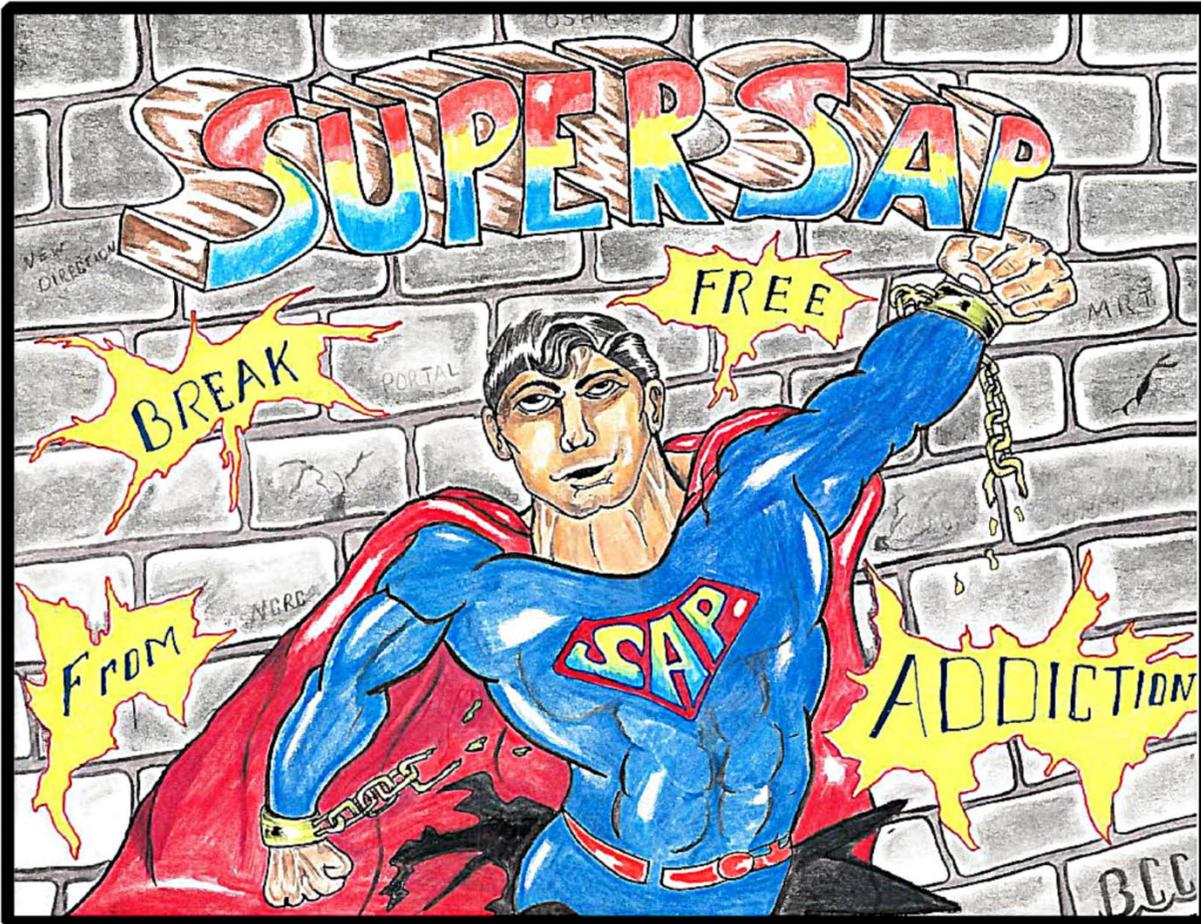


# ENIGMAS OF SAP 2020



KY Department of Corrections  
Division of Addiction Services

## A Message from the Director



of incarceration and treatment. Faces of SAP is dedicated to every parent, child, grandparent, support person, or family member that has never lost hope.

*Sarah Johnson*

Director, Division of Addiction Services  
Department of Corrections

## Faces of SAP

Recovery is happening inside rooms, reentry service centers, jails and prisons throughout the Department of Corrections. Each year, thousands of people choose to take a different path, follow a new direction, and enter treatment with the hope of change and starting a new life. Many have lost friends, family, and their freedom but are finding hope for a new life and a chance to build those relationships back stronger than before.

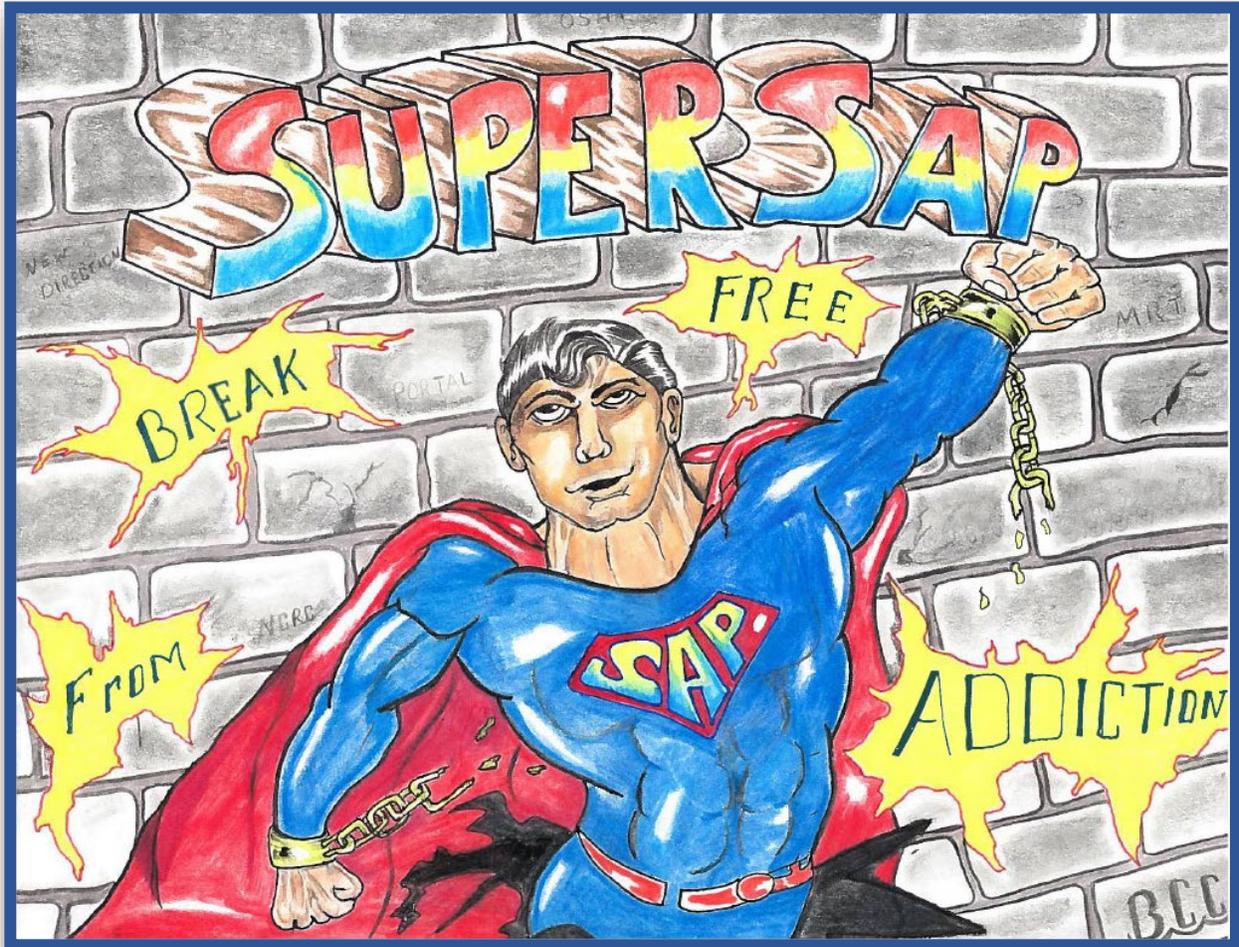
Our esteemed judges invite you to view and hear these stories. Many of us will realize that we all have much more in common than we realized. We all are struggling to be the best parent, best brother, best sister, aunt, uncle, grandparent, child and friend that we can possibly be. The Faces of SAP is a journey in hope, recovery and potential.

It is with deep gratitude that we present our judges for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Faces of SAP: Ronnie Bastin, Deputy Secretary, Justice and Public Safety Cabinet; Lisa Lamb, Deputy Commissioner, Kentucky Department of Corrections; Kirstie Willard, Director of Local Facilities; Kristin Porter, Director of Reentry; Erica Hargis, Director, Probation and Parole; Sarah Johnson, Director Addiction Services; Jeannie Waldrige, Assistant Director, Addiction Services; Ashley Short, Executive Staff Advisor, Addiction Services.



**Sponsored by the Division of Addiction Services**

# 2020 Faces of SAP Winner



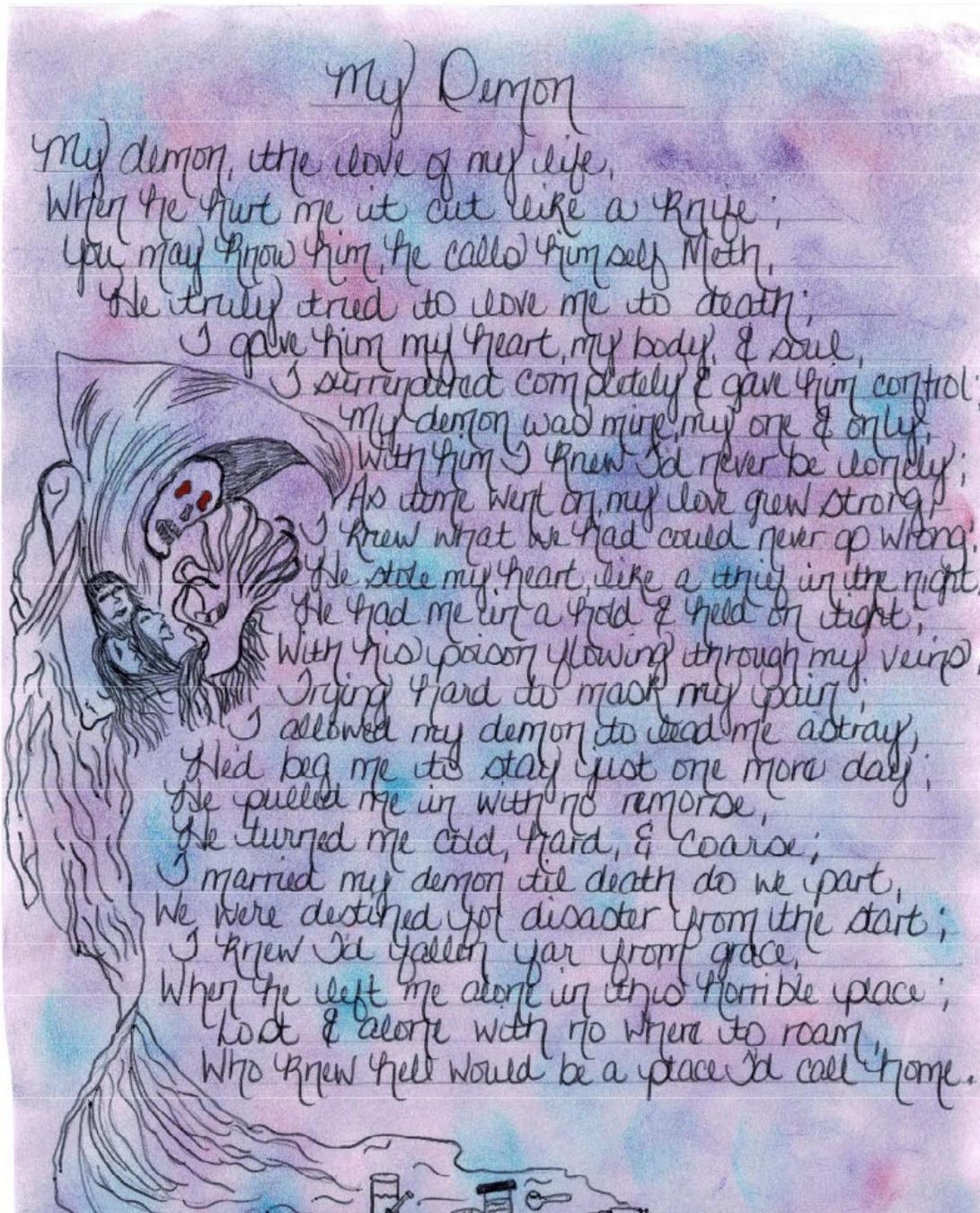
**Title: Super SAP**

**Creator: Stephen S**

**Facility: Blackburn Correctional Facility**

I thought this piece would represent what kind of strength it takes to truly recover. It's the hardest thing you can do and it takes a lot of willpower, determination, and a want to change to be a better person.

# My Demon

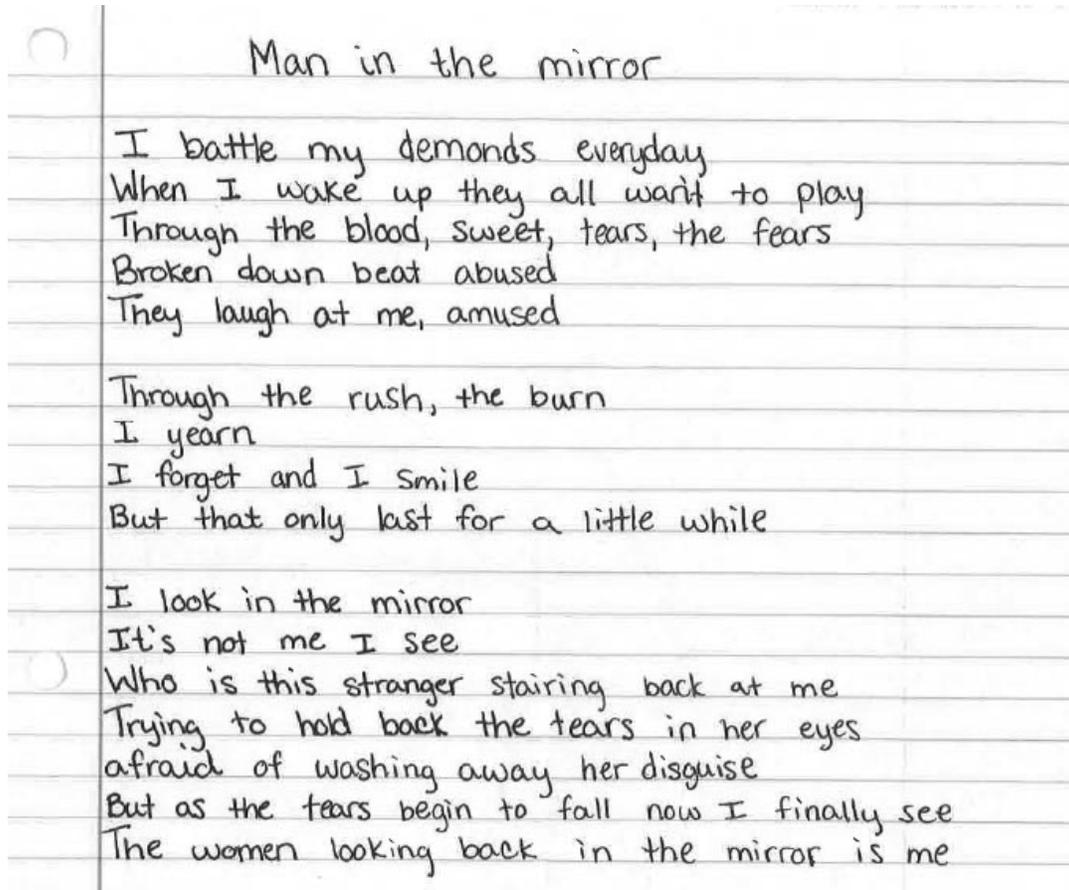


I felt like I was married to my addiction. For a long time it was just me and my addiction. I gave up everything I loved - my family, friends, home - everything. I'm tired of that life. It's not what I want anymore. Now that I am away from it, I plan on staying clean. I couldn't have done this on my own and I appreciate the help I've been given. An addict's life is not an easy one to live. We all need help and that's not easy to ask for.

Sometimes a little push is all that we need.

Creator: Angie T  
Facility: Grant County

# Man in the Mirror



I got married at the age of 18. That's when I started battling my demons of addiction. My husband got really abusive and to him it was all fun and games. When I got high, I would forget and smile, but it didn't last long. I lost who I was and hated who I saw when I looked in the mirror. Once I went to treatment I finally started to learn who I was.

Creator: Ashley A  
Facility: Women's Hope Center

# Lifeless



I wrote this because I truly believe that if I continue to live the way I was before I entered SAP, this is going to become my reality. I no longer want to be a slave to my addiction. I know I've got to always put my sobriety first.

Creator: Brandie C  
Facility: Grant County

# Once Was Lost

*When I was ten I let a demon in  
It started out fun  
But turned into a long dark run  
I thought I could beat it  
But little did I know I was already defeated  
I hurt the ones I loved  
Even the man up above  
I was scared and alone  
Just looking for a place to call home  
I would sit and pray  
Begging for him to take it all away  
I lived in despair  
Feeling like nobody cared  
I was at the end of my rope  
Losing all hope  
My only friend was dope  
It took away the only family I had  
It left me broken and sad  
Not knowing if I would sink or swim  
My prayers brought it all to a end  
The judge said it's time to get better  
So I packed all my things  
And came to the Hope Center  
All the storm clouds are gone  
I finally feel like I belong  
A women that was lost  
Has now been found  
Her world is no longer upside down  
I know I will survive  
No longer looking death in the eyes  
I love life again  
Now I have lots of sisters and friends  
My life is no longer blue  
Thanks to God, the Hope Center, and You.*

I was born and raised in a small town in Kentucky. I've struggled with addiction since the age of 10 years old. I've lost a lot of people due to this disease, including my first husband. I have four children and I have lost custody. But since coming here to the Hope Center, my life has changed. I now see one of my daughters and I am working to see the other three. This program has changed my life. I now have hope. My only regret is that I didn't do this sooner.

Creator: Cassandra T  
Facility: Hope Center

# Just One More Day



I was born and raised in Detroit, Michigan. I was abused growing up. I ran away from home and started selling drugs, gang banging, and robbing people at a young age. When I reached my adult years, I mostly just sold and had a real job as well. In 2016 I started using. I ended up catching these charges and being in the program. I realized I've always been an addict. This program has helped save my life. This is a lifelong recovery journey that's not going to be an easy road. There will be sharp curves and potholes to avoid, but in the end it will be a great free future.

Creator: Cathy A  
Facility: Henderson County

# So The Light Shines

## So The Light Shines

The days are long,  
Though life is short.  
The hour is at hand,  
I must report.  
The skies are bluer,  
Through sober eyes.  
The grass is greener,  
Now that I'm not high.  
Sugar is sweeter,  
And love is bliss.  
The touch of my woman  
I very much miss.  
So I shall turn this time,  
Into something that counts.  
I will walk down this dime,  
As the pressure does mount.  
Pressure makes diamonds,  
Out of lumps of coal.  
Refined, cut, and polished,  
My highest power redeems my soul.  
I've been down this road,  
Yet once before.  
Only this time I've learned,  
I can do this no more.

This is a brief overview of my life, and how I'm feeling now, and what I want for the future.

Creator: Chad E

Facility: Blackburn Correctional Complex

# Sin A Little Different

Addiction or disease  
or are they one in a same.  
Where do you run  
Who do you Blame  
being powerless  
that's hard to Admit  
but we are all human  
And we Just deal with it.  
Another baby born  
Addicted at birth  
poor innocent soul  
Suffering her mama's Curse  
Young girl Looks in the mirror  
doesn't recognize her own face  
puts on her make up  
to mask her Shame and disgrace  
her mama's man  
Stole something from her  
needle and a spoon  
takes away all her hurt  
they called him names  
beat him up everyday  
but All that he knew  
is he was born that way  
All of his pain  
where does it go  
in little white lines  
As white as snow  
we all sin a little different  
but we all suffer the same  
Addiction or disease  
which one do you Blame

Creator: Charles N

Facility: Breckenridge County Detention Center

# This Side of Sober

ITS COLD AS HELL AND ONLY GETTING COLDER  
A WEARY HEAD ON A WOUNDED SOLDIER  
THIS LIFE I LIVE WONT LET ME BE  
SO PLEASE GOD COME RESCUE ME  
AND SET MY SOUL ON THIS SIDE OF SOBER

SO MY WHOLE LIFE IM GETTING EVEN CLOSER  
TO THE TOP OF MY POT, AND ROLLING OVER  
I PRAY AT NIGHT FOR YOU TO SET ME FREE  
AND GUIDE THE LIGHT SO THAT I CAN SEE  
AND PUT MY SOUL ON THIS SIDE OF SOBER

AT THE END OF MY ROAD AND ROLLING LIKE A BOULDER  
MY HEAD IS SPINNING STRAIGHT UP OFF MY SHOULDERS  
SO I BEG GOD AGAIN PLEASE  
ARREST MYSELF AND MY DISEASE  
RESET MY SOUL ON THIS SIDE OF SOBER

This is a short story, or the beginning of a song I wrote about asking my higher power to help me stay sober when I feel like life on life's terms have become too much.

Creator: Chris A  
Facility: Bullitt County Detention Center

# Running From a Relapse

LIVING MY LIFE  
WITH ALL OF MY STRIFE  
MONKEY ON MY BACK  
HE'S WIELDING A KNIFE  
MY FOCUS AHEAD  
SHUNNING ALL MY PAST  
IF I TRIP I'M DEAD  
RUNNING FROM A RELAPSE

I CANT LOOK BACK  
FOR FEAR THAT I'LL STUMBLE  
BUT I CANT FORGET  
THATS WHAT KEEPS ME HUMBLE  
WHERE THERES A WILL THERES A WAY  
I PRAY THIS WILL LAST  
FOR THIS REASON I MUST STAY  
RUNNING FROM A RELAPSE

I KNOW WHAT TO DO  
I KNOW HOW TO ACT  
WHEN THIS WORLDS OUT TO GET ME  
AND THE ODD'S ARE ALL STACKED  
I'LL NEVER BE CURED  
THIS MUCH IS A FACT  
THATS WHY I'LL BE ALWAYS  
RUNNING FROM A RELAPSE

Running from a Relapse is a poem I wrote about how I have to stay vigilant in my recovery and that that next hit or death is always in the background, and is real. I kept in mind that I will never be recovered and always in recovery with my disease when I wrote this.

# SAP Saves Lives

"Really? you called the cops on me?" Billy pleaded with his frustrated mother. His latest victim stance yet. "I Don't want you here. you Scare me half to Death and you Steal from us." His mother screamed. She's had it ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> his criminal and Addictive thinking patterns. Billy Sat on the porch Drunk and Dope Sick. Hearing the Sirens fastly approaching and Too Sick to Run. Billy accepted his fate.

Accepted

Months later, He was ~~accepted~~ into SAP. At First he Couldn't Stand it. All of its Rules and Regulations. But mostly, Its lack of Drugs. One day, Listening to a Fellow addict Speak. Billy had a profound Moment of Clarity, "IF I don't do this, I'll probably get myself killed." He didn't want to Die young like all of his friend. He Decided to take the program Seriously. He got Healthier by the day. Mentally and Physically.

This was Not an easy Transition for Billy, But he Showed Some Honesty and Integrity and he persevered. Completing the program in a little over 6 Months. 90 Days Close to home. Sober and Mentally Matured. Billy Decided to Right Some Wrongs. Apologizing for all the Stress, Theft and Heartache he's caused.

Forgiven and High on Life Billy Walked out a New Man. SAP had Saved his life.

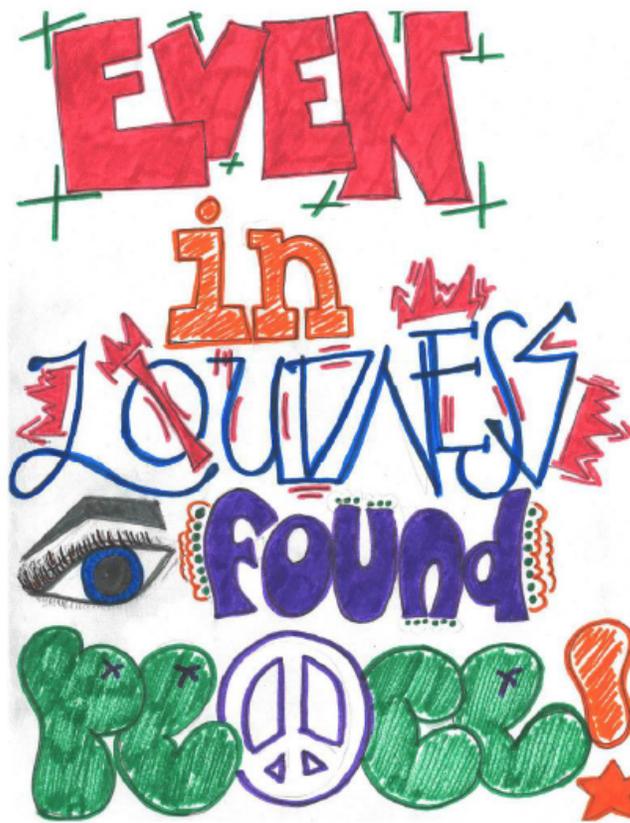
The End

This is a short story of recovery that we can all relate to. One case of how "SAP saved a life".

Creator: Christopher S  
Facility: Northpoint Training Center

# From Loudness to Peace

You came into my life not saying much but you're loud. You came along and showed me how to forget and numbed everything about me. People walked away in my life wondering why you never did. I thought to keep you in my life because I was in capable of leaving you alone we lived on the edge for years. You slow walked all my problems. Knowing you were bad for me but you made it feel better. He slid in with ease and ran through like warm whiskey and faded to a shade of gray. You're ruthless you've got a one-way ticket to life. You showed mercy on my life taking me to the edge just never pushing me off. My life and love for you was tragic. I found a place to



hide with you even if it was dark because you never denied my reasons for you. I was always searching for something that never comes with you. Just standing on the edge face app. I've seen the good side of bed and the downside of up and everything in between. I wondered how much I was willing to risk for my sickness. The one thing I can't conquer was killing me. My biggest fear is being what we used to be. I know you could never be like me because I am a mother, daughter, sister. I'm charismatic, optimistic, understanding, caring, strong, wise, driven. I'm capable of recovery you could never be that. Saying goodbye to you is saying a lot. You may of caused me to live and love loosely but I've got nothing to hide now. It's been hard times but I'm all right I found my life chasing death. Forgiving is hard but I'm getting better

because there is still beauty in these secrets. I have fallen short but I stand tall today. I may have been speechless but I am listening now. I have reason for life, love and laughter today. I now tell my story before it tells itself. I now search for a higher level of my life. My addiction don't define who I am today. I don't run from me now but I walk away from you and with being teachable and my teachers Ms. James, Ms. Ashby, Mr. Kisely and Mr. Bentonwhite I have learned that even in loudness I have found peace. I have a new life now this is the last time of my past life.

I'm writing a poem of what my addiction looks like and how it took me to where I am now.

# The Sick Side of Me

I look back at my life, and what do I see  
A stranger in the mirror staring back at me  
So many awful, terrible things I have done  
Battle after battle, barely fought, never won  
Chaos and anger, hurt, sadness, pain  
I chastise myself, beat myself down again  
So many scars, so many ruined lives  
So many masks of a translucent disguise  
Blameless children of mine, and your children too  
Have suffered from the trauma that I've put them through  
Bottles and pills and everything else  
Most of the pain I caused and went through myself  
Crazy I went and I couldn't hide  
To the criminal's code I'd thoroughly abide  
Tricking and lying and horrors galore  
I went hard until I couldn't go anymore  
I'm tired of the pain and tired of the games  
And of hurting so many people I can't remember their names  
So I think I'll give my all to this new way of life  
Gain serenity and joy just by giving up heartache and strife  
Death's on the other side should I go back  
Waiting to pounce, planning its attack  
I'm ready to smile and ready to laugh  
I'm ready to give up and heal my sick other half

I wanted to give other addicts and alcoholics a piece of art they could relate to. Especially those in rehab. I am working on being 100% honest with myself and I never want to forget where I came from. This poem is a reminder of what's waiting on me should I ever think about returning to that miserable life. As the poem said, I'm ready (finally!) for a new way of life.

Creator: Crystal A  
Facility: Hope Center

# Lost Son

When I first saw you, you were being born  
I knew life had started for you, and I was torn

I was torn at the decision I had to make  
The one that affected your life, the one I made for your sake

You see, your father always wrestles with demons  
Even though the fight was never going to be even

I thought that I could keep it under control  
But yet, in reality, I never had it at all

The demon played with my mind, toyed with my heart  
Over the span of time, it tore my family apart

I'm sorry that I didn't protect you, sorry I let you down  
I'm sentenced to carry that burden, pound for agonizing pound

My demon beat me, and he got to you that day  
He whispered in my ear, as your car flipped every which way

Now I'm still here, and now you're gone  
Sometimes I lay awake at night, thinking of you until dawn

I thought it was over, I thought I was dead  
Every shot I took bigger and bigger, took away my dread

Then something special happened, a miracle you see  
A woman came with a test, which gave me your sister-to-be

The results came in, it's all a done deal  
The little girl is mine, this is all too real

This is my second chance, of which I do not deserve  
The demon stirs inside of me, but I threw him a curve

Your sister is beautiful, that's my discovery  
I'm going to give her the world, starting with MY RECOVERY

I wrote this poem after entering recovery. It's about my son that died due to a car crash that was a result of my wife doing heroin and crashing. This started my path to recovery.

Creator: David F  
Facility: Shelby County Detention Center

# A Better Version of Me

Little girl lost, always feeling alone.  
But I had the perfect life, I had the perfect home.  
There was always food & clothes, but never any hugs.  
I had no clue what was ahead for me,  
That I'd be consumed by drugs.  
I always showed a smile, I never chose to cry.  
Inside I was secretly angry, just couldn't figure out why.  
I don't know why I ran to them, or if the streets chose me.  
Somewhere along the way, I lost who I wanted to be.  
I didn't want to feel a thing, I didn't know where to start,  
Every time I tried, I just broke my family's heart.  
I thought I could control things, even while living in hell.  
Life became a bad movie, especially when I woke up in jail.  
My fantasy life was over, finally coming to an end.  
After so many years of fighting, I knew I couldn't win.  
The judge only spoke of treatment, then said the word "rehab"  
I looked down at my shackles, none of this was the plan I had.  
I couldn't see things their way, I was losing my sense of control.  
Didn't want to admit my illness, that I had to heal my soul.  
Now I live in a big brick house with women who are full  
of heart.  
They promised me a better way, promised me a brand  
new start.  
No one said it would be easy & definitely wouldn't be  
quick,  
But now I can change my thinking, I don't have to live life  
sick.  
I get to climb these Twelve Steps & I know I can recover.  
Life's no longer about the drink or the drugs,  
Now I'm being a sister, daughter, & mother.

My piece is a poem reflecting on life from growing up in the small town of Versailles, Kentucky. I attended the University of Kentucky until a series of events derailed my life into 10+ years of addiction. I am not now grateful to be in the Hope Center program for women where I am learning to be the best version of myself again, as well as a better mother to my two-year-old son.

Creator: Erin H  
Facility: Hope Center

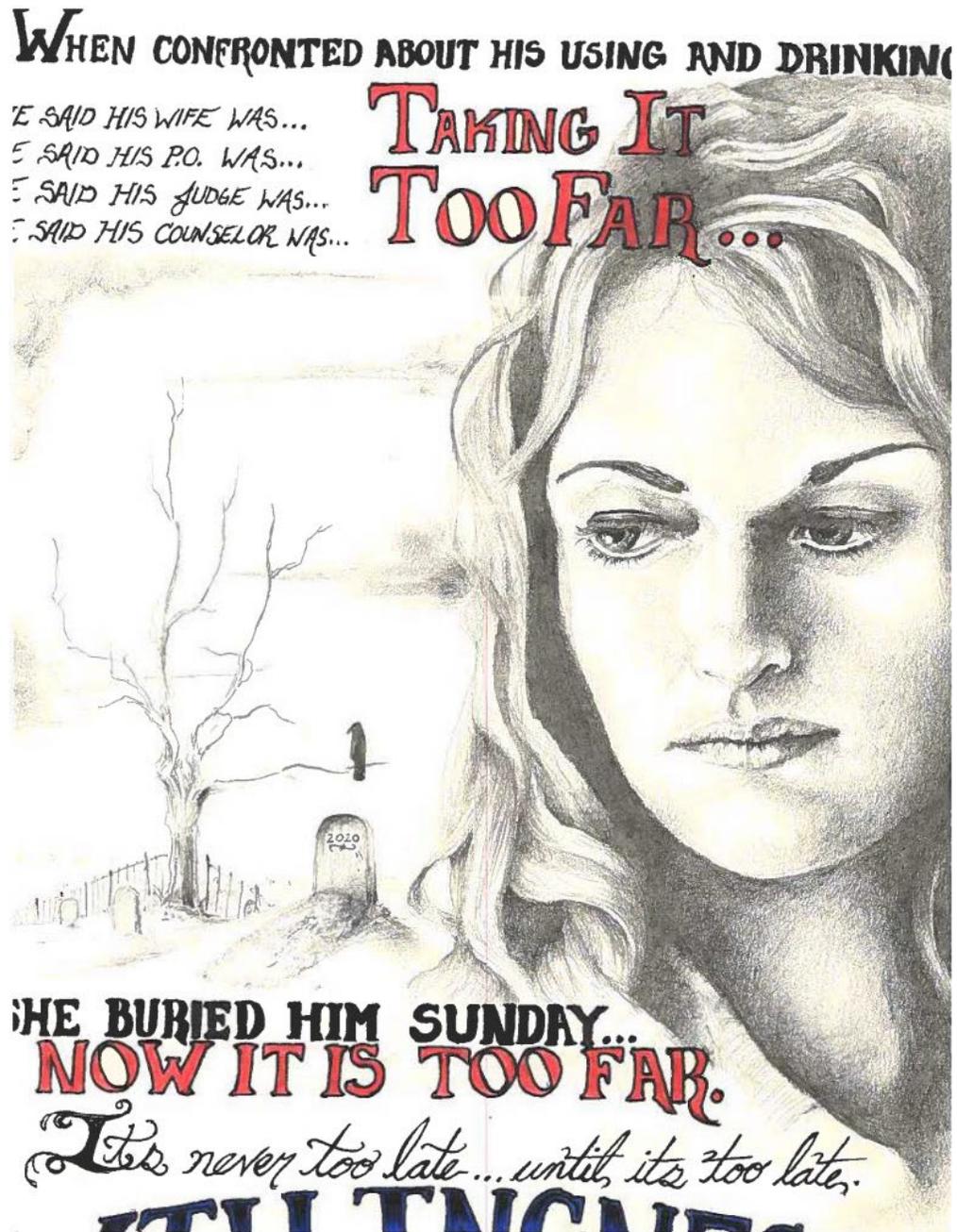
# What Don't Kill Us Makes Us Stronger



This lion is me. It's how I feel and it's where I'm at in my life and in my recovery.

Creator: Everett T  
Facility: Blackburn Correctional Complex

# Too Far



9 ½ x 11" mixed media on Bristol board

Basic inspiration for this piece came from some of the comments I've heard in meetings and groups throughout the years, specifically while discussing the concept of needing to go to "any lengths" to maintain one's sobriety. A gentleman once told me that attending daily meetings was simply "taking it too far," to which I replied that I certainly put such effort into staying drunk and the only alternatives to recovery are jails, institutions, and death.

Creator: James A

Facility: Green River Correctional Complex

# What is Reality



Reality is...  
Growing up in a good home, being a cheerleader, getting straight A's... But losing your virginity to rape and getting pregnant only to have your first child at 15 years old.

Reality is...  
Getting married at 16, having two more kids before the age of 21, and living your teenage years in a physically and abusive marriage and finding yourself cheating on your husband.

Reality is...  
Having a career in finance but we're coming addicted to your prescribe pain pills, and you start stealing, lying, and cheating your company and customers.

Reality is...  
Wanting to be the mom you need to be, but being so deep in addiction to pills and math, you see no hope in ever being anything.

Reality is...  
The man who loves being killed in a motorcycle wreck, but you were so high on meth, you're still a truck and try to dig his grave to find him because you can't face his death.

Reality is...  
Completing teen challenge and having years in recovery only to relapse on math because you can't face life on life's terms at the time.

Reality is...  
Leaving your kids in 2018 after your relapse to do your time on five years and missing out on the last 2 1/2 years of their lives.

How do I know that reality?

Because that was ME...

I am turning in a "what is reality" piece that displays my life story, hitting the high points and then displaying me walking into my recovery.

Creator: Lyndsey S  
Facility: Henderson County Detention Center

# Freedom

When I think of freedom my mind takes me to a place with no strings attached.

A place with no restraints..A place of comfort..A place of serenity..

Free from the bondage to that which holds a vice in our lives.

Freedom is sacrifice..Freedom is truth..Freedom is love..Freedom is choice..Freedom is life..

Freedom is deciding to take a stand and look adversity, of any kind, in the face and choose victory over defeat.

Freedom doesn't have to only be of the physical kind.  
True freedom is letting go of what's holding you back.

Freedom is choosing to achieve the greatness we are all destined for.

We are all born pure. No blemishes. No pride. No ego.  
Only innocent souls. Free..

It's time to let it all go. Whatever has you trapped within yourself that you think you can't overcome.

Whether it be addiction, greed, self-consciousness, evil schemes, vanity, or lustful desires..

Whatever it is that keeps your mind, your body, your soul...your love hostage..

Cut the strings.

Break the restraints.

Find your peace.

Let it go. Be free

Again I say freedom is a choice. Today choose freedom. Choose life.

My piece is a poem to express - through my point of view - how freedom is perceived.

Creator: Michael O  
Facility: Roerder Correctional Complex

# The Road to Recovery

Relapse is not the end of the road,  
It's the start of a story, that's worth being told,  
nobody is perfect, we all make mistakes.  
If you really want to change, you'll do whatever it takes  
Recovery isn't something that happens overnight.  
So find a support group, to help you with the fight  
you can't do it alone, don't think that you can  
Asking for help, don't make you less of a man.  
It will take some courage, and a whole lot of trust  
If you want a brighter future, change is a must.  
Keep in mind, you always have a choice  
So do something positive, Be An Abstinent Voice.

I wrote a poem on the road. I chose to write about this because like myself and I wanted to let people know that even if you make mistakes, it still does not define who you are. There is still hope. No one is a lost cause.

Creator: Paul B  
Facility: Harlan County Detention Center

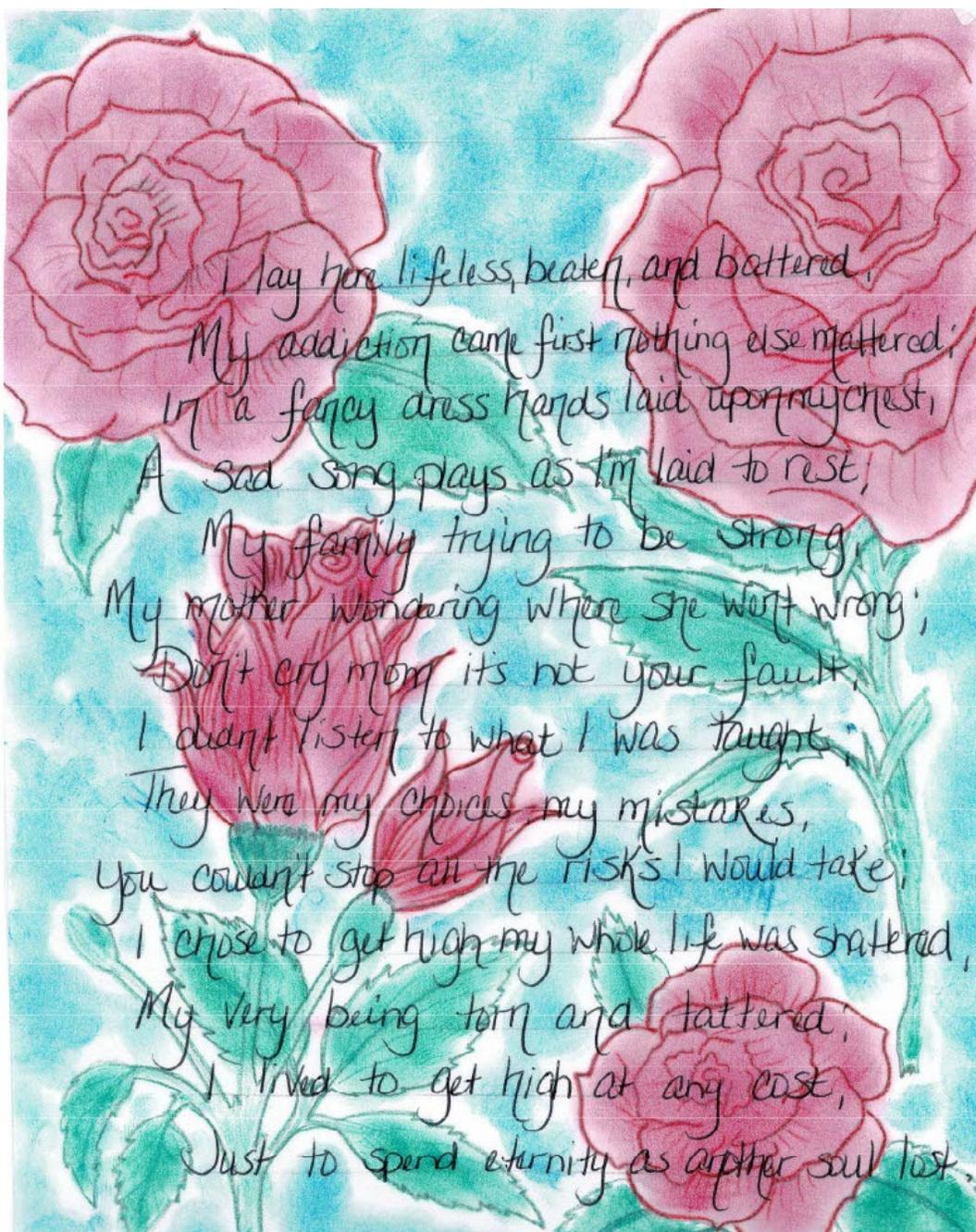
# The Turning Point



I am a 36-year-old mother of two sons who are 10 and 16 years old. I started using at age 9. I burned down a trap house. I now have 14 months sober and I'm working towards a better future for my sons and I.

Creator: Penny L  
Facility: Hope Center

# Don't Blink



I have wasted 15 years of my life chasing a high. It hit me like a natural disaster. It left me for dead as I laid on rock bottom without hope for my family. Treatment helped me. Today I live sure of one thing: I'm no longer a slave to drugs, anyone, or anything. I'm free. I can finally breathe.

Creator: Phoenix F  
Facility: Grant County Detention Center

# Vision

As I stand today with a brand new vision  
I hope one day I'll be taking my kids fishin

Down to the river or out at the lake  
I don't know how much missing them that I can take

I never realized it while I was getting high  
The pain that I caused them with all of my lies

Now that I'm sober and I can get my life back on track  
So that maybe one day I can get my kids back

Randy Jr. is my son, and Kenzie, Kylee, and Addie are my daughters  
All I want them to remember is me as a good father

Whether we go down to the river bank, and cast out a line  
Or out on the old john boat for the very first time

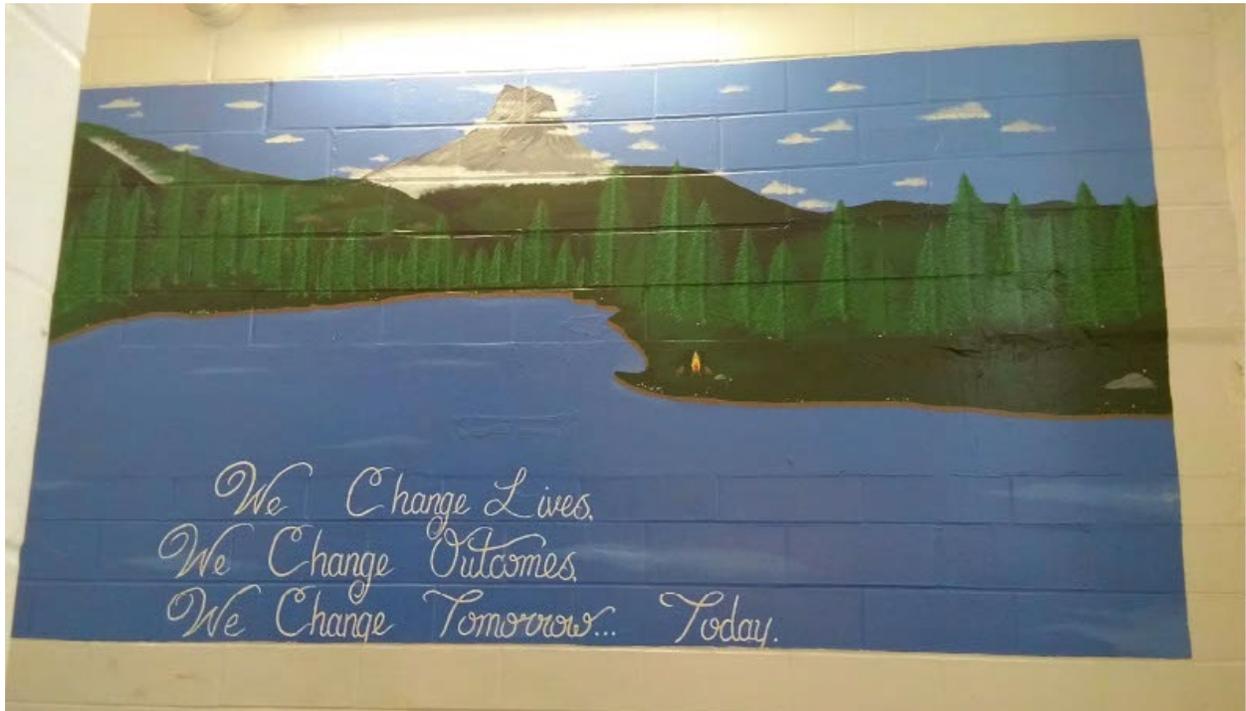
I just hope they know I hold them dear to my heart  
And being there as a father is where I want to start

Cause being a good dad is all that I envision  
And I just hope that one day I can just take them fishin

The biggest regret that I have is the pain and hurt that I have caused my children by leaving them without a father. So I want to get out and do right and just take them fishing. Because that's some thing that we love doing together.

Creator: Randy G  
Facility: Shelby County Detention Center

# Recovery



Substance abuse program painting.

Creator: Ryan W  
Facility: Northpoint Training Center

# A New Life

On the road to destruction with no end in sight  
I suddenly found myself surrounded by blue lights  
My world crashing down with the slam of a door  
Plenty of time to think on that cold hard floor  
You see I got myself here although Crystal and Hank led  
the way nothing I could do nothing I could say  
Down that long aisle I walked towards my judge not  
knowing what was coming or what would be done  
Supervised probation he stated was denied back to jail no surprise.  
Now starting from scratch to rebuild my life have to earn  
back everything I lost for myself  
My self esteem my possessions and even my health  
with sobriety comes things I have never known  
the love of a family in a home of my own  
It will take a lifetime of meetings and months of reporting while  
learning to be accountable for the choices I've made  
I'll stumble and fall while I struggle with it all but once  
on my feet I'll stand having learned quite a bit no longer a  
statistic or another lost cause I am a life that has been  
saved and I owe it to God my life is not my own I was bought  
with a price the Son of God himself made the ultimate sacrifice  
To be an example of the change he can make, shine a light where  
there is darkness is the vow that I take I am thankful  
for the road that brought me to here my future once  
cloudy is now bright and clear

It's a short poem about hitting bottom and deciding to give in and change, what comes with changing, and about the things lost when in addiction.

Creator: Timothy C & Ishmael K  
Facility: Boyle County Detention Center

# Addiction Services Of Kentucky

*Recovery is possible,  
if you ASK for help!*

