

Oldfield Road, Horley, Surrey RH6 7EP
t. 01293 825400 e. info@prinsted.org
w. www.prinsted.org



EDITORIAL

This year has brought a certain amount of change to Prinsted and while we always welcome new ideas or fresh challenges, we have long cherished our stable staff team and their unwavering loyalty. However, the year started with Colin deciding that the time had come to acknowledge that he was getting weary of all his work commitments at an age when he could have legitimately retired many years ago.

Colin has been a work colleague stretching back to our time at Farm Place when he was given a weekly 'God spot' group as the local vicar at Ockley. Over the years he has followed us as we moved to the Coach House and then Prinsted, bringing his unique and gentle wisdom to his weekly slot. His group, which came to be known as the 'feelings' group always inspired equal measures of fear and excitement as Colin generally managed to get to the core issues, often eliciting deep pain and long held anger, very often accompanied by lots of

tears. Colin finally retired from Prinsted at the beginning of April.

More recently we have had to deal with the loss of Rob who brought our tertiary unit, Staith House into being three years ago. Impending fatherhood and therefore the need to work more regular hours propelled him into accepting new employment nearer home. During all his time with us he has expertly juggled all the responsibilities at Staith with his continued training and a placement at Surrey University which is where he has landed a very good job. We certainly wish him well.

Now all this means we have had to search for a new therapist and we believe we have found her in Emma who joined us many months ago on a sessional basis and then more recently as a permanent member of staff. She slipped into working with our team without any drama which we value highly, and we have come to really appreciate her gentle and thoughtful touch. Also very

recently we have taken on another Clare as a Support Worker and as someone who has so many additional skills that she will also be supporting Carole in the office. We welcome them both.

Caitilin



Emma Bull, our new therapist.



Colin Tickner



YOU ARE WARMLY
INVITED TO OUR

Summer Reunion 2011
Saturday July 2nd from 12pm
For a barbeque lunch

SPIRITUAL REFLECTION WEEKEND MAY 2011

As I glanced through the feedback forms from our renewal weekend I was struck and moved again by the overwhelming impact it has had on literally all of the 24 participants. Comments ranging from , 'absolutely fantastic', 'an amazing and special weekend', to, Rewarding, Flawless, Excellent, and Perfect, confirm what a very special experience it was bringing about significant and deep changes in peoples lives.

We always have a bit of tweaking to do but it does appear that we have compiled a rewarding list of activities to suit most people's needs. The combination of the uniqueness of Dunford House, its helpful staff, great food, stunning environment and 28 (and here I am including the 4 facilitators) willing participants, certainly make it one of the highlights of my year.

Thanks to a few 'old timers' who pulsating with enthusiasm generated advance funds to enable the initial deposit to be made, we have been relieved of some of the stress regarding recruitment. This year we decided to include something new in the form of a dance/movement session which proved to be the highlight of the

weekend and will most certainly be repeated. We really want to develop the fun and play aspects of these two days, so watch out, next year may well extend the boundaries even further!

Brian



"Has Rob got aubergine socks on as well!?"

A winter afternoon

*A frozen tear, a thousand skies
A bewildered look that knows no lies
Frosty leaves, a glass ocean
The fear drenched eyes of the orphan
Silver-trimmed clouds, naked trees
Hateful memories that wish to be set free
A cold heart, a lost soul
A snowman with eyes of coal
An uncertain hope, cities of white
And a little girl that walks into the light*

Tomris

The house of my dreams

*The house of my dreams is filled with sunlight and laughter.
The house of my dreams is a place to explore and grow,
Is a place of wonder and expression,
A place where time lingers slowly and the pace is gentle.
The house of my dreams is a place where it is okay to do nothing or to be creative.
It is a place of harmony and tranquillity,
It is a place of peace and serenity.
The house of my dreams is a haven
A refuge from the chaotic world outside.
It is a place to dream and to build dreams.
It is a place in which to nurture and be nurtured
Where no one is mocked, no ideas dismissed.
It is a place in which to feel valued
A place free from scorn and prejudice.
The house of my dreams is warm and welcoming.
The house of my dreams is love.*

Vivienne

PRINSTED CONNECT

Since leaving Prinsted we have found the most supportive element of our recoveries to be the friendships and connections we made during our time there. We have been lucky enough to cultivate these into essential parts of our lives, and strongly believe that this has been a major aid to our progress over the years.

Unfortunately moving away from Horley can make regular attendance at aftercare somewhat impractical. With that in mind, we felt that a dependable collective with the ability to inspire and support growth, outside of the therapeutic environment of treatment, was needed. Therefore we would like to invite you to join us for coffee in the afternoons on the 2nd Saturday of each month, for Prinsted Connect. We will be meeting at the Pret A Manger outside Green Park Station, and during the summer months we hope to walk and talk in Green Park itself, to take advantage of the sunshine.

We hope that this forum for fellowship gives new connections an opportunity to flourish and that

this could be a support network, even if you no longer attend Prinsted events. In the spirit of gratitude, we want to be a part of encouraging support amongst future alumni, and have faith that this space can become an integral part of the therapeutic process.

We hope to see you soon

Cassie & Rahul

Location
Pret A Manger, 84 Piccadilly,
Green Park, London, W1J 8JB.



Cassie and Rahul

Future dates are:

9th July 2011
13th August 2011
10th September 2011
8th October 2011
12th November 2011
10th December 2011



Some of the masks made on the Spiritual Weekend this year



Worse things happen at sea

*This recovery is like a change in the weather,
It is the warm and nourishing light dissipating the dense sea fog that has surrounded my vessel.
It is the gradual calming of choppy and hostile waters.
This recovery is the crisp and steady*

*breeze filling haggard old sails,
battered from countless sudden gusts,
It is the bright stars which provide direction; the compass lies in pieces at the bottom of the Ocean somewhere near the Bermuda triangle.*

*This recovery is sighting land-ho!
This recovery is realizing that the land is in fact an iceberg...
But ice melts eventually, so stay calm and just chill for today:
Worse things happen at sea.*

Jimmy

JOURNEY TO RECOVERY

When I was little, I was tortured. I lived in big houses, in fancy countries, went to good schools and on exotic holidays with a loving family. I was handsome, intelligent, charming and talented so making success of my life was easy. For an addict, this was torture! I needed something in my life to justify the abuse I was doing to myself, something to blame. There was horrible trauma later in my life, but this was only a catalyst in my addiction. There is nothing to blame in addiction – only to accept!

Acceptance for me came one morning in a police cell in Crawley, shaking with the DT's, confused, alone, relapsing and bleeding from cuts to my arms and legs. It was quite simple for me – there was no return. My addiction takes me to such a dark place, darker each time I permit it that if I use again, I will die.

While drinking and drug taking took up most of my day, which physically and mentally by the end, it did, that was only 10 percent of my problem. Stopping and remaining abstinent therefore is only 10 percent of my recovery. That was the easy bit – my mountain was in understanding myself, and my part in it, and therefore my part in my recovery. The maths bit is really quite easy when you know the 10 percent figure...

I had become a caricature: a spectacle of exaggeration. Prinsted nurtured me while we rubbed these out, and re-drew. My family and friends helped bringing their own splashes of colours, textures and music

until slowly the harsh charcoal sketches flicked by, each day with a slight modification, until I was complete and once again animated.

Knowledge is a large part of recovery, but knowledge alone is not enough - no matter how many Men's Health magazines I buy, I will never get that 'ripped lean body by summer' just by reading about it! In order to swap the six pack of beer for the six pack of abs, I need to work hard!

I have a wonderful sponsor whose recovery I admire and respect, and am learning how I too can find the freedom to live in such a way, I do service by baking, and a tea commitment at a meeting, offer rides to meetings to those without transport, I call newcomers and give my number to others for when they need to reach out, and I call them when I need, and I distribute literature, I have taken a position on the telephone helpline answering the phone to those in need, and outside of the fellowship, I work as a community support worker for those less fortunate living with AIDS in the community. Occasionally I spend time with those still at Prinsted itself helping them with manageability in the kitchen.

Most of my cartoon features have now gone, though I will always bear a tail bone, and dare I say it little horns somewhere too, but I am alive. I am also very happy, optimistic, sensible, and have even met someone special. My decisions are now made methodically and with great consideration rather than for theatrical effect or personal gratification. My biggest task was

undeniably to look after myself which I now do and if I'm careless, sometimes enjoy. There is a wonderful saying that there are those that are there to love you until you are able to love yourself, and for me, Prinsted did exactly that. There is a paradox though – insanity is defined as repeating an action expecting a different outcome, which many of us were stuck on in our addictions, but each night I go to sleep clean and sober and I wake to enjoy a whole new day full of adventure and discovery!

Gordon

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY ARE;

Family programme

9th 10th 11th November

And Prinsted Family Support Group

Co-dependency 2
Workshop and lunch
Saturday October 15th
10am-2pm