

RECOVERY SUPPORT SPECIALIST NEWSLETTER

Winter 2012

Family & Community Medicine
"Healthy Families, Healthy Communities"

From The Editor

We are proud to present the new Newsletter format. Some of you may have noticed the changes as they evolved over the last few issues. Along with letters of hope, we will be bringing you wellness, outreach, advocacy, and academic news useful for southern Arizona RSSs. We will also be updating you on the advancements made by fellow RSSs (see John Anglin article)

Our new logo, "pathway to the sky", reflects our conviction to support individuals in recovery in achieving their vocational goals.

This issue's design is inspired by Katharine Derrick's article "The Flicker of Hope". We have decided to take the "green flame of hope" and follow it into our foods section (Healthy Menu), and our trivia section (Did You Know?). Our chili pepper article leads into our new Practicing Self-Care section on gardening.

We hope you enjoy the new format and welcome feedback.

If you, or someone you know, has changed their contact information, please email and update to us at the address on the back of the newsletter.

Aaron D. Foster, BS, CRSS



WORKFORCE DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM



From the Publisher

The Recovery Support Specialist Institute (RSSI) has undergone restoration during these last months. We have new staff, funding and branding. I am the full time Program Director, Aaron "Arrow" Foster, BS, CRSS and Christina Baca, CRSS are our Employment Consultants. We became a Community Service Agency (CSA) or Support Service Agency (SSA) late in 2012 and are now self-sustainable in the work we do at the RSSI. The Department of Behavioral Health Services (DBHS) approved our curriculum to Certify peer support staff for the Community Partnership of Southern Arizona (CPSA) in Pima County. We have a new name "Workforce Development Program" and are still housed in the Family & Community Medicine of the University of Arizona. Arrow created our new logo for the newsletter and our website: www.fcm.arizona.edu/workforce-development-program. The RSSI is still as jam-packed and full of the same articles and updates that have been offered over the last 9 years : classic material that is ageless and priceless. Thank you to the RSSI graduates that have gone forward and made this an exceptional peer support training.

Beverly McGuffin, RN, MSN, CPRP

Express Shrimp and Sausage Jambalaya

Ingredients

- 1 tsp oil, canola
- 8 oz low-fat kielbasa or spicy sausage cut into 1/4-inch-thick slices
- 16 oz mixed vegetables, frozen, bell pepper and onion
- 14 oz low sodium chicken broth
- 2 cups instant brown rice
- 8 oz raw 26-30 shrimp peeled and deveined

Preparation

1. Heat oil in a Dutch oven over medium-high heat. Add sausage and pepper-onion mix; cook, stirring occasionally, until the vegetables soften, 3 to 5 min.
2. Add broth to the pot and bring to a boil. Add rice, stir once, cover and cook for 5 min.
3. Add shrimp and stir to incorporate. Remove from the heat and let stand, covered until the shrimp are opaque and cooked through, 5 to 6 minutes. Fluff with fork and serve.



The Flicker of Hope



Katharine Derrick,
CRSS
Recovery Coach
COPE

Retrieved from http://www.everydayhealth.com/health-recipe/express-shrimp--sausage-jambalaya.aspx?xid=nl_EverydayHealthHealthyAging_20110913

I often think my story would be easier to tell if there was a grand revelation involved. One “Ah ha!” moment that I could mark as the turning point - the arrival of hope.

Perhaps there was a night, during restless half-sleep, when I thought “Something needs to change.” The memory loss caused by the nature of my illness and the medication used to address it prevents perfect recall. My narrative is full of cavernous gaps.

I doubt I had any sort of epiphany. Rather, I remember being tired. Tired of the cuts, hospitalizations, drugs, the starve/binge cycle that destroyed my body and soul, and the endless revolving door of therapists and psychiatrists. As everyone scrambled to save me from death, I came to know myself through numbers. Weight, blood pressure, diagnostic codes, dosages. It took losing any semblance of personhood for me to consider letting go.

It took losing everything I had - family support, education, a relationship that meant more to me than heaven and earth - for me to let go. It took losing someone I cared about to suicide for me to realize that mortality was not an abstract concept. Then I began to peel back the layers that I had built up like calluses and expose the pink, raw skin underneath. I saw a psychiatrist regularly, followed through with her suggestions, swallowed every pill, attended DBT classes faithfully (despite my reservations) and practically lived at my therapist's office.

Little by little, I sloughed away the dangerous coping skills I had been developing since childhood, and began the agonizing but empowering work of rebuilding.

Hope sustained me. Even at my most ill, I knew there had to be something else. It was comfortable to be in the depths of my disorders. I didn't have to accept or confront - all I had to do was exist. But buried under all of my apparent apathy and self-destruction, there was a flicker of hope. The hope for happiness - the hope for health.

And as everything fell to pieces, the flicker grew to a spark, which grew to a **fire**.

It begins in mid December 2006. I was pregnant, but wasn't due to deliver until mid January. My husband was incarcerated and I freaked out and went on a binge. My youngest daughter was born a few days later and she tested positive for cocaine. CPS became involved, my sister was given custody during the investigation process, then my mother-in-law was given custody to the baby and my four other children. We (my husband and I) stayed with my mother-in-law to help with the children's daily care. Then my husband was indicted on charges from which he was previously arrested. We had just returned from court when there was a knock on the door. It was the CPS case investigator accompanied by police officers.

It was 5 o'clock Friday evening of the New Year's weekend. There was no one we could call-nothing we could do, but hand over our children because of the court order the case investigator had. My older girls were crying, my toddlers were confused and didn't know what was happening and of course, the baby was aware of the chaos that was unfolding. I did not cry, but reassured the little ones that they would be going to visit someone, having fun and I would see them soon. It was while watching them take my children and leave that something came upon me and I knew at that moment with certainty that I would do all within my power to get my children back.

My heart had just been ripped out.

I worked their program and completed it at 100% compliance, got my children back and my case was closed within 9 months! I would like to say that my hope began then, but reality is that it began the day they were taken from me because I knew nothing would stop me from getting them back. I honestly believe that is when my Lord and Savior took my addiction from me, lifted it off my shoulders and out of my life. Now that I look back, I see that is the day that my faith in something unknown became a journey of faith known only to those with hope. My prayers of the last 20+ years had just been answered and though my trials have not stopped, today and every day I can truly say **I'm Blessed!!**

Blessings



Gina Valencia
CRSS
Recovery Coach
COPE

Retrieved from <http://www.webmd.com/food-recipes/features/health-benefits-of-peppers>

Health Benefits of Chili Peppers

Whether mild or fiery, peppers are nutrient-dense. They're one of the richest sources of vitamins A and C. Just a cup a day can provide more than 100% of your daily needs.

Go for a variety of colors in peppers to get the biggest bang for your buck. Red peppers are a good source of fiber, folate, vitamin K, and the minerals molybdenum and manganese. And, they're especially rich in nutrients and phytochemicals such as:

Vitamin A, which may help preserve [eyesight](#), and fend off infections

Vitamin C, which may lower cancer risk and protect against [cataracts](#)

Vitamin B6, which is vital for essential chemical reactions throughout the body, including those involving brain and immune function

Lutein and zeaxanthin, which may slow the development of eye diseases, such as cataracts or [macular degeneration](#)

Beta-carotene, which may help protect against certain types of cancer, such as [breast cancer](#) in women before menopause



HOPE: AN ODYSSEY

If Hope is, as Desmond Tutu said, the “ability to see that there is light despite all of the darkness”, I stumbled blindly through the night throughout most of my existence.

Growing up in a highly dysfunctional family that had been violently scarred by serious medical afflictions, I spent an inordinate amount of time alone. On a daily basis I experienced a particular level of uncertainty and a tremendous amount of emotional tension. Because I lacked the skills I needed to handle my home environment, I developed a troublesome relationship with anxiety at an extremely young age. I experienced repeated abuse, about which I told no one. I found solace in books early on, and would read selections obsessively.

With the death of a beloved grandparent, depression became an everyday experience. I began to think about how much I hurt, and how much I wanted that hurt to stop. I couldn't put a finger on exactly why I ached so very much inside; I was willing to do anything to make it go away. I was too confused, embarrassed, and terrified to talk to anyone about my feelings.

Junior high and high school were the worst years of my life. I had trouble making friends, paying attention, and began causing trouble in class. I even got into fights. I never understood why nobody seemed to realize that, while I was unable to articulate my colossal pain and emptiness, I was certainly doing my best to express it through my behaviors.

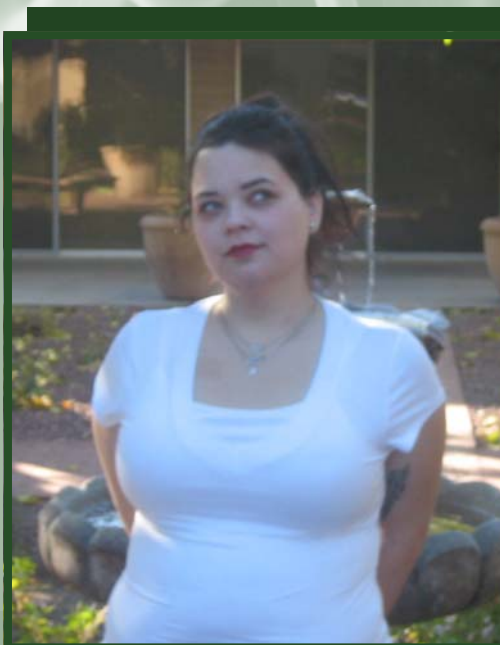
Throughout these years I discovered various methods of self-harm, and they brought me an emotional relief I desperately sought but had never known. I became preoccupied with thoughts of suicide. As I grew older and out of my teenage years, I began to experience panic attacks and a debilitating, all-encompassing sadness. I delved deeper into my self-harming behaviors.

In 2008, my father fell extremely ill with a diabetes-related illness. It fell to me to care for him and coordinate hospital and doctor visits. My relationship with my father had been very strained and at times abusive, but during his illness I discovered a man I had never known. Time and infirmity had changed his temperament and perspective, and I treasure the time I was able to spend with him. I was completely decimated when he died suddenly in spring 2010.

I don't remember much of that summer; I know I spent most of my time in bed crying. I vividly recall, however, the day less than 4 months later when my older brother died. He had been gravely ill since I was a newborn. I called 911, watched as they performed CPR, and overheard when one paramedic said, “This doesn't look good.” I remember calling my mother, screaming that she needed to meet us at the hospital. I remember being told by the resident physician that despite their best efforts, my brother was gone. And I remember collapsing in the hospital hallway, sobbing to the cousin who broke my fall, “I can't do this. I just lost my daddy, I can't do this.” His funeral is a blur.

Enter Mr. X. I met this man at a day program my mother forced me to go to. He quickly introduced me to substance use. Soon, I found myself addicted to both substances and Mr. X. We ditched the day program almost every day, in order to find the drugs we wanted.

Our motto was, “Screw the whole world, and everyone in it.” I often thought of overdosing. Dying seemed preferable to anything else I could imagine.



Kelli Washington
CRSS
Recovery Coach
La Frontera

Continued on next page...

Continued on next page...

When my money ran out, Mr. X made himself scarce. Withdrawing from the drug was psychological hell; withdrawing from Mr. X was emotional torture. Around this time, I met a counselor who began working with me right where I was. She helped me limp along to sobriety, and listened while I lamented the loss of Mr. X. I built a trust with her that I hadn't had with anyone up until that point; eventually, I shared all of my private demons with her. She has been instrumental in my recovery and has inspired me to become someone I never believed I was capable of being.

I have not forgotten that this writing is to focus on Hope. As I type out my story and recall the pain that comes with it, I am able to identify many different sources of hope. I may not have been able to name them at the time, but I believe now that if they hadn't been there at that time, I would not be here at this time.

Such as the Sunday school class I taught for 8 years. The boundless love and acceptance, the bright-eyed expectation of things to come, are miraculous things to identify in the face of a child. Rocking an infant to sleep, with one tiny hand wrapped around your finger, is one of the best feelings in the world.

The strength of my mother, who did her best to raise two children and run a home while her eldest son languished in an irreversible coma in the next room. The strength of my father, who did his best to care for two children while forever mourning the loss of another. My grandmother, who has never once let anything in life keep her down. My second grade teacher, who was one of the greatest women I ever met. My high school English teacher, who supported my interest in writing and poetry and encouraged me in creating my own prose, the counselors I have sought out privately over the years, who had one resounding theme: 'You are strong, and you can overcome this.' It took a long time for me to finally begin to believe that this may be true. The case managers I worked with at my Community Service Provider, who insisted that I could be so much more than what I was, and walked along beside me during my subsequent transformation. The Recovery Support Specialist instructors, who taught me so much about believing in myself and advocating for myself, as well as helping me to understand why the word 'crazy' does not apply to me.

As I look back, I see that I was not so much stuck in the dark, as I was stuck in *believing* that I was in the dark. There have been many points of light along the way, like little pinpricks in a sheet of black paper. At various times in my journey, these points have convened to provide a warm glow to light my way, even if I was not aware that there was any light at all.

I think Hope is a kind of ferocious relationship. I have had to actively choose Hope, grasp it with both hands and refuse to let go, bite down with all my might and fight with the power of ten men in order to become the woman I am today: confident, sober, and strong enough to embrace whatever comes next, whether it be negative or positive. I have the strength I need within me, and the support I need around me...and I have Hope in my corner, who always whispers, "Try one more time".

Continued from previous page
Kelli Washington
CRSS
Recovery Coach
La Frontera

Greek Odyssey of Mental Health (ψυχική υγεία)

Initially, the ancient

Greeks perceived mental illness as stemming from the supernatural: Homer (c. 1200 BC) believed that God had taken away a mentally ill person's mind and that there was no cure; Aeschylus (525-456 BC) attributed mental illness to demonic possession and recommended exorcism; Socrates (469-399 BC) believed it to be a gift from God and thus a blessing that required no treatment.

Hippocrates (460-377 BC) presented a radical and amazingly insightful theory. He proposed that biological, or somatic, influences affected the brain, and he declared that "madness" was attributable to an imbalance of the four bodily humors, or fluids: blood, phlegm, and yellow and black bile. For example, he believed that black bile (melan chole in Greek) caused melancholia (sadness), now known as depression. He also described what are now known as mania, phobias, paranoia, and postpartum psychosis. His concept allowed for the idea that mental illness could be treated effectively, and he recommended therapy that would restore balance between the humors, which would rebalance the body, which would in turn rebalance the mind. Treatment included exercise, powders made from the leaves and roots of certain plants, a vegetarian diet, and abstinence from sex.

Thompson, Marie L. (2007).
Mental Illness (p. 7). Westport,
 CT: Greenwood Press.

Recovery Support Specialist Institute XXXI Graduating Class

Middle Row (L to R)

- Katharine Derrick
- Carin Coffman
- Amber Lackmann
- Peggy Starr
- Floyd Linton
- Erica Seekatz
- Gina Valencia
- Gilbert Manriguez
- Ralph Romero

Back Row (L to R)

- Jim Meade
- Serge Rouissi
- Willie DeWayne Raulerson
- Jerry Bryant
- David Medrano
- Alexander Felton
- Andrew Sinn
- Jorge Aboyte



First Row (L to R)

- Verlene Davidson, Margaux Theriault, Maya Bauman, Mary Alice Do,
- Kelli Washington, Sonya Palmer



Graduation Day Panel

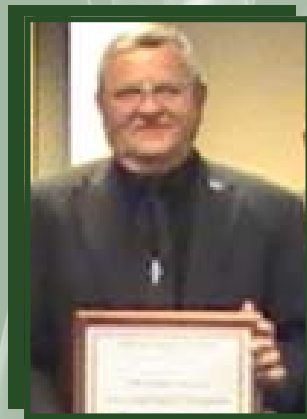
- **Tippy V. Atkins-Haumesser, CRSS, Recovery Support Coordinator, CODAC**
- **John McElroy, CRSS, Lead Recovery Support Specialist, COPE Community Services, Inc.**
- **Kyle Long, Recovery Coach II, MSW, CRSS, CODAC**
- **Norma Castaneda, CRSS, Mothers Caring About Self (MCAS)**

Thank you all for being such great role models for the new members on the team!!!!



My personal experience and journey started at a very young age as I lived in a dysfunctional family and friends in alcohol addiction. This continued all through my life of alcohol abuse. As a child I was abused mentally, physically and emotionally. My self worth was zero. I will not give you a drunk-a-log. I lied, cheated, stole and hurt people in my addiction.

My journey into recovery began when I found myself homeless (even though I had a beautiful home on the East side of town. I chose addiction and homelessness) broke, depressed and sleeping next to a dumpster on 30th street behind the Driftwood Bar. A place where I drank for thirty years.



Willie DeWayne Raulerson
CRSS
BHT, Warmline
HOPE/CRC

I was blessed to be able to get up out of that alley and carry myself home and asked my wife to take me to the VA. This happened after a prayer was answered, "Help Me God". My wife has always been a strong part of my success in life and recognizing I needed help she could not give. She has been the backbone of our family for so long I feel it has affected her mentally and physically.

I checked myself into the Substance Abuse Treatment Program (SATP). In this program I was exposed to reliable treatment (the truth about myself). I attended numerous groups, psychiatric evaluation, and detox. I had the opportunity to be exposed to the most powerful team of addiction therapist I have ever encountered. (I had been in treatment four times prior.) A man called Bob W. told me that I did not ever have

to drink again as long as I live. He further let me know that I was responsible for my recovery. What he was going to do was show me the tools of recovery and how to use them.

Since then I have learned to love and respect myself and others while having a gratitude for what God had allowed to happen in my life. Since then my life has changed each moment, hour and day, because I have been involved in my recovery and the lives of individuals in successful recovery. My relationship with my children and my grandchildren has changed from abandonment to trust and respect.

I am no longer drinking, dishonest and self centered about who I am and how far I have come. I am aware of my triggers, thoughts and emotions. I now have the knowledge, tools and desire of understanding my recovery as a lifelong journey I want. "I can not rewrite the story, but I can change the ending."

I have experienced hope many times throughout my recovery. My most recent experience with hope occurred June 2011. I had stopped taking my medication. I stopped for many reasons. I could not become a pilot if I was taking psychiatric medication. One of the side effects was anorgasmia (the inability to climax). I was still dealing with the stigma of an ex-boyfriend. He didn't believe in brain disorders. He believed whatever mental suffering one was experiencing was a direct result of one's past actions; it was deserved and a motivation to change. I didn't know if he was right, but stopping my medication was my attempt to find out. I stopped May 2010. I was taking Prozac, which has a long half-life, so I did okay for a while. After a year had passed, I was struggling to work and keep up with my daily responsibilities. Instead of enjoying time with others, it became stressful for me, and so I spent most of my time at home or with my current boyfriend, Sam.

Sam was my hope. My symptoms worsened. When I was at my lowest point, I went to Sam's apartment. It was there I felt safe. I didn't know if taking medication was the right thing or not, but Sam thought it was, and I trusted Sam. I trusted that he loved me and wanted the best for me. The next day Sam took me to the hospital. I restarted medication. Sam came to visit me everyday except the day my parents came. Sam took care of my pet tarantulas and plants while I was away. Sam loved me at a time when I could not love myself. After I began to stabilize, I realized I now had hope. I didn't know *that* when my ex-boyfriend left me; I believed I was unlovable because I had a brain disorder and was taking medication. Sam gave me hope that I could be loved, and supported, in spite of these things.

This experience has been a turning point for me in accepting myself, my disorder and my need for medication. It has given me hope that I don't have to suffer and am free to enjoy life's experiences.



Erika Seekatz
CRSS
Recovery Coach
COPE

The New A-Team

- **Beverly McGuffin, MSN, RN, CPRP-RSSI WDP**
- **Dan Steffy, Recovery Support Development Specialist-CPSA**
- **Aaron "Arrow" Foster, BS, CRSS - RSSI WDP**
- **Christina Baca, CRSS - RSSI WDP**

From Us To All The Students:

Thank You For Allowing Us Into Your Lives and Enriching Ours In Return !!!!!



The Next Chapter

This is a new important and exciting chapter in my life. Since the RSS Institute I am extremely grateful for my career as a Recovery Support Specialist. But I admit at times I find myself being fearful when everything is going well. I was lost for such a long time. That is where *Hope* comes in, being a fundamental part of my everyday life. My past can be comfortable and uncomfortable at the same time, but believing that *hope* can pull me through brings on a valuable sense of peace that I can breathe in and out. Today when I feel like things are not going the way they *should* ... I practice, or at least I try to stay in the moment through prayer and cognitive thinking. Every day I learn to trust that whatever happens is for my higher good and affirm my commitment to my path, reminding myself daily I am exactly where I am supposed to be. I absolutely love all the gifts of life I have, because it all comes from having *Hope*.

*Jesse Stone, CRSS
Recovery Coach, COPE*

Practicing Self-Care: The Benefits of Gardening?

Gardening has long been considered one of the most relaxing and rewarding activities for individuals around the globe. Not only do we reap the healthy benefits of having home-grown organic food to grace our table, for many, the ritual of gardening brings a peace of mind. Taking a page from SAMHSA's Eight Dimensions of Wellness, here are ways people are saying gardening can enhance your life (be sure to follow the links and read the full articles for more information):

Emotional: Planting a garden permits one to escape from the troubling realities of routine life. The hard work required to maintain the space is fabulous for relieving stress. Creativity can flow freely when planning how the space is to be filled (<http://EzineArticles.com/4129681>)

Financial: By planting a vegetable garden, we can slash our food bill while eating healthier. (<http://online.wsj.com/article/SB123983924976823051.html>)

Social: Community gardeners cultivate relationships with their neighbors, are more involved in civic activities, stay longer in their neighborhoods, eat better and view their health more positively (<http://www.worldhealth.net/news/community-gardening-cultivates-emotional-physical-/>)

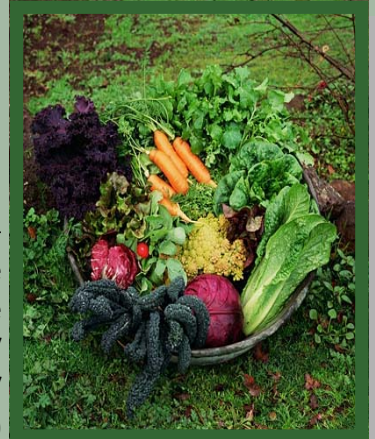
Spiritual: Gardening is an activity that allows the person to experience the miracle of life in one of its most demonstrative ways. Often as the plants grow, so grows the reaffirmation of life that tends to relieve anxiety and depression (http://www.naturalchoice.net/blogs/Blog0412_Gardening_For_Mind_Spirit.html)

Occupational: Corporate-backed employee gardens are growing like weeds, and for good reason, as they offer benefits to employee health and morale. Working in the garden can offer lessons about teamwork and persistence that are highly applicable to the office... gardens help employees achieve a semblance of work-life balance (<http://management.fortune.cnn.com/2011/04/11/gardening-at-work-is-sprouting-up-all-over/>)

Physical: Lowers rates of osteoporosis found in gardeners than in joggers, swimmers, and aerobics; studies show lower diabetes rates in communities where gardening is present; healthier sleep patterns and quality of rest increase for people with dementia and anxiety (<http://www.mnn.com/your-home/organic-farming-gardening/stories/4-surprising-benefits-of-gardening>)

Intellectual: Reading planting and cultivating instructions and labeling plants, counting seeds, and measuring spaces between plants... considering factors like sunlight, temperatures, and water sources when selecting and caring for plants improves cognitive skills (<http://www.examiner.com/article/gardening-101-benefits-and-basics-of-gardening-with-children>)

Environmental: studies have revealed an increase in the number of owner-occupied dwellings, more personal income (as a result of attracting people with higher incomes to the community), and rent increases in areas surrounding community gardens (<http://www.medicalnewstoday.com/releases/163259.php>)



I recently started a new job at the Southern Arizona AIDS Foundation. My first day at work, while sitting in the lobby waiting for someone to show me to my office, I received a phone call from a representative of Pima Community College informing me that I had been awarded a scholarship – **the All Arizona Scholarship** – giving me full tuition to ANY university in Arizona. Are you kidding me? This has to be a mistake. I mean, I applied for the scholarship, but never actually thought I would get it. Surely there must be many candidates more qualified than me – a four-time felon with a history of addiction. It was as if I had just won the lottery and my feelings became hard to contain, a lump of emotions welled up in my chest. There I was waiting to be welcomed to the team with tears in my eyes.



During my time on the streets I was very hard on myself, and even harder on those that I love. I had spent several years incarcerated. I used crack cocaine and collected criminal charges like they were baseball cards. I neglected my son, lied, stole and cheated. Eventually, I was arrested (hopefully for the last time) and was lucky enough to be sentenced to treatment. I can't help but think that the judge had seen something worth saving, which was more than I could say for myself.

As I entered treatment, I was angry, afraid and ashamed. Always on the defensive I deserved no forgiveness and new better than to expect any trust. The funny thing was... *it came anyway*. Family members would visit me and say things like, "I love you", and "I'm proud of you". I couldn't understand why. Of course, some were more forgiving than others and some are still skeptical. I think that the person that was the most skeptical and the hardest to convince was me. Learning to forgive myself for the horrible things that I did in my addiction was a tremendous struggle.

I attended groups, went to meetings and somewhere in between I began to feel better about myself. As I approached the end of treatment with no real direction for my newfound recovery, a thoughtful counselor pointed me towards the RSS Institute. I applied for the Institute, was accepted, and off and running. Beth, Bev and Dan taught me that, not only could I succeed in life, but I could use my personal experience to help others along that same path. Who would have thought?

The concepts and ideas that I learned in the institute have propelled me through my recovery with a sense of hope and purpose, and with a passion that carries me through to this very day. Being an RSS is the most honorable and rewarding thing I have ever done. What we do saves lives! It may sound cliché, but I know that I am not alone in this. Hundreds of people have had the privilege of the institute's tutelage and have discovered that same sense of purpose. And as employers and providers continue to learn of our strength in the field, more and more of us are finding our place and making a mark.

Since graduating the RSSI in April of 2009, my journey has been a mixture of ups and downs, of great opportunities and terrible losses, but in the end I continue to make progress. I enrolled in Pima College and obtained my level 1 fingerprint clearance. I have been invited onto committees where I sit with politicians and community leaders. I have had my civil rights restored and I have served countless consumers to the best of my ability. I lost a dear friend and I buried her with my own two hands. I have held full time work while simultaneously attending school full time. I recently purchased a house and for the first time in my life I feel like I am living up to my potential – with no plans on stopping here.

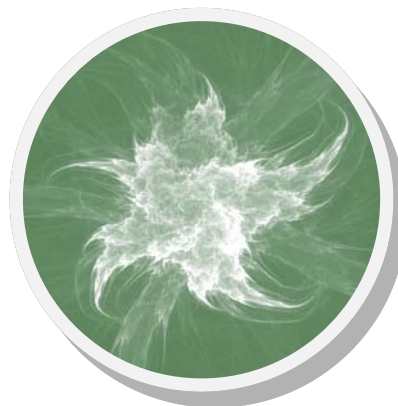
This all brings me back to my most recent good fortune, the scholarship I spoke of at the beginning of this article. I think of all of the opportunities that this will afford me and the many new things that I will learn. I think of where I came from and where I have come. Of the different ways this will allow me to support my peers and pursue my passion. I think of how awkward it was for me to be offered this amazing award, and how hard it was to believe. And as I put this all down on paper I realize how much good I can do with it, and if anybody deserves such an opportunity, I do.

John Anglin
CRSS
Health Education Specialist
SAAF

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).



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

christinabaca@email.arizona.edu

Be Sure To Visit Our New Website At:

<http://www.fcm.arizona.edu/workforce-development-program>

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

**RECOVERY SUPPORT SPECIALIST INSTITUTE
WORKFORCE DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM**



Family & Community Medicine
"Healthy Families, Healthy Communities"

Beverly McGuffin, MSN, RN, CPRP- Publisher
Aaron Dion Foster, BS CRSS- Editor and Page Designer
Christina Baca, CRSS - Associate Page Designer