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OVERDOSES ARE EVERYWHERE!
Ask for naloxone training & kits, fentanyl test strips at TRC

SEEKING YOUR WORK FOR OUR APRIL ISSUE: See back cover

MARCH MUSIC
PLAYLIST P. 6

PLEASE WASH YOUR HANDS

3rd Street Beat

Produced by Clients of
The Recovery Center
8 East 3rd Street 10003
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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

SUDOKU solution p. 15

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.

COVID-19 SAFETY
As we write, the COVID-19 virus is spreading and everyone is feeling really anxious. There are several things you can do to help yourself and the people around you:

- Vigorously wash your hands for 20 seconds with soap, use sanitizer if you can’t wash
- Don’t touch your face
- Be aware that what you say and how loud you say it can increase other people’s stress
- Stress levels and your immune system are closely connected
- If you develop any symptoms, especially fever, see a doctor or alert staff ASAP!

YOUR SAFETY IS OUR BIGGEST CONCERN

"WHEN YOU START SEEING YOUR WORTH, IT’S HARDER TO STAY AROUND PEOPLE WHO DON’T."

- UNKOWN

Me after a 5 day drug binge with no sleep, walking into the hospital thinking it was the gas station
Eddie’s Journal: March
By Eddie C.

Hey my name is Eddie Collymore. I am 27 years old. I got a lot going on in life as far as my 3 year probation, looking for something to help me stay on track, and to avoid the law. On my way on a long journey, I finished 1 day of detox and 15 days of rehab. Now I got 56 days of sobriety time, which is really good for my recovery. I need to turn those days into months and years so that way I can move on with my life. Finding fun things that I like to do instead of spending my money on getting high. I like to do positive things like going out places - bowling and pool. I like riding bikes - I have a passion for them. I am strongly gratefully appreciative ...and planning ahead to continue my journey.

HIP ★ HOP ★ HURRAY

Greetings! From the desk of Gregory Pretlow at Project Renewal’s Recovery Center. So, as promised from the last time I wrote,...I’m back and things are looking up for me. I also have someone I would like to introduce to The Third Street Beat, readers. This individual is a “Godsend.” His name is “DWAIN WILLIAMS” and he is “The Chief Development Officer” and is currently working as an active member of “The WYM Group” the reason I’m introducing him is because he has “a solution to help alleviate homelessness for men” in Harlem and NYC. I personally know Dwain and he is a confident individual that is committed to help his fellow man. His business card is at the bottom of this editorial. More to come.....
I’ll start by saying that I started coming to cooking class every week on a consistent basis, and I enjoyed it. I felt some type of way about it if I was late or I missed it, because I looked forward to it. I came up eating a lot of good food and being around a lot of good cooks - my mother mainly. I helped her out in the kitchen. “Anthony, taste this, taste that.” Macaroni and cheese, BBQ chicken, BBQ pork chops, baked pork chops, baked chicken, fried chicken... Mom made so many meals. The spaghetti, she made it with sausage and meatballs in it. And Sunday dinners... Every Sunday my mom cooked a big dinner. I looked forward to that. We all looked forward to having Sunday dinner together every weekend. A good big meal. It was something special.

So I was coming to the cooking class like I said. I was approached by Lee Ann. Lee Ann and Sania and Carli asked me - would I like to join this Culinary program? I mean I always knew about the culinary program but I never thought about really joining it. I always thought, “man, that class might be hard.” In the back of my mind, I know I love to eat and I can cook on a general basis, and I used to always see these guys walking back and forth with their chef outfits and I thought it was neat. “Damn, they are getting that culinary in!” It’s just funny how I wasn’t really looking into cooking school. It wasn’t that I was afraid of it or anything like that, but I wasn’t ever really interested... but God puts people in your life. He puts people in your life at the right time.

Before this, while the cooking class was going on, I was in my struggles. I was still straddling the fence. I was still indulging in getting high. I was trying to be slick - trying to slick somebody up without slicking myself up. I say God puts people in your life. By that I mean he sends OT and counselors here to work at TRC and ask me that question, “would you like to join culinary?” One thing leads to another, but it’s no accident. I think it is God working through people and through situations.

CONTINUED ON

PAGE 15....
A CHECK-IN: ONE HUNDRED DAYS

A note from David J.

Just checking in. 100 Days clean today. I have thanked everyone for their continuous support. YOU, and TRC are most relevant after God. My tears were embraced, my fears were heard and not judged. My insecurities were lessened, my heart started healing, my mind began to clear. A new way of thinking formed, based upon ALL the new things learned and relearned and applied. This smoldering wick was given air and not allowed to EXTINGUISH!! I WAS NOT ALLOWED to give up. I was given LOVE, encouragement, support, kindness and guidance. PLEASE share this email with everyone at TRC and our Brothers. They shared, they listened and based upon that I started to heal and grow. My joy, happiness and GRATITUDE which have increased are based upon APPLICATION of these things. From the gardening group to the continuous support of the entire TRC and Interns as well. Sorry to have bothered you on the weekend. I believe in expressing this THANKS TODAY. Tomorrow is not promised and I just want to express this. Don't forget please share this expression with EVERYONE. Have a great weekend.

Spring Awakening

ADORATION
BEAUTY
BEGINNING
BLOOM
BREEZES
BRIGHT
BROTHERHOOD
CHRYSANTHEMUM
DAISY
DEVELOPMENT
FOUNDATION
FRESH
FRIENDSHIP
GARDENIA
GROWTH
LEGUMES
LOVE
PANSY
PRIDE
REBIRTH
SUNSHINE
SUPPORT
UNIQUENESS
I've experienced many graduations in my life. I graduated from Massapequa High School, to the stunned relief of my family in 2001. I had been a daily pot smoker in High School. I strictly hung out with potheads. And my house was the place to go after school if you wanted to do bong hits. I occasionally popped some pills, but the Vicodin and the Xanax merely made me sluggish and dizzy; I had yet to experience their full effects.

In 2004 I was on summer break from college and I was drinking in the woods with a bunch of friends. They started a fight with these football players that were also drinking in the dark woods at night. I drove my brother home to get him out of danger and then walked back to the woods to find my friends, by myself. Unfortunately my friends had already left, and the football players were still there, so they ganged up on me and beat me to the ground with sticks. I think I passed out cause I remember waking up covered in blood and dirt. I walked home and my mom had to drive me to the hospital where I blew a 3.2 BAC and passed out in the CT scanner. They gave me some stitches, but that was not enough, and soon I was seeing a sleazy doctor who prescribed me 120 Percocets a month, which I took for the emotional pain as much as the physical pain I experienced from the TMJ disorder I got from my injuries.

In 2005, I graduated from Stony Brook University with a Multidisciplinary Studies B.A. combining the majors English, Music, and Philosophy. In the years following, I also graduated from a daily Percocet pill popper to full-fledged heroin addict. Soon after, my Doctor was arrested and sentenced to five years in federal prison. Then I had no choice but to use heroin for my opiate addiction. If the kid with a painkiller prescription turned junkie was a stereotype in the late 2000’s, then I was one of those guys; one of the originals, maybe.

I spent the rest of my 20s floating around, a carefree couch crasher with a car and a habit. It wasn’t until my father died on December 21st 2012 (the end of the Mayan calendar and would-be End Of The World) that the consequences of my behavior started to become very real. Because he worked for the State of New York as a Court Clerk, they paid out a Death Benefit equal to a few years of his salary, which I split with my brother and mom. CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

**RECOVERY PLAYLIST**

1. Respect - Aretha Franklin
2. Smooth Criminal - Michael Jackson
3. Are You In It - Incubus
4. Sofia Wylie - Side by Side
5. Yesterdays - Guns and Roses
6. Stronger - Kanye
7. Change is Gonna Come - Sam Cooke
8. Not Afraid - Eminem
9. The Girl You Lost to Cocaine - Sia
10. Recovery - James Arthur
11. Changes - Tupac
WHEN I THINK OF OUR PAST, I’LL REMEMBER ONE THING! MALCOLM X, MARCUS GARVEY AND DR. KING, BECAUSE A STRONG BLACKMAN, CAN DO ANYTHING SO LET’S LIFT OUR VOICES, GIVE PRAISE AND ALL SING, TO OUR FOREFATHERS, WHO MADE FREEDOM RING. WE HAD STRONG FATHERS, WHO WERE USED AS SLAVES, BROTHERS OF TODAY WILL MAKE THEM TURN IN THEIR GRAVES, SO LET’S THINK ABOUT US, RIDING THE BACK OF THE BUS. AND TO GET WHERE WE GOT, MALCOLM X – GOT SHOT!!! THEY KILLED DR. KING, WHEN HE MADE FREEDOM RING… BUT I STILL BELIEVE, THAT WE CAN ACHIEVE ALL OF THEIR GOALS, LET’S JUST REMEMBER OUR ROLES: I’M NOT IN THIS SPACE, BY ACCIDENT, YOU SEE I’VE BEEN SENT, TO REPRESENT BE MAGNIFICENT MADE ME INTELLIGENT, THAT’S WHY I’M UP HERE WITH THIS STATEMENT THAT MY LIFE’S CONTENT, IS NO EXCITEMENT. TO BE CONFIDENT, BE A RESIDENT AND A PRESIDENT OF MY ESTABLISHMENT AND IF MY DEPARTMENT HAS A DOCUMENT FOR EVERY RED CENT THAT I SPENT, IT’LL PAY THE RENT FOR THIS ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT WHERE I WAS AND WHERE I WENT, BE IT PARK AVENUE OR A CHEROKEE’S TENT, I AM THE POET WHOSE ELOQUENT. M.V.P LIKE DEREK JETER AND BUCKY DENT!!!

This piece was written for the Black History Issue, February 2020. Due to editor error, it was not included. Black history month should be every month, though... so we keep honoring here.
Trust the Process by Captain Omar

My story is simple. I would use, I would lose. Everything always. It's not like that anymore. I moved to New York city about 3 years ago from a small town in Florida. I had been shipping out of New York harbor for years so I was not new to the hustle and bustle of the city. I knew nothing of recovery at the time but I knew that I couldn’t drink and drug if I wanted to get my life together. My dear aunt whom I was living with at the time had worked in a detox and rehab many years ago and recommended I start going to 12 step meetings and not screw this up. The first few meetings I went to were through the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous. I remember feeling so anxious and afraid but the things that they were talking about, drug and alcohol abuse, how they felt when they had cravings, the feelings of self-pity and loneliness. I don’t know why, but I felt like I belonged there, I mean after seeing and hearing how it had worked in their lives, I became a believer and started to trust the process.

About 3 months of being here in NY and making as many meetings as I could while looking for work, I applied through the Workforce 1 program and they were impressed by my credentials and backed me up to get a job working for a major yacht company here in the harbor. I had been sailing coastal for many years and never in my life did I think that I would be running a mega yacht in NY harbor. Because of my unique skill set and lived experience the job was super easy for me. But because I was in recovery the crew loved me. My confidence and natural charisma were at their peak because I was finally growing into the person I was meant to be. I could come home every night and have a normal life finally.

At 6 months into the program I got my first apartment here in New York City in a great area. It was my port captains place and because he trusted and respected me as a shipmate and as a person, he got me into his old apartment in the south street seaport across the street from the new pier 17. This came only as a blessing of being sober and being a better person. I was so proud of my accomplishment that I posted a picture of my house keys with the 6-month key tags attached. If this was what a new way to live was all about … I was a believer and my trust in the process of recovery grew stronger.

I was told that more would be revealed and not to leave until the miracle happened. About a week after I moved in my old chief engineer called me up saying that he saw my pic on Facebook and was very proud of me finally getting my life together. He told me he has been in recovery for 8 years, about the time we started working together, he said it was to only reason he never fired me was because he understood what was going on with me and that my tales of the insanity I would experience while off the boat helped him stay sober [LoL]. He offered me a job, 2 weeks on,2 weeks off, great pay, small equipment as full chief engineer to work for the company that was building the Tappan Zee bridge. I immediately realized that God had been doing for me what I could not do for myself. I went to the yacht company and told them what was happening and amazingly they switched me to part time and still let me keep all my benefits and work my own schedule without hesitation due to being such a great shipmate. They trusted me to do the next right thing.

I was concerned that by taking this new job as I won’t be able to make my regular meetings and find a sponsor but I trusted the process. When I started the new job, I was filling in for a guy and not working with the regular crew I was assigned to and was forced to work over and I didn’t really mind until we came into port and the guys would go out drinking regularly. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)
Stay Positive

My name is Jerry Lugo aka “Jay” to some people but to my babies at home it’s daddy. I have a beautiful daughter and a wife. My wife is still incarcerated. I love my wife and girls so much that I would do anything in the world for them. Positive to me is without a doubt my family. That’s what keeps my focus in life. Not only in life but most of all in my recovery. Staying clean and sober is not a very easy thing to do. Nothing in life is easy. My parents always told me that you have to work hard in life for what you want in life. And that is how it is in recovery, it has to come from within and you have to want it really bad. I am at the point that I’m tired of being controlled by this drug. One thing for sure that I can say is that you could do anything in this world and become successful in life if you hold your head high and think positive. Do positive. And in the long run you actually get positive results in life.

I really want to thank Carli, Lee Ann, Sania, Riley, and all the counselors at TRC for all the support they have given from the first day I arrived at the program. Nothing more than pure Positive energy that I got from this Program and Staff I am thankful for everyday. Here I am taking it one day at a time. I will continue to stay positive in life. And for my family, my wife and daughter, I will be in your life soon. God Bless you all. Thank you very much for taking your time and consideration in reading this.

Respectfully,

Jerry Lugo

ON A TOUGH DAY,
ASK YOURSELF:
Sara Kuburic, CCC; @millennial.therapist

1. What do I need right now?
2. What does this situation want to teach me?
3. What am I being asked to let go of?
4. How can I grow/evolve?
5. How can I show myself love?
Effective Communication
~ by Daniel Felder, Certified Recovery Peer Advocate at TRC

SELF AWARENESS

The noted nineteenth-century political cartoonist Thomas Nast once attended a party with a group of friends. Someone asked him to draw a caricature of everyone present. This he did with a few skilled strokes of his pencil. The sketches were passed around for the guest to identify. Everyone recognized the other persons, but hardly anyone recognized the caricature of himself.

Though Freud and others have demonstrated that it is not easy to know one self, it is clearly possible to grow in that ability. Many techniques have devised to foster self-understanding.

To increase one’s self-awareness, however, it is not necessary to read books, attend workshops, or employ an Eastern spiritual discipline. Each person has more understanding of himself than he is now using. It is common to tune out the messages from our inner self or to ignore them if and when they have made themselves heard. For example, a person may feel lonely and then try to distract himself from unpleasant awareness by turning on the TV set. Another person may feel insignificant and become a "work-aholic" to drive that awareness from consciousness. One of the quickest ways of following the Socratic injunction "know thyself is to refuse to tune out or ignore the awareness about self that is at least dimly perceived by the conscious mind."

SELF-ACCEPTANCE

People ignore their inner promptings primarily because they do not accept the full range of their feelings and thoughts. Many people are ashamed of their anger or their sexual impulses and fantasies. Though these are a part of every normal life, many people have been at least partially programmed to think these dimensions of themselves are "bad" or "sinful." Sometimes we compare ourselves with facades others present us, intimidate ourselves, and become less self-accepting.

Many types of experiences can lead to increased self-acceptance. Encounter groups under effective leader-"Ship," psychotherapy with genuine, insightful, and understanding therapist, friend-"Ships," with accepting people, religious conversion, and many other life experiences help build self-acceptance.

Often, improved acceptance of oneself is derived from training in communication skills. Many participant's in our workshop say that the most important result of the training for them is that they are more comfortable with all their feelings and that they like themselves better after having taken the course than they did before. The ability to communicate effectively seems to affect an increase of self-esteem in many persons.

SELF-EXPRESSION

Self-expression is the third ingredient of genuineness. The self-expressive person is aware of his innermost thoughts and feelings, accepts them, and when appropriate, shares them responsibly. Even in circumstances of great anxiety, he can reveal what he feels at the moment in a frank and disarming way. David Duncombe, whose writing has significantly influenced the discussion in this section, says the authentic person's openness touches every area of his life. When bereaved or worried or embarrassed, the real person is able to disclose much of what he feels. When his actions violate his own expectations of those of others, he can admit his shortcomings. He can also give unselfconscious expression to his joy and speak freely about his success.

When the genuine person is angry, he expresses it (as discretion permits/ in a way that has maximum likelihood of removing the frustration, clearing the air and restoring and improving his relation-"Ships" He may also responsibly express his affection without apology or excuse.
Graduation Day continued.... First I decided to become clean. I stopped taking my Suboxone and Klonopin and moved to California to live next to my friend in Truckee. At first I was very sick and as the weeks went by I started to gradually feel better, but after two months I was still too out of it to get a job, so I moved back to New York and graduated to the Methadone Clinic to make sure I wouldn’t spend all the money on drugs and have an overdose. I decided to study computer programming and I went to Queens College to study introductory Computer Science. I wanted to major in CS, but I didn’t want to wait four years to find a job.

In April of 2019 my inheritance was about to run out and I still hadn’t found a job. So I decided my best bet was to go to a programming Boot Camp, while I could still pay the rent. I enrolled in a 15-week full-time, in person software engineering course at the Flatiron School. I started bootcamp in DUMBO and put myself through some of the most intensive and engaging learning experiences that I have ever had. After passing four code challenges and creating four project demos, utilizing Ruby, JavaScript, MySQL, and ReactJS, I received my graduation certificate from Flatiron School in July of 2019. I also graduated to smoking crack, which I began to use because the Suboxone blocked me from using dope.

During the 15-weeks I was taking 1mg Suboxone every night before bed. I had long since moved off the Methadone on to Suboxone, and I reduced my dose to the point where 1mg was all I needed. The first milligram or two of Suboxone is enough to hold someone who has been on it for a while. Higher doses of 8mg or 16mg simply aren’t needed in the long term.

My first job offer was from a company called Revature. Their expertise lay in finding junior developers, training them quickly while paying them minimum wage and collecting money from them when they found jobs at Fortune 500 clients. Developers gain much needed experience in the field and Revature makes money by paying developers less than they would normally earn.

During my tenure, I was given a room in an apartment in Revature’s corporate housing off campus of the University of South Florida in Tampa, FL. Having an apartment for the first time in six months gave me an opportunity to continue experiments with LSD that had long since sat dormant in a shoebox. And in the 40+ hours I was supposed to spend studying after work, I was usually under the influence. I had no subs so I frequently took kratom along with weed and alcohol. I also happened to have another drug graduation, this time getting a degree in crystal meth. Since people from all across the country came to work there, it was no surprise that meth would rear its ugly head. I found it not as pleasurable as crack but better for working. I smoked it once and wrote jokes all night. But when I ran out I was not so happy. Good thing I don’t know where to buy it.

I got fired from Revature for not showing up. I was hungover. They bought me a plane ticket back to New York. I was staying at my mom’s, where I had been for the last six months. It only took 2 months for her to kick me out, and I graduated to my first stay at rehab, where I signed myself in on Christmas Eve. After 28 days at St. John’s Riverside Hospital, I was let out on the street.

I went back to my mom’s, where she was letting me stay for a few nights until I got into a long-term program, but I only lasted a day before I was checking myself into 21-day detox at Project Renewal. After detox I went into the shelter at Bellevue and went to outpatient at Renewal. My history of having graduated in academic institutions as well as in the drug culture has come to a pause. I wish I could say it was the end, but I can’t be sure. But for now, a pause and potential end of the so-called “growth” of my bad habits is good enough. ~ The End
My Recovery in NYC by Doug W.

I wound up here in NYC about 15 years ago from Long Island via California, Florida, and Texas. I came from an alcoholic background. Both my parents are gone due to this disease. My mother passed away at 49 and my father at 72. Both love music, which I also love very much. I remember traveling from California to New York in the late 1970’s. My mom had my dad drive out of the way to Graceland so we could take a picture in front of the mansion - me and my mom. Priceless. I love music and play acoustic guitar - Beatles, John Lennon, and the Grateful Dead. I wound up back in New York in 1985 with my father after my parents separated. The last time I saw my mother I was 17. I dropped out of High School when I was 15 and started using right away. I was an alcoholic before I picked up a drink. I had all the alcoholic behaviors. I came into recovery about 15 years ago, and it’s been a long, hard road. I was brought back to life a few times in the ICU and still used after that. I’ve been in and out of treatment for 15 years. I’ve learned a lot about recovery...and today I am very grateful for the people in my life, especially the people I have met in the 12-step programs I attend in NYC. AA and NA - my home group is the Mustard Seed on East 37th Street. I learned about why I use, my behavior, and my attitude. Of course, I also learned from the people at TRC. I have been here about 2 years. I was pretty banged up and lost and homeless. But by the grace of God this place saved my life. I’ve had a lot of respect for the women that run this place. They really care about their clients. I’ve been still coming here at night now, which is great. I can still make my AA meetings earlier and look for work. I am also part of Father’s Heart ministries on 11th Street on the Lower East Side. I have attended a bible study and a men’s group Tuesday and Wednesday for the past year and a half. I’ve done my resume and and very grateful for my living situation with my sister. She is my best friend. My big sister really cares about me. I’m so grateful for my family - in and out of recovery. I am still learning everyday - and staying humble and teachable. I’m staying in the moment. I’m really big into prayer, meditation, and yoga - and doing whatever volunteer work at Father’s Heart with Pastor Perry and his family.

They have been really nice to me. I have GOD in my life and am very spiritual. I love helping people in the streets of NYC - because I have been there.
#lifegrowth

Depth, Grown & knowing of me
Achieving my freedom, believe
My mind at ease w peace
The other side of guilt
R the pain and anguish i've built
Now the void is filled

But i peep
There's always a seed for a tree
The roots then come the leaves
Leaving the make believe, i can breathe
The who i wanted to be
That was so hard to find, no hes seen
I am him living a dream
I am just living the dream

~ Art and Poem by Steven McGlothlin
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE XXX) because I was ashamed of being the only sober person I wouldn’t go. Eventually they guys got off and my regular crew came onboard.

I’ll never forget the day. I was working on some deck plumbing and was tired and just worn out and the new captain came to introduce himself to me and saw I was clearly frustrated. He told me to take it easy and give myself a break!!! Who was this guy? How did he know those slogans? I asked with a fervor where did you learn those words? What do they mean to you? Do you know where those sayings come from? He laughed and said without shame in front of the whole crew that he is a proud member of Alcoholic’s Anonymous. I was speechless, the rest of the crew, not so much. He quickly pointed out that when the jobs done and we get plenty of down time we would be going ashore so everyone calmed down and tried harder to get the work done sooner. He brought unity and a common purpose for us to strive for.

I can truly say that is when I got the message of recovery. Capt. Joe became my sponsor and mentor. Throughout our time onboard we would read The Big Book and when a question came up in the reading, we would write down our own answer and he would show me about the disease of alcoholism and how it affected my life. During the evening hours he would have me stand bridge watch and teach me how to steer the vessel. We would listen to AA speaker meetings and talk about how the message is carried by the way we live and when we would get to port, while the rest of the crew would go out drinking and be miserable the next day, we would Uber back and forth to different meetings in both fellowships in the area we were docked in. Everywhere we went we got asked to speak and share our story. The random people we met would thank us for doing service and carrying the message. This is what trusting the process looked like for me. I was amazed before I was halfway through. Never in all my life would I think I could be a sober pirate and have so much to offer the world. That feeling of uselessness and self-pity are gone and now I know that the more I trust the process the better my life will get. Thank you for this opportunity to share and fair winds and following to seas to all. ~ Omar Chandradatt

TRC’s MONTHLY FIELD TRIP to the International Center of Photography at Essex Crossing. “Phenomenal. Epic. Historical.” ~ Dorsey

BI WGGIE, GET IT?
BIGGIE.

ICP

CONTACT HIGH: A Visual History of Hip-Hop explores four decades of photography, from the late 1970s to today, documenting a revolution not just in music, but in politics, race relations, fashion, and culture.
COOKING UP SUCCESS CONTINUED......

So I joined the cooking class. I got through five weeks and had a slip up. I was still indulging when I started, you see. I was still trying to be slick with it, but it got the best of me in the long run. For a while I didn’t come back to the cooking classes. I ran into a friend of mine who had a maintenance job for me. They were offering me employment. I was almost halfway through this. In the past I made foolish choices. I had another opportunity here too to sit down and make a choice again, but this time I chose a different path. Again, I chose to stay committed to what I was already just about almost finished with instead of being quick and crazy with some money.

I had to start all over. After a while, I told myself “It’s time for a change. It’s time for me to stop bullshitting myself and get on the right track.” I told myself, “you are around some good people offering you a good opportunity. Do it for me, but also don’t disappoint them. They helped me out and offered it to me.” I told myself “This ain’t a mistake... this is happening. I gotta do what I gotta do and go straight,” and that’s what it’s been. I am over six months sober now, because I chose to stop straddling the fence, thinking I could still dip and dab. There is no way to play with using drugs. You use, you lose. I deserved better for myself. I put down the bad habits and went back to being committed...and everything finally went pretty good.

This is what has helped my recovery - staying busy. Being busy helped me not be stagnating and doing the same stuff. I was doing something positive and I looked forward to coming to school. The only time I missed school was for a funeral. I missed a day but I made the day right back up. Sticking and staying and being committed to school and being around good people helped me finish my internship at Project Find. Right about 2 weeks before it was over, I was offered a part time job. I jumped on that opportunity because “slow money is sho money” and I figured it would help me slowly start dealing with money again. I don’t need a whole bunch of money right now. I just need “enough.”

God is taking care of me. He provides everything for me. He gives me all the opportunities to do what I gotta do, he puts people in my life to help me. All I gotta do is grasp it and see he’s doing something for me then go with it. That’s what I did. I stuck with it. I show up every day for work on time, work hard as I can.

The secret to maintaining what I built is to not forget where I came from, keep staying consistent, and keep doing what brought me here. Staying around positive people, not going around the old crowds, not going around people that are talking negative, talking or about how the good old times how they were this and that. There wasn’t anything good about getting high. It’s a lie. It only stole from me. My secret today is to thank God, be grateful that I woke up this morning, happy, motivated, and ready to take on life. Like I said, god puts people in your path and you see that you have to grasp it and go with it. That’s my story, that’s all my glory. ~ the end (...and the beginning)

W - Wash hands
U - Use mask properly
T - Touch nothing
A - Avoid large crowds
N - Never touch your face with unclean hands
G - Go to the hospital if you have severe symptoms
Thanks for reading our newsletter, we hope you enjoy it!

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!

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.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9 A.M.</td>
<td>Preventing Recurrence (Riley)</td>
<td>Healthy Relationships (Joan)</td>
<td>Values Group (Riley)</td>
<td>Substance Use Education (Brian)</td>
<td>Look Out for #1! (with OT)</td>
<td>9:30am Open Discussion (Joan)</td>
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<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>
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<td>11 A.M.</td>
<td>Creative Arts (with OT)</td>
<td>Meditation &amp; Relaxation (with OT)</td>
<td>Cooking Club (with OT)</td>
<td>Creative Writing (Katie)</td>
<td>10:45-11:00 Recognition Mlg and weekly raffle</td>
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<td>Every other Thursday March 5th March 19th April 2nd</td>
<td>11:00 – 12:00 Garden Group (Eva)</td>
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<td>Free Time</td>
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<td>After Lunch</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>Leadership Meeting 1:00 – 2:00 pm</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>2:00 – 4:00 Newsletter Team (with OT)</td>
<td>Continue Free Time Through and After Lunch</td>
<td>1:00 – 2:45 GAME TIME!!!</td>
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<td>2:00 pm Staff Meeting</td>
<td>2:00 – 4:00 Strategy Games (with OT)</td>
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<td>2:00 pm Clinical Meeting</td>
<td>3:00 pm Road to Recovery (TBD)</td>
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<td>5:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Road to Recovery (Sania)</td>
<td>Preventing Recurrence (Aida)</td>
<td>What’s On Your Mind? (Brian)</td>
<td>Trivia Thursdays (Lee Ann) Emotional regulation</td>
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The Recovery Center Weekly Schedule for March 2020

3rd Street Beat