



N.D.A.N.A.

Newsletter

Mar. – Apr. – May, 2009

We the members of the Newsletter Committee are trying to share a Narcotics Anonymous message of recovery in our newsletter, however, the views expressed here are those of individual members of N.A. and are not necessarily those of the New Dominion Area, or, N.A. as a whole. If you would like to submit artwork, poetry, stories, or other material for possible publication in the newsletter, or, join our committee, please contact us by: talking to a committee member (*William H. at Grow or Go, Keira B. at Keep Coming Back, Bill M. at Hope Fiends, Marci H. at Spiritual Connection, Jeff B. at South of the James or Scott G at Spiritual Connection*), or E-mail your submission to: williamh@saaracenter.org, or attend the NDANA Area Service meeting the second Sunday of every month at 4pm at: 2300 Dumbarton Rd, in Richmond, VA. 23228.

“Hi GOD, it’s me”

Ever since I read the book “Hi GOD, it’s me, Margaret”, at age eleven, my prayers have started with “Hi GOD, it’s me; years later it became, ”Hi GOD, it’s me – addict”. My relationship with GOD has evolved throughout my life. Most of my adolescence I spent treating GOD like my personal, “Santa Clause”. We all know the prayer, “GOD if you help me get this or that – I’ll be good or do I’ll do better”. I remember secretly thinking that GOD loved me just a little more than everyone else, that I was special and unique.

I did not stop praying until I was well into my active addiction. I stopped talking to GOD because I felt ashamed and unlovable. I “knew “ I wasn’t worthy of GOD’s help, grace, or love because of the things I was doing and had done.

I wasn’t able to break out of that denial until I had a “reverse” spiritual awakening. What happened was that I had just run out of my drug “of choice” (or more correctly – non-choice) and I told myself I’d sell my soul to the Devil to get more drugs right now. It hit me how insane I was thinking and acting. That was not the last time I used, but shortly afterwards I entered a Treatment Program and was introduced to my first Narcotics Anonymous meeting. Upon “Graduating” treatment I continued going to NA meetings. One thing that attracted me to NA was the “Light” I saw in people’s eyes, because mine had been dimmed for so long.

Interestingly enough, it was during this time that I started to develop doubts about the existence of GOD. In a way GOD seemed too contrived and convenient. I started (1) to work the steps with a sponsor, but without any faith in GOD’s existence. In Step One I admitted – and accepted - that I was powerless over my addiction. I realized that my addiction is a force far greater than myself; since I had never been able to stay clean on willpower alone. Now that I was clean I felt there had to be forces greater than myself that I would need to draw strength (1

from in order to stay clean and recover. It wasn't until I was much further along in working the 12 Steps that I redefined my Higher Power – who today I choose to call GOD.

I no longer treat GOD like “Santa Clause”, instead I ask only his will for me and the power to carry it out. My prayers do, however, begin with “Hi GOD, it's me – recovering addict!”

By: Anonymous

My Story

I was born in November of 1964. I remember back to the earliest memories of my life and feeling out of sync with the rest of the world. I was one of those kids everyone else made fun of. I was scraggly, thin, freckled, and had the dreaded red hair. My family and I wore yard sale clothes that were years (*or decades*) out of date. I had only a few clothing items that I wore over and over, my three siblings and I were the butt of all the neighborhood's jokes. I remember walking to school every day with the gang of taunting kids behind me. I dreaded going to school, but yet, I also loved school because of the opportunities to learn. Kids hated me for that too.

I read addictively (*I still do*) as an escape. My mom used to lock us out of the house until dark every day so I'd hide my books outside and climb up a tree and read all day. Then I'd come home and tell Mom about all the things I did with all my (*imaginary*) friends. That is probably what led to me being a compulsive liar for years.

My parents divorced when I was 13. My dad became pretty much absent from our lives and Mom went from being a stay-at-home military officer's wife to a working mom who was gone from 4 am until 8 pm.

The first drug I used was moonshine at age 13 with a 12 year old girlfriend. I got drunk, blacked out (*reportedly did embarrassing things*) and passed out. I loved the whole deal, despite being able to remember none of it. This may sound very strange to say - but doing drugs changed my world for the better in some ways. I went from being reviled to being sought after. I had an ultra-cool girlfriend and when she told me it wasn't cool to be a virgin, I promptly went out and disposed of that impediment to my ascent to “Cool-dom”. When I turned 14, the red hair and thin frame suddenly became attractive commodities on the “Meat-Market”. When I added drugs to the mix, the guys who used to walk behind me making fun of the way I looked on the way to school every day were suddenly coming to me asking for drugs and dates. I started dating way older guys (*which looking back I now know was pretty f#*!d up on their part - like a 28 year old guy dating a 14 year old girl*). When I was 15 I had a 20 year old boyfriend, and we stayed together through most of the rest of my high school years. All of our time was spent partying. But, when he cheated on me, I broke up with him, and he went in the Navy.

Once that boyfriend was gone, I started getting into all kinds of trouble and started using more heavily. But I didn't have someone looking after me anymore. I continued(2) to lie constantly, and it was harder to remember what lie I told to who. I spent a lot of energy on keeping my friends separate so they couldn't compare notes. I wrote a lot of sappy or rebellious type poetry depending on what I was using. I was out of control and my life was unmanageable. My best friends didn't want me around me any more. I was frequently: blacking out, doing strange behaviors and turning people off. One day some dude called me and was talking to me about the night before and I had no idea who he was so I tried to play it off and pretend I knew who he was by going over to his house for a follow-up visit, no insanity there, huh? I got to the point where I had just one person who would hang around with me, and we pretty much stayed wasted together. I had skipped 11th grade and gone straight to 12th grade from 10th in high school taking classes during summer school and then I just didn't go to school for a year, repeated the senior year - my Mom didn't know because she didn't know about 10th grade when I was doing the accelerated program. So I barely graduated in 1982. (2)

That year, in November, just after I turned 18, I was out with the one friend and some guys we'd picked up at a bar and for some reason they backed over me twice in her car while I was on the ground. I remember watching the car back over me like it was yesterday, not believing it was really happening. They ran over me, pulled up, and backed over me again. The second time, my leg got caught under the car, was twisted sideways, I felt a big gush, and then couldn't feel my legs any more. I thought they'd been cut off. The car kept coming, my ex-boyfriend's class ring was on a chain around my neck and it got tangled up, and cut off my circulation, almost strangled me. I finally realized the car was really driving over me and screamed and they stopped. They pulled me out from under the car. I was drunk and high and screaming that I couldn't feel my legs, they dropped me off at an emergency room and took off.

So, my leg bone was shattered, my spinal cord was injured (*but not severed*), I was paralyzed from the waist down, and the doctors told me I wouldn't walk again. My shoulder was broken from where I'd tried to push the car back, and my right leg had been twisted almost upside down so it was just dangling there. All the blood vessels in my face had burst from the chain that had been in my neck. They told me they weren't going to operate on my leg because I would be able to walk anyway, and it didn't matter if it was usable. They told my mom to make the house handicapped-accessible.

While in the hospital, some using buddies who hadn't wanted to hang out with me anymore came to visit me, and to encourage me to get (*and stay*) off drugs, and to get better. I was in this bed where they flipped the entire bed over every few hours because I had to be still and straight on my back for the rods they'd anchored into my pelvic bone to have time to heal. That went on for about a month. If I was upside down, a couple of my friends would crawl under the bed and lay on their backs so they could look up at me and talk to me. The friend I was with when I got run over showed up with a bottle of booze. I told her to leave and I have never seen or heard from her again. I didn't think there was any chance I'd ever use again.

I was transferred to a spinal cord injury project in Charlottesville, Virginia in January of 1983. One of my toes started moving and then more motion came back to part of one leg (*the leg they had decided didn't need to be repaired*). So they operated on the leg, reconstructed my knee, put me in braces, gave me some special crutches, tied a leash to my waist, and I stood up for the first time. I just stood there with tears pouring down my face!

(3)

From there I moved to a rehab center in Fishersville, Virginia, where I was to attend business school courtesy of the Virginia Department of Rehabilitative Services, and to learn how to function using a wheelchair as well as how to get around on the crutches with the braces on my legs. I learned how to walk again with one half of one leg working, with a cast on the repaired leg, still believing there was no way I'd ever use again after what had happened to me. Then more of that leg, and my other leg, started working again and more sensation came back.

As soon as I knew I was going to be able to walk, I started using. The most accessible drug for me at the time was alcohol. I probably had a lifetime prescription for painkillers and muscle relaxants also. I got a cab to drink in a bar there with a paralyzed guy I'd started dating. The next thing I knew I was blacking out, and doing the same crazy shit all over again.

Then, into my life came this guy who had 9 months clean - Jim H. Jim and I started hanging out together. He was witty and he made me laugh. He was 10 years older than me. He started going to parties with me, watched how I used and how I behaved, and I'd go to recovery meetings with him as a guest. I thought it was a cute little program for people who needed it and I was happy to be of support to him. Then one day the bastard up and told me flat out I was an addict and needed to get clean. We fought about it, and the next thing I knew, I was picking up a white chip at a meeting. He told me later that he was snickering to himself wondering how many of those I would pick up before I "got it". As of today, it's been the only one. I gave up the prescription drugs along with all the other ones. I even stopped compulsively lying and stealing. I started going to more meetings with him. He started finding NA meetings for me in (3

surrounding areas so we mixed it up and went anywhere we could to get as many meetings in as possible each week. I didn't know or understand the difference in the fellowships back then, and didn't really care. I just wanted to go to meetings. I loved them. I got a sponsor and worked the 12 steps in a couple months. I joined a home group, got my first job, my first car, and my first husband (Jim) all within that first year clean. All I did was work and drove people to meetings, and hang out; that was about it. Oh yeah - and I went from 87 pounds to 140 in my first year clean! Jim told me one time it was better to be overweight and clean and alive than skinny, using, then dead.

This may sound strange but Jim was more of a sponsor to me than anyone else in those early years. He called me on everything, and didn't let me get away with anything. We fought all the time because I didn't want to hear that crap from him, but most of it stuck. And, I stayed clean. I am so grateful for him. I also appreciate that on the flip side, I did have an actual sponsor to balance that out - she was warm, compassionate, kind, gentle, and a beautiful listener.

In 1986, a dude showed up in one of my regular meetings and he invited me to an NA meeting in his area. That was it for me. Wherever I may wander at times, it's been NA first in my heart ever since. I divorced Jim after two years of marriage. But, then he followed me into NA. Eventually, I moved back in with him as a roommate and we hung out together and were best friends for years and years. We still are in touch, and both of us are still clean.

One of the things that happened to me in NA was I discovered dancing. After being told I'd never walk again, to be able to dance, brought such an overwhelming happiness into my life. I am uncoordinated, lacking in grace, awkward, and shy, but when I get on a dance floor I felt like I am dancing with my higher power, and everyone else (4) around me fades into the background. I would usually be the first one on the floor and the last one off. I'd dance alone out there. I was lucky to have friends who loved to dance and would stay on the floor with me all night. This guy told me once, "You walk onto the floor like you're not being judged when you're dancing". I don't even think about what anyone else is thinking, saying or doing when I'm dancing. It is one of the ways I can feel the most connected spiritually to my H.P. I think it's because I was supposed to be in a wheelchair the rest of my life, and here I am- instead, dancing!

I got heavily involved in service work, spent a lot of time hauling people to meetings, to area & regional service committee meetings, to dances, conventions, and any other activity that might be going on in. I was blessed to: be three years clean, have a car that ran, a driver's license, and a job, all of which were rare for me up to that point. I was also Ms. Social Coordinator. I'd arrange caravans and we'd pack up the cars and go somewhere every weekend. That's how I met the guy who is my sponsor now. He used to let my carload of people crash on the floor of his mobile home after dancing all night at a sober dance club in Norfolk, and then he'd fix us all pancakes for breakfast. I still have euphoric recall for those days of recovery - and none for my using days! Some of the fun we had back then I think was because we were a new region, and then a new area, and we were so small and dependent on each other for help to stay clean, companionship, and entertainment. We were very a close-knit fellowship.

I ended up marrying again when I was 26, and moved away from the area where I got clean. I had a home group in Charlottesville but after the first year or so, I spent the next few years working all the time, rarely making meetings, and relying on friends from home and a few new ones to keep me connected in recovery.

Then I got divorced, and I had a personal crisis. I'd suffered a miscarriage shortly before the divorce, and that changed my entire perspective in life. It shook my faith to the core, and made me question life altogether. One of my friends was pregnant and was getting an abortion, and another was pregnant and giving the baby up for adoption. All I could think about was why on earth would they be given children just to get rid of them, when I wanted one so much? It ended up that I never was able to conceive again despite various interventions over the years - it was my one chance for a child and my fate seemed cruel. That's episode is still an ongoing source of sorrow in my life.

One day I found myself standing; looking in a mirror, with my gun in my mouth pointed up to the roof of my head - with my finger on the trigger. And, then I felt something outside myself stop me. It was the first time I had ever had such a strong sense of a Higher Power's presence in my life. It was the only time in my life it's ever been that strong. I started to get my shit together after that. I got a job in Richmond, and moved back to where the entire foundation of my recovery was built. I was so fortunate to move back just when a new area (*New Dominion Area of NA- 1996*) was forming. I was able to get involved in a small, close knit area again, reconnected with lots of friends from the early years, made tons of new friends, started going to dances, conventions and activities again, started sponsoring more people, got a sponsor (*who is still my sponsor now*), got involved in service work, joined a home group and when it got so popular and huge, left to start a new meeting with a friend. Then I got severely depressed out of the blue and started struggling with suicidal ideation, started feeling more and more miserable in meetings, and got to where I couldn't get myself to go without really pushing myself into it. (5)

I have struggled greatly with depression throughout my recovery and the last few years have been very rough. I've watched multiple people with decades clean go out using, two of whom are now dead. One of the ones who started using again is one of my longest-term and closest friends. A friend of mine who saw me at another friend's 25-year anniversary last year told me "your time's coming" because I was drifting so far away, and all these other people with time had gone back out, and as of this writing are still out using. I have not had a desire to use since the day I got clean, but that doesn't mean I will never have one. If I'm not vigilant and living in recovery, I may not be prepared to get through it if/when it happens. I'm slowly rebuilding my support group but it's bittersweet. I now have a few girlfriends in various states, all of whom have gone through things similar to what I have over the last couple decades. That has made a remarkable difference in my life. But it can't replace the friendships that were built over many years in recovery with local friends, who are now in active addiction, with our friendships altered beyond recognition as a result.

When I was at the height of my most recent depression, my sponsor was in town and paid me a visit and told me I was being self pitying and whiny. That pissed me off enough to bring me back to life some. I felt like I was living half a life for a long time, barely could summon up the energy to get to work each day. I started making more meetings, started a new home group, started talking more to my sponsor, made new friends in my peer group, started sponsoring newcomers again, and felt like I had my life back. For a long time I felt like I was missing from my own life, a shadow person, an automaton. It's taken a lot for me to shake off some of my struggles and to keep putting one foot in front of the other. I credit my even being alive to the people I have met in Narcotics Anonymous and my Higher Power. My gratitude at this moment is immense.

Anonymous

Children in meetings

I am a single parent and a recovering addict. There are many times when I need to get to a meeting and I have no choice but to bring my child with me. I don't have family members that I can leave my child with and my old using friends don't look like a good option for baby-sitting help. My child is a reality in my life. She is also a blessing and a challenge.

I realize that children can be a distraction in the rooms and I accept that I am responsible for controlling my child. I too have been annoyed by irresponsible parents who let their children run wild and disrupt a meeting. If my child gets too restless I take her out of the meeting until she calms down or I take her home. Sometimes another person will come out of the meeting to talk to be while after I've had to step out of the meeting; I really appreciate that. I need that (5)

kind of support and friendship. I respect our meetings and I know it's wrong to let my child run loose and become a distraction. But, "You know what?" without N.A. meetings and fellowship I would not be able to stay clean and recover. So, I have to find a balance.

I have had many experiences – both good and bad – concerning my child. On the challenging side I have to practice patience and tolerance for my fellow N.A. members who seem to expect children – especially small children – to be completely quiet for a hour or more. When other members roll their eyes or sigh over every little sound my first impulse is to shoot them an evil look. Or, to jump up and tell them (almost always - men) to try to be a single parent for a while before they get all judgemental and self-righteous! On the positive side I have had members – female & male – tell me how happy they are to see my child in the meetings. Lot's of people in the rooms have lost custody or visitation with their own children and seem to take pleasure in seeing a baby or child in a parents arm's.

The women in this program help me to be a better parent. By sharing their experiences on parenting with me my hope grows that I can become a better parent. I need all the support and friendship I can get and N.A. gives me more than I thought possible. I came here to avoid losing custody of my child and I have learned how to stop using, be a better person and a better parent.

Anonymous



Recovery

Poetry

FREE TO BE SANE

INSANITY

Insanity weighs heavily on me
I swim in a sea of delusion, denial, and self-destructiveness
Selfish, sexual, and violent fantasies swirl through my mind
I inherently dwell in self-centeredness and self-absorption
I too often have responded with anger, abusiveness, and obsessiveness
A wall of resentments grows stone-by-stone

ENOUGH

I grow weary of all the negativity
I begin to see that there is a better way to live
Through NA, GOD, and fellow members I try to break free from these chains
This self-centered universe I have created is a self-imposed prison sentence
I start to see that the world does not revolve around my needs and wants

I PRAY

GOD, please remove from me the bitterness that fills my heart
Please help free me from this cycle of: emotion-thought-reaction
Please remind me of countless blessings I have already received
Please do for me what I cannot do for myself

IT HITS ME

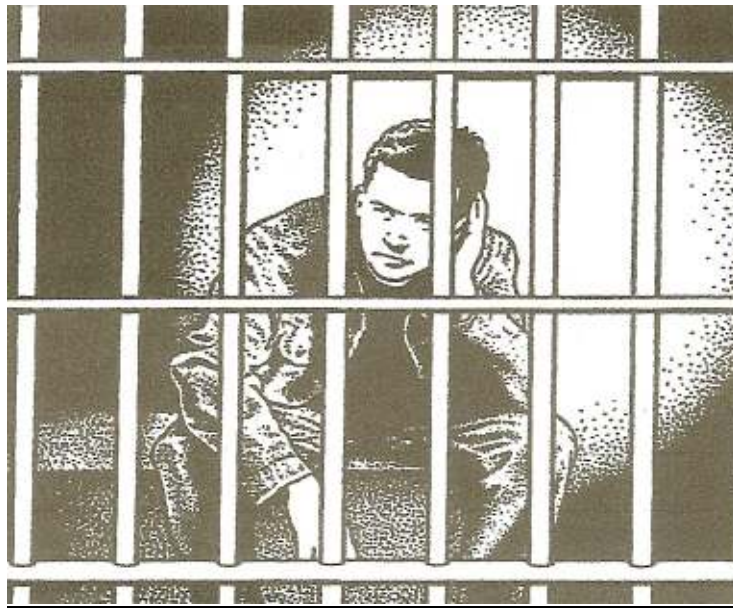
The fact that I am seeking GOD's help and direction is a step toward sanity
My newfound faith draws me toward GOD-centeredness and spirituality
Accept what I can't change, change what I can, and seek wisdom to know the difference

I FEEL

Love, Acceptance, and Faith replace my: anger, resentments, and fears
Action, Prayer, and Fellowship leads me away from attachment to Self, and toward GOD

I SAY NOW

Just for today I have: Faith, Freedom of choice, and Good Orderly Direction. By W. H.



The Man with all the Answers

Meet the Man with all the "Answers"
In the past he had all the answers to other people's questions - just not his own
In the present he would tell you; he is glad you don't ask about my past
The man with all the answers today has a future full of questions and uncertainties
Today he has grown to the point where he's not afraid to say he doesn't have all the answers
Now the man with all the answer has to ask the question
Who am I, and, do you know the answers to my questions before I ask?

By: P. (Behind the walls of: Powhatan Correctional Center)

(7

Reasons to attend a Narcotics Anonymous meeting today

Need a hug, **N**ever alone-never again, **N**eed to stop using, **N**ever a dull moment, **N**ot feeling sane today, **N**o one at church will hug me, **N**ot currently in a relationship, **N**aturally curious, **N**ot in my right mind, **N**ot wanted at home, **N**onchalant about my recovery, **N**eglecting household chores, **N**eed a new relationship, **N**eed a hour, or so, to get my s*#t together.

Abstinence from all mood-altering drugs seems like an impossible goal, **A**ctive addiction is killing me, **A**voiding traffic ticket by ducking into a meeting, **A**ceptance is missing in my life today, **A**voiding my drug dealer(s), **A**voiding court summons, **A**bsorbing good vibes, **A**bsolutely no where else for me to go, **A**bandoning old life, **A**cknowledging my powerlessness,

Relate completely with the most bizarre, dysfunctional, and scary stories ever told, **R**aising twelve kids, **R**apidly reaching the end of my rope, **R**avenous desire to use drugs, required to attend my court order, **R**ough day at work, **R**ough day at home, **R**eveling in the positive atmosphere, **R**ather be in a “Crack House” but tired of suffering the consequences,

College semester is over, **C**alm before the storm, **C**ancelled gym membership, **C**aptivated by the emotional sharing, **C**herishing new friendships, **C**hided by sponsor into attending, **C**hronic relapser, **C**limax of a long, hard day, **C**lamoring for a new way of life, **C**lear-cut alternative to addiction, **C**ognizant of my desperate desire to recover, **C**omfortable-compassionate place,

Outside of N.A. nobody wants to be around me, **O**bedient to my sponsor’s suggestions, **O**ften we hear exactly what we need to hear that day there, **O**pen-minded about importance of meetings, **O**verpowering urge to use, **O**bnnoxious around everyone else, **O**bviously-I need one, **O**utline for success, **O**verpowering urge to change, **O**utlandish behaviors becoming apparent,

The coffee, **T**aking a positive step, **T**angible atmosphere of hope, **T**elling my story, **T**empted to use by people, places & things, **T**enaciously hanging onto my clean-time, **T**erminally hip & fatally cool, **T**erminated at work, **T**ime on my hands, **T**errified of using again, **T**hinking about using, **T**hrowing in the towel and surrendering to program, **T**ormented by my past,

It work’s if you work it, **I** need to help carry the message of NA recovery to other addicts seeking help **I**t’s a jungle out there, **I**dle time is our addictions playground, **I**gnorance is not bliss, **I**ll will at home, **I**f nothing changes-nothing changes, **I**magining the endless possibilities, **I**mitating the successful, **I**mmensely helpful, **I**mpervative to my staying clean,

Cherishing new friendships, **C**hided by sponsor into attending, **C**hronic relapser, **C**limax of a long, hard day, **C**lamoring for a new way of life, **C**lear-cut alternative to addiction, **C**ognizant of my desperate desire to recover, **C**omfortable-compassionate atmosphere, **C**ommitted to getting better, **C**onscientious attempt to recover, **C**ourage to change,

Sadness is lessened, **S**afeguards against relapse, **S**age wisdom dispersed, **S**urrender to win, **S**anctimonious blowhards deflated, **S**atisfies need for social interaction, **S**cantily clad women found there, **S**ecrets keep us sick, **S**eize the day, **S**erenity inducing, **S**cope of addiction strength revealed, **S**ensitive males abound, **S**evere stress lessened, **S**hows the way to freedom,

Avoiding my drug dealer(s), **A**voiding court summons, **A**bsorbing good vibes, **A**bsolutely no where else for me to go, **A**bandoning old life, **A**cknowledging my powerlessness, **A**cquiring (8

life saving information, Attendance strengthens bonds of friendship, Are you sure I can't drink alcohol, A minute ago I felt like I just couldn't go on, Anger & ecstasy are my only two feelings

No one at church will hug me, **N**ot currently in a relationship, **N**aturally curious, **N**ot in my right mind, **N**ot wanted at home, **N**onchalant about my recovery, **N**eglecting household chores, **N**eed a new relationship, **N**eed a hour, or so, to get my s*#t together. **N**ot in a good mood, **N**owhere else have I ever felt this loved & accepted,

Overpowering urge to use, **O**noxious around everyone else, **O**btainable-I need one, **O**utline for success, **O**verpowering urge to change, **O**utlandish behaviors becoming apparent, **O**ccasionally I act wisely, **O**h boy-today I'm not sure if I want to commit suicide or homicide, **O**verly sensitive to life's stimuli today, **O**pen-minded about importance of meetings,

Not really wanting to go to one but what other choice to I have, **N**ot currently in a relationship, **N**aturally curious, **N**ot in my right mind, **N**ot wanted at home, **N**onchalant about my recovery, **N**eglecting household chores, **N**eed a new relationship, **N**eed a hour, or so, to get my s*#t together. **N**ot in a good mood, **N**owhere else have I ever felt this loved & accepted,

You need to stay connected to the fellowship, **Y**eah, though I walk thru the valley of the shadow of jails, institutions, & death I will not fear – for GOD & NA are with me, **Y**es-I do have a lot of “yet's” left in me, **Y**es, we do recover, **Y**oke of addiction can be broken by living the program, **Y**ou can't-but We can, **Y**ou're usually doing better than you're feeling,

Moral dilemmas averted by sharing thoughts there, **M**aking a decision to stay clean-today, **M**anaging your addiction is beyond your control, **M**anifestations of your addictive nature are making your life unmanageable, **M**asks must go-I must share honestly, **M**ingling & fellowship happen there, **M**ore opportunities for service there than you can shake a stick at **M**y only chance

Oh boy is it cold outside, **O** snap! I saw my face on “Crimestopper's” just now, **O**btainable-I need one, **O**utline for success, **O**verpowering urge to change, **O**utlandish behaviors becoming apparent, **O**ccasionally I act wisely, **O**h boy-today I'm not sure if I want to commit suicide or homicide, **O**verly sensitive to life's stimuli today, **O**bedient to my sponsor's suggestions,

Uncertain whether I can stay clean or not, **U**ncertainty now being replaced by faith, **U**nited we succeed-divided we fail, **U**nderstanding of the unexplainable dispensed, **U**biquitous problems sent packing, **U**nity of purpose brings us together, **U**nable to stop thinking about using drugs (*alcohol is a drug, too*), **U**se it-or lose it, **U**timize the program and the sky's the limit,

Scantily clad women found there, **S**ecrets keep us sick, **S**eize the day, **S**erenity inducing, **S**cope of addiction's strength revealed, **S**ensitive males abound, **S**evere stress lessened, **S**hows the way to freedom, **S**ee our similarities-not our differences, **S**killed attempts at denial, rationalization, and self-delusion need to be addressed, **S**haring a burden-is lessening a burden, **S**ucks using,

Upcoming Special Events

CARNA Regional Speaker Jam, March 21, 2009, 10a – 6p, Followed by a dance: 7p-10p, White Oak Rescue Squad, 535 White Oak Rd, Fredericksburg, VA, 22405, for hotel reservations call: Edwin-602-687-2859

23th Chesapeake & Potomac Regional Conv. Ocean City, MD. At the Ocean City Convention Center, April 17-19, 2009

“Hope Fiends” Campout, James River State Park, May 1-3, 2009, \$20 weekend

Rappahannoch Area Campout, Lake Anna State Park, May 10-12, 2009, 7419 Zachary Taylor Hwy. Mineral, VA, 23117, \$20 for weekend, RV's extra,

Appalachian Area Speaker Jam, May 16, '09 Holiday Inn Select, 601 Main St. Lynchburg, VA. 24504

New Dominion Area Campout, Memorial Day weekend, May, 22,23,24,25, 2009 at Horseshoe Flats Campground in Scottsville, VA, Cost \$35 for weekend-kids under 6 free. Call William H to reserve RV sites (RV sites \$105.00 for weekend) with electric, water, & sewage

Peidmont Area Campout, June 5- 7, '09, Misty Mountain Campground, Charlottesville, VA.
28th B.R.A.N.A Campout, July 17, 18, 19, '09 at Natural Chimney's Park in Mt. Solon, VA.

23th Almost Heaven Area Convention, July 31, Aug. 1-2, '09, At 4-H Center in Front Royal, VA. Registration \$25, Full package, Food, Lodging, & Registration - \$95.00.

28th AVCNA Jan. 8-10, 2010, Hosted bt the Tidewater Area of N.A. Chairperson: Teddy: 757-503-0528, Registration: Deborah: 757-344-4812 (Pre-registration is \$20 before 10/31/09 /after it's \$30) Program: Rhonda: 757-534-8709