

Jody's Story (posted February 20, 2010)

A program friend said to me: "*You are very aware of how your relationship with Mike might be if you had no program.*"

Yes, I'm very aware. We came into program at the same time. Two years into program, he moved back in.

I knew nothing.

I didn't know about spiritual motives. I didn't know about traditions. I didn't know about life without drama. I didn't know why I needed drama. Oh my goodness - I could go on and on.

I didn't know about Joy.

He moved back in, and we did what we always did. We reacted to each other. We broke out in a "rash" around each other. All my sponsor had to offer was "go to more meetings." All his sponsor had to offer was "don't drink and go to meetings."

Lose my number if those words ever come out of my mouth.

Restraint of pen and tongue meant "don't communicate - bite your tongue off"

The phone was ripped out of the wall. I slept in my car. He fell into a deep depression and lived in the recliner for a month. He put together an over the road job with a program friend, and they took off. His phone calls to me from the road were pure misery, resentment, fear, confusion. I listened and thought "I hope he never comes home."

He came home on Valentine's Day. I literally ran to a meeting as he was pulling up. I did not go to a meeting with spiritual motives. I did not go to a meeting to pick up my spiritual medicine. I just went to a meeting because for 2 years I heard "go to meetings".

I came home without my medicine. I had a headful of random Al-Anon phrases in my head. Too little is worse than none.

We fought, I ran to an Al-Anon friend's house, slept over. The next day I was filled with righteous indignation, and I told him to leave. I locked him out of the house on the coldest day of the year without any of his belongings. No phone. No clothes. No wallet. No car. I refused to let him back in. I was totally into the drama.

For three years he was grace under fire. No car, no license - but he had something money could not buy - faith. And that kept him sober. I don't know what I had - it certainly was not a program for living. Maybe it was a program for existing.

As I was putting together his work lunch this morning at 5AM, I reflected back on that Valentine's Day 4 years ago. So much pain, so much confusion, so little program. So unnecessary.

The rooms are filled with people who put God and themselves on the step eight list. That's all. And the only program you can bake with those ingredients is a program for existing.

Making his lunch this morning felt like a living amend. Making an amend fills me with gratitude for HP's grace. Because when I'm ready to make an amend it's because I've grown spiritually. It's because I know the exact nature of my wrongs (closed mind).

Closed mind - no *miracles*.

Open mind - lots of *miracles*.

I'm ready to make an amend when I am entirely ready for spiritual surgery. I've pooped (step 5), I've washed with the special soap for my spirit (step 6), and I've checked my distorted glasses at the front desk (step 7).

I'm ready to make an amend when I know peace and comprehend humility.

I'm ready to make an amend when I know peace and comprehend willingness.

A baby can't walk until it grows into a toddler. I had to grow into a spiritual toddler before I could make an amend. That Power so much Greater than me loved me back to spiritual health so that I could make an amend.

The amend comes after the spiritual surgery. The amend comes after we have been restored to "sanity", to wholeness of spirit. No longer a broken shard of anger and self-pity.

I didn't choose the people on my step eight list. I let HP move my pencil. And then I looked at the list. I learned more about myself when I read those names. I saw the blame game that I love to play. I saw the pattern of resentments. I saw so much more than the intellectual exercise of step four.

Four years ago I was a gaping wound, and I tried to close the wound with the bandaids I picked up at the meetings. What a shame. I tried to close the wound with some slogans. What a shame.

It's an inside job.

I wasn't allowing HP in to do the job.

Don't you love that Leona Lewis song " *closed off from love I didn't need the pain*"

Four years ago, I was too afraid to love. Too afraid to trust. Too afraid to believe in something I could not see, or touch, or smell, or taste, or hear. But the truth is that anything I can see, or touch, or smell, or taste, or hear is subject to change.

God is not subject to change.

God's love is not subject to change. As long as Mike and I obey the unenforceable (that Power in our lives so much greater than us), we will continue to experience a love that is not subject to change. With God all things are possible.

Jody