

Rice paper

Asian American Drug Abuse Program • Fall 1993



CHILI CHAMPS! AADAP Residents Garen, Kay and Brice proudly display their ladles and championship chili plaque presented to them for winning first place at ChiliVisions, an annual community chili cook-off and film screening sponsored by Visual Communications. "Mama Kay" came up with the winning recipe and was ably assisted by Garen and Brice.

C H I L I V I S I O N S ' 9 3

AADAP Residents Bring Home Chili Championship!

AT LAST!
After six unsuccessful tries by
AADAP staff chefs to become
Visual Communications' annual

chili cook-off champion, three AADAP residents
stepped up to the plate and delivered big time,
taking home the first place plaque, a new VCR
and agency bragging rights for a year.

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What Happened to the American Dream?

REFLECTIONS ON THE LOS ANGELES MELTING POT

By **ROBYN ELLIOTT** • AADAP Board President

“So how did you hook up with them?” This is the question I usually get when I ask people to participate in AADAP activities. The unspoken question is “How did an African American woman become a board member of an Asian American organization?” Now that I’m president, I really get strange looks. The short answer is that five years ago Mike Watanabe asked me to join the board after we met at a United Way function. I’ll get to the long answer later. As AADAP employees and clients know, probably only County USC hospital services more different ethnic groups than AADAP. Our board should reflect our clients and employees.

Usually Anglos and African Americans ask me how I became involved with the agency. Asians rarely ask the question. I’m not sure if this is due to cultural reticency or that the Asians I know figure that my Asian experience is not limited to them. Of course, this is one of the paradoxes of race relations in the U.S. Although Anglos and Blacks have ambivalent relations with each other, they always seem surprised when contact is made with ethnic groups other than themselves.

I am writing this after the “Rodney King civil rights violation” verdict, but before the “LA 5 - Reginald Denny” verdict. Like everyone else, I’ve given Los Angeles’ current racial state of affairs significant thought. Have we permanently or only temporarily averted civil unrest? Los Angeles has gone from being the land of milk and honey to the land of gangs and riots. How did this happen?

Although cultural differences explain part of our conflicts, economic factors are most powerful. We’re all here for the American Dream. All emigrants to California, whether 19th century Anglo gold rushers, Chinese workers and Japanese farmers, World War II vets and their families came for a better way of life for their families. And more recent Anglos and African Americans, Hispanics, Asians and others came for the same reasons. But the pie can only be sliced so thin. The pursuit of economic goals naturally encourages conflict with other ethnic groups. This happens all over the United States.

In the Northeast and Midwest U.S., whites are ethnically conscious, even of each

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AADAP Board President Robyn Elliott, center, pictured here with her sister and her father.

TWO AADAP JOB TRAINING PARTICIPANTS HONORED FOR EXCELLENCE

CARLOS MANALO

AADAP graduate Carlos Manalo fought his heroin addiction for 22 years—and was losing. Manalo, now 39 and a recent JTPA alumni award recipient, entered AADAP in 1991, after numerous stays in hospital psychiatric wards in the Philippines and five different drug abuse treatment programs.

“I think when I got to AADAP, it was my time,” said Carlos. “I had finally bottomed out, so to speak. My experience in the program was the hardest thing I had ever done in my life.”

Born and raised in the Philippines, Carlos says he was the outcast in family, constantly compared to his cousins and never recognized by his abusive mother. By age 11, he was in a gang. By 13, he was doing drugs, using and abusing barbituates, reds, marijuana and LSD. For the next 22 years—in the Philippines, in school for four years in England, in New York, San Francisco and finally Los Angeles he was in and out of programs, in and out of jobs, without purpose or direction.

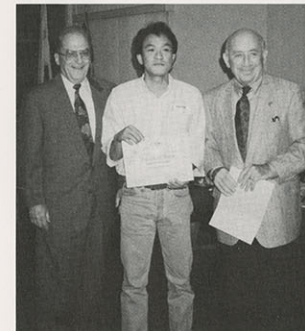
“Then I saw a commercial for AADAP on TV late at night,” said Carlos. Six months later, he was in the program. “The groups really helped me,” he said. “They put me in a spot where I had to choose: am I going to stay here or am I going to go out and screw up again?”

But the big turning point for Carlos was when he got backphased. Up to that point, he said he was “cruising” through the program, making all the right moves, saying all the right things. “That was the start of the turnaround. It was either go or grow and I stayed. But it wasn’t easy from then on. From then on, it was an uphill climb.”

A climb in which he’s still climbing. But along the way, he has reached new heights. Through AADAP’s JTPA program, he landed a job with Search to Involve Pilipino Americans (SIPA), where he works with inner city Pilipino youth.

“I use my experience as a deterrent and they know they can’t fool me or lie to me because they know I know. The reward to me is

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Carlos Manalo (center), AADAP Graduate and JTPA Alumnus, receives his reward at a recent award ceremony.

DEBRA WILLIAMS

Through AADAP and its JTPA job training program, Debra Williams has turned her life around and was recently recognized as an outstanding JTPA alumni.

Two years ago, Debra, 36, entered AADAP’s Outpatient counseling program as a single mother with a drug problem, had a child custody case with the Department of Children’s Services and was dependent on welfare and her relatives for support.

In just two years, Debra, who started her on-the-job training as a counter person at London Dry Cleaners in February of 1991, has proven herself to be one of the businesses most valued employees.

“I like my job and the people I work with,” she said.

But it wasn’t always this way. When she and her former husband were doing crack cocaine, she lost her car, got fired from her job, had to move out of her apartment and lost custody of her child—all within two years.

“People didn’t know I was getting high,” she said. “No one found out until the baby was born.”

She smoked for two years, never having touched drugs until then. “I did a lot in those two years. I would stay up two days straight and just smoke continuously. I think back now and ask myself how I ever did that. I can’t stay up past 10 o’clock now.”

When she lost custody of her child, that’s when she decided she needed to stop—first for her child’s sake, and then later, for herself.

“I like this place,” she said of her counseling at AADAP. “Even after I graduated, they still called me and kept in touch with me. That made me feel like they really cared.”

She has now improved her relationship with her daughter and is allowed to see her on a regular basis. And she also remarried to a man she met on a bus during last year’s LA riots.

Her current husband doesn’t drink, smoke or do drugs. “It makes life easier for me.”



JTPA Alumnus and awardee Debra Williams

ROBYN ELLIOTT

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 other. Back there the term "Anglos" is not used loosely for White people. Whites identify whether they are Polish, Irish, Italian W.A.S.P. (White Anglo Saxon Protestant) or Jewish and even discriminate against each other. As we all know, in the South, whites aren't worried about categorizing each other, they're only worried about categorizing African Americans; other races exist in limbo, not White and not black.

The long answer to why I'm involved with AADAP is that I've lived all over the United States. My father was in the Marine Corps and we lived in seven different states and one foreign country. I've been exposed to the north, south, midwest and west. I went to high school in Hawaii. Hawaii is very unique: it's the only state where Anglos are a minority. On the mainland, Anglos dominate and although we discriminate among ourselves, Blacks and other minorities attempt to be allies. Hawaii is the only place I've ever been where Asians dominate and Anglos assimilate. Blacks are a negligible part of the population but Pacific Islanders seem to play our role there. Race relations are stabilized by the intermixing of races.

To me L.A. is still the American Dream and I can't figure out what went wrong here. Here we have the widest variety of ethnic groups in the country. And although L.A.'s been called a tossed salad rather than a melting pot, we used to live together tolerantly. Although conflict did and does exist between Anglos and other ethnic groups, we didn't have the armed combat that we see now between Koreans, Blacks and Hispanics.

Has familiarity brought contempt? Are there too many different types of people trying to fulfill their dreams in one very crowded place? There are no easy answers to these questions. But the violence and lack of patience in our mainstream culture are having tragic results. Like with the drug problem, we can't simplify the solution and "just say no." As individuals we must try to effect change. We have to work together for us all to achieve the American Dream.

Robyn Elliott is the current board president and has lived in Los Angeles 14 years.



R-E-S-P-E-C-T...That's what the NYPUM kids got recently—a new respect for the work they do at "The Seedling" in helping the homeless and a real feeling of contributing to a worthy cause. The youth who participated include (l-r) Nicholas Edwards, Kip Tsushima, Vincente Booth, Keven Warren, Teddy Christmas and NYPUM Youth Worker Jose Esqueda.

Feeding The Homeless

NYPUM KIDS HELPS OUT IN THE COMMUNITY

By **GREGG MURAKAMI** • NYPUM Coordinator

Earlier this Summer, five participants in the National Youth Project Using Mini-bikes (NYPUM) arrived at the Seedling, a social service agency located at the corner of Broadway and Gage in South Central Los Angeles, which provides food and clothes to low income and homeless people and their families. We were there to lend a helping hand.

We were escorted to the back of the agency past the waiting area where people were waiting for their turn to be called to receive their food basket, and the opportunity to rummage through clothes to take. Adult and youth volunteers supervised the clothing area and sorting the clothes. Half of the NYPUM group assisted in this process and also dismantled cardboard boxes for scrap.

The other half of the NYPUM group went inside the office and stocked shelves with canned goods, baby food and juices. Produce was also sorted and put into bags that would eventually go into baskets for people. From time to time, all volunteers would unload trucks that were bringing more food.

Our initial stay lasted three and a half hours; we would return in the next two weeks on Tuesday afternoons to continue our support and service. The agency shut down for the greater part of August and the beginning of September, and as it resumes

its services we will continue to help.

Although we were helping others who were less fortunate than ourselves, we also benefitted. Nicholas Edwards, a 13-year-old participant with the NYPUM program commented: "Helping at Seedling made me feel useful. I know that I was doing something good." Kevin Warren, another NYPUM participant, added: "It feels good to help other people."

Indeed it does. It also feels good to be working shoulder to shoulder with other volunteers from the community and neighborhood, young and older, to "do something good." Although strangers at the outset, within half an hour there is an unspoken deeper connection I was feeling because of the mutual commitment to help others and to "feel useful." I also became sensitized to the fact that homelessness and poverty is a result of a larger social problem; that this was not a daily issue for me made me realize that I was in part responsible for this problem.

The NYPUM group discussed our "social responsibility." We cannot leave it to others to take care of "our" problems. We are either part of the solution or part of the problem. At AADAP, people need people. The motto at the Seedling is "Care for one another." We found that it feels good to do just that.

LEAVING HOME

By **SOJI KASHIWAGI** • Communications Coordinator

One of the toughest things about working here is watching a resident walk out the door before completing the program. For whatever reason, they have decided that it's time, that's it, they're outta here.

But everyone here knows that the person is usually not ready, and when they up and leave, it usually means they're going right back out to the destructive lifestyle that got them in here in the first place. That means everything they've accomplished while in the program is gone just like that. It seems like such a waste of time, a waste of energy and a real waste of life. Some realize their mistake and come back. Others end up in other programs. Some, unfortunately and sadly, o.d and die.

As someone who has worked here for over six years, I have seen a lot of residents come and go, and although I do not work directly with them, I see them everyday and have watched some of them change and grow and become clean and productive again. Through various interaction, though limited to hellos in the hallway, softball games or working with them on mail-outs and other projects, I have gotten to know a number of them over the years.

And it always hurts when they leave. Over time, I have seen people check in here looking torn up, totally beaten, skinny, stinky and with no hope in their eyes. And over time, I have seen those same people take little steps to recovery. Residents who never said hello, now smile, say hello and ask how I'm doing. Residents who were thought of as "hopeless cases" all of a sudden start making changes. You can see the hope come back in their eyes, in their total spirit.

Seeing their progress lifts me, and reminds me what it is I'm doing here. I start to root for them as they move their way up toward graduation. Every step they take is a reward not only for them, but for all of us, for me.

And then, they leave. Just like that they're gone. I've come to work in the morning and have been told that a resident or two left during the night, without saying goodbye. And I'm left with a feeling of loss, of emptiness—and anger. I have felt stunned, upset and angry, but after "getting burned" several times I told myself no more. I won't get involved with them, I won't talk to them. Never again will I "let my guard down." But I am not a computer, programmed to shrug my shoulders as if I don't care, as if I have no feelings for the people who live and work here. I may not always show it, but my heart sinks when a resident I felt close to walks out the door.

"How can they do this to me?" I've felt. "How can they do this

to our staff here?" Our residential staff gives themselves, their energy and their hearts to our residents; I don't know how they make it through another day when someone they've invested so much in up and leaves. I guess you have to develop a thick skin to survive. You have to give all you got and then let go. But it's hard.

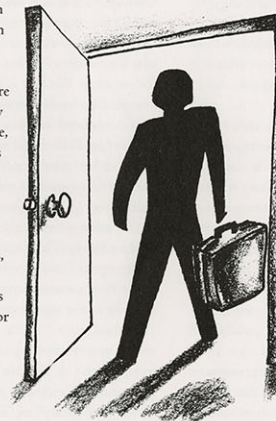
Today, Wilson, one of our residents, left the program. When he first came to AADAP, I felt a connection to him because he was born and raised in San Francisco, my home town. And when I heard he worked with cars, I sought him out to work on mine during his spare time on the weekends. Back home, Wilson worked as an auto mechanic with BMW. He knew his stuff, and he was good.

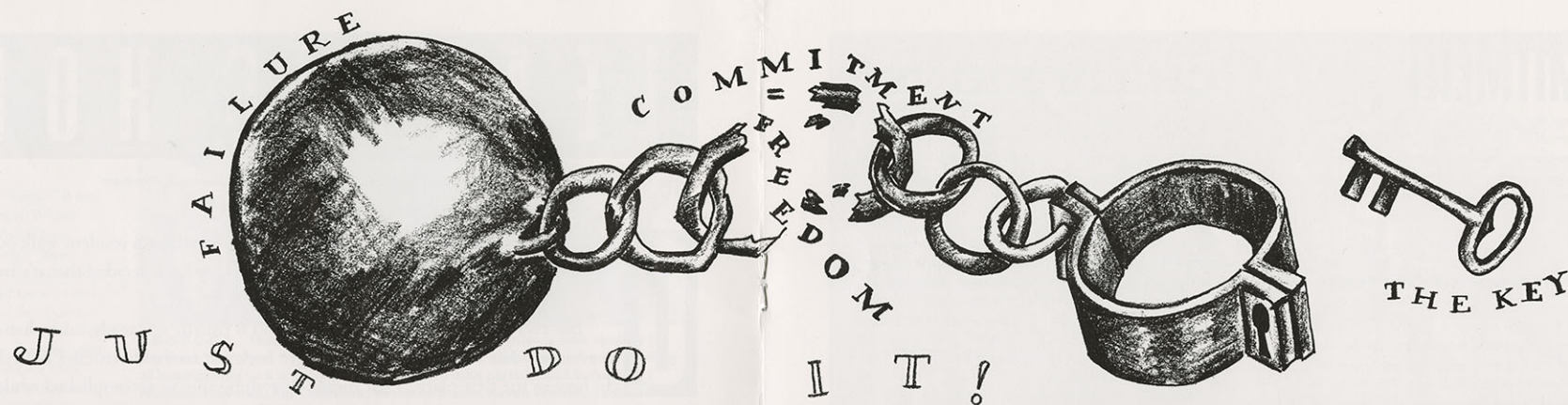
As he worked, he explained everything he was doing and completed a major tune up on my car, while also giving it a thorough check. When he finished, I walked away feeling that yes, there are honest mechanics in this world!

I've been told that Wilson is a "people pleaser," a term they use in residential referring to someone who does all he can to please others, to win their attention and affection by going overboard to please, while hiding their weaknesses which led to their drug abuse. Thinking back, Wilson probably is a people pleaser. He bent over backwards working on my car, making sure I was happy with the work he did, and offering his services to me should I need help again.

It is ironic to me that his people-pleasing ways often prevented him from getting the treatment he needed for himself. Seems to me we need a lot more people like him in this society. I guess I felt a connection to him because he was from home. But more than that, it was the rapport we had established. We both went through the

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COMMITMENTS CAN SET YOU FREE... BUT ARE YOU WILLING TO COMMIT?

By AL MIZUNO • Residential Director

Aside from the blessed few who sit on the right hand of Godzilla, the word *commitment* evokes spine-chilling fears which, for many, permeate the bone down to the marrow, so much so that some choose to live out their lives rooted to one spot, where it's safe and familiar, rather than risk committing to commitments.

Commitments scare the living as well as those who pretend to be. Mere mention of the word often triggers responses bordering on mild tremors to panic driven by a fear worse than death! At times I have felt that *commitment* was the conspiracy of wise men (or perhaps fools) to test our mettle and fortitude in dealing with our fear of failure.

Any commitment we make is almost always accompanied by some degree of self-doubt. "Can I do it? What are the sacrifices? How much PAIN are we talking about here?" So many uncertainties, not enough belief... in self, in others, and in the fundamental principles which govern everyday living. This *belief*, or the lack of it, usually determines how far we will go in committing to anything.

To many of us, commitments border on bondage. It represents chains, imprisonment, emasculation, etc. It also smacks of *closedness* and *permanence*. With this embedded in our subconscious, it is no wonder that most of us opt to retreat to higher grounds when confronted with the "Big C."

With commitments we fear what we know, and we fear what we don't know.

In committing to something we know, we may not be willing to endure again the "sacrifices" needed to succeed. Examples are quitting cigarettes, quitting drugs, see-saw diets, long-term relationships, school and higher education, etc. The accompanying stress and pressure learned from prior experiences are often too much to bargain for. So we don't commit.

Committing to something we know little or nothing about often gives rise to even greater anxieties. Buying a new home, relocation, marriage for the first time, parenthood, a career change, etc., can make a grown person cry.

To many of us commitment may forever remain a dirty word. We hate it as much as we hate neighborhood dogs using our front lawns for pit stops! We hate it because we *do not* believe it serves our better interest. We hate it because it challenges our self-esteem, our confidence level, and our ability to look in the mirror without shuddering. But what if we learned that commitments did, in effect serve our better interest? What if God came to us and said, "fool, without commitments you have nothing at all!". Wouldn't we at least check it out? I know I would.

We all waver when it comes to making commitments, some more so than others. There are those who enter into commitments with so many regrets that it is virtually impossible to succeed. These people fail in their commitments 90% of the time because they choose to hang on to the regrets rather than the commitment.

Others place "conditions" on every commitment made. They, too, have a mindset geared to failure. Conditions not met (and they usually aren't all the time) become excuses to run from any commitment made. Conditions placed on commitments are similar to using words like "I'll try" or "I'll give it my best shot" and so on. They are nothing more than excuses to fail. While it is true that we should all leave room for failure, there is a definite difference in the attitude of a failure and that of one who knows success. Those who place conditions on commitments have the attitude of a failure.

While it follows that making no commitments leads to no self-doubt, hence, no failure, the bad news is that without commitments it is impossible to develop any *direction* in life. And without direction we may as well "throw in the towel," retreat to a cozy corner of the world and *watch* as life passes by.

Without commitments we can no more lend *direction* to our lives

than can the tortoise *ever* outrun the hare. Those who run from commitments invariably end up like an underfed cow gnawing on dried twigs in the cool shade of a tree, while the rest of the herd are out feasting on green grass under the blazing sun. The proverbial *price* to pay is not always as "cool" as it seems coming out of the gate. Running from commitments eventually ends in a lifestyle devoid of quality, substance, or semblance of purpose.

Without commitments there is no need to plan for tomorrow's goals and dreams. Today is the *only* day we can hope to have. Tomorrow and the next day and the day after that will be no different from today. In time, our lives will lean a little on the down side of misery. Our one saving grace is that we look *hip, slick, and cool* as we pose at the corner liquor store at six in the morning or shuffle down the street, tack in our shoe, as we wonder where our next meal is going to come from and, equally important, when might that be. We don't have to look far to see the shiftless and non-directed, the *non-committed*, as they amble through life aimlessly waiting for something to happen, only to wake and wonder "what in the hell happened!?"

Those who see the value in commitments invariably discover that elusive "silver lining" said to grace every dark cloud overhead.

Rather than "confine," commitments serve to actually "free" us to pursue life to its fullest. Depending on our attitude we can choose to view commitments as a "no win" situation, or we can see them as a "can't lose" proposition.

Developing a can't lose attitude is not very hard to do. All we have to do is look back on our "successes." We succeeded because we "lived" the commitment. We didn't question, we didn't have ready-made excuses, and we sure as hell didn't live for that cool shade under the mangrove tree. We did what we had to do with what we had before us, and we lived the commitment. Even in failure we gained valued insight and experience into dealing with life.

So, where do we lose?

Commitments set us free... free to tap our creative juices as we fitfully undertake, for the first time, to overhaul our car's engine, free to realize our pain threshold as we run the 10K or sit in a Sweat Lodge, free to challenge our perseverance in committing to health and fitness demands, free to test our morality and integrity in our accountability to others; in short, free to challenge ourselves to the fullest! What more can we ask of living? True, there is that certain element called PAIN! But, damn...!

A major reason so many residents fail to complete residential treatment is their reluctance to commit. Or they have accompanying conditions, most definitely regrets. And you might throw in resentments, too. This being the case, "reasons" to leave are not hard to find. They can be found everywhere in the TC, every single minute of every single day!

Those who complete all "nine yards" develop that can't lose attitude at some point in their treatment. And, whether verbalized or not, they commit to attaining that ever elusive *alternative lifestyle*. Rather than snivel about the sad state they find themselves in, they create ways to deal with loneliness and isolation, boredom in daily routines, authority figures who "control" their lives and who commit countless "injustices" against them, rejection and mass confrontations from peers. Instead of *reacting* and running they *plan* to act in order to stay and finish what they started.

By any stretch of the imagination, the above is not very easy to fathom, much less commit to 16-19 months to as a "way of life." Yet, the few who commit to the challenges of the Therapeutic Community go on and *live* the "TC experience," a microcosm of frustrations and major disappointments as well as laughter, camaraderie and a deep sense of belonging. They go on to graduate with the insight that learning to make commitments in daily living is key to successful living.

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COMMITMENT

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There's a commercial on TV that simply says "Just Do It!" And it begins with a commitment. Those who are truly *alive* know this; the pretenders will continue to rationalize avoiding yet another commitment as it smacks them upside the head with promises of success.

A Commitment to Graduate

Sometime during his interim at AADAP, Jeff made a commitment to graduate the program...go the whole nine yards. He had never completed anything in his life. He always "ran" from life's challenges. The "magic" he found in drugs made it even that much easier to cope. "When the going gets tough, the tough get 'loaded,'" was the axiom he lived by.

In his commitment to graduate Jeff soon found that he had to change his *attitude* and respond to conflicts and crises much differently from ways he had been accustomed to in the past. In times of loneliness and depression, he sought out peers or staff for solace instead of moping in a corner somewhere feeling victimized.

When he found himself attracted to a female resident who showered him with attention, he chose to talk about his feelings in group as opposed to feeding into the "good feelings" he got from the budding relationship.

He once found \$20 while out on an appointment...and instead of "stashing" it (as most residents do) he chose to "look the fool" and turn it in to his counselor (as is the rule in the TC).

When he procrastinated too long on treatment criteria work, he was given a stipulation to get up at 4:00 am daily until he caught up. Another time he would have said, "Screw it, I'm outta here." But in living his commitment he only muttered obscenities every morning...as he rolled out of bed at four.

When he returned late from a pass, he was slapped with a 30-day house restriction and no privileges for 60 days. Again, another time and he would have been long gone. Instead, he used the time to keep up with additional criteria work, and he learned how to play Pinoacle, a card game he thought he could never get interested in, much less learn.

Jeff may graduate the program; maybe not. But his chances seem awfully good. He was overheard talking to a new resident about his newly acquired insight...into the need to accept loneliness and boredom as part of life, into understanding his vulnerability to a woman's attention, into the role "trust" plays in meaningful human interaction, into the importance of learning to be responsible and accountable and knowing the difference between the two...and it all began with a commitment.

—Al Mizuno

CHILIVISIONS: AADAP Residents Bring Home Championship

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Chilivisions, an annual fundraiser for the Asian American media arts organization Visual Communications, combines a community chili cook-off and film/video screening. AADAP has participated in the cook-off all seven years and have sent a variety of chefs including Mike Watanabe, Executive Director; Glenn Andres, APYP Director and Kimberly Hee, Outpatient Director, to name just a few. This was the first year the residents have participated.

"Mama Kay's Chili," a homemade concoction made with lots of cubed beef, ground turkey, ground beef and TLC, was the creation of resident Kay, who was ably and enthusiastically assisted by fellow residents Brice and Garen.

"When they announced the winner, it was the best feeling in the world to me," said a smiling Kay. "I felt good because it was something that I did on my own...I was happy for the rest of the night."

"I never won anything except a two dollar lottery ticket," said Garen.

"I was jumpin' up and down hollering and screaming," said Brice. "I was like, 'YEAH! WE WON!'"

What was the secret to success?

"I just put whatever I thought would be good in it," said Kay. "There was no particular recipe—it was whatever came to me." Before the cook-off Kay had made chili only one time in her life before—at the in-house cook-off held at AADAP, where her chili beat out a number of gourmet entries from agency staff.

At the VC cook-off, the AADAP team received a big assist from a volunteer on hand who went out and bought extra ingredients out of her own pocket when it was clear they did not have enough to fill the large pot.

"She was really nice, and I was really grateful to her," said Kay.

Kay, who said she was nervous as event attendees lined up to try the chilis, relaxed more when people came back for seconds and felt good when the pot kept getting lower and lower. The other chilis, said the three chefs, had good looking stuff and good looking people handing it out, but the taste...

"Some had no spice, no beans, no meat. One had grease floating on top," said Kay.

"And one looked like baby food," said Garen, clearly disgusted at the thought.

After picking up the prize, the residents came back to the house, tired but happy.

"I had a lot of fun," said Kay. "It felt good being there representing the agency. And the people there were nice and pleasant and everyone made us feel welcome."

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL! AADAP Personnel Officer Glesteree "Barry Bonds" Blades reaches for a pitch low and inside at the annual Pacific Asian Unity Softball tournament held in September in Carson. AADAP staff and residents finished fourth and seventh respectively, but promise that next year will be OUR year. (We say that every year!)



AADAP REACHES OUT TO FEDERAL EMPLOYEES THROUGH COMBINED FEDERAL CAMPAIGN

AADAP is one of several local agencies which belong to the Combined Federal Campaign, a single, unified annual charitable fund drive for Federal employees to use through their payroll deductions.

Started in 1961, the Combined Federal Campaign (CFC) is conducted by the US Government for all military, civilian agency and postal workers worldwide. Nationally it's the single largest workplace fund drive in the country, raising an estimated \$180-190 million in the Fall, 1992 campaign.

"We're reaching out to Federal employees," said Susan Maquindang, AADAP's Fiscal Manager and board member of the Asian Community Fund of Southern California. "We're hoping Asians and non-Asians alike will consider us when making their payroll deductions."

During a six-week campaign period in the Fall, each Federal employee is given a payroll deduction pledge card and a brochure that lists all participating charitable organizations. Each organization's name is accompanied by a 25-word descriptive statement it has submitted, telephone number, administrative and fund raising overhead percentage and code number. (AADAP's code number for designated donations is 4060.)

Donors may also choose a federation such as the Asian Community Fund of Southern California, in which case it is up to the federation to divide the gift among its respective members. (AADAP is a member of the Asian Community Fund.)

BENEFIT CONCERT AADAP BENEFITS FROM "JAM FOR PEACE"

AADAP was one of 20 non-profit organizations which benefited from "Jam for Peace '93," a benefit concert presented by radio station VI03.9 earlier this year at the Irvine Meadows Amphitheater.

Over 30 of America's most popular recording artists donated their time to raise money for over 20 charities. All net proceeds were donated to these organizations, chosen for the outstanding work they do in a wide variety of ethnic communities to bring about peace on the streets. After expenses, AADAP received a total of \$1,750.00 from concert proceeds and an additional donation from the Sara Lee Corporation.

Artists appearing included Arrested Development, Shai, Portrait, Bobby Ross Avila, Levert, Silk, L.L. Cool J., Chucki Booker, Ce Ce Peniston, Chante Moore, Wrecks N' Effect, Howard Hewitt, P.M. Dawn, Neneh Cherry, Shanice, Positive K, Pete Rock C.L. Smooth, Toni Braxton, Michael Cooper, House of Pain, Miki Howard, Black Sheep, and over 18 other national recording artists.

Along with the star-studded line-up, celebrity guest M.C.'s—MTV's Dr. Dre, Ed Lover, Bill Bellamy and Todd I appeared as well as the VI03.9 on air staff and crew.

Sponsors for the concert included Ticketmaster, MTV and the new VI03.9 FM, serving the Southland from the Los Angeles area to the Inland Empire and Orange County.

AADAP staff members Mark Manzo and Rebecca Shaw attended the all-day event on behalf of the agency.

Along with AADAP, other charities chosen from a list of hundreds of organizations included: Al Wooten Jr. Heritage Youth Center, Arsenio Hall's Unity House (F.A.M.E. Church), Athlete's for Life, Brotherhood Crusade's Rescue Units, Challengers Boys and Girls Club, El Nido, Hands Across Watts, Inglewood YMCA, Mexican American Opportunities Fund, Kedren Community Center, Jenesse Center, Zenith Youth Home, Salvation Army, Booth Memorial Center, Su Casa Family Service Center, Union Rescue Mission, Venice Boys and Girls Club, Watts-Willowbrook Boys and Girls Club, Weingart YMCA and Young People for Young People.

RESIDENT'S CORNER

"Where Will I Be In A Year And How Am I Going To Get There?"

Hmmm...Well in a year hopefully I plan

to be completed and independent which I've never been. I guess I really look forward to it! I plan to have a job earning a living, and work on lowering my expectations of others and things beyond my control. Overall, I just hope to be back in society, "clean," coping with all the discomforts of life!

How do I plan to get there? I plan to get there by using a few skills which AADAP has helped developed within me. The practice of everyday situations humbles me a lot! Also I know I really have to express more and more of my feelings and it's okay. It's getting a little easier for me! The longer I stay and listen, I fear less the problem I have with feeling weak and vulnerable. That's a big one for me, but most of all, whatever I have to do I just hope with all that has become of me that I find some peace of mind in it all!

—By Garen



I can see the real fictional value in this article. I can want so much for myself within a year's time by just imagining or of dreams. But being as honest and realistic as possible, I find myself in a bind, guessing and wondering at times.

Hopefully, my awkward dismay will wither away while I search for the answers to the many questions as to why and what makes me do the things I do. So realistically at this point in my life within a year I hope to accomplish my independence while at the same time identify with my feelings and values, connecting my thinking with the heart and viscera, and establishing a sincere relationship with my family.

This to me is quite an undertaking, an obvious cause and crusade imposing a seriousness I've not yet to have faith in. I trust myself too much and the thoughts associated; this thinking I've come to understand fools and prevents any progress. If I'm to accomplish anything positive in here and in life, I'll need to alter my way of thinking and have faith in AADAP.

—By Kidd



I see myself growing into a honest,

mature person with a good attitude. Being responsible and accountable dealing with situations about myself in the past and present. Living in a therapeutic community has been rough for me, having been here before for a total of two years.

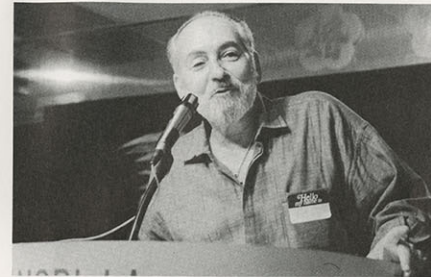
This is my third time at AADAP and I'm very serious about being here. I get involved with myself and the house. Being a dope fiend for so long is very hard work. Now with the energy I have now, I will use it in a positive manner.

At this moment, I've learned a great deal about myself and my defects in not dealing with my emotions expressing to people that have hurt me and vice-versa. My weak points in being a people pleaser has had a big effect on being used and taken advantage of.

However, I've also been a big part of my depression. I also have made amends to the people I've hurt. A relationship was a big part of a pain full of great loss in my heart because of my drug problem. I also learned about dealing with my patience and others. Going through this process has showed me a way to a new direction in regards with a fair attitude about sobriety and life period.

To accomplish these goals, I have to keep all this treatment in front of me about never forgetting where I come from. I'm in the process of moving on to the work phase. I'll be dealing with people and being rejected. I'll get a quick slap of reality as soon as I walk out

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TEN YEARS OF SERVICE: Outpatient Assistant Coordinator Jim Goodman was recently honored for ten years of service to AADAP at the agency's annual board/staff meeting over dinner at Shangri-La Restaurant. Also honored for ten years of service was NYPUM Coordinator Gregg Murakami.

TOMMY R.

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the door. Society will either be with me or against me.

I also have to remember that life is not always what we want. I need to stay in touch with my peers and staff to help me through. I would like to work with teenagers that are in the phase of dealing with peer pressure. Everything that revolves around the new generation is their future. I would help them from my experience and help them acknowledge what life can be—negative and positive.

If not, I'll get back to shipping and receiving or construction. I'll save money so that I will become independent, and stay in my own apartment. Attending school is also very important to me. I do feel that if I get a job being accountable will also benefit me in my sobriety.

Going through every phase is very important. Also this will help me to accomplish my goal to be part of the AADAP Family which will build up my self worth to be a better clean, sober and happier person. This is how I'll get to where I see myself in a year.

—By Tommy R.

CARLOS MANALO

Continued from page 3

when I ask them to show up and they're there. Seeing them doing good in school, staying out of trouble and doing something for themselves. That's reward enough for me."

As for Carlos, he says he's finding his direction, day to day, as he goes along. Right now he's going back to school to get a counseling certificate from the California Addiction Training Institute. Eventually, he says, he wants to become an executive director of an agency.

"It's a thought. It's what I want."

AADAP PEOPLE

MILESTONES: A big high ten to Outpatient Assistant Coordinator **JIM GOODMAN** & NYPUM Coordinator **GREGG MURAKAMI**, who both celebrated their **10 year anniversaries** with AADAP this year...

THE GRADUATES: CONGRATULATIONS to AADAP staff members **MARK MANZO** and **REBECCA SHAW** who graduated from AADAP's Residential Treatment Program on Friday, September 10! All right Mark and Becky!

THE BELLS ARE RINGING: Congratulations to Residential Counselor **SCOTT SONG** who married former AADAP staffer **CHERYL KONO** in August...And congratulations also go out to Outpatient Counselor **JOANETTA ROBINS**, who also tied the knot earlier this summer...And Communications Coordinator **SOJI KASHIWAGI** took off to Hawaii on vacation in August and came back an engaged man! The wedding will be some time next Fall...

Welcome aboard to the following new staff:

East/West Community Partnership: **ALLEN ONGCHANGIO, RHONDA RAMIRO, KIRSTEN GRIMM, SUGGIE OH, RACHELLE ANG & QUYNH TRAM-NGUYEN**

Indochinese Youth Center: **DUNG TRAN**

Residential: **JON FUKUDA, ARMANDO WOODS & LINDA WESLEY**

Outpatient: **HARUMI TAKAHAMA (intern)**

Community in Progress at William Mead: **CAROL ANN "JON JON" WRIGHT & ALEX NUNEZ**

SPECIAL DELIVERIES PERINATAL PROGRAM HAS NEW COORDINATOR: Congratulations to former counselor **EUNISE ASIS**, who is now the new coordinator for Special Deliveries...and congrats also to **BECKY SHAW**, who was named Assistant Coordinator...

WELCOME ABOARD: An AADAP welcome to new boardmember **DAVID YASUKOCHI**.

LEAVING...

Continued from page 5

Sweat Lodge experience for the first time together, an unforgettable, sweaty experience that immediately bonds all who go through it. Afterwards, we talked about what we were going through, how it felt and how it affected us.

Most recently, we talked about him working on my car again. But when I called him last Saturday, he told me he had some trouble with another resident and was back phased (the residential equivalent of a major demotion). He would not be able to work on cars for a while, he said. That being the case, he still listened to my problem (a weird, blowing noise which led to a tire blow out) and recommended that I replace two tires instead of one and to put the new tires on the front. Then, he said, check and see if the noise was still there. And that's what I did.

When I came into the office Monday morning, Wilson was sitting in reception with his bags and a look of nervous uncertainty on his face, a sure sign a resident is fixing to leave the program. I sat down to ask him what was up. But then, Al Mizuno, residential director walked in, saw Wilson, and started laying down his words of wisdom trying to get him to stay.

"You know you're running, don't you?" said Al.

"Yeah, I'm running. I know," said Wilson.

"You think it's going to be any easier out there? You get one set back and you're out the door. Life is full of set backs. You can't keep running away from them. Pretty soon you're going to run right back to the dope man again," said Al.

"I don't want to deal with it," said Wilson.

"You're not out the door yet," said Al.

Sensing this conversation might go longer and not wanting to say goodbye when Al was trying to get Wilson to say hello, I got up and went upstairs to my office hoping that Al could work his magic and keep Wilson in the house. But once a resident decides to pack up and leave, they are often too stubborn, have too much pride and ego to stay, no matter how hard the staff and other residents try to talk them into it. Wilson, I guess, was no different.

When I returned to reception a short while later, he was gone.



SHARK ATTACK? This year's "Agency Day" featured a trip to the Hermosa beach where sand artists (l-r) Gregg Murakami, Jeanne Azuma, Shiral Torres and Anita McDonnell proudly display their work of shark.

Asian American Drug Abuse Program

5318 South Crenshaw Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90043
213/293-6284



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