So many changes have happened in the last 9 months that to count them would be enlightening. Here’s my run down:

**October/November 2012**
1. Beth Stoneking retired and I became Program Director. Christina Baca was hired and joined Aaron ‘Arrow’ Foster on staff
2. Through the CPSA contract we became a Community Support Agency (CSA or SSA). CPSA members now were the first to be invited into the RSSI and staff from the agencies came on scholarships, which were limited. Applications and paperwork to become a CSA completed.
3. DBHS decided to Certify all peer support programs, we submitted our curriculum and were designated as a Certified provider for peer support services.
4. We added Workforce Development Program to our name feeling that was more in line with what we are doing and the things we plan to do.
5. RSSI #31 completed with Dan, Beverly, Arrow and Christina as trainers.

**February - June 2013**
6. February RSSI # 32 became the first RSSI where students were certified upon completion of Day 7. Practicums and supervisors evaluations were expected, not required for certification.
7. RSSI #33 completed in May.
8. CPSA requested that we add an additional RSSI before June 30. RSSI # 34 completed June 27th.

**July 2013 Next CPSA Contract**
1. Contract designated that we would do Days 1 & 2 every month and the other 5 days every quarter.
2. Completed two days in July. Arrow accepted a position in Phoenix.
3. Completed second two days and then 5 days in August, RSSI #35 with Dan, Beverly and Christina as trainers.

I apologize for having the RSS Newsletter come out so late. Patricia Philbin is our new Editor and Page designer. She is in the process of getting caught up and then we will be sending the wdp out on a regular basis. Thank you for your patience in our process.

**Beverly McGuffin, Publisher**
Hope from Divine Intervention

By Eddie Crandall

I can honestly say the word hope did enter my mind in a positive way one evening in October of 2003 while serving my country during the war in the Middle East in Afghanistan.

I had just found out some devastating news that my wife, at the time, was having an affair and she also had made a comment to close friends that she was happy that I would get killed in the war so she could collect the $400,000 in life insurance.

I was truly shocked, hurt, embarrassed and I sincerely felt humiliated. That evening I sunk into a very deep dark depression like I never had before and I tried to hang myself. I was already struggling with depression daily and this incident made things worse and I decided then that I did not want to hurt any longer and that I just wanted at that very moment to end it all.

Where hope comes in is when I was on the edge of my bed shaking and crying, the next thing that happened had to be a miracle. I had an experience of divine intervention. The room was totally black and dark and then all of a sudden there was a beam of light and right before me was Jesus. He told me that he loved me so and said “Eddie you have been knocking on my gate all these years, all you had to do was open it up.”

From that point on the word hope has meant a great deal to me and it does to this very day.

I am alive and being well taken care of by the V.A. hospital and great doctors. When I came back from the war I was diagnosed with bi-polar I and Manic Depression.

I am very grateful of hope, and I am thankful to be alive and well. I feel so lucky to be alive and because of that I feel as though I can be there to help others with the same symptoms as me.

I do know that Jesus loves me and since he told me that October 2003 in the Middle East, I have been filled with hope to carry on my life and to be happy.

I never believed in divine intervention and now I do. I cannot answer why it happened to me, all I can say is I am very thankful to this very day because without it I would not be here this very day. I since have moved and married, I have me a little Eddie who is my inspiration and who keeps me going day by day as I did with my struggles with depression.
Looking Back & Moving Forward
By Josiah Osego

I can’t really say or remember feeling hope at my turning point. What I do remember was the hopelessness though. In September of 2009 I was residing at Casa de Vida. I had lived there for 3 months out of the 6 months the program offers and only did about one month of the work assigned.

My counselor then called for a family therapy session. The only person I had was my mother and she came after being asked a few times, through no fault of hers. At the session my mother told me how I’d abused her financially and emotionally. How I was turning out to be just like my father.

Hearing this hurt. I began to understand what I had been doing. That felt nothing like hope. After doing the things I’ve done, what could I expect, what were my desires? Nothing, hopelessness.

Two weeks later after I stopped playing victim, I thought back to other things my mother had said. “Change one thing at a time, you’re not use to it. Your heart will catch up.” I began to realize my mother’s teachings paralleled the counseling at the treatment center.

That is what hope has been for me. Looking back and seeing where things have worked out during rough times. Hope for me...it’s my past. When I feel hopeless, I look back and move forward.
Skills
Keywords
Keywords are a vital element of persuasive cover letters and résumés.

Accomplished
Achieved
Arranged
Assisted
Built
Collected
Contributed
Created
Consulted
Delivered
Demonstrated
Designed
Developed
Drafted
Examined
Exceeded
Facilitated
Generated
Improved
Increased
Maintained
Marketed
Organized
Performed
Prepared
Presented
Produced
Promoted
Saved
Served
Supervised
Supported
Trained

Awestruck Everyday
By Kaela Manger

Hope never came overnight for me. It was, and often still is a grueling course towards recovery. It’s the long suffering and strength required of me to reach recovery. Hope was not instilled in me as an adolescent. I was without hope. I was hopeless. I don’t remember a time during my youth that I had ever felt peace or freedom from mental illness. My mother reminds me “It was a battle. Daily, hour-to-hour struggles. Just getting you though an hour, just getting you through two hours.

My fight became my parent’s fight also. Although they could never stand beside me in “battle” they followed behind.

I couldn’t leave my parents or the small, rural town I was raised in. I couldn’t retain a job or attend school because I was debilitated by my emotions. Self-sufficiency and independence couldn’t be attainable, could they?

After enduring eleven years of emotional distress, I was accepted into an independent housing development for young adults with serious mental illness. Soon after, I realized it was more than attainable. It was actually happening.

I got a job within four months. I retained that same job until I decided to meander down another path. Less than a year from the day I moved into independent housing I got a job as a Recovery Coach, upgraded to a beautiful apartment with my brother, bought a car, and applied for financial aid in preparation for college.

I’m awestruck everyday I reminisce on my long journey. I had hoped for recovery and achieved it. Everyday I recollect my journey, I hope others will someday be awestruck by theirs too.
I Can & Will Succeed in Life
By Theresa Green

These days hope is the root to my whole being.

The day I found hope was really the turning point of my life.

I found it in federal prison one day. I woke up and it hit me like a ton of bricks, I have no hope. I’m sitting here feeling sorry for myself and doing nothing about it. Who cares that this time around I’m all alone. Nobody cares that this is my third time in prison. Really, not one person cares what I’m going through except me and God.

That’s the day I found hope and finding hope is what changed my life. No longer was I feeling sorry for myself. I was doing for myself. Every time a situation came my way to impossible, I always found hope and I always came out on top.

I remember the day I was told CODAC was hiring. A friend of mine at the halfway house told me about it. At first I though, there is no way CODAC is going to hire a five-time felon. But this feeling of hope overwhelmed me and I just know that this was going to be my job. Just by having hope I did get the job and love every minute of it.

In closing I would like to say that because of hope, I go through life knowing that I can and will succeed in life.

Résumé Types

Chronological Résumé
A chronological résumé lists your most recent job duties and employment dates first. This type of résumé tends to be fact-based and may be easily skimmed. It works for those with experience and a steady job history.

Functional Résumé
A functional résumé focuses on skills, experience, and accomplishments. A functional résumé works best for the following:
- Gaps in work history.
- Reentering workforce.
- Frequently changed jobs.
- Transitioning to new career.

Automated Résumé
An automated, keyword, or scannable résumé is formatted to read well when scanned by a computer system. The resume is entered in a database that can then search keywords so that the applicant’s qualifications are matched with the employer’s needs.

Generally, it is the larger employers (with 100 or more employees) who scan résumés to retain information in databases for future use.

retrieved from:
http://www.worksmart.ca.gov/tips_resume.html
I Found Hope, My Hope

By Brooke Galarza

I had been going to Mothers Caring About Self (MCAS) for two months on and off, still drinking and trying to pretend I was not. I sat by myself on a couch (off to the side) with thoughts to get through another hour of class and go home where I could just numb myself. I had been lying for months to all the people around me about whatever I felt I needed to lie about.

The person facilitating the group started to tell a story about a woman who people had thought was clean and sober for years. This woman was a sponsor, advocate, and support to many in their recovery. When the woman stood up in front of the crowd of at least a hundred people, there was silence in the room. She told the attendees of the recovery convention “I cannot tell one more lie.”

When I heard the facilitator say this about this woman, I somehow became very interested. I felt like she was speaking directly to me at that moment and maybe even five-ten years down the road if I kept living this way. With these words and through this story, I found hope, my hope. I know this because these words spoke to me on a level beyond the moment. I was projected to a future I knew I never wanted but would be subject to if I did not engage in recovery.

---

**Black Bean Salad**

**Ingredients**

- 1 (15 ounce) can black beans, rinsed and drained
- 2 (15 ounce) cans whole kernel corn, drained
- 8 green onions, chopped
- 2 jalapeno peppers, seeded and minced
- 1 green bell pepper, chopped
- 1 avocado - peeled, pitted, and diced
- 1 (4 ounce) jar pimentos
- 3 tomatoes, seeded and chopped
- 1 cup chopped fresh cilantro
- 1 lime, juiced
- 1/2 cup Italian salad dressing
- 1/2 teaspoon garlic salt

**Directions**

In a large bowl, combine the black beans, corn, green onions, jalapeno peppers, bell pepper, avocado, pimentos, tomatoes, cilantro, lime juice, and Italian dressing. Season with garlic salt. Toss, and chill until serving.

Retrieved from: allrecipes.com
Everything Happens for a Reason
By Amanda Small

Hope has not always come easy for me. For most of my life I have felt there was not hope at all for me, that I was destined to fail at everything, and my life would never be worth anything. It has been only recently that I found my hope. It began with a visit to CPSA in November 2012. Unfortunately, after a long and devastating questioning of my history, the woman I initially spoke with told me there was no hope for me. Meaning I would not be eligible to receive any mental health services. This crushed me entirely, and I had a breakdown in her office. She then left the office to speak with someone else. When the woman returned, she told me that I was lucky, and had gotten a second appointment for the next day.

That next day, terrified of another probing into my painful past resulting in that same disappointment. It took every bit of my courage to return to CPSA. I thank God that I did. I was interviewed by a woman named Kit, who just may have saved me. She was supportive and understanding. Kit gave me back the hope that I had not had since early childhood. It was an enormous relief for me just to finally know what was going on with me. She also helped me by filing out the paperwork which approved me for SMI benefits, so I could receive services. This led me to La Frontera, where I met an amazing woman named Anne.

It has always been a dream of mine to help others not to feel the way that I have for so long. I have been attending community college trying to figure out what exactly it is that I want to do with my life. When Anne explained to me that she was a Recovery Support Specialist (RSS), I was intrigued. I felt like I belonged there in her office, and we had met for a reason. Not long after I began visiting with her, she told me about the Institute. Shortly after, she helped me to apply. Through finally being understood and having help at my fingertips gave me hope for a better life. The RSS Institute gave me the hope I have been searching for, the hope to change the lives of others. So much so that I do not only hope to change the lives of others, I know that I will.

References for Prospective Employers
Plan ahead and compile a list of references and some letters of recommendations, so you’re prepared when a prospective employer requests them. Get contact information for your co-workers, vendors, customers, etc. so you’ll have it for future networking purposes.

Front Row (L to R)  
Kaela Manger, Danielle Miranda, Theresa Green, Joddi Jacobson, Rhonda Hale, Penny O’Borne, Judy Clevenger

Middle Row (L to R) 
Michele Brown, Brooke Galarza, Jay Petersen, Amanda Small, Jessica Van Story, Desiree Ross, Will Tilley, Marjorie Valenzuela, Heather Bond, Linda Pennix

Back Row (L to R)  
Edwin Crandall, Corey Anderson, Andre Jefferson, Robert Dial, Brian Slayne, Josiah Osego

RSSI Panel of CRSSs 
Back Row (L to R)  Kyle Long, Rudy Trinidad, 
Front Row (L to R)  Gabie Davenport, Norma Castaneda
UA Workforce Development Program promotes recovery and expanded opportunities for people with mental illness, substance use, and dual diagnosis by employing a collaborative approach to advocacy, service, education, and research.

Make sure you get your Spring issue!

If your contact information has changed, you would like to be removed from this list or you have any questions or comments please contact UA Workforce Development Program at:
chrinstabaca@email.arizona.edu

Be Sure To Visit Our New Website at:
http://www.fcm.arizona.edu/workforce-development-program

The Recovery Support Specialist Institute is administered by the Workforce Development Program in the Department of Family and Community Medicine (DFCM) at the University of Arizona. The Institute is funded by the Community Partnership of Southern Arizona (CPSA). CPSA receives funding from the Arizona Department of Health Services/Division of Behavioral Health Services (ADHS/DBHS), Arizona Health Care Cost Containment System (AHCCCS), and Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration (SAMHSA).

Beverly McGuffin, MSN, RN, CPRP
Publisher

Patricia Philbin
Editor and Page Designer

Christina Baca, CRSS
Associate Page Designer

Workforce Development Program
1450 North Cherry Avenue #203
Tucson AZ 85719
(520) 626-7473
(520) 626-7833