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Laura the Potter

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day...fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way. Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town. Waiting for someone or something to show you the way. Most of you know by now that I write about what ever seems to be happening in my world at the moment, kind of fly off the hip kind of thing. Well, this month I really tried to think of something to write about, I've been terribly busy, and couldn't come up with anything to talk about really...until yesterday. If you don't already know, I quit drinking. It's been 55 days as of today's writing. So, I'm in recovery. I spoke to this woman (my Sponsor) on the phone twice, and had the privilege to meet her yesterday. I'm gearing up for writing a personal inventory and she told me to start with resentments. I expressed to her "I honestly – Thank God don't harbor resentments, I can think of only a couple of things that still piss me off when I think about it...but I really don't like hanging on to anger, and tend to deal with things as they come up and then simply let them go. She said "Ok, good, get that down on paper and then let's start dealing with your FEARS." Now...We had only about 15 minutes of personal contact and she had the audacity to hit the nail on the head with me. Yep...there are fears alright! I'm a single woman, trying not to be a starving artist, with lots of bills to pay to manage my studio/apartment. Sometimes I do feel like I'm hanging on with quiet desperation. My income is solely based on my teaching and pottery and I have to go out there and schedule classes, and try to get more big orders for business logo pottery, and look months ahead at how I'm going to make it that month. And frankly, it's hard! The past year, with the gas prices, enrollment is down. And it's costing me a lot more to drive to schools. Scary...you bet. I have no insurance and an old rusty little truck (but I do love Rusty). I don't have future plans. I have no security in any area of my life. The sun is the same in a relative way but you're older...shorter of breath...and one day closer to death. Anybody that knows me knows I'm a very positive person. These fears at times become very overwhelming. I'm behind, but I did the best thing for myself by going into treatment, knowing that I would not be working or making any money for a month didn't matter to me, I needed help. The biggest trigger for me is when I start to worry about things. Frankly, I'm not getting any younger. People are telling me how good I look. I don't see that in the mirror. I don't like getting older! It sucks!!!! Margaritas!!! I make the best margaritas! I'll take out my pretty glasses with the cactus on the stems.



Right now I think I would slam down a couple shots of tequila as I'm making them. Yea, that would help. Margaritas were a Monday night tradition for a Long time! Drink those and groan at the Paul, Pauly, and Mikey show.

I have had somebody tell me a few times that I should get a "regular job" and that sends me into a freaking rage! I have been a full time Potter for 15 years! I've been doing it single for 8. I've been in Silver Creek for 3 ½ years now, and yes, it has been more difficult, but it is who I am, what I am good at, and what I HAVE to do, and I don't mind – for the most part – some of the things I have to sacrifice to be who I am. I don't need a lot of things. What I really need is a secretary! I just need to figure out some new creative ways to make more money, complete a whole personal inventory and then...by going thru what I need to, something good will happen – I know it. I used to drink to numb all these stresses and fears, but being in that comfortably numb state made things worse. I am not going to write about my recovery every month ok...it is just so "in my face" right now. I've gone to a biker wedding with a bunch of drinking buddies and did very well. I went to the Silver Creek Street Dance – and its tradition that I get drunk at that every year! I did just fine. I've been drinking that fake beer at those events. I'm thinking to myself...this tastes really good! Almost like the real thing – and I don't know, I may be setting myself up for one day wanting the real thing if I continue to drink that. I'm new at this, my guts are all over the room, but I'm so much happier to be sober. I truly, from the bottom of my heart, no B.S. like being sober!!!! Who would have thunk it???? My bike is back in the shop again – I will explain later, but I didn't want to take my stupid truck to this biker wedding. My friend Janet let me borrow her wide glide – wow – that was fun! I left by myself at 10:15 from the wedding. It was time to leave. As it was literally raining bugs on my face but I felt so happy! I was so proud of myself, it was a beautiful night, and at 10:15 I was sharp on my bike! I loved it! That wide glide was awesome! I thanked God all the way home! I'm addicted to lip gloss and lip stick. I don't leave home without at least 4 different lip options in

*continued on page 20*

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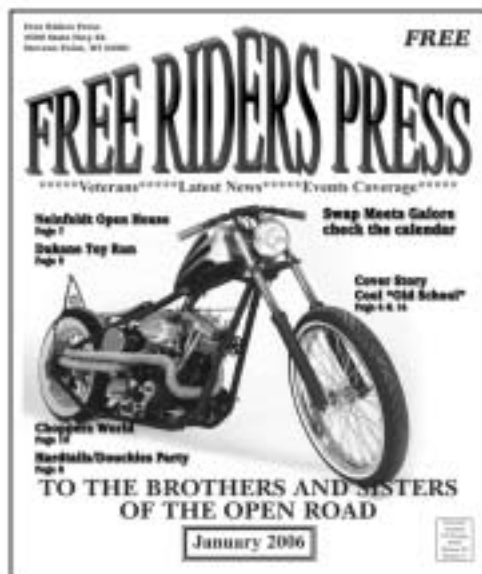
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