

Hooked On Recovery  
April 16, 2004  
*An Eternal Moment*

I started writing these *Hooked on Recovery* pieces to share thoughts about recovery with all of you. They have fallen into three categories: 1) thoughts about CCAR, 2) thoughts about recovery in general and 3) glimpses into my own recovery. This piece is about my own recovery.

I experienced something last Saturday that struck me as an eternal moment, one of those moments that will last more than a lifetime because they are so special, so emotionally gripping that they become part of your soul. It had to do with my nine-year-old son Joshua. I took him to Farm League baseball practice. Matthew, my two year old, also tagged along and we went for a little trip to the playground. When we returned to the field, my son Joshua was on the mound, delivering his first pitch to a 'live' batter. My heart swelled with emotion. He threw a strike and kept throwing 'em! That in and of itself was heart warming enough, but I really choked up when I realized that about thirty-three years ago (give or take a year or two), I had started my Little League pitching career on that very same mound.

I was 10 years old again. I remembered racing my bike down the double hill near the field. I remembered many of the names and faces of the kids in the neighborhood that played in the afternoon sandlot games. The school behind me seemed so much bigger than it did now. I can assure you that at that age I had no notion of setting out to be alcoholic and addicted to cocaine. Actually, I remembered wanting to be a fireman. As I watched my son, I thought of my recovery and I focused on the gratitude I felt at that moment. My life had not turned out the way I expected, but thanks to recovery it is MORE than I expected. Man, am I grateful!

I am grateful for this day. I am grateful to be clean and sober and in recovery for one more day. Every day I thank God for my wife, my children, my family, and my friends. I have a home, a job I enjoy and a purpose for my life. And I have the gift of sobriety of mind to recognize eternal moments as they happen.

As I write this I see in my mind, a nine-year-old boy, my son, with his hat pulled down low, looking as intimidating as a nine-year-old can look, rocking back, lifting his left knee, striding toward the plate and throwing with all he had. His dad, me, was on the side of the field, not saying much, just encouraging him and supporting him, but I hope I didn't embarrass him, what with the tears in my eyes and all...