and obstacles into opportunities.

So, can you imagine that when I’m on a roll - doing groups, participating in fun activities like Trivia, cooking Gumbo and just shooting the breeze with the interesting members of the TRC community - how I must’ve felt when I started showing symptoms of the Coronavirus and had to be isolated then quarantined to a secret quarantine shelter somewhere in the Long Island City section of Queens? I was distressed, m. My anxiety went through the roof and my depression came back full-throttle. Yet, despite all of that, I knew this was for the best and I was actually glad that steps were being taken to not only ensure my well-being, but the well-being of my co-residents and co-members of the TRC community, as well as the gracious staff that work with us.

Upon entering the quarantine site, I was escorted to a hotel room that was very nice - to say the least. A far cry from my cube area in the dorm at my shelter. Yet, I knew my purpose was to recover from this disease. So while I appreciated the serenity of the environment, I realized that this was a temporary situation that required my willingness to rest, eat, and cooperate with the medical staff who would be there to check on my status throughout my time there. I had no problem with any of that. In fact, I felt a sense of relief being in a place where the focus was on my health and wellness. I knew that if I did have an emergency situation, it would be addressed quickly.

The first few days were difficult because I was experiencing headaches, chills, and extreme fatigue. According to the medical staff the fact that my vitals remained normal and I didn’t have any fever, indicated that I was in a better condition than others who were fighting the disease. They described my symptoms as being mild, but definitely signs of my having the Coronavirus. I was glad to hear that the symptoms were mild, but I was concerned over my having the underlying condition of high blood pressure. High blood pressure is often responsible for... **CONTINUED ON PAGE 9...**
Hello my name is Omar and I have PTSD. PTSD stands for post-traumatic stress disorder. What that means is a set of emotional problems that can occur after someone has experienced a terrible, stressful life event. Some of the causes and symptoms of PTSD happen if you survived a trauma or event outside of your control in which you experienced or witnessed a physical threat like sexual or physical abuse, seeing someone killed, surviving a car accident or natural disaster or war combat.

Our response to the traumatic event involves feelings of hopelessness, fear or horror, guilt or shame and generally disorganized behavior patterns. After the trauma we suffer will have symptoms such as intrusion or we will have flashbacks of the painful trauma we endured. Sometimes we may even have nightmares or fears that might be related to the event and don't even know it in our rational mind.

Another common symptom might be avoidance. This I really identify with because I would use substances and alcohol to numb my feelings. I would use drugs and alcohol to avoid any reminders of the trauma and make myself feel totally detached from my feelings emotions and reality itself.

Another symptom we might struggle with is arousal. This means feeling hyped up or easily startled by certain sounds or things we see in our daily lives. They may trigger our anxiety, anger, or depression. All these symptoms combined seems to give us problems in pretty much all our relationships with others and ourselves throughout our daily lives.

All the symptoms are normal after what we've been through. We are not crazy, weak or badly damaged people. This is why PTSD is called a normal reaction to an abnormal situation. PTSD is considered an anxiety disorder because it is marked by feelings of overwhelming anxiety. Both during and after the traumatic event anxiety and fear set in. Research shows that 61% of men experience varying degrees of trauma in their lives with 5% developing PTSD. For women about 51% experience severe trauma and about 10% or so have reported PTSD symptoms. It is unknown as to why some people experience trauma and some don't. I am not one of those people!!!

The good part is that we are not alone. PTSD and substance abuse together is common among us addicts. There are many reasons why we abuse substances and PTSD is a big one. Sometimes we would use to access feelings and memories or the exact opposite, to escape from our feelings, to just get through the day or compensate for the pain our PTSD would cause us. We will try to commit a slow suicide because we believe we deserve it. Maybe because some of us grew up in dysfunctional families where substance abuse was regular and we couldn't express ourselves in a
A young teenager, those was the days. If I could click my heels 3 times and return to the good and great ages of 15 to 20 years of age... I would decline. Straight like that! I'm so blessed and feel soooooo good at my age as of now: Getting up in age - I've experienced a lot, seen some great movements, accomplished a lot. Great boxers become champions.

I played a lot of B.B., seen men become president of the U.S.A., "seen some tragedy" ~ came close 2 nature ~ the mountains - rivers - oceans, beautiful trees and plants and flowers...

I guess the point I am making "is that..."
Life is beautiful - life is what you make it!
I thank GOD every day 4 my health and strength - every time I ask GOD for direction, guidance, and a will 2 stand still in order to elevate, he gives it to me: I take it bac! No more, I say no more.

I'm well on my way 2 do the damn! THING (success) - N - Recovery.
"I'm going 2 enjoy this ride"
Peace!

- Ronnie G.
When did NYC decide it was time to abandon social distancing? Maybe they didn’t, but most of the people living inside Bellevue shelter certainly have. On any line— the ones for breakfast, lunch, and dinner or the one to get in the building or the one to sign-in for beds— people are right on top of one another. It’s as if six feet became six inches overnight.

The same situation goes on in the elevator. Since getting the second elevator back online and not cramming ten people into one elevator during the height of new infections, there is a 3 person per elevator limit, which was implemented only after a staff member became sick with coronavirus. A security guard is posted in each elevator to keep the peace, push the buttons, and enforce the 3-person rule.

Some guards do enforce the rule, however some others choose to let more than 3 people on and others flaunt the rule completely and let on as many people as they want. The only reason for doing this is that people complain to the guards when they have to wait too long for a ride and the guards don’t want to deal with that. Maybe they think they are doing their job better, but that can’t be the case when they are breaking a rule that protects the residents of Bellevue, the staff, and the guards themselves. Maybe the posted guards don’t benefit directly from the lower number of riders, because if someone coughs they are in the same amount of danger, but any guards riding along are definitely in greater danger due to the elevator being full.

Another instance of institutional neglect of the dangers of coronavirus comes from the use of the same pen by all residents when signing in for meals or for the bed. For a few days, a staff member would write everyone’s bed number on a sign-in sheet, thereby alleviating the need for everyone to hold the same pen. But this practise, along with social distancing, has become irregular at best. Has it been so long since the practise of Covid-19 safety began? Are the safety steps too difficult to perform, or are people simply lazy?

Either way, I am trying to bring this to the attention of Bellevue’s management. Just this morning someone passing me on the stairwell coughed without even covering his mouth. This leads me to believe that residents of the shelter system are so distraught and alienated that they care little for the rules of a quarantine they can’t properly participate in.

Extra effort needs to be made to educate and inform shelter residents as to the proper behavior and danger mitigation techniques. Staff members need to be trained to follow quarantine rules and to direct staff to enforce the 3-person rule on the elevator, the 6-feet distancing on lines, and the writing of bed numbers on the sign-in sheet instead of asking for hundreds of signatures using the same pen. By working together to follow best practises we can severely lower the danger of living in the shelter.
PARADE OF MEMES!

 Angry? Sad? Frustrated?
Have you tried...
YELLING?

- Relieves stress
- Feels good
- Is scary to birds

YELLING IS LIKE TALKING, BUT LOUDER!

me: constantly makes jokes instead of addressing my mental health issues and drug addiction
my mental health to me:

You have been assigned this mountain to show others it can be moved.

justin
@farringt0n

gonna hit rock bottom does anybody want anything

SUDOKU

solution

<p>| | | | | | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>lawful good</th>
<th>neutral good</th>
<th>chaotic good</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>meditate</td>
<td>excercise</td>
<td>writing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lawful neutral</td>
<td>true neutral</td>
<td>chaotic neutral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>social media</td>
<td>video games</td>
<td>porn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lawful evil</td>
<td>neutral evil</td>
<td>chaotic evil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eating</td>
<td>dissociate</td>
<td>self harm</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

coping mechanism alignment chart
Man In The Mirror; Pointing The Finger
(A Story About A Contradictory History)

By Johnny Jungle 7

My Boy JayTu/ has this place he says He likes to go to/ stay 2/ hours or more/ but when it comes down to the final score/ He pays too/ much attention to/ the monster at His door./ He invites it in ;saying I know what you're here for/...a dance right? So let's do it because I'm bored./ The monster says what about that place/ or that space/ in Your Mind/ that can give You Serenity/ most of the Time?/ JayTu says "fuck that"; I wanna' go to space/ with no staircase/ to climb./ Isn't that insanity/ or being deaf, dumb, and blind/ while being wide awake, huddled/ with snakes/ in the Jungle?/ JayTu doesn't care He's in a rumble./ He's too caught up in vanity;/ forgetting that when He was just a little over 3/ years of Age,/ He thought He was too ugly to cuddle./ But He heard Girls say He was Sexy/ as a Teen/...wanted to wait for Marriage but then said how bad can Sex Be?/ Then He wonders what His Ex Seen/ in Him./ Wait; let Me Begin/...JayTu wants to judge and react/ to how His High School Home Boy is still selling home cooked crack/ for more than the past/ 2 and a half decades or some crap/ to get the hood smacked/ but like the hypocrite/ this kid is,/ He forgets/ the days He sold gats;/ click clack/ and His homie got clapped/ with one of those straps/...good thing the bullet went through his boy's back/ and in a couple of weeks, His boy was back/ from the hospital/...pitiful/...just for several/ stacks./ so JayTu became an Instructor of Math/ ...thinking He was Teaching The Youth Facts/...crap was a subconscious act/ because after work; laying down His Hat,/ JayTu was Smoking Blunts rolled Fat;/ shaped like baseball bats/ and marlboro packs/ while guzzling cognac,/ getting on the jack/ with a chick to mack/ so He could Play Tit for Tat./ In retrospect that shit was whack/...Straight like That!/ The bitch called karma had JayTu on the wrong side of the tracks;/ no wait, JayTu fell on the tracks./ If the train didn't slow down from moving fast/ JayTu would've got waxed/ and ended up in a hearse colored black,/ laid in a coffin/ not worried about coughing/ like covid-19 isn't a problem/ enough./ JayTu’s Destiny was to be a Star/ but now Lives with deep gashes and scars/ and a Legacy marred;/ after God bringing Him this Far./ Like Biggie..."Life After Death"/...still with Breath./ I assume / JayTu believes cash rules/ but He wanna/ talk about Morals and Values/ while He has a stolen stash of Cashews/ in His pocket; telling people what to do/ while His Life is like a Library Book That Hasn't been read and is Past Due!
the majority of deaths of those who have succumbed to the virus, especially among the Black and Brown demographic.

Several times each day I was attended to by medical staff who would check my vitals, provide me with Tylenol if needed and determine if I needed anything else. In most cases, the Tylenol was fine. The symptom of fatigue had me sleeping a lot, so a great deal of time was spent resting. However, several days in, I found myself waking up in the middle of the night. Unlike the previous days and nights, I felt a shortness of breath, more intense chills, a banging headache, sore throat, runny nose, and pain in my chest. I alerted the medical staff. I stayed up and waited to be seen, but unfortunately I wasn’t seen until much later the next day. That is when everything took a turn for the worse.

#IHaveCoronavirus! Sure, I wished that this would’ve been a cold, a simple cough or even the flu. But on that day when my chest was hurting, my breathing was strained and chills engulfed my body. When I couldn’t get out of the bed, I knew this was none of the above. Fear gripped me as this Coronavirus seemed to be choking the life out of me. The nurses came at some point, too late for my liking, but they came at least, and when they did, instead of the Nebulizer they had an Oxygen tank. Okay, “cool” I thought. At least they had some real medical equipment to help me out. The nurses sat me down, hooked up the Oxygen tank and placed something in my nose. They turned it on and within minutes, everything that could’ve gone wrong…went wrong. I went from having difficulty breathing to feeling as though the life in me was quickly being drained out of me. My oxygen level was low. As the seconds passed it got so low that they no longer could get a reading. The more that it decreased, the more I felt myself losing control of my faculties. I started to speak slowly and couldn’t raise my voice beyond the level of a whisper. I spoke in a cadence that caused me to pause several seconds between each word. I tried to reach out to my computer as I felt that death was upon me. My mind was telling me to contact my children so I could tell them that I love them. To my horror, I couldn’t move. I couldn’t lift my arm, a finger, anything. I was paralyzed in the chair. No energy, no strength.

I looked to the nurses and tried to explain how I felt. I told them I was getting colder, that I was about to defecate upon myself (Thank God that didn’t happen) and I asked them, “Am I dying?” One nurse looked at me with a blank stare and the other looked at me and after several seconds said “I can’t tell you that. Please just be calm.” As if she wanted me to accept that I was on my way to the hereafter. While I’ve faced death several times in my life, I’ve never felt what I felt in this moment. For one, being so close to death and not being able to be near my family - my children - was devastating. Never in my life have I felt this sense of loneliness. In this horrible reality of loneliness, I was experiencing a sense of sadness, hopelessness and helplessness, that I’ve never experienced before. It was an experience I would never wish upon another human being.

I felt as if I was dying and there was nothing anybody could do about it. The nurses and the EMT’s who arrived all expressed their inability to stop whatever the virus was doing. It seemed as if they were just going to watch me die. I was beyond devastated. I thought quickly of all my years of struggle. All that I’ve survived. The trauma, the pain, the abuse, the death, the destruction, the abandonment, and so much more. I survived all that, but here I was being taken out by some virus I never even heard of. My thoughts were about me not being able to express my love in those final moments to my children. As a throwaway kid from the foster care system and now a resident in a homeless shelter I only wondered how terrible it would be to finally end up buried on Hart’s Island a/k/a ‘Potter’s Field’. 

— Solomon Northup
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

I looked at the nurse and without being able to talk, conserving my words to hold onto what I figured was my final thoughts, I just accepted my fate. As I sat there looking at her, she reached out and grasped my hand. I guess she felt I needed to feel the energy of a human being during this time when things were not looking well for me. Tears come as I write this and remember this moment. She didn’t say anything. She just held my hand. This was a stranger and it was that act which made me think deeply. I said to myself, “I cannot let this be the final chapter.”

I realized that I was depending on the nurses, doctors, medicine, a miracle, and everything I could think of but God. I forgot that there is a power that has protected me all my life and who has gotten me out of everything. I said to myself, “Let me call upon that power.” I was looking at the nurse but I was more so looking within. I began praying to my Creator, The Most High. I know it sounds cliché and, trust me, I thought this too in that very moment, “Oh now you wanna call on God, Jesus, Buddha, Allah, Zeus, the Ancestors and every other deity that I could think of.” Sure did! And guess what, I matched that prayer with what I learned in the Yoga and Meditation class at TRC, which is to breathe in deeply, exhale and repeat.

I said to myself, “I am not meant to die like this. I have more work to do on this planet. My God is bigger than the Coronavirus. If it be His will, then what will happen…will happen.” But in my heart of hearts, I didn’t think it was the will of God for me to leave this planet now. Nor do I think my God intends for me to be buried in Potter’s Field. I kept breathing and praying and speaking to God and as I did, I felt the life coming back. The EMT continued reading my vitals and indicated that my oxygen level was increasing. I was coming back and my strength was returning. My breathing became better and, within some time, all of my vitals were back to normal. I was so relieved and so grateful for being given this second chance at life.

This was a transformative experience that was unlike any other. I thanked the medical staff that attended to me and continuously gave thanks to my Creator. It was then, after this experience, that I vowed that from this point on I would make full use of my time on earth. I would not take the days, the hours, or the minutes for granted. I would live my life in such a way that if it was indeed my time to go I would go with the knowledge that I lived a life according to my potential and that I did as much as I could to express the God-giving gift that I was blessed with.

In the days following that horrible scare - that near-death experience - I used my time to develop plans for a better future. I decided to place a focus on my health, wealth, and wellness and to help others do the same. I’m grateful to TRC for giving me the tools to deal with this difficult experience. I’m also grateful to the TRC community and my co-residents of the shelter where I reside for their wisdom helped me along this journey. I thank you all. Most of all, I thank Allah (God) for this Transformative Experience. ~ The End

“The way in which a man accepts his fate and all the suffering it entails, the way in which he takes up his cross, gives him ample opportunity— even under the most difficult circumstances—to add a deeper meaning to his life. It may remain brave, dignified and unselfish. Or in the bitter fight for self-preservation he may forget his human dignity and become no more than an animal. Here lies the chance for a man either to make use of or to forgo the opportunities of attaining the moral values that a difficult situation may afford him. And this decides whether he is worthy of his sufferings or not.”

~ Viktor Frankl

“Hold those things that tell your history and protect them. During slavery, who was able to read or write or keep anything? The ability to have somebody to tell your story to is so important. It says:
‘I was here. I may be sold tomorrow. But you know I was here.’”

~ Maya Angelou
A NORMAL REACTION CONTINUED... healthy way or feel as though nobody cared about us. We would use to cover up the feelings of self-pity and loneliness and unfortunately drugs and alcohol was the only coping skill we were taught to use.

Luckily the world is changing and more and more people are trying to study this disorder and help people like us. In recovery we learn skills to cope with PTSD and not use to mask or avoid our feelings. We realize that there is nothing wrong with feeling our emotions in a healthy way.

Some strategies for helping to cope with PTSD start with:

1. SAFETY ➤ This is the phase where the goal is to free ourselves from active addiction, to treat ourselves better, to gain control of our feelings and protect ourselves from our own self-destructive behaviors. I find this was the hardest part for me!

2. MOURNING ➤ Once we get to a safe place in our recovery we need to grieve about the past, what the trauma and substance abuse did to us. Some of us will do this alone and that's good because we have to get it out, but I'd prefer to do my grieving in groups and with my sponsor. I find this helps me to rebuild trust in others and identify with someone about how I really feel and if I find it also helps them to. When I do this I feel like I get back a little bit of myself and find a bit more peace and comfort in my recovery.

3. RECONNECTION ➤ After the mourning phase I found I was more able to reconnect with the world in a more Joyful Way. I'm able to enjoy the little things. I find I'm more grateful for simple things in life like a cup of coffee or a nice sunset. I also find that I have more focus when I work and perform tasks. I'm finding myself to be more relatable to others in a more understanding way. I'm also discovering the I am not a weak, bad or damaged person and that I am not alone. I'm learning that if I could survive the trauma that I Will Survive the recovery.

Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed this article, we have all suffered in different ways but recovery gives us our power back over our feelings and Promises a new way of life where we never have to feel that way again. We are given the opportunity to grow and become beacons of Hope in the world and guide others to a better understanding of themselves by not closing the door on our own past but instead of embracing all those events that make us who we are. ~ the end

Recovery Playlist - May 2020

The Kills - U.R.A. Fever
Olu Dara - Okra
Porno for Pyros - Pets
The Rolling Stones - Happy
Django Reinhardt - Honeysuckle Rose
Arcade Fire - Sprawl II
Rose Royce - Love Don’t Live Here Anymore
Kirk Franklin - I Smile
Carl Orff - Carmina Burana
Do You Realize? - The Flaming Lips
Romain Virgo - God Inna Me Corner
Lynyrd Skynyrd - Free Bird
Emily King - Sleepwalker

“Do You Realize takes me back to a time in my life when things were beautiful, and serves as a reminder that even the darkest of clouds has a silver lining” ~ J

“Happy by the Stones is Upbeat as hell and sung by Keith Richards himself.” ~ Patrick

“I’m Free to see now, and I am also free to show the reality I get from it. I can be me, and this is the final chance to come from the dark and see the light again”. ~ SM
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9 A.M.</td>
<td>Preventing Recurrence (Brian/TBD)</td>
<td>Healthy Relationships (Joan)</td>
<td>Values Group (Lee Ann)</td>
<td>Substance Use Education (Brian)</td>
<td>Look Out for #1! (Lee Ann)</td>
<td>9:30am Open Discussion (Joan)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 A.M.</td>
<td>Back to Work (with OT)</td>
<td>Anger Management (Brian)</td>
<td>Health &amp; wellness (Aida)</td>
<td>Spanish Speaking Group (Aida)</td>
<td>Weekend Planning (Joan)</td>
<td>10:30am Health and Wellness (Nahal)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 A.M.</td>
<td>Meditation &amp; Relaxation (Lee Ann)</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>Baking Club (Lee Ann)</td>
<td>Creative Writing (Katie)</td>
<td>10:45-11:00 Recognition Mtg and weekly raffle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2:00 pm Staff Meeting</td>
<td>1:00 – 2:00 pm Leadership Meeting</td>
<td>2:00 – 4:00 Newsletter Team (with OT)</td>
<td>2:00 – 4:00 Newsletter Team (with OT)</td>
<td>TIME TBA: CHECK WITH LEE ANN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After Lunch</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>TIME TBA on SUNNY DAYS Garden Group (Lee Ann)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3:00 pm Road to Recovery (Maxine)</td>
<td>2:00 pm Clinical Meeting</td>
<td></td>
<td>3:00 pm Road to Recovery (Maxine)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Road to Recovery (Carli)</td>
<td>Preventing Recurrence (Aida)</td>
<td>What’s On Your Mind? (Brian)</td>
<td>Trivia Thursdays (Lee Ann) Emotional regulation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**The Recovery Center**
212-533-8400 x144 for Intake
8 East 3rd Street
Outpatient Substance Use Treatment Program

**Please be safe....Ask for TRC or the 2nd Chance Program if you need fentanyl test strips or naloxone kits & training!**

**Are you in need of crisis services or medically supervised detox?**
24 Hour Intake Hotline
212-763-0596

**Every life is worth saving!**

**Thanks for reading our newsletter, we hope you enjoy it!**

**The 3rd Street Beat is accepting submissions!**

If you would like to submit a piece of art, your recovery story, or other work, see OT in the Recovery Center or attend the Newsletter Meeting at 2:00 pm on Thursday afternoons.