

## Peer Perspective Newsletter December 2019

### The seasons of my recovery

Admitting I was a victim was a slow burning winter but, it allowed me to be in a protected bubble where I could learn to be supported and heal.

A day came when it started to warm. A day when I realized I was no longer a victim, I was a survivor. Being a survivor felt good, like a Minnesota spring time.

After a while, I decided I no longer wanted to be a survivor because it implied that I was a victim. I chose to be a warrior instead. Warriors can face any demon and kick its butt...yeah, I was a warrior, strong and brave during the summer of my recovery.

The season of the warrior was short, as summers often are. I realized that it's hard to be a warrior, I don't like to fight.

As I settled into the reflection of autumn, I decided I would be queen. Yes, a queen. Regal, respected ruler of my kingdom. So, I was queen.

It wasn't long however, before I realized that being an untouchable authority figure does not suit me.

I thought about who I wanted to be for the rest of my seasons. I concluded that I wanted to be me. My journey begins and ends with me. I am the accumulation

of all my seasons, and **I AM HAPPY!**

~ Tracy, Certified Peer Specialist