

## GLAMOUR WEEKENDS: THEN AND NOW

BEFORE MY TRIP INTO SOBRIETY, MY LIFE WAS SO glamorous. I spent weekdays recovering from each weekend past and preparing for each weekend future. Calling connections to make sure I had the right party favors. Planning with “friends” to spend quality time in dark, loud clubs. Looking for sexual escapades. Weekends—indicating the time period during which it was acceptable to use drugs—started on Fridays with a low-key sex party that lasted until “Saturday downtime,” or pre-club time. This was when I’d let myself come down a bit and get more favors ready for the evening.

Saturday-night clubbing made me feel like I was finally somebody. I got to dance with the half-naked in-crowd at the hot clubs and circuit parties. I felt such a sense of unity after pushing my way to the center of a dance floor packed with sweaty, grinding bodies moving together and sharing so much love. In addition to sharing their love, they shared their bumpers and spoons and vials and other utensils in that search for unity. How quickly the bodies moved away from someone dropping to the floor or being carried away because of a drug overdose! When I think about clubbing now, I also remember the intense looks on every face in that inner circle. If dance is about rejoicing, why was no one smiling? Why were all the jaws set firmly? Why were people wearing sunglasses inside at night on a dance floor? Where did Sunday go? And why was I crying on Tuesdays that my life was so empty, before doing a bump and picking up the phone to start planning the next weekend? Why do I, or the addict in me, miss this at times?

My weekends now start on Fridays again, after a productive, relatively stress-free work week. Friday night I go to a recovery meeting and then to fellowship with the group. We usually go out to eat, then sit and talk.

Generally I get to bed around midnight on Fridays now—after a long week it's nice to go to bed thinking about my day off on Saturday. Who knew there were so many activities to do during the day!

Sunday morning I get up early, as opposed to having stayed up since Friday. I start my day with a recovery meeting and then head off to work. Working Sundays in Chelsea is quite an experience—I get to smile and flirt with people all day. I also get to see guys running home with their sunglasses on before the sun gets them. Sundays after work, I get together with friends from my fellowship or simply go home to try to pursue a new hobby, cook, or just watch TV.

Wow! It seems like I get through my weekends now without drugs, developing meaningful relationships with others and with myself, doing and seeing things without sunglasses, and finally rejoicing in my life. I guess my life is still pretty glamorous. —*Christopher G.*