

Narcotics Anonymous WRASCNA News Letter

It's a WE Program

October 2024

Fellowship in NA

Narcotics Anonymous is a group of addicts any addicts that have the desire to stay clean. They work together to form and support meetings so that the suffering addict has a safe place to go. There are no fees due and no promises to make to anyone. All addicts are welcome to come to a meeting and share openly within the safe space of recovery.

Without other addicts, there would be no fellowship. Addicts need other addicts to share their experience, strength, and hope. We come together to let the struggling newcomer or old-timer know that they are not alone. Come to a meeting early or stay late. Get together on holidays instead of sitting alone or with sick family. Fellowship goes beyond the parking lot of the meeting. An addict alone is in bad company but finding supporting friends within the program is essential to one's success.

Call addicts you haven't seen. Go to meetings that need support. Hug someone new. Give back what has freely been given to you.

"We must always remember that as individual members, groups, and service committees, we are not and should never be in competition with each other. We work separately and together to help the newcomer and for our common good. We have learned, painfully, that internal strife cripples our Fellowship; it prevents us from providing the services necessary for growth,"
Basic Text pg. xxvi

**Remember the service area
meeting meets the third Sunday of
every month at 1480 Eastwood Ave
Akron**

What Is the Narcotics Anonymous Program?

NA is a nonprofit fellowship or society of men and women for whom drugs had become a major problem. We are recovering addicts who meet regularly to help each other stay clean. This is a program of complete abstinence from all drugs. There is only one requirement for membership, the desire to stop using. We suggest that you keep an open mind and give yourself a break. Our program is a set of principles written so simply that we can follow them in our daily lives. The most important thing about them is that they work. There are no strings attached to NA. We are not affiliated with any other organizations. We have no initiation fees or dues, no pledges to sign, no promises to make to anyone. We are not connected with any political, religious, or law enforcement groups, and are under no surveillance at any time. Anyone may join us regardless of age, race, sexual identity, creed, religion, or lack of religion. We are not interested in what or how much you used or who your connections were, what you have done in the past, how much or how little you have, but only in what you want to do about your problem and how we can help. The newcomer is the most important person at any meeting, because we can only keep what we have by giving it away. We have learned from our group experience that those who keep coming to our meetings regularly stay clean.

**"When members of NA or any 12-step group get together after a meeting, it creates an opportunity for closer, more intimate bonds to be formed. The standard hour-long meeting is great, and even essential, but it's during this second round of fellowshiping that true friends are made,"
(royallifecenters.com)**

Personal Experience with Fellowship for Addicts

What is Fellowship and what does it mean to you and your recovery?

- "Fellowship is my recovery. If it weren't for the people I've met in my recovery journey, I wouldn't be clean today. Fellowshiping is how I've met everyone I know and love. They taught me how to give back what was given to me," – Joy J with two amazing years clean and the GSR of Women on Fire.
- "That I'm not alone and that that's the one place (NA) my brain shuts up and I feel okay. The women and some men but the women are what allow me to grow."
- "Fellowship is the supporting community that is here for support and guidance for members."

Favorite part of being a part of the Fellowship?

- "Getting to watch someone grasp the concept of living clean. Getting to watch true recovery unfold in real-time, the moment a person gets it. That's what I love." – Tamar L with five beautiful years clean and Homegroup member of Women on Fire
- "Putting on events and feeding people."
- "Seeing people in the rooms start to find themselves as individuals and enjoy living again. Even though I have some time put together getting to see new members find their way by attending meetings and getting involved reminds me of early recovery and all the growth I've gone through. I'm not good at looking at how much my life has changed but I can see others and it gives me a clear image of the program's power, and that makes me really happy."

Do you have a least favorite part of Fellowship or has the meaning of Fellowship changed for you through your recovery?

- "Feeling like I'm a person that people think is trashy, annoying, or poorly educated."
- "Homegroup members that seem closed off to the rest of the meeting. It seems like there's a cool kids' table and others aren't invited."
- "Maybe people not being so cliquey, reminding themselves that even though they've made new friends, they need to reach out to others still. I've noticed this with myself, I gravitate towards the people I already know and am comfortable with."

As a community how can we as members improve the concept of Fellowship?

- "More openly talking about NA's stance on medically assisted treatment. If we talked about this more openly in meetings or as homegroup members people on it would feel more comfortable talking about it or in general. It would take away the miscommunication."
- "I miss when meetings had support and there were people who showed up and stayed late. It wasn't one person doing everything. Everyone worked together to be a positive representation of NA. Akron used to have such big turnouts for events. I wish members would still attend events when they can so that newcomers can experience what we used to have."
- "I think homegroup members should start calling other homegroup members who miss meetings again. A big part of a homegroup is accountability and the relationship with other homegroup members. I feel somewhere along those lines, we forgot that."

~Works from Addicts in Recovery~

Emotional Seas

I awake from my slumber,
And the frustration begins.
I prayed for 8 hours of rest,
But my plea goes unanswered.
I start to move but my body is sore,
This journey has been painful.
The emotions have tormented my spirit,
I have never felt them before.
Anger paired with insatiable desire,
Unable to manage my thoughts.
Evolving from a cosmic soup,
I am now a living, breathing animal.
New instincts have emerged,
Control is something I must find.
My mind is clear and focused,
Even with the desire to regress.
An old sentiment I was plagued by,
Numbness was all I knew.
A dam holding back the emotions,
The barricade is now gone.
A menagerie of unfiltered feelings,
Flow through like rapids.
This uncontrollable current is rough,
I will either sink or swim.
Holding my breath as the tide pulls me under,
My lungs filled with hope.
Soon I will return to the surface,
Reclaiming the loss of oxygen.
With each dive and resurgence I take,
New features form.
I develop webbed toes and gills,
Immersing myself in this river of emotion.
I am now a creature of the deep,
Navigating apprehension with determination.
Visions of drowning disappear,
A new way of life is apparent.
The rip tide will challenge my spirit,
It will attempt to carry me away.
But with time I will acquire nautical skills,
A higher power as my life preserver.
Other aquatic beings guide me to a reef,
An underwater oasis of indescribable beauty.
It is then I finally realize I am home,
The sea of emotion is now my serenity.

Midnight Sun

It was the darkest of nights,
Like the Alaskan winter solstice.
My life was lived in constant darkness,
The isolation of my igloo was my only comfort.
Each day was a struggle to survive,
No warmth to melt my frozen spirit.
Starvation of hope left me crippled,
Gray matter decomposing in my skull.
I was born on a sunless day,
No prior knowledge of radiation.
My thoughts circled like a pack of wolves,
I was the prey my mind hunted for.
There was a tiny flame in my dwelling I never fed,
Somehow it's heat kept me alive.
One day, on the verge of hypothermia,
I prayed to escape this way of life.
My ears heard an unfamiliar sound,
The whistle of a varied thrush.
It's song like an alarm to evacuate,
I emerged from the safety of my shelter.
What I saw was like nothing before,
A glimpse of light peaked above the horizon.
My eyes were blinded from the years of night,
But soon they would adjust to the brightness.
With each passing day the sun rose higher,
Thawing my once frozen soul.
The dead of night was gone,
My days are now endless.
I dance around the structure I shivered in,
Basking in the rays of the midnight sun.
I no longer have to suffer in silence,
The power to thrive has been bestowed upon me.
The energy from the sky will cause photosynthesis,
Each day the polar grass will grow higher.
My purpose will fertilize growth,
Keeping faith my eyes will never see the darkness again.

Note to past self

Dear Past Self,

I am days, months and years ahead of you. But no matter the length of time that has elapsed, those agonizing feelings of loneliness, powerlessness, and despair you are feeling now will never fade from my mind.

I know you think you are broken beyond repair. Like a precious porcelain teapot, carelessly being played with at a child's stuffed animal symposium, crashing to the ground, rearranged into a hundred shattered pieces. When you look in the mirror, you see this mess. You are overwhelmed. There is too much work involved to repair your fragmented soul. I know you are thinking, "What's the point? Even if I tried to reconstruct what's left of me, I will never be perfect. There will always be cracks and scars that will never heal. They will always be visible for everyone to see."

The majority of what you are thinking is true.

Yes. You will never be perfect, but who really is? Plenty of people only show you what they want you to see. The outside may be freshly painted with ornate designs and brilliant colors, but when you get a glance at the inside of their vessel, there is corrosion and are chips in the veneer.

Yes. Your cracks and scars will never fully heal. You have been fighting a war your entire life, dude. A psychological rivalry that was horrifyingly macabre in nature. Blood was shed. Organs were lost. Your spirit spiraled towards nonexistence. The harsh battle of your reality brought you inches from death. But take a second and look around. You are still alive. You weathered the storm. The consequences of fierce combat are wounds that may never fully heal. But your heart is still beating, your lungs are still breathing. Wear these battle scars like a badge of honor because the fact that you have survived is a miracle.

Yes. People will see these cracks and scars. Some may scoff at them. Some may ridicule you for the path you've had to endure. Some will ask about them, triggering painful memories. But some of them that also ask will embrace them. They will listen to how you got them then show their scars. The battle you thought you fought alone, was in fact not. These warriors weren't visible in the midst of the smoke of the gunfire, but they were there, also fighting for their lives, just a few feet away. You will share your war stories with them. They will understand. You are part of a battalion that survived against all odds. You will find comfort and love among them. Clutch these soldiers in your arms and adopt their tactics to continue to fight. Trust in the colonels and generals that have been grappling their whole lives. They will show you the way to victory.

The only thing you said that is unreasonable about why you shouldn't try to put yourself back together is "What's the point?" The point is that you have made it this far. You have been to hell and back, time and time again, and are still here. This is your life. You have the ability to find a new way to live, you just have to want it. It won't be effortless, but it's possible. You are a survivor, man. I believe in you. I know you can do this because, as I write this, I am on the other side of a hill you thought you could never climb. There are many more mountains ahead, but never lose faith in your ability to keep going. You'll get there.

So, as tedious as it is, pick up those broken pieces, grab some glue and gold paint, and start putting yourself back together. Put in the effort because you are worth it. Eventually you will become whole again. You will become a new work of art, perfectly imperfect in every way, even more unique and beautiful than before.

With all of my love,
Future Self

Works by Warren 5.30.24

Want to add to the Newsletter?
Email us at
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In loving service and with much respect – The Newsletter committee