

748 CLEAN SHEET

THE GREATER PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL
SERVICE COMMITTEE

VOLUME II ISSUE NO 4

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To The Newcomer

Welcome home!! We've waited and prayed for you. We are extremely glad that you made it and beg you to stay. One day at a time. We realize the effort that it takes to sit through our meetings.

Caught between confusion and uncomfortableness. Don't worry, those feelings will pass and you will start to feel safe soon.

The "Newcomer" chip is very important. Take it when asked, you've earned it. It is an important reminder that you've made a decision to belong. Keep it with you at all times for the first 90 days. You may need to hold it or finger it from time to time to renew the experience of acceptance. I still have mine and it reminds me of what I felt like in the beginning.

Introduce yourself to as many people as possible, so that if you are not around for a couple of days, you'll be missed and someone will call to check on you. We want to be there for you and be your friend. If you don't stay, we have no reason to be here and our recovery suffers.

Keep Coming Back, Give Yourself a Break, Go to lots of meetings and ask someone to be your sponsor. We need you here more than you'll ever know and we will help you as much as possible to make it. Just Don't Use for today and come back. Thank you for being a part of my memory.

Richard H.

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I Am Your Disease; Addiction

STUFF INSIDE

Articles	1-3
Events	4
Birthdays	4
Home Group5	
Xword	6

I hate meetings, I hate Higher Power. I hate anyone who has a program. To all who come in contact with me: I wish you death and I wish you suffering. Allow me to introduce myself: I am the disease of Addiction, cunning, baffling, and powerful--that's me. I have killed millions, and I am pleased. I love to catch you with the element of surprise. I love pretending I am your friend and lover. I have given you comfort, have I not?

Wasn't I there when you were lonely? When you wanted to die, didn't you call me? I was there. I love to make you hurt. I love to make you cry. Better yet, I love when I make you so numb you can neither hurt nor cry. You cannot feel anything at all. This is true glory. I will give you instant gratification and all I ask of you is long-term suffering. I've been there for you always. when things were going right in your life, you invited me. You said you didn't deserve these good things, and I was the only one who would agree with you. Together we were able to destroy all things good in your life.

I am such a hated disease, and yet I do not come uninvited. You choose to have me. So many have chosen me over reality and peace.

More than you hate me, I hate all of you who have a twelve-step program. Your program, your meetings, your Higher Power. All weaken me and I cannot function in the manner I am accustomed to.

Now I must lie here quietly. You don't see me. But I am growing. Bigger than ever. When you only exist, I live. When you live, I only exist. But I am here...and until we meet again, if we meet again-- I wish you death and suffering.

Anonymous

The Serenity Prayer

God grant me the serenity
To accept the things I cannot change
Courage to change the things I can and
Wisdom to know the difference
Living one day at a time
enjoying one moment at a time
Accepting hardships
As the pathway to peace
Taking As He did, this sinful world
As it is, not as I would have it
Trusting that He will make all things
Right if I surrender to His will:
That I may be reasonably happy in this
Life and supremely happy with Him
Forever in the next.

Amen

In Times of Trouble

In times of trouble where does your soul go?
Does anyone care?
Does anyone know?
In times of trouble how do you stop the pain?
How do you get sunshine from the rain?
In times of trouble how do you feel?
How do you separate what's false from real?
In times of trouble how do you pray?
When the pain gets worse with each day.
In times of trouble no matter how bad you feel. Turn it over, and let it be God's will

Adrienne R.

Untitled

We are the Hope Squad, a group of recovering addicts committed to carrying our message in written form. We are so grateful for our Higher Power and the gift of N.A.

We learn in our 1st Step experience that the disease of addiction is three fold. Also we learn that recovery can be three fold. Today one of us wants to share with you about their first stage: physical recovery.

Using drugs which did many horrible damages to my body. After I got clean it took a long time (years) for some parts of my body to be restored to health. Some parts of me will never be healthy again. Yes, the first part of becoming healthy is not to put any more drugs in my body. "Staying clean must always come first." This is the key to freedom for me. Once I became committed to staying clean, hope became possible. Another piece for me to become and stay healthy was to start treating my body good. You know what, I really didn't know my body. I've been living in the shell (body) for 30 something? (Ha,Ha) years and had never really paid any attention to it. So I've started giving myself a break, by getting proper rest at night and sometimes I even take naps during the day. So what I'm staying is that when I'm tired I lay down. It's such a wonderful feeling to be able to lay down and not get knocked down or out by my disease or another person. I also like washing my body today. For so long I didn't wash daily. If it rained, I got a so called bath and wore the same clothes day in, day out. Smelled like a junk yard. Today I go to meetings and someone says "you smell good" and I know it's from soap and water, and it feels so good!

Also I've learned to eat today in a healthy manner. I've gotten to the point of not eating a lot of meat, but eating fruits and vegetables. My body has really thanked me for treating it so good. It's such a difference from the way I use to live, not eating for days at a time. I feel that I can keep my recovery simple. So simple that I can live it in my daily life if I listen to just one of many gifts that my Higher Power has given me. I am so grateful for this new life. It so much better than my past that I feel the love today.

Until next time, The Hope Squad.

The Truth

We live in a world of fantasy
All searching for things that cannot be!
Looking for loves that don't exist
Looking and looking, we still insist
Finding disappointments in those we meet
Never are we able to greet
The Truth
Of course, we're complete - all parts intact!
It's the other person that needs help- that's always the fact.
Too smart, too dumb, too short, too fat,
We keep on finding faults in all
Finding disappointment in those we meet
Never are we able to greet The Truth

Pat S.

Gratitude

I thought that I knew what gratitude was, that is until the winter of 1990, when something happened in my life that would change my entire concept, perhaps forever.

My car was broken down and lacking the funds to facilitate its immediate repair, I was not feeling very grateful. I ended up sitting alone at home that night and feeling sorry for myself because I did not have a car. I had become very despondent.

Suddenly the telephone rang, momentarily removing me from my self-imposed gloom; I answered it and was greeted warmly by a familiar female voice informing me that her guest speaker for this evening's Hospitals and Institutions commitment had backed out at the very last moment leaving her without someone to speak at the meeting.

When she asked me to help her by filling in, I told her that my car was broken down and in the garage being repaired; that she would have to find someone else. "Well" she said, "that's no problem, I'll come and get you." "Oh well" I replied "I guess I'm tonight's speaker!"

I was so wrapped up in self-pity that I totally forgot to ask her where it was that I would speak. Was it a church, a school, a jail? I had no idea. All I knew was that I was to be picked up in front of my house at 7:00 pm.

She arrived promptly at seven and the first question I asked her was "Where are we going?" That's when she informed me that we were going to the Convalescent center of the Popular Manor Nursing Home. This was the unexpected location of the meeting at which I was to speak.

Now, I am a motivational speaker, and I speak on topics ranging from self-awareness to self-esteem. However, when it comes to a geriatric audience I did not have a clue, and I told her so. She just laughed and kept on driving. Fifteen minutes later we were there.

We pulled into the parking lot of a run-down, three story, red brick building with unwashed windows and littered entrance way located on Poplar Grove Street, just off of North Avenue; not your

best neighborhood I assure you.

We hesitantly got out of the car, approached the entrance, and rang the bell. Within moments a uniformed security guard appeared, unlocked the front door and invited us in. He escorted us to the first floor nursing station.

Walking through the halls, I could not help but notice that the floors looked as though they had not been swept or mopped in quite some time. The entire atmosphere of this place looked dirty, depressing, and unsanitary. I could not help but wonder what sort of individuals would place their family members in such an environment.

When we arrived at the nurses' station, we were met by a huge, friendly black woman with a warm cheery smile wearing a starched white uniform. She greeted us with a sincere handshake and thanked us for coming. Then she informed us that everyone had already assembled in the recreation room, and that if we would just follow her, she would lead the way.

All that kept going through my mind as we walked was "What topic am I going to speak about to all these senior citizens?" Once again, I had no idea, and as we approached the recreation room and we walked through the swinging doors, the scene before my eyes just blew me away.

I was met by a room full of young people, some still in their teens, all strapped to high-backed wheelchairs to keep them from falling over. They had all been paralyzed from the neck down as a direct consequence of using drugs. I, the speaker, was speechless.

There was a pretty, twenty-year-old girl named Mary, who while free-basing cocaine, had suffered a stroke, causing her paralysis. When she would try to speak, drool would spill down the sides of her mouth. Her only true means of communication was a board taped to the front of her wheelchair containing the letters of the alphabet, at which she could point to (with great difficulty) with the aid of a brace attached to her right arm.

Another patient was a twenty-two-year-old young man who, still in the prime of his life, had gone out to buy some drugs and gotten caught in the middle of a rip-off. Trying to get away, he was shot in the back; the bullet shattered his spine and paralyzed him from the neck down.

Another individual I met was a thirty-two year-old electrician who had just gotten engaged. At his engagement party, he had been drinking alcohol and snorting cocaine. While driving his fiancée home after the party, he crashed into the concrete barrier on interstate 95, killing his fiancée and turning himself into a quadriplegic for life.

It was only an hour ago that I had been sitting at home feeling sorry for myself because I don't have a car. I can take a bus, I can walk anywhere I want to go. God forgive me for being so selfish because I have done everything required to be a patient here instead of a visitor.

I pray that I never lose touch with my gratitude for the blessings which God has bestowed upon me.

Michael B.

Reprinted from Together We Can

REALITY AND CONTENTS

There are long stories and there are short, short fables

Only God can bless you to see thru the labels.

Look at that star - does it sit alone in the darkness or does it give light.

Look at that poem are they only words

Or do the words paint a picture helping me to exercise my rights.

Look at that child she's gonna need a trusting friend.

Her heart opens to a loving mind like fertile land.

Look at that teacher does he know more than you

or does he take his own inventory sharing experience and hope with you.

Reality and contents are one in the same

those who pray and meditate know that life is not a game

Robert G.

Risk Taking Is Free

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool.

To weep is to risk appearing sentimental.

To reach out for another is to risk involvement.

To expose feeling is to risk exposing your true self.

To place your ideas, your dreams before the crowd is to risk their loss.

To love is to risk not being loved in return.

To live is to risk dying.

To hope is to risk despair.

To try is to risk failure.

But the risk must be taken, because the greatest hazard in life is to risk nothing.

The person who risks nothing, does nothing, has nothing and is nothing.

He may avoid suffering and sorrow, but he simply cannot learn, feel, charge, grow, love, life

Chained by this certitudes, he is a slave, he has forfeited freedom.

ONLY A PERSON WHO RISKS -- IS FREE

Author Unknown

RIDING OUT THE STORM

Before I start I'd like to say that I've found that taking inventory is an important part of recovery.

The defect of character known as procrastination. I find in my own inventory that procrastination was there or should I say here long before I knew I had a drug problem. I remember having things to do and not wanting to do them. Thinking I could get by on the strength of someone else doing the work I should be doing. Wanting to wait until there was nothing else to do before I'd do the things I really didn't want to do. I paused on several occasions to wait for someone else to do whatever it was that I was suppose to be doing.

If procrastination can be so great in life, then, I need not get into procrastination within the fellowship. We find "us" doing it whenever the pain of change exist.

How can we continue to recover if we allow procrastination to run our lives? The defect allows us to think it's okay not to do anything when we are not ready to do the work we know we must do.

Knowing that recovery is a process and we do it a day at a time. I must also understand that procrastination is a defect in all our character and only in Our Higher Power's time do we get better with any of our defects.

Seems as if I have to still practice patience.

In Loving Service,

An Addict

Untitled

I want to love you without clutching, appreciate you without judging, join you without invading, invite you without demanding, leave you without guilt, criticize you without blaming, and help without insulting.

If I can have the same from you then we can truly meet and enrich each other.

Anonymous

EVENTS

H & I Learning Day

Saturday, October 14th, 12:00 pm to 6:00 pm
3228 McMichael Street, Abbotsford Homes

Inner City Area 7th Anniversary

Friday, October 20 -21; 7:00 pm
22nd & Cecil B. Moore, King Center

Recovery in Abbotsford 6 hr Marathon

Saturday, October 14th, 9:00 pm to 3:00 am
3228 McMichael Street, Abbotsford Homes

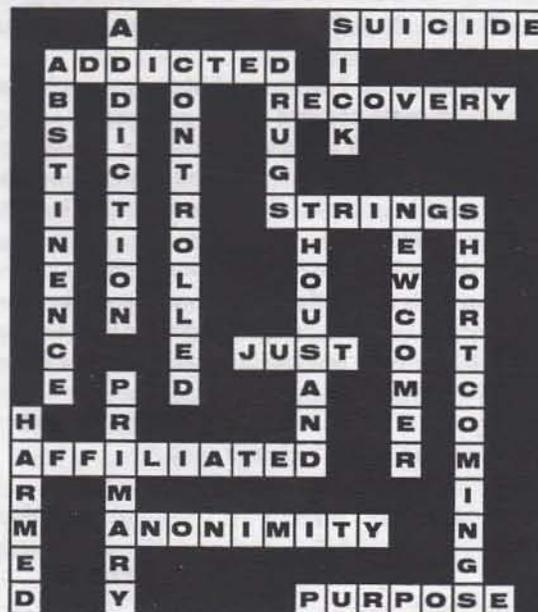
Regional H & I Learning Day

Saturday, November 18th, 11:00 am to 5:00 pm
Holiday Inn, 18th & Market Sts.

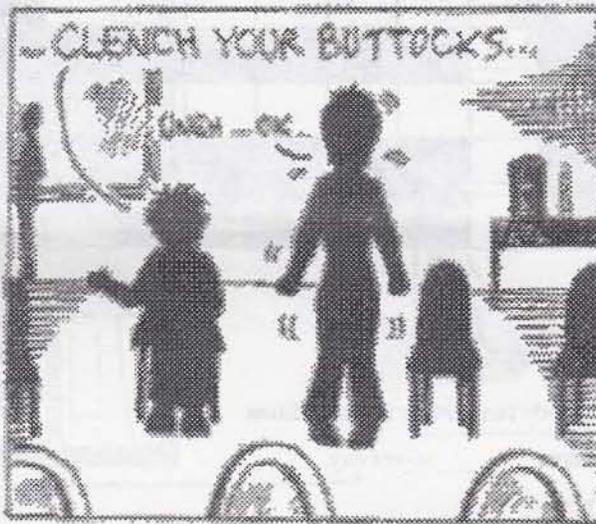
NA BIRTHDAYS

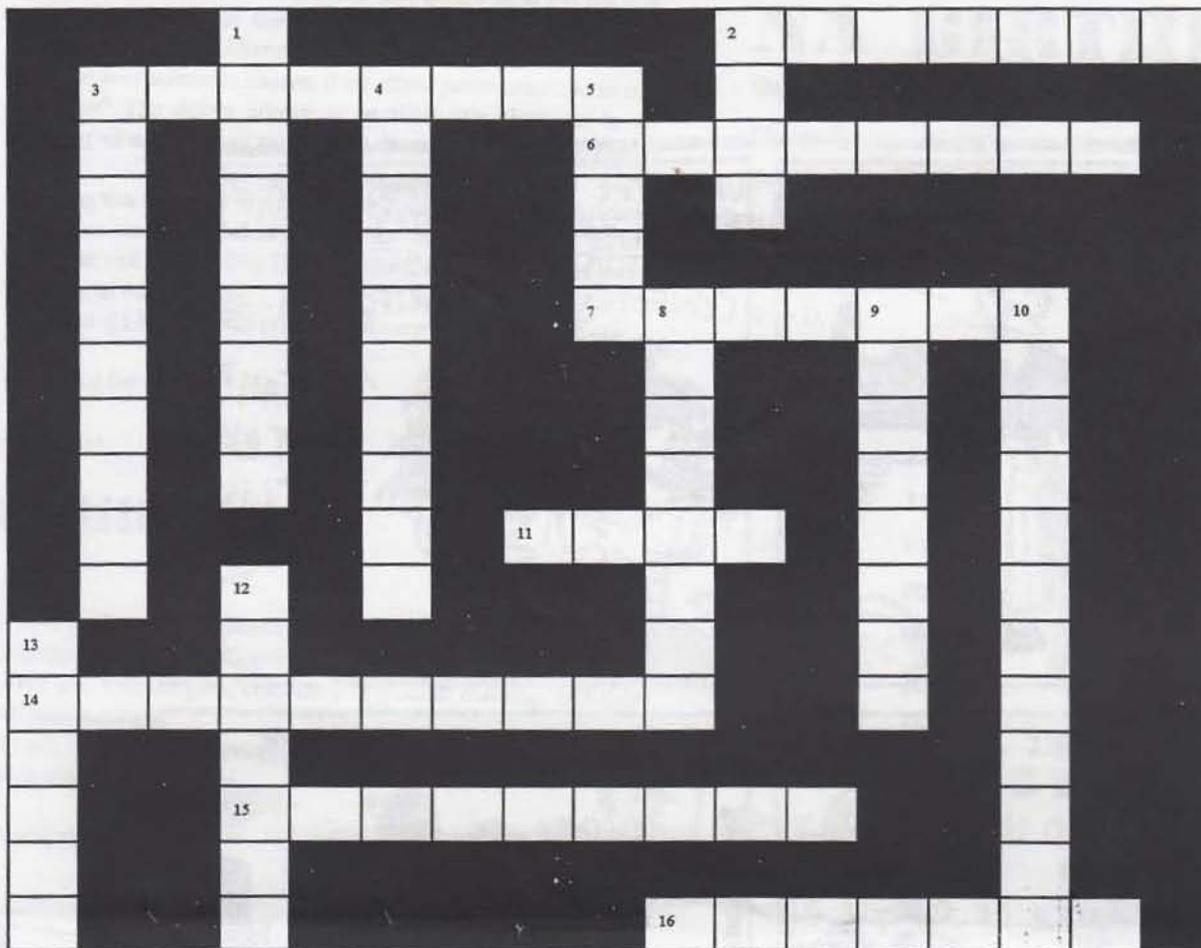
Dejon	11-04	Camden	1 yr
Marion K.	11/04	Camden	1 yr
Bobbi G.	10/19	SP	3 yrs
Bill H.	10/21	SP	7 yrs
James	10/25	ICA	16 yrs
Sean D.	10/08	DELCO	10 yrs
Herbert R.	09/27	ICA	3 yrs
Sally	09/20	ICA	3 yrs
Dialtana	11/19	WSW	4 yrs
Mitchell B.	11/19	SP	4 yrs
Keith J.	09/03	ICA	3 yrs
Janix	09/05	ICA	4 yrs
Dan F.	09/09	NWA	4 yrs
Geoff	10/04	Maryland	1 yr
Sean	10/08	SWANA	10 yrs
Shannon B	10/10	SWANA	5 yrs
Charles	9/15	NWA	5 yrs
Wayne L.	11/15	NWA	1 yr
Darryl C.	09/23	NWA	8 yrs
David H.	09/01	NWA	1 yr
Diane C.	10/03	NWA	6 mo
Camilla R.	11/23	NWA	9 mo

(xWORD SOLUTION FOR THIS ISSUE)



Home Group





ACROSS

2. What we are slowly committing in our addiction

3. We didn't become _____ in one day.

6. _____ Ain't No Jive!

7. There are no _____ attached to NA

11. _____ For Today.

14. We are not _____ with any other organization.

15. This is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions.

16. See 12 Down.

DOWN

1. We are people with the disease of _____.

2. We realized we were _____ people.

3. This is a program of complete _____ from all drugs.

4. An addict is a man or woman whose life is _____ by drugs.

5. What our whole life and thinking was centered in.

8. How many are never enough?

9. The _____ is the most important person at any meeting.

10. What we humbly asked Him to remove.

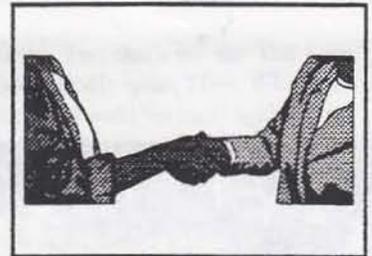
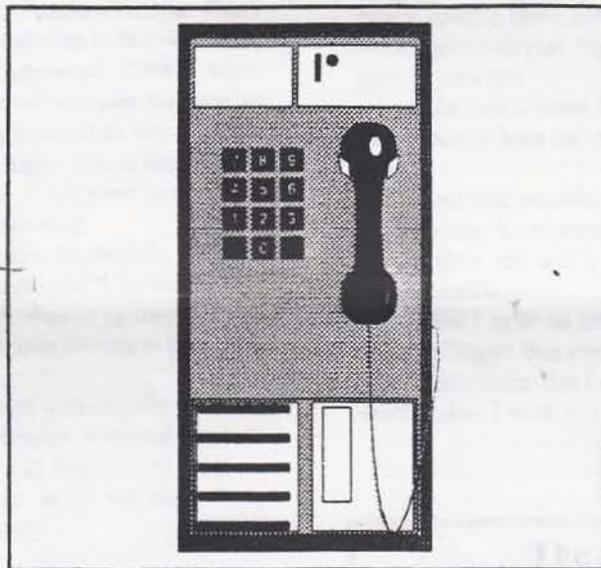
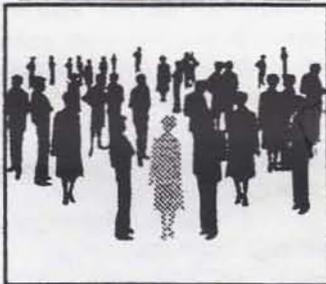
12. Each group but one (with 15 Across)

13. But most of all we _____ ourselves.

NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS HOTLINE

(215) 440-8400

STARTING SEPTEMBER
1995



**FOR A PROBLEM WITH DRUGS
CALL THE NA HOTLINE
(215) 440-8400**

NA REGIONAL PHONELINE OFFICE OF THE GREATER PHILADELPHIA REGION

(215) 509-7830

(215) 509-7831

BE A VOLUNTEER ON THE HOTLINE. CALL THE REGIONAL PHONELINE OFFICE

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By signing this slip I am giving the cleansheet permission to print the enclosed original material, I understand that the Cleansheet Committe may edit at their own discretion this material.

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THE GREATER PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL SERVICE OFFICE

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THE CLEANSHEET NEEDS THE PARTICIPATION OF IT'S READERS. SHARE YOUR EXPERIENCE, STRENGTH AND HOPE ON ANY TOPIC RELATED TO YOUR RECOVERY OR THE N.A. PROGRAM. PLEASE SEND US YOUR ARTICLES, ARTWORK, COMMENTS, AND SUGGESTIONS.