

DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT

Night falls with the promise of sweet slumber;

An enticement which lures me into bed.

But alas darkness turns to torture as the illusion

of a cozy warm slumber is shattered.

Interrupted by the restless discontent of the

unconscious mind released.

Endless Tossing and Turning in what becomes

a padded prison.

I am flooded with images and ideas that are racing

through the corridors of my mind.

Trapped in an abyss of torment –

The Darkness of the Night. Courbet A.

To view and print this newsletter, visit our website at acanorcal.com. We will be accepting your recovery stories in the monthly newsletters. Please email your submission to: cperson1954@gmail.com; preferably in Microsoft Word format.

Inner Child Voices

*ACA No. California Intergroup 640
Newsletter June 2018*

Together We Can Achieve Anything!



*God grant me the serenity to accept the people I
cannot change, the courage to change the one I
can, and the wisdom to know that one is me.*

Grumpy Old Cat

I promised my daughter that we would get a cat when we moved to a house. After we moved, I put it off as long as I could but finally, the day after Thanksgiving, we went to the pound to get our new housemate. She desperately wanted a kitten, but I knew how many puddles there would be on the floor, that the couch would become the scratching post, many of our clothes would be shredded, and we wouldn't get any sleep for weeks. Luckily, the pound had a policy, all kittens remain in the shelter until they are fixed. So, I convinced her that taking an older cat home today would be better than waiting. And she agreed. We walked out of the shelter with two cats. One small sweet brown tabby girl with beautiful shiny fur, and one very large black and white Sylvester cat with tattered scruffy fur who seemed like a grumpy old man. My daughter and I were both happy. I was resigned to the fact that I would be the primary caregiver even though she swore she would help me feed, water and clean up after the two cats. My daughter was beaming and that was enough for me.

We arrived at home and unleashed the beasts. Since they were older, I was hopeful that there would be minimal damage to our house. We named the small tabby girl, Baby Mama, and the 15-pound grumpy old man, Big Daddy. They both ran under the bed and stayed there the whole first day. The next day, Baby Mama ventured out and was very curious to explore her new home. If I opened the front door, she bolted outside while Big Daddy just sat there. Baby Mama jumped up on everything and ran through the house playing with everything.

If I even come within two feet, Big Daddy hisses and if I happen to touch him, he swipes me and if I try to pick him up, he bites me. Big Daddy made it quite clear that he does not want anyone near him, and he definitely does not want to play.

Baby Mama on the other hand played with absolutely everything, the hair bands on the floor, shoe laces, bottles, tissue, and even her cat toys. She even tried to play with Big Daddy, who hissed at first, but as Baby Mama flopped in front of him and rolled over on her back, as if to say, "Let's Play!" Baby Mama melted Big Daddy's heart. One day as her tailed twitched near him, he pawed at it. At first it was hard to tell if he was swatting at her to go away or beginning to play. But one day, she flopped down, and he began to lick her.

After a few days, we took both of them to the vet for their check-ups. Baby Mama was indeed one year old, but Big Daddy who seemed like he was on his last legs, was two. Apparently, Big Daddy had a very hard life which he had become quite jaded, withdrawn, frumpy looking and quite grumpy.

Within a few months, Baby Mama melted Big Daddy's heart. They ran through the house and played together. Baby Mama would plop down in front of Big Daddy, nuzzle her face into his, and he would lick her. Now they are inseparable and even sleep right next to each other. Big Daddy has become a playful, youthful, happy kitty. To see such a transformation warms my heart and gives me hope that with a little patience, tenderness, and love, anyone can be brought back to life, One Day at A Time. Courbet A.

Slogans

One Day at A Time

Let Go, Let God

Easy Does It

Keep it Simple

Progress Not Perfection

First Things First

This Pain Too Shall Pass

Keep Coming Back