





TRAIL OF THE  
WARRIOR

*A Fable of Hope*

R. H. PFIFFER



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*Dedicated*  
*to the*  
GLORY OF GOD  
*as we understand him*  
*and to*  
THE ADDICT  
*who continues to suffer*

Let the Warrior in all of us  
battle against the forces of our lives.





*Cindy, my love, thank you.*



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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

Have you ever thought, I hope I have the courage to get this done?

I see the characters of Liza, Joe, and Rosie as great healers. As an author, I will capture for you their insight, hope, and tenacity in a way that will compel you to embrace your own courageous living.

These three are put in the midst of a recovery need by their son and son-in-law, Charlie. Charlie is an Afghanistan War veteran, who upon entering recovery, becomes an even deeper story of human need to escape addiction. This book discusses meaningful recovery and the challenges that life brings. Addiction affects us all.

Charlie's addictive behavior is interrupted by the presence of a dog named Rosie. The consequences from that event spark a movement of destiny through a higher power in his journey of recovery.

This book creates touchable interaction of a higher power at work through the mystery of human life and spirit, ignited by the appearance of Rosie as she helps lead Charlie through recovery.

This book highlights and grows hope in a garden of recovery.



# PROLOGUE

This is what Charlie had been waiting for. The house was quiet. The girls were asleep. As if his life depended on the results, Charlie began again to write in his journal.

Charlie wrote...

If you battle with addiction, there is no doubt that your life and very soul will fight with John Barleycorn to the end. There are two paths. One is filled with anger, resentment so deep with guilt that the worst of that shame becomes routine and the burden all yours. If your life is taken down this path, you believe that your life is worth nothing, and that becomes your reflection on the world around you. By action, the practicing addict who beats his wife and his children shows that a substance is more important than life.

The second path is one of confrontation between the denial of an out-of-control life and the relentless search of how to restore yourself as your warrior soul seeks recovery. The addiction is a brand upon your heart and though it may heal,

the scar can never completely be removed. As an addict in recovery, you must learn your weapons of sobriety, keeping them close at hand and never again to lay them to the ground of blind denial.

John Barleycorn is willing to bring you an early death, if you by mistake listen to his seduction.

The waste of a drunken, drug-filled life is foolish.

An addict prays for clarity to examine that addictive scar and in the battle for sobriety, expecting nothing else, reflects hope and the kindness and goodness to heal others.

And, that is why I left Rosie, to heal others.



# PART I: LIZA



# CHAPTER 1: PRESENT DAY

*October 2017*

**O**ur father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come.” Charlie did not know what had motivated him to say it, but it felt right. The pastor crumbled dirt on the grave, adding to the somber finality of the moment. As Charlie looked around at all the people, he wondered what had brought everybody here and was surprised that there were so many in attendance.

Liza continued the prayer. “Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.”

Everyone began to speak in turn; all to say goodbye to Rosie. Weeks ago, Charlie knew her life must end. How could he ever let her go? She had heard so much over the years; listened, been a friend; delivered a lot of people from evil.



“Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.” Charlie continued to pray, as his mind flashed to the journal.

Joe, a weathered old Vietnam soldier, took his turn speaking about Rosie. His worn hat told a story, “Semper Fi.” Joe closed as he always did. “God will save your soul, AA will save your ass. Devil’s in the brew.”

Rosie, Charlie thought, you have no idea how many lives you have changed. Or maybe you do.

That rainy night when you appeared, John Barleycorn lost. Rosie won.

Finally, it was Charlie’s turn to speak. So many emotions were swirling through him that he struggled to find the words.

So, he started at the beginning; the beginning that had saved his life so many years ago. “My name is Charlie and I am a recovering alcoholic and addict. In the bottom of a rain-filled ditch on a stormy night, Rosie arrived and saved my life.”

Charlie spoke of his story of recovery. Then, as Charlie walked away from the grave, Joe put his arm around him.

Charlie turned to Joe and said, “I wrote in my journal last night about Zoey. She was my dog I lost when I was eleven.”

Joe said, “Let’s go read the journal over a cup of coffee.”

From the journal, Charlie read...

*“Zoey and I were always close. We were inseparable.  
She awoke with me, ate with me, slept with me.*

*In hard times a bark, a growl, a lick made life less anxious. She made the family chaos easier to bear. It was as if some deeper force joined us together. I hoped to be her protector and hero.*

*Zoey was my angel and guardian. Zoey unselfishly gave of her calm presence, kindness, and loyalty. I spoke to Zoey always believing she understood. She wanted me to be a person that people respected.*

*Zoey taught me the worthiness of my hugs.*

*Zoey and I hid together; she taught me to be invisible when parties got out of hand.*

*There was a time when I thought Zoey was all I needed in life. She could teach me everything I needed to know. As Zoey became just a memory that memory became a treasure.”*

Now I know the world is only the visible aspect of God; What being a warrior does is cause a challenge by following the trail in search of a higher purpose for my life.

My recovery trail begins with a memo from my mother about that incredible dog, Rosie.

# TRAIL OF THE WARRIOR

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