

Residential Treatment Services of Alamance
P. O. Box 427
Burlington, NC 27216-0427

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit #238
Burlington, NC 27215



Seven Ways to Help RTSA

1. Make a monetary donation.
2. When cleaning out your closets, cabinets and storage areas, even changing out furniture - donate those goods to **Trollinger Treasures**, our resale boutique where all profits from the sale of donated goods help RTSA provide recovery programs.
3. Make an Honorarium or Memorial Gift to RTSA. Gifts are acknowledged within 24 hours of receipt and a nice card is sent to the recipient or family of the deceased stating a gift has been made to RTSA in memory of or in honor of —, and by whom and your address.
4. Include us in your annual giving. Some donors send us monthly checks or have credit cards charged monthly.
5. Donate jewelry for our annual Jewelry Sale benefitting the Mebane Street Recovery Home for Women.
6. Include RTSA in your estate giving.
7. Volunteer, use your valuable time to help others receive treatment.

The background of the advertisement is a photograph of a wooden surface, possibly a table or a wall, with a rustic, weathered appearance. The text "Trollinger Treasures" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a black outline. Below it, "Burlington's Finest Re-Sale Boutique" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font.

Trollinger Treasures
Burlington's Finest Re-Sale Boutique

RTSA *Monday - Friday 10-6, Saturday 9-4*
Changing Lives *Providing recovery programs*
24 Hour Mental Health & *through the sale of donated goods*
Substance Abuse Treatment

336-227-8500

403 Trollinger St • Burlington, NC

Serenity Profile

A publication of Residential Treatment Services of Alamance, Inc.

November 2020

The unknown keeps showing up!

From the Desk of Ron Osborne



COVID-19 has taught us to understand that it affects us in various ways. Funding sources were hit too! One source of revenue we receive on a quarterly basis is Liquor by the Drink tax revenues. These funds help pay for treatment of alcoholism. The available revenue was hit hard due to the closing of bars during the pandemic. As a result, there were less taxes on Liquor by the Drink therefore giving us much less revenue to help fund treatment. Our quarterly check was approximately \$15,000 short from what we had expected this last installment. We are working with the City of Burlington and hopefully will be able to access CARES monies to replace some of this lost revenue, as we still did not decrease expenses in our facilities.

We also had to cut back on utilization of our Detox/Crisis Unit because of COVID-19. We isolated clients one per room instead of the usual two per room, therefore making us unable to draw monies for services through the mental health system on beds not being utilized in the Crisis/ Detox Unit.

I have been trying to contact the Times-News to see if they were going to continue the Love Enough to Share program that they have been sponsoring for nearly 30 years. A Times-News staff member told us last year they were surprised the program was continuing due to extremely low staff. This program was set up by

the newspaper to receive donations for several agencies in the community to help them with Christmas for their clientele. The newspaper would begin about a week before Thanksgiving and each day there was an article about one of the agencies. Patrons of the paper could send a donation to the Times-News and they would forward it to the agency of the donors choice. At RTSA, we used those funds to purchase Christmas presents for our residents in our 43 treatment beds during the Christmas holidays. I was always amazed at the number of residents who received Christmas gifts for the first time in years. At this point, we do not know if this program will continue this year. But we hope to be able to provide our residents with much needed necessities.

Then if you add on the cancellation of our fundraising events and the loss of those revenues, **we have been hit hard!**

Finally, we need to desperately replace 17 mattresses in the men's residential program at Hall Avenue. We definitely want to replace those with good quality twin XL firm mattresses.

If you are able to make an end-of-the-year donation to RTSA - it would be much appreciated. We will try to continue our efforts of providing Christmas gifts to those in treatment at Christmas and purchasing the many items we need this year.

The community has always been there when we needed them, and I am asking, if you are able, please do what you can to help out this year. May you and your family have good health and a joyous holiday season during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ron".

Rev. Norman Whitney - a long time friend and Board Member

We lost a dear friend, the Rev. Norman Whitney, Past President of the Board of Directors and long time serving Board Member who died on October 23, 2020.

I remember meeting Norman in the seventies when he served on the Alamance-Caswell Area Mental Health Board, many of those years as Board President. Not long after I met Janine and before we were married, we began looking for a Presbyterian Church to call home. We visited several, but just didn't seem to find the fit. Finally we visited Bethany Presbyterian in Graham where Norman served as minister for 41 years. We immediately felt at home. Norman was the minister who married us and always catered to the needs of his congregation. He was with our family during our sorrows of losing parents and grandparents, hospitalizations, joyous occasions and every Sunday he led us in worship with a good sermon and we always felt good upon leaving the service. Norman cared deeply about the members of the congregation and supported each of them unselfishly. He was a man you wanted to follow, he had wisdom and was a activist in the community.



Norman's wisdom will be missed, his sense of humor and his unconditional love for others was evident in all he did. I'm truly going to miss his guidance, I could always run something by him and would feel that he helped lead me in the right direction. We're going to miss him dearly whether it's at the Board meetings, bringing a table of his close friends to our Annual Banquet or Bid & Boogie. He truly appreciated the treatment provided by our dedicated staff at RTSA. This community lost a dear friend in Norman. He was a true man of God!

The following have made memorials in memory of Norman.

Rev. Norman Morgan Whitney, Sr.

by Alamance Wildlife Club
by Gayle Alexander
by Anonymous Donors
by Kathy & Barry Barbour
by Jim & Diane Barnwell and
Employees of Huffman Oil Company
by Hal & Patti Bates
by Margaret Beatty
by Jane Beck
by Johnsie Brannon
by James Breslin
by Robin Brinckerhoff
by Diane L. Bullis
by Sue & Herb Carlton
by Dr. & Mrs. Robert Carter
by Anne & Jim Chanas
by Peggy K. Cheshire
by Frank & Carole Covington
by Dr. & Mrs. Bob Crawford
by Jerry & Diana Cummings
by Don & Doris DeSarro
by Bill & Linda Douglas
by Larry & Linda Durham
by Faith Journeys Sunday School
Class - First UMC Graham
by Ritchie & Teenie Fishburne

by Lora Flanagan
by Mr. & Mrs. Henry Flythe
by Don & Joan Grady
by Lori Grafton
by Sylvia Hayes
by Robert & Ami Hill
by David Hunt
by Mr. & Mrs. Robert Jessup
by Jenna Johnson
by Eve & Charlie Jones
by David & Wanda Jordan
by Dr. & Mrs. H.B. Kernodle, Jr.
by David & Shelly Lassiter
by Janet Lassiter
by Wendy & Greg Lunsford
by Joncy Martin
by Keith & Beverly McAdams
by Tom & Gail McGowen
by Tim & Natalie Miles
by Norman & Joyce Mize
by Emily & Wayne Mobley
by John & Eleanor Moon
by Linda T. Moore
by Sherrie Moore
by Bob & Sandi Moulton
by Walt & Motoyo Mussell

by Jeanette Newlin
by Ron & Janine Osborne
by Joey & Angela Parsons & family
by Michelle W. Peck
by Laura & Wade Pennington
by Presbyterian Women of
First Presbyterian Church
by Barry & Linda Raker
by Barbara K. Roberts
by James & Judith Rodgers
by Robert & Mary Ryan
by Dr. Bruce Shields & Nan Perkins
by Dr. & Mrs. Charles K. Scott
by Sara Sizemore
by Phillip and Marie Stuart
by Robert & Brenda Sykes
by Nancy L. Thomas
by Bill & Vera Thompson
by Jeremy & Cynthia Thompson
& family
by Laurence Tipton
by Linda Vaughn
by Tom & Vickie Whitaker
by Mrs. Charles Williams
by Kay & Jim Willoughby
by Carol Younger



Help us provide gifts to those in recovery this Christmas!

Every Christmas all the men and women in our 24 hour recovery programs receive gifts under the Christmas tree purchased with donations from members of the community! Some receive coats, shoes, work boots and all receive toiletries. This is a time we focus our attention to the residents and their own personal needs. Please consider making a donation so we can continue this practice!

My story will be similar to most residents at RTSA. The effect, though, will be truly personal. Unknowingly, I struggled early on with issues unrelated to alcohol or drugs. My inability to get answers, or even knowing when or who to ask, led me to depend on my own inexperience with life. I grew up with both parents. Neither of them drank or abused drugs, and neither expected or accepted a son who did. Feelings of guilt and shame shaped my life for the next twenty years. I have literally spent a good portion of my adult life in numerous treatment centers, slowly reclaiming my life. The continuous torture and endless repetition of addiction have broken my spirit and heart, till there is nothing left but to rebuild my life. Once again, I am committed to following the path of those who have been before me, one day at a time. RTSA has provided me with the opportunity to make positive steps to secure a productive future. Here, I feel like they take a hands-on approach in a family-like atmosphere, which from my experience is rare in residential treatment. I will always be grateful for my time here and for being given a second chance.

Feelings of Guilt and Shame shaped my life for 20 years

R. B.

RTSA is a safe place for me to recover. It's a place where I have been able to work on myself in all aspects of my life. I have a chance to work on learning to love myself first and foremost. While doing so, I'm able to learn what my purpose is, and being here has given me a chance to read a book I found in my room by chance. While I was putting my things away in the drawers of my room, I ran across a book called, *The Purpose Driven Life* by Rick Warren. I didn't know who Rick Warren was, so I took the book and put it in the bottom drawer. As days went by, something kept telling me to look at the book. One day, as I was looking for something, I ran across it again. I took the book out, and something told me to read it, so I opened it and started reading. Now, I know what that something was: my Lord God, my Lord Jesus Christ speaking to me. My higher power, which I choose to call God, urged me to start reading this book, and now I'm surrendering my life to God and my savior Jesus Christ. My walk through recovery goes one day at a time here at RTSA and for the rest of my life with Jesus and my Father God.

My walk through recovery goes one day at a time

R. M.

I don't know where I would be without RTSA, it is an amazing program. It is one of a kind in North Carolina. It is the only no cost program that is not peer led with professional staff that I could find. RTSA is saving lives, and building futures. The biggest thing I like about this program is it's focus on reintegrating you with society. At every point along the journey of recovery and rejoining society staff are there to help. Transportation to work, doctors, and schools are provided. I am so thankful for this program, I feel like I have a new lease on life. I can't wait until everything comes together and I can repay RTSA for all the amazing things this program has done for me.

RTSA is saving lives and building futures

T. Q.

Thank You!

.....to the **Youths' Friends Association** for their kind donation of \$4,000 to assist RTSA with providing treatment to those in need. This comes at a crucial time due to the COVID-19 crisis and the hard times people are experiencing with substance abuse and mental illness.



Several men who went through our Hall Avenue facility for treatment of their substance abuse wanted to give back to the organization because of the gratitude they had for the program. These men met several times to discuss the possibility of helping out the organization and decided that they would form an alumni association where they could be available for newcomers coming into the program by giving them guidance, strength and hope. Once we can have fundraisers, they have plans to assist. They especially want to help at Christmas where they were utterly amazed that they all had Christmas gifts under the tree on Christmas morning and that strangers actually cared.

The only requirements to be a member of the Alumni Association are to be a past resident of RTSA and maintaining sobriety. Contact Michael Perryman, President at 336-264-5920 for more information.

The following have made memorials and/or honorariums since our last newsletter.

Memorials

Phyllis DeRita

by Linda Douglas

Alfred D. Fogleman

by Martha S. Fogleman

Susan Hutton Goss

by Bonnie McDonald

Bob Hykes

by Kathy Hykes

Shirley Lane

by Sherrie Moore

John Montague

by Cary Montague

Steven Nix

by Steve Walton

Shawn Post

by Steve Walton

Bill Sharpe

by Barbara Sharpe

Rev. Norman M. Whitney, Sr.

See Page 3

Robert Windham

by Gary Ander

Honorariums

To All Those Struggling with Addiction

by an Anonymous Donor

Mr. & Mrs. Charles C. Grady, III

by Charles & JoAnn Grady

Ben Holt

by Sid & Diane Holt

Harry & Helen LeGette

by Jane & Tony Ferrita

Tom Whitaker

by Dick & Linda Fisher



Hall Avenue Facility

17 New Twin XL Mattresses for the

Men's Residential Beds

Disc Golf Basket

More Outside Lighting

Concrete Pad for the Basketball Goal

Crestview Men's Home

Laptop for Zoom Meetings

New Living Room Furniture

Sheets, Towels, Pillows, Mattress

Covers, Bedspreads

4 New Shower Curtains & Bath Mats

Crestview Women's Home

Laptop for Zoom Meetings

New Vacuum Cleaner (lightweight)

Sheets, Towels, Pillows, Mattress

Covers, Bedspreads

4 New Shower Curtains & Bath Mats

Two small Televisions

Mebane St. Women's Recovery Home

Blood Pressure Cuff

New Carpet throughout the house

New landscaping for the front of the house

5 Bedrooms Curtains/Drapes

New Sturdy Vacuum Cleaner

6 White Boards for each Resident

Standing easel & table top white

board for meetings

Trollinger Treasures

Large Storage Building built out back

Newspapers for wrapping glassware

Grocery bags for customers

Bubble wrap

Administrative Offices

Paint the outside of the building and

make small repairs

New Vacuum Cleaner (lightweight)

A Personal Biography

At age 14, I was introduced to weed by a friend. I didn't get high the first time I tried it, but before I could say I didn't like it, he made me try it again. That time I got high, and I fell in love with the feeling. I never used to smoke cigarettes because I used to hate them. I grew up playing sports and racing dirt bikes. I never got into a bad crowd, but that all changed when I started smoking weed. I moved down to North Carolina from Michigan and didn't fit in because I talked funny, and everyone called me a Yankee. I found a spot where I did fit in, which was in the streets, skipping school, and doing things I shouldn't have been doing. I got into other drugs like CCCs, cough syrup, and pills. I didn't want to drop out of school.

If I could, I would go back to when I was 16 and would listen to my principal. He said there's nothing good that happens in the streets, and I will only be doing drugs, going to jail, or will end up dead. But I didn't listen. At the age of 16, I went to my first rehab program, which was in Aberdeen, North Carolina, and completed it. Within two weeks of returning home, I started relapsing again. My parents got tired of it, so they sent me back up to Michigan to stay with my grandparents so I could restart my life. But low and behold, I got caught back up with my friend that first introduced me to weed. We started trying different drugs like molly, Adderall, and other things. But like always, I screwed up and got in trouble.

My grandma made me go to a rehab facility, which I did not complete. She let me come back to her house, and of course, I started using and getting in trouble again. Around that time I got into trouble, I went to jail in Detroit. During my time incarcerated, I got word that my grandfather was very ill. A friend of mine that was a police officer went to court for me so I could get out on his name to go spend time with my grandfather before he passed. Well, as soon as I got to the hospital, I went down to the gift shop and stole DXM pills just to get high. My aunt saw that I was high and didn't even let me go into the hospital room because it would upset my grandmother. She followed me home and gave me an ultimatum that I go to this rehab place or I have to leave and find my own way. This went on back and forth, in and out of jail for about half a year. When I got out of jail, I huffed air duster, and for about three days straight I didn't eat or even shower. I managed to get a ride close enough to the hospital, by the way, it was the middle of winter, and I chose to walk to the store, which was further away from the hospital. I stole three cans of air duster so I knew that I would have enough to last me all night because I was going to fall asleep in the room at the hospital where my grandfather was.

The next day, when my grandmother woke me up, she asked me if she got me a bus ticket would I go back down to North Carolina. I said yes because I had this bright idea that I would run from my charges in Michigan and restart my life back in North Carolina. That being said, I now have to wait 7 years to go back to Michigan because of the statute of limitations. The downside to all this was that I missed my grandfather's funeral, which I still regret and still beat myself up for. But, I'm learning to forgive myself for it. As soon as I got back down to North Carolina, within 48 hours, I was already arrested for huffing, shoplifting, and larceny. I started serving years in jail left and right. As soon as I got out of jail, I would catch the same charges over and over again.

When I got out of jail, my parents paid for my first month in a hotel, but one night I decided to buy a beer. Even though I knew that it would backfire, I did it anyway. I went home and started fighting with my wife, Cassandra. I made her take me to where I could get high on meth. That was the first day of my downward spiral to the point where I woke up and realized the damage that I had done. March 28, 2020, was the day that I gave myself over to my higher power, that I would stay sober, and that I would let him or her guide me through life. Now, I am seven months sober and have so many goals that I want to achieve. I know I am on the right track.

J. G.