



## MYTHS ABOUT ABSTENTION

Only a fool would say that after a year dry, they'd have their booze problem kicked into touch: an alky can be in recovery but is never cured. There is no such thing as an ex-alky. If you're in the same boat, you'll know what I'm talking about. I'm no fool so I ain't gonna bombard you with the big 'This Is How It Is Done' thing.

There are just a couple of things that you get hit with, almost as if they want to scare you off the idea altogether before you even start. I want to give you a different perspective of the same rules but with a life attached.

If you've been (this was my fourth!) you'll know what I mean; if you're about to or are thinking of it, it can help to see the other side of the tales of doom and gloom;

You **must not** drink on the day of entry.

You must ditch **all** of your friends. RIGHT NOW.

You must **never** revisit any old haunts.

You **must** fill every second of your wakened hours with 'stuff'.

You must **not** bring any medication with you – even prescribed.

If you haven't been scared off by then, they have the enormous list of products you must not use for fear they contain alcohol leaving an impression of you wandering around Asda for an hour checking every label in your hunt for alcohol free biscuits!

The truth I'm sure most recovering alkyies will tell you, is different. I don't know what insanity lies behind the ban on medication prescribed by your GP so can't comment on that but I can mention the crazy idea of not drinking at all on entry day. This is dangerous and hopefully has been changed by now. Sudden withdrawal as any imbiber of incoholic bevvyridge will tell you, encourages seizures.

The one about ditching all your friends is interesting in that it is not true. You soon learn you have two types of friend; friend and drinking buddy - never the twain shall meet! You don't abandon your mates, your drinking buddies; they hang around until they discover that you are serious about staying dry and drift off. There is no drink to be had.

This is not a slur on your drinking buddies either; it's a fact that an alky needs alcohol and so goes where there is alcohol. They drift apart from you and in a dry state and you don't want to be hanging about on benches in the freezing cold begging and watching everyone else get legless.

I have friends who drink (although these days few of them do anymore) but because they are friends and not booze buddies, were discrete and never offered or encouraged. So there you go, that's how it happens. You don't leave the APC go round all your mates and announce them dumped. You don't have to lock yourself away from the horrors of offies on every street corner. You don't have to avoid the old haunts; they become undesirable to a sober person.

Finally, filling every waking hour with 'stuff' to take your mind off drink can backfire. You can end up resenting that 'stuff' is getting in the way. Of what is anyone's guess but there is the void. Time to think alcohol is a better option. So don't be filling your days with nonsense if that's the result. I started to get resentful that I had no time just to be me and relax cos I was filling all my time with 'stuff'. Doing nothing now and again is not a luxury you earn; doing it alcohol free is a necessity.

Any 'stuff'! Even 'stuff' that I didn't really want to do but did because of the fear instilled that doing nothing is a step short of being pissed in the gutter. How I longed to say "Sod this. I don't even wanna do this. I'm gonna get a bevvy in" because even that was more interesting than some of the things I was forcing myself to do.

I'm not saying ignore everything and go your own way. There lies a return ticket. All I'm saying is that it's not quite as daunting as it can be made to seem. It is daunting enough without overloading you with lists of 'do-not's' and a belief that the world changes when you're sober. It doesn't, it's still the same hell-hole full of nasty people it was, only you handle it differently. It's not all hunky-dory and it's no walk in the park either, but don't be put off by the scaremongering.



## So this is what it feels like to be believed in by Stewart Hogg

When the mists that shroud a vision begin to clear and you see someone there standing with you;

When the behemoth, self-doubt, claws at your eyes, distorting the vision and there is someone there fighting with you;

When you see farther than you thought possible and see someone there watching, smiling;

When you're living in a giant marshmallow or swimming in treacle and there's someone there to show you how;

When you bask in the radiance of myriad paths that lay before you and there's someone to show you how to look;

When you return home at night and laze in comfort and know there can be more happiness and there's someone there to say it's out there if you want it;

When you know that someone believes in you is to know all this and know there's more ...

To know the psychedelic swirling colours on the canvas can make a shape; and the shape can become a vision;

To believe the vision can become a reality and there's someone there with you admiring the colours;

To be meandering along new and strange paths and there's a solid rock to rest on;

To know someone is there to show you where the signposts are to assist you on your journey;

To know the light at the end of the tunnel – previously a mythical entity- is lit and moving closer;

To know a trunk has many branches, the branches many twigs and each one can be the right one;

To know that every step now is a step into the future;

To know that someone believes in you is to know all this and know there's more.

## UNCONCIOUS FREQUENCIES

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DREAM STATE  
INPUT OF THE SUB-CONCIOUS  
DIGITAL IMPULSES  
CONNECTED AS ONE

THERE IS NO ONE  
WITHOUT THE OTHER  
FLATLINE'S TO BORDERLINES  
CONSPIRING IN UNISON  
A SUB-CONCIOUS SABOTAGE

WE MUST GRASP THE EDGE/MANITY  
WE MUST GRASP THE ULTIMATE

CALCULATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS AND REASON  
THE ANSWER TO LIFE IT'S SELF  
TO FIND SUCH AN ANSWER  
WE MUST CRACK THE CODE  
OF UNCONCIOUS FREQUENCY

WE MUST CROSS PATHS  
WITH OUR CONSCIOUS SELF  
TO EXIST ACTUALLY  
BETWEEN FANTASY AND REALITY  
TO EXERCISE OUR PRIMITIVE PSYCHI  
HITCHHIKING BETWEEN WORLDS

ONLY THEN MAY WE FIND COMFORT  
IN OUR CONSCIOUS AND UNCONCIOUS SELF!

DAVID LIVINGSTON 2008  
LEXA 2008.

# GowrieNews



## Glasgow Day Out

As part of our on-going programme of service user inclusion in Gowrie Care activities, a day out at a local recreation facility had been arranged.

On this particular day a coach had been organised to pick up a group of parents and children at a centrally located supermarket car park. Once everyone had been safely loaded on board, the bus set off for the nearby new town of East Kilbride.

Upon arrival at Buckaroo Jacks, a local adventure and indoor bowling centre, the excited children vacated the coach, followed by the equally excited staff and parents.

The kids explored the available delights of the centre, as adults looked on.

Later it was the turn of the adults to show the kids how to play indoor bowls or that was the plan. In any case, whatever the truth, a great time was had by all. It was something different and not usually experienced by individuals, temporarily in homeless accommodation.

There was genuine enthusiasm when on the

way home, the staff queried those attending, both young and old, as to where the next venue should be and what format the day should take.

The suggestions were surprisingly diverse and complex, often being learning-based. This was unprompted by staff and as such was even more of a surprise. The ideas ranged from visits to Glasgow's museums and parks, Science Centre, the Tall Ship, S.E.C.C. Carnival to a Bus Tour of the city.

Comments on the day from the parents ranged from 'excellent' from the parents to 'brilliant' from the children. Normally shy and reticent youngsters were bold and outspoken but most were just boisterous and happy. Even the staff members were able to smile with justifiable satisfaction.





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# WELCOME

Welcome to the 4th edition of your Gowrie Care newsletter.

The newsletter is really beginning to take off and it's very encouraging to have so many people contributing. Some of the articles are about different events happening at projects and others are poems or thoughts from individuals.

I look for articles on any subject and always like to see new people sending stuff in. You don't need to send it direct to me - speak to your support worker who will be able to get in touch with me. The articles don't need to be typed as that can be done for you or if you want they can be scanned in your handwriting.

The next newsletter will come out in 3 or 4 months so let's make it the biggest issue yet.

Happy Reading  
Rebecca

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## Dryden Street Developing

by Frankie Kelly 2/8 Dryden St

**Over the last year there have been so many changes at Dryden Street it is hard to know where to start.**

It started with the implementation of a Friday lunch club which I take control over, every Friday we make something substantial to eat and distribute it to other tenants.

It is not just about giving out food but also the social aspect.

Next I was voted by other tenants as their representative at the tenants meetings, this is where the concept of starting a garden first came about.

I, along with the staff team was instrumental in the planning and landscaping of the garden and spent a lot of time and energy working alongside other tenants whom I had hardly seen before that time.

It is again not just about the garden it is about being part of something and feeling like you have ownership.

This feeling has went on to my private life, I has stopped drinking and have decorated my home and bought new furniture.

I feel I have grown as a person I have gained more respect for myself and have increased in confidence, it feels so good.

I had a tenancy prior to moving into here but due to circumstances no longer felt able to sustain it without assistance, moving in here is the best thing I could have done.

Staff are always on hand and always have time to even just have a wee chat which at times is all it takes.

I work very closely with my keyworker Lynne Rodger and she has helped me through a few ups and downs, it is nice to know that no matter what you do there is always someone there for you who won't judge you.

I feel I have changed drastically. My family now want to keep in contact with me, which is a big thing, they come through to Edinburgh and occasionally stay with me.

I do not just have a flat I have a home here and I am really happy.

## "He's Behind You"



The staff and residents of South Fort Street went to the Kings Theatre in Edinburgh to see Goldilocks and the Three Bears. Two members of staff and 6 residents from South Fort Street and the very welcomed attendance of a resident from the Bruntsfield Project.

While this was at the matinee show which was festooned with primary school children, both the staff and residents enjoyed themselves. In fact it was a competition between the children and South Fort Street as to who could shout the loudest at the performers. The cries of "It's behind you", and "Oh no it's not" were to be heard coming from the back row just as much as anywhere else in the Theatre which was, I am afraid to say us lot from SFS myself shouting just as loud as every one else. We all experienced either a forgotten childhood or a never before experienced childhood event which was well received by all.

With this trip to the Theatre it felt like Christmas was finally arriving and the festivities did not stop there. We spent as much time throughout the days to come with the residents; work kind of took a back seat in favour of the spirit of Christmas. We organised catering from outside and the

*I liked the pantomime and enjoyed myself. When I went to the panto I liked it more than I thought and I never nagged my keyworker like I usually do even though I meant to. The Christmas dinner at the project was very good, my keyworker cooked it and they did a good job but they could do better. I liked everything the panto, Christmas dinner and I like staying at South Fort Street project a lot.*

By Shaun Stoddart (Resident @ SFS)

## A Word from Wendy

The teams at Bruntsfield and South Fort Street wish Gary Shaw, Lesley Falconer, Sarah Murray and Kevin Nolan a warm welcome to the projects. You have all been a much needed addition to our humble abodes!

From all your team mates!

## Devastation at Dryden Street

It had been reported on the weather forecast the gale force winds were to strike but we never dreamed of the destruction left in its wake.

The summer had been so promising, everybody had high hopes. The flowers had come to full bloom and the greenhouse once built had been filled with a variety of fruit plants which had produced a fairly successfully harvest for the first time. The garden and greenhouse has provided everybody the opportunity to learn about the nutritional importance of fruit and vegetables but the garden has also provided tenants with the opportunity to interact with each other in a colourful and vibrant environment. We had all worked hard in the short time provided and were feeling extremely positive and eager to get planting again for next year.

After an extremely windy night staff came into a scene of devastation and wreckage. The greenhouse had been torn apart by the wind pieces of it were still flying about the garden and the main structure had buckled under the pressure. Throughout that day not only did staff have to clear up the debris but



also had to console the service users who had been instrumental last year in setting up and planning the garden.

The feedback from the service users, previous to the devastation had been extremely positive on how the garden and greenhouse had improved their quality of life and understanding of a healthier lifestyle. Now it is a matter of starting again and seeking out funding to obtain not only another greenhouse but the plants and seeds that were lost.

## 23 South Fort Street

2 = 2    3 = 3

S = South    O = Outings    U = Umbrella    T = Time keeping    H = Hours of work

F = Fort    O = Others    R = Rent    T = Tired

S = Sitting lounge    T = Tv time

- By Justin