



WEBSITE PROGRAMS ARTICLES REVIEWS INFO APPOINTMENTS CONTACT

Testimonials

Amanda A.

This program helped me to look at the parts of my life I was ignoring & refused to see. Once I recognized & accepted these situations, I started doing the healing & recovery work!

Thank you ADAAP.

Austin C.

The staff here is very attentive, informational & they keep you on the road to recovery. The hours are flexible & the prices are affordable.

Judy M.

Without a doubt, hands down, ADAAP is the finest IOP rehab in all of Austin! Their staff is first class & their curriculum provides clients the tools to deal with their recovery & relapse prevention! ADAAP counselors help participants to openly examine themselves & their life choices, so they can be healed! *I thoroughly recommend this awesome place!*

Savion

This program is good. People are easy to get along with, being together in staying sober. I've been working out more (taking care of my body) & actually *spending more time with my family!*

Tiffany M. » (2014 ADAAP IOP Graduate)

This program definitely works. It helped me not only how to stay sober but to want to stay sober. Hearing everyone gave me an insight as to where I want to be.

Karen

I've been in other treatment programs before where they focused just on the steps & not on you as a person. At ADAAP, I learned a lot about myself & how to love myself. I didn't have much self esteem when I started the program. I learned I'm a good person despite my past guilt & shame.



WHAT'S GOING ON AT ADAAP

January, February & March, 2018

ONGOING PROGRAMS

IOP 6 WEEKS (10 HRS/WEEK)

DAYS M, Tu, W 9:30 am-1:00 pm
NIGHTS Tu, W, Th 6:00 pm-9:30 pm
WEEKENDS Sat & Sun 9:00 am-2:00 pm

RIOP - 8 WEEKS

AFTERCARE (1 HR/SESSION)

Wed 10:30am, Thu 6:00pm & Sat Noon

INTAKES

Monday - Friday 10:00 am - 4:00 pm

ADAAP Newsletter
January, 2018



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Austin, TX 78752
512-454-8180

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Entertaining Angels, Unawares

submitted by Karen McGriff, Texas

One September morning, in 1960, I woke up with 6 hungry babies & just 75 cents in my pocket. The boys ranged from 3 months to 7 years old, their sister was barely 2 & their father was long gone.

Their Dad had never been more, than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway, they would scramble to hide under their beds. He did manage to leave \$15 each week, for groceries. Now that he decided to leave, there would be no more beatings,, but no food either. If there was a welfare system in effect in Southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it.

I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new & then put on my best homemade dress. I loaded them into the rusty old '51 Chevy & drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store & restaurant in our small town. No luck. The kids stayed, crammed into the car & tried to be quiet while I attempted to convince whomever would listen that I was willing to learn to do anything.

The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called The Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place & she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour & I could start that night.

I raced home & called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come & sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on & the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal. that night when the little ones & I knelt to say our prayers, we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job.

And so I started at The Big Wheel. When I got home in the mornings, I woke the baby-sitter up & sent her home with 1 dollar of my tip money--fully half of what I averaged every night. As the weeks went by, heating bills added another strain to my meager wages. The tires of the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons & began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work & again every morning before I could go home.

(weekends as needed)

DRUG & ALCOHOL URINALYSIS

Current Clients \$50.00

DOT Drug & Alcohol Assessment

Monday - Friday 9:30 am - 4:00 pm
(Or by appointment)

UPCOMING CLASS SCHEDULES

DWI (12 HR) 1ST TIME OFFENDERS \$70

Supervised by Nicki Davey Since 2002
512-422-1370 or AustinEducationServices.com

WEEKEND 01/19 - 01/21/2018

Friday, 01/19/18	6:30pm - 10:30pm
* Arrive by 6:15pm for paperwork	
Saturday, 01/20/18	2:00pm - 6:00pm
Sunday, 01/21/18	2:00pm - 6:30pm

WEEK-DAY (AM) 01/23 - 01/25/2018

Tuesday, 01/23/18	10:00am - 2:00pm
* Arrive by 9:45am for paperwork	
Wednesday, 01/24/18	10:00am - 2:00pm
Thursday, 01/25/18	10:00am - 2:30pm

WEEKEND 02/02 - 02/04/2018

Friday, 02/02/18	6:30pm - 10:30pm
* Arrive by 6:15pm for paperwork	
Saturday, 02/03/18	2:00pm - 6:00pm
Sunday, 02/04/18	2:00pm - 6:30pm

WEEKEND 02/16 - 02/18/2018

Friday, 02/16/18	6:30pm - 10:30pm
* Arrive by 6:15pm for paperwork	
Saturday, 02/17/18	2:00pm - 6:00pm
Sunday, 02/18/18	2:00pm - 6:30pm

WEEKEND 03/02 - 03/04/2018

Friday, 03/02/18	6:30pm - 10:30pm
* Arrive by 6:15pm for paperwork	
Saturday, 03/03/18	2:00pm - 6:00pm
Sunday, 03/04/18	2:00pm - 6:30pm

WEEKEND 03/23 - 03/25/2018

Friday, 03/23/18	6:30pm - 10:30pm
* Arrive by 6:15pm for paperwork	
Saturday, 03/24/18	2:00pm - 6:00pm
Sunday, 03/25/18	2:00pm - 6:30pm

Drug Offender Education Program

ADAP 15 Hour DOEP \$90

January 22nd » 31st	Mon, Wed, Friday + Mon, Wednesday 1 - 4:00pm	
February 5th » 9th	Mon-Friday 6:00 - 9:00pm	
March 13th » 17th	Tues-Friday 6 - 9:00pm + Saturday 1 - 4:00pm	

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home & found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana? I made a deal with the owner of the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

I was now working 6 nights instead of 5 & it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming & I knew there would not be money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint & started repairing & painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on the boys' pants & soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve, the usual customers were drinking coffee in The Big Wheel. These were the truckers: Les, Frank, & Jim, & a State Trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion & were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around & talked through the wee hours of the morning & then left to get home before the sun came up. When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, I hurried to the car. I was hoping the kids wouldn't wake up before I managed to get home & get the presents from the basement & place them under the tree. (We had cut down a small cedar tree by the side of the road down by the dump.) It was still dark & I couldn't see much, but there appeared to be some dark shadows in the car--or was that just a trick of the night? Something certainly looked different, but it was hard to tell just what.

When I reached the car, I peered warily into one of the side windows. Then my jaw dropped in amazement. My old battered Chevy was full--full to the top with boxes of all shapes & sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, scrambled inside & kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box: It was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes. There were candy & nuts & bananas & bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, & canned vegetables & potatoes. There was pudding & Jell-O & cookies, pie filling & flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies & cleaning items. And there were 5 toy trucks & a beautiful little doll.

As I drove back through empty streets while the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning. Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December. And they all hung out at The Big Wheel truck stop. I BELIEVE IN ANGELS! They live next door, around the corner, work in your office, patrol your neighborhood, call you at midnight to hear you laugh & listen to you cry, teach your children, & you see them every day without even knowing it!



My Grandma Knows Everything!

©1999 Carol Laycock, Alberta, Canada

Grandma is 98 this Christmas. In spite of declining health, she forges on with characteristic determination, hope, & wit. We thought we might lose her last October - how many more heart attacks can her frail body take? But true to form, Grandma rallied again. "I couldn't miss a Christmas party, now could I?" she quipped on the way home from the hospital. "No, Grandma," I laughed. "It wouldn't be a party without you."

I remember my first Christmas party with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb. "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!" My grandma is not the gushy kind, never was. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, & I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her world-famous cinnamon buns.

Grandma was home, & the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me. "No Santa Claus!" she snorted. "Ridiculous! don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, & it makes me mad, plain mad. Now, put on your coat, & let's go." "Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second cinnamon bun. "Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything.

As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days. "Take this money," she said, "& buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned & walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big & crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, & who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew, my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church. I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobbie Decker. He was a kid with bad breath & messy hair, & he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's grade two class. Bobbie Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out for recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note letting the teacher know that he had a cough, & he didn't have a coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobbie Decker a coat.

DWI Intervention Program**ADAAP 8 Week DIN (32 hrs) \$200**February 5th » March
28th, 2018Mondays & Wednesdays
3:00 - 5:00pm*** Class Maximum: 15**

I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, & he would like that. The lady behind the counter asked kindly, "Is this a Christmas present for someone? "as I laid my ten dollars down. "Yes," I replied shyly. "It's ... for Bobbie." The nice lady smiled at me. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag & wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper & ribbons, & write, "To Bobbie from Santa Claus" on it. Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobbie Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now & forever officially one of Santa's helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobbie's house, & she & I crept noiselessly & hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going." I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell & flew back to the safety of the bushes & Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, & there stood Bobbie.

Forty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my grandma in Bobbie Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were -- ridiculous. Santa was alive & well, & we were on his team.

[**Click Here To Get Started**](#)

Never forget you are an amazing, powerful, brilliant, awesome, unique Divine creation! There is no one else like you or ever has been like you in all of history! Now go forth & spread the Love of God today!

HAVE A RECOVERY-FILLED (& THANKFUL) DAY!!

