

CLEAN SHEET

P.O. Box 44
Claymont, DE 19703

Vol.1, No.1
Aug. - Sept.



Dear NA Members:

Changes

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 input is welcome and needed to carry the message. Everyone is welcome and encouraged to attend our meetings. For time and location call: Steve R. (302) 798-1262 ; Be (302) 366-0610; Deb F. (215) 532-7113. Anyone may also send input to CLEANSHEET; P.O. Box 44; Claymont, DE 19703.

The Glasshouse group at LKEC on Saturday and Sunday afternoons from 2-3 will be dropped off our meeting lists. The groups will still meet, though, and are in desperate need of support.

In Delaware the Small Wonder Area of N.A. has elected all new trusted servants.

Area Chairpersons:.....	Vinny M.....	475-6866
Co-Chairpersons:.....	Brenda I.....	571-0942
Secretary:.....	Belinda.....	428-0734
Treasurer:.....	Be W.....	453-9546
H & I Chairperson:.....	Don C.....	453-0334
A.S.R.:.....	Mark B.....	328-2053
Alternate A.S.R.:.....	Riva G.....	656-4398
P.I. Chairperson:.....	John L.....	731-7926
Helpline Chairperson:..	Chris C.....	328-4731
Literature Chair:.....	Suzanne F.....	428-3146
Activities Chair:.....	Sue D.....	328-5067

Happiness is not having what you want,
but being happy with what you have.

Announcements

H & I in the Tricounty Area will meet Saturday August 29, and Saturday September 26 at the HIPID Building, 7116 West Chester Pike, Upper Darby, PA at 7pm. If you would like to volunteer, please call John (215) 583-5114 or Jack C. (215) 734-1309.

H & I in the Small Wonder Area is in desperate need of support. If anyone is interested in helping out please contact Don C. 453-0334.

In Small Wonder Area there are some groups that could really use some support:

- First State Survivors
- Give it Faith
- Weekend Survivors
- Serenity Group
- Thursday night at Rosehill Comm.
- Saturday morning at St. Matthews Aud. 10:00 am.

From you I receive,
To you I give,

Together we share,
and by this we live!

HOTLINES

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

TRI-COUNTY AREA
SMALL WONDER AREA (DELAWARE)
Phone 1-302-429-8175
IN CHESTER & DELAWARE
Phone 215-534-9510



HOW IT WORKS

Utter confusion, misery, and pain,
humiliation, remorseful, and shame;
dreading to face the light of each day;
not wanting to hear what people would
say.

Like where is your willpower, where is
your pride;
they don't understand that deep down
inside
I wish I knew the answer to give;
and how to find the courage to live.

I had taken the pills they told me I
should;
I tried all the cures but they did no
good.
I made many promises and meant them
too.
but the compulsion to drug is stronger
than you.

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THE DILEMMA

To trust is to risk getting hurt.
To laugh is to risk appearing the fool.
To weep is to risk being sentimental.
To reach out for another is to risk
involvement.
To place your ideas and dreams before a
crowd is to risk rejection.
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 risk must be taken because the great-
est hazard in life is to risk nothing.
The person who risks nothing, has nothing
does nothing and is nothing.
He may avoid suffering and sorrow but he
simply cannot learn, grow, feel, love,
change, and live.
Those who do not risk are prisoners of
their emotions.
They will always be slaves.
It is not until we risk that we can
truly be free.

MY GRATITUDE SPEAKS WHEN I CARE AND I SHARE THE NA WAY

The Person in the Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle
for self,
and the world makes you king for the day,
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself,
and see what that person has to say.
For it isn't your father or mother or wife,
whose judgement upon you must pass,
the person whose verdict that counts most
in your life,
is staring back from the glass.
Some people might think you're a straight-
shooting chum,
and call you a wonderful person,
but the person in the glass says you're
only a bum,
If you can't look that one straight in
the eye.
That's the person to please, never mind
the rest,
for she's with you clear to the end.
And you've passed your most dangerous,
difficult test,
if the guy in the glass is your friend.
You may fool the whole world down the
pathway of years,
and get pats on the back as you pass.
But your final reward will be heartaches
and tears,
if you've cheated the person in the
glass.

One day a friend happened to say:
"I know the answer, I can show you the
way;
all it takes is an open-mind;
and believe what you hear from your own
kind."

WHO IS AN ADDICT?

Most of us do not have to think twice about this
question. WE KNOW! Our whole life and thinking was
centered in drugs in one form or another—the getting
and using and finding ways and means to get more.
We lived to use and used to live. Very simply, an addict
is a man or woman whose life is controlled by drugs.
We are people in the grip of a continuing and
progressive illness whose ends are always the same:
jails, institutions and death.



DEAR CLEANSHEET

I am an addict and have been clean just for today. I'm happy to have found a new way of life in N.A.

I'm really not that good at writing anything so if your readers get this I hope that they write their input into this newsletter, also.

When I first started going to meetings I felt good to be away from using drugs and feeling like such a scum. I came to believe that my surrender was in line when my obsession to use drugs was lost. This was beyond my wildest dreams. I'd like to write about my experiences with the first three steps.

I've heard that the first three steps offer unlimited knowledge in gaining a spiritual life. Sort of like a bottomless pit.

When I practice a daily surrender to the disease of addiction I realize that throughout the course of the day that I will be confronted with a multitude of opportunities to act out on my disease. I'll take the stand of "It's OK, I can handle this." The fact of the matter is that I'm a powerless addict and that any type of control in my life makes life that much more unmanageable. HELP! I've begun to be open-minded enough to listen to suggestions on how others handle situations similar to my hardships and ask for help in order to not relive some of my mistakes. I don't know all the answers. I'm only as great as the knowledge that I have and by becoming teachable I allow others to redirect myself towards a better, more improved way to live greater than my own ways.

I've decided that if I want to live a clean and serene way of life I will practice the steps of N.A.

When I live my life today I don't worry as much as I used to when I first got clean. There are days today that I only have the blind faith keeping me clean and believing everything is going to be alright. This faith was shown to me by others around the meetings giving me the hope to go on and make it through that day without picking up. I understand that my Higher Power has worked better for me when I eliminated all that fear making that emptiness inside of my gut. I fill that void with faith that no matter what, NO MATTER WHAT, I'll be OK as long as I don't pick up. With that I've also committed myself to work the remainder of the steps and RECOVER!!!!!!!!!!

Anonymous

Forget Yesterday

I am
where I am
I know where I could have been
had I done
what I did not do
tell me friend
what I can do
today, to be
where I want
to be
tomorrow

I hear you cry
I see you laugh
Time means nothing
when you feel bad
I hope you share
Restraint is pain
Honesty will conquer all

your friend

THE MARRIAGE With this Needle I Thee Wed

So now little man you've grown tired of
grass,
LSD,goofballs, cocaine, and hash.
So someone pretending to be a good friend
said I'll introduce you to Miss Herion.

Well honey, before you start fooling with
me,
just let me inform you of how it will be.
You'll need lots of money as you have been
told,
for darling I'm much more expensive than
gold.

You think you could never become a dis-
grace,
and end up addicted to poppyseed waste.
So you'll start inhaling me one afternoon,
You'll welcome me into your arms very soon.
You'll swindle your mother just for a buck,
You'll turn into something both vile and
corrupt.

You'll mug and steal for my narcotic charm,
and only feel contentment when I'm in your
arm.

The day that you realize the monster you've
grown,
You'll solemnly promise to leave me alone.
If you think you've got the mystical knack,
then sweetie just try getting me off your
back.

The vomit, the cramps, the withdrawal pains,
Can only be saved by my white little grains.
The hot chills and cold sweats, your gut
tied in a knot,

Your jangling nerves screaming, " just one
more shot."

There's no where to run and there's no need
to lock,
for deep down inside you'll know you are
hooked.

You'll desperately run to your pusher and
then,
You'll welcome me back in your arms once
again.

You'll give up your conscience, your soul,
and your heart,
and you will be mine until death do us
part.

THE END



(Continued from page 2)

We Can Be Positive That Our Drugging Was Negative:

We drugged for happiness and became unhappy.
 We drugged for joy and became miserable.
 We drugged for friendship and made enemies.
 We drugged to be outgoing and became self-centered.
 We drugged for sociability and became argumentative.
 We drugged for sophistication and became crude and obnoxious.
 We drugged to soften sorrow and wallowed in self-pity.
 We drugged to sleep and awakened without rest.
 We drugged for strength and felt weak.
 We drugged for sex drive and lost potency.
 We drugged for medicinally and acquired health problems.
 We drugged because the job called for it and then lost the job.
 We drugged for relaxation and got the shakes.
 We drugged for confidence and became uncertain.
 We drugged for bravery and became afraid.
 We drugged for certainty and became doubtful.
 We drugged to stimulate thought and blacked out.
 We drugged for warmth and lost our cool.
 We drugged to feel heavenly and knew hell.
 We drugged to forget and were haunted.
 We drugged for freedom and became powerless.
 We drugged to erase problems and saw them multiply.
 We drugged to cope with life and invited death -- or worse.

God, grant me the serenity
 to accept the things I cannot change,
 The courage to change the things I can,
 And the wisdom to know the difference.

It started out so long ago,
 we were young and didn't know.
 The partying time was lots of fun,
 but only the beginning of a painful run.
 We grew older and went our way,
 only to meet in a better day.
 We each suffered our separate pain,
 and by luck, found nothing more to gain.
 Now we are clean and have a new way,
 we work very hard to just have today.
 I thank my God for all he has giving,
 I am grateful so much to just be living.

Deb, from Darby

I went to a meeting; they read chapter five.
 The steps made more sense. Hope was revived.
 I saw living proof of what faith can do.
 It worked for them; why not for you?

One day at a time they told me to live;
 They said, "Easy does it and learn to forgive.
 Be humble, be honest and help when you can;
 Pass on what you learn to some other man."

I heard them repeat the serenity prayer,
 and soon learned all my answers were there.
 Now, when someone asks, "can miracles be?"
 May I always reply, "take a look at me!"

With N.A. Love
 Joel S.
 Chatt. Town, TN

Anniversary's

JUNE

12th - Be W. - 2 years
 25th - Mary - 1 year
 29th - Sherry - 3 years

JULY

11th - Mike - 30 days
 13th - Bill Y. - 1 year

AUGUST

3rd - Chris M. - 1 year
 6th - Suzanne F. - 1 year
 11th - Bill (doc) - 1 year
 11th - Mike I. - 60 days

SEPTEMBER

6th - Judy R. - 1 year
 11th - Mike I. - 90 days
 13th - Jack C. - 5 years
 19th - Scott G. - 9 months
 20th - Rich K. - 9 months
 11th - Jimmy K. - 1 year