

CLEANSHEET

P.O. Box 44
Claymont, DE 19703

Vol.1 No.4
Feb. - Mar.



Dear NA Members:

The CLEANSHEET is a subcommittee of the Greater Philadelphia Regional Service Committee. The primary purpose of the CLEANSHEET is to provide a written message of recovery to addicts seeking recovery, to promote unity, and to provide our members with news.

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE FROM THE INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS OF N.A.; AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT THOSE OF N.A. AS A WHOLE.

All impute is welcome and needed to carry the message. Everyone is welcome and encouraged to attend our meetings on the 2nd and 4th Weds. at 7 o'clock. CALL: Steve (302)798-1262 Debbie (215) 532-7113 and our new Philly representative Tony (215) 228-5566.

OR MAIL YOUR IMPUTE TO OUR P.O. BOX

For the Newcomer

It's a rough, rough world, Only the strong survive.
You must make it this time, let go of your pride.
You must have faith in your God, and hit your knees.
Walk through life now, with some dignity.
Some things in life, may pass you by.
You may look up, and want to cry.
You may feel like there's nothing there,
But look around you, You'll find someone cares.
Don't surrender to your problems, but to their answers.
Sing the people your beautiful song,
Then you'll find some dancers.
You're in my thoughts and in my prayers, each and everyday,
I have faith we all can make it,
If we live -- JUST FOR TODAY!

Angela E.

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If you think you are invincible, and
No one can tell you what to do,
That is when you harm yourself,
Thoroughly, through and through.

I know that pride very well,
For it really knocked me out.
Then I'd sit at home at night,
By myself to think and pout.

'Cause that's the pride that hurts most,
The one that won't let go.
For even if you know you're wrong,
You just don't want to know.
That stubborn streak will keep me high,
I'm aware of that Today.
There's really nothing I can do,
But give it up, and Pray.

The pride I have Today is real,
'Cause I can let things go.
It's not easy sometimes to say I'm wrong,
But it's easier if I know.

MY CHILD

When I was young, I used to walk
Because I liked to think aloud and talk
Where no one heard, and no one listened
Like raindrops falling, that never glisten
Or when the sun rises, but no one cares
Or bothers to look, because they know its there
And in that same mood, I'd walk everyday
And I'd go home without seeing the way.

A survivor, age 12

A FRIEND IS SOMEONE WHO UNDERSTANDS YOUR PAST,
BELIEVES IN YOUR FUTURE, AND ACCEPTS YOU TODAY --

---- JUST THE WAY YOU ARE.

HOTLINES

TRI-COUNTY AREA

SMALL WONDER AREA (DELAWARE)
Phone 1-302-429-8175

IN CHESTER & DELAWARE
Phone 215-534-9510



IN PA — PHILA. — (215) 934-3944
BUCKS COUNTY — (215) 934-3944
MONTGOMERY COUNTY
(215) 688-4730

THINK ABOUT IT!!!



There once were 4 people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was supposed to do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it.

It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

Another Cop Out

My recovery is my responsibility.
It is not God's responsibility to bring about
change in my life.
You want change; change!
Don't continue to say, "In God's time, not mine."
All time is God's time,
Therefore God's time is now.
To tell myself "In God's time, my adverse
behavior will change."
Only means I want to continue that behavior,
until I'm ready or feel uncomfortable enough
to stop it.
Is that in God's time or mine.
In God's time, I will stop using people.
In God's time, I will find a job.
In God's time, I will let go.

God's Time Is Now!

Love & Respect,
Isaac H.

My Lost Love

As I sit here in my room tonight,
Feeling Oh so sad,
My heart is really breaking,
For the girl that I once had.

I can't get her off my mind,
To do what I must do.
So tell me, Lord, how to change,
So I can think things through.

I lost my love to drugs and booze,
She took just what she could.
I wish I could promise her,
From now on, I'll be good.

But in this game there is no cure,
For I am sick for life.
What really hurts is that I chose
Drugs - and not my wife.

Well now she's gone and all I do,
Is see her in my dreams.
But I know I must go on Today,
No matter how rough it seems.

JUST FOR TODAY I will have faith in someone in N.A.
who believes in me and wants to help me in my
recovery.

THE LIFE I LOST

When I think back on all the things
One time I used to have,
How alcohol and drugs took them
It makes me feel quite sad.

Nothing seemed to matter then,
As long as I got high.
I had no feelings for anyone;
My life was one big lie.

I took advantage of everyone,
To get the things I need, and
Drugs brought out the worst in me,
Like no control, lust and greed.

I had a wife and kids who cared,
But drugs were all I wanted.
I know I made them feel quite scared,
As if they were "the hunted."

I feel so bad - Oh how I lived,
And of the things I've done.
The life I left was evil,
A new life has just begun.

I feel reborn and free today
From the way life used to be
For now I live in peace again
With the guy inside of me.

Dear Friends,

I'm a grateful recovering addict, and thanks to my Higher Power I can help to carry a message of recovery. He saw fit to bring me to N.A., when I was on the street. This gave me a foundation of love and true friendship to get me through my time in prison. I prayed that I might carry the message where it was most needed. (Be careful what you pray for!) My past caught me, and I was sent here. I feel that if I had run, my addiction would have had me again.

My active addiction was a lonely hell. I stayed in my head then. Now I am free from that hell. Now there is hope in my life. By the way, I never had a life before coming to N.A. There are many people here who need us, but few who want us. We have a meeting (in-house) everyday, four or five recovering addicts, caring in a place full of hate. One person will be discharged, and one or two newcomers will take his place. It's one of the most rewarding places to be. To hear from someone after they leave, and to know that they're no longer a prisoner of their addiction, is what we're all about.

I can't begin to explain the importance of H & I, so if you're not involved, please get involved. We don't have a meeting brought in with recovering addicts from the street at the present time, although we soon will! There are many other prisons where N.A. is needed, and YOU have the power to carry the message to them. By all means, PLEASE show your gratitude, and get involved.

Yours in loving Service,
Steve B.

(Note: Steve's address is printed in the "Wanted" column.)

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My addiction was my downfall - destitute, empty, void of spirituality and a physically whole self. Like a robot carrying out mindless and thoughtless deeds, things you wouldn't want to write home to Mom about, but

I now know I have the love of people who helped me be free of drug abuse. Today I want to live, and do better things for myself and those I love.

Today I am happy to be clean, JUST FOR TODAY!

Sally C.

You are, You can, We all are!

YOU ARE an addict - now and forever.
 YOU CAN pick up at any given moment.
 YOU ARE a winner Today.
 YOU CAN realize your need for help.
 YOU ARE important to yourself & others.
 YOU CAN be someone special.
 YOU ARE a star in God's world always.
 YOU CAN be what you deserve to be.
 YOU ARE able to grow from mistakes.
 YOU CAN make those mistakes Today.
 YOU ARE more beautiful Today.
 YOU CAN deal with responsibility..
 YOU ARE feeling deep gut feelings.
 YOU CAN realize that it's okay.
 YOU ARE loved by others Today.
 YOU CAN love them in return.
 YOU ARE living "Just For Today."
 YOU CAN see more clearly now.
 YOU ARE Clean Today.
 YOU CAN be guided by your Higher Power.

WE ALL ARE Somebody.
 WE ALL ARE The world, and TOGETHER -
 WE ALL ARE Strong.

Leon J
 Chester, PA

MY WILL FOR YOU

When all else fails, and your efforts turn to no avail,
 When others can't give you what you need, take heed -
 Bring it all to Me.
 Do not despair, precious son, for I am the only one
 Who can fill you up with joy.
 No new lover, plaything, or toy; can make any changes
 That last, Be wise and do not repeat the past.
 When you feel you've had enough, and feel like giving up,
 Your sunshine turns to rain and all you know is pain.
 That emptiness inside, Your eyes just can't hide.
 Come to me sister and see, what my will for you could be.

Anonymous from
 Bristol, PA

I got up early one morning
 And rushed right into the day;
 I had so much to accomplish
 That I didn't have time to pray.
 Problems just tumbled about me,
 And heavier came each task;
 "Why doesn't God help me?"
 I wondered.

He answered, "You didn't ask."

I wanted to see joy and beauty,
 But the day toiled on gray and bleak;
 I wondered why God didn't show me.
 He said, "But you didn't seek."

I tried to come into God's presence;
 I used all my keys at the lock.
 God gently and lovingly chided,
 "My child, you didn't knock."

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LIFE

Life on life's terms, I never did try,
 a hopeless addict I thought I'd die.
 I no longer have to live this way
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12 STEPS AWAY

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 One is too many and 1000 never enough.
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Gene W. from Philly

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PEOPLE TO WRITE LETTERS TO RECOVERING PERSONS BEHIND THE
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JOE BACHMAN (Y-6210)
 P.O. Box 200
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AND

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 PICC - 8301 State Road
 Phila., PA 19136

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 PICC - 8301 State Road
 Phila., PA 19136



Crying in the Reign

RELAPSE IS NOT A REQUIREMENT OF THE NA PROGRAM

Wheels that never cease to turn,
 Searching for a life to burn.
 A question of seduction - REAL,
 With me - how will it feel?
 But who will stop the pain,
 When another's crying in the reign?

The temptress screams and rears her head,
 TRY ME, the only line she said.
 Her promise - his pleasures to awake.
 One step he'll choose to take.
 Will his whole life be in vain,
 If he begins crying in the reign?

The wisdom of two fathers - SHUN,
 Choose the point, it's damage done.
 All this for his need to know,
 What so many fight to slow.
 But alone, Who can refrain,
 When they're crying in the reign?

The step is there for you to choose,
 YOUR soul to win or lose.
 And with this lie, yourself to dare,
 Will YOU die or will you share?
 How will you get back again,
 When it's YOU that's crying in the reign?

Burt N.

SUBSCRIBE

SUBSCRIBE NOW
 1 YEAR - 6 ISSUES
 \$4.00 AFTER DEC. 31ST

Send one to a friend for X-mas

Send check or money order to;

CLEANSHEET
 P.O. Box 44
 Claymont, DE 19703

PLEASE SEND ONE YEARS WORTH TO:

(name)

(apt)

(street)

(city) (state) (zip)

FOR GIFTS:

(from if you wish)

PAIN IS MANDATORY
SUFFERING IS OPTIONAL

ANNIVERSARIES

DECEMBER



- 3rd - Bob M.*****1 yr
- 6th - Wheel*****6 mons
- 12th - Rich G.*****1 yr
- 12th - Michael R.*****90 days
- 14th - Joe G.*****90 days
- 16th - Bonnie K.*****90 days
- 18th - Connie S.*****3 yrs
- 19th - Scott G.*****1 yr
- 28th - Chris F.*****90 days

JANUARY

- 2nd - Leslie F.*****6 mons
- 2nd - Selina*****1 yr
- 2nd - Steve D.*****1 yr
- 4th - Diane B.*****1 yr
- 4th - Jamie M.*****1 yr
- 5th - Chuck P.*****2 yrs
- 10th - Rae*****6 mons
- 11th - Big Sal*****1 year
- 12th - Roseanne E.*****1 yr
- 20th - Richie K.*****1 yr
- 22nd - Tom N.*****4 yrs



????????????????WANTED????????????????

PEOPLE WHO CAN PUT THEIR THOUGHTS OF RECOVERY DOWN ON PAPER. POEMS, LETTERS, ARTICLES, STORIES, REPORTS ON N.A. FUNCTIONS, N.A. ANNOUNCEMENTS, AND ANYTHING YOUR MIND CAN COME UP WITH. MAIL TO:
 CLEANSHEET
 P.O. BOX 44
 CLAYMONT, DE 19703
 ANYONE WHO WISHES TO BE INVOLVED MAY CALL STEVE AT (302) 798-1262 or DEBBIE AT (215)532-7113

A WINNER IS A LOSER WHO DID NOT QUIT!

HELP MAKE THE CLEANSHEET HAPPEN

??