



# The Group Conscience

Dulles Corridor Area  
Narcotics Anonymous

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## Events

YOUTH IN RECOVERY IP  
WORKSHOP  
Sat, May 12, 2007  
Lewinsville Presbyterian Church  
McLean, VA

TOGETHER WE CAN CAMPOUT  
May 18-20, 2007  
Prince William Forest

AREA SERVICE  
Sun, May 20, 2007  
St. Timothy's  
Herndon, VA

ROCK THE BOAT CRUISE  
Sun, May 27, 2007  
Balitmore, MD

## Allowing a Surgery of the Spirit

By Holly P. and Sarah Q.

After months of writing on what seemed like hundreds of questions, and finally having to hurry through the last half of it because my sponsor was going out of town, I was ready to not only read my fourth step aloud, but also admit the exact nature of my wrongs to my Higher Power, myself, and to another human being. We had set the date, and I was going to show up for it. It was my second 4th and 5th step, after all, nothing to be scared of. But I was totally scared. Well maybe not scared exactly. What was that feeling? Before doing a thorough 4th – 6th step, this

addict could not have told you! My sponsor and I met at a DCANA event and had some fun and fellowship first. I tried to have fun, anyway, but I kept thinking about all this stuff I was about to pour out and I was feeling anxious. I hadn't felt a whole lot of anything while I wrote the 4th step, but my sponsor had assured me that I would feel when we did the 5th step. My fear was not that I would have to tell her my deep, dark, secrets – no, I trusted her – I was afraid to feel this stuff. I knew that if I wanted the recovery I saw in the lives of other addicts, I had to keep moving. I was

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## Our Primary Purpose

By Anonymous

"Our primary purpose is at the heart of our service." It Works How and Why, pg. 159

What is our primary purpose? To carry the message to the addict who still suffers. What message are we carrying? Hopefully, its one of hope that there is freedom from active addiction and that any addict can have it. How are our groups carrying the message? Well, first of all, each group is responsible for letting its members, especially home group members, have a clear understanding of our primary purpose. In addition, each individual group member is responsible for educating their

home group on the importance of our primary purpose. Home group members should also be responsible for sharing a clear message of recovery in meetings-one of strength, experience, and hope. Even if you have to dump some shit in a meeting you can share it in the context of strength, experience, and hope. Its living in the solution, not in the problem.

There are other ways a group can measure whether or not they are carrying the message. Are we discussing how we carry the message in our group conscious meetings as a regular course of events? Do we have greeters to help people feel welcome? Do we give out meeting lists

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## "Allowing a Surgery of the Spirit" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

told that the same Higher Power that had carried me this far, would be there with me for the 4th and 5th steps, too.

### One of the "Surgeons"

Perhaps, as a sponsor, there is no greater honor than helping another addict seek freedom by completing their 5th step. The responsibilities of a sponsor during the 5th step are many. An objective perspective is essential to fostering an environment of trust and

faith. Listening without attachment (or judgment) to the stories and confessions of the one to whom we are serving is critical. We take notes. We discern the painful patterns that are no longer functioning as useful tools in their lives. We assist them in separating shame warranted from shame unwarranted. We facilitate their awareness of their reactions to people, places and things and teach them not to seek blame in any given situation. We aid them as they sort through their confusion, life long lies and misconceptions; bringing them to a

realistic view of themselves and their experiences. Helping them find acceptance is important because if an addict cannot realize where they are they can not move forward. Once the patterns are discovered, the person sees themselves for no less than they are, no more than they are and can appreciate their humanness. They can move on to step six. The lifelong painful patterns that often paralyzed them can now be used as a starting point to list their misuse of character traits.

## "Our Primary Purpose" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

with phone numbers to newcomers? Do we give literature to the newcomer? Does our group start and stop on time? Do we as individuals and group members discourage cross talk? As individuals, do we pay attention to the newcomer or do we ignore the newcomer in order to hang out with our friends?

Are our meeting formats effective? Do we have fliers available for events coming up and do we invite everyone to those events? Do we drive people to meetings who need rides? There are many ways to serve the addict who still suffers, its just a matter of creatively finding out what they are. Basically,

carrying the message to the addict who still suffers requires us to be selfless and not self-centered, which is contrary to who we are as addicts. In saying that, let me be clear, we can do it anyway! And in doing it we are a living, breathing example of recovery in action. We can live Tradition Five in all that we do.

# I Am An Addict: Part One

### By Den O.

I woke up thirsty, dehydrated. My three choices; get a drink of water, take a few hits off of the tina pipe, or kill myself. I contemplated these options most days when I awoke. I tried but could not stop. I wanted to stop, but did not know how. Every time I bought a bag of Crystal Meth, I said to myself; "this is the last bag." I actually believed that statement until that bag was almost empty, and then in panic, I would get more of the drug and repeat the promise to myself that this bag was the last. I lived that lie for many months.

What began as a fun escape had become a way of life, to feel normal. I thought about my drug often throughout the day. My drug use came before eating, before my family, before my friends, before my work, before everything. My Crystal Meth use had gone from using occasionally to using every weekend. It quickly accelerated to daily use. It was my lover, my best friend, my nourishment, my recreation, my survival. Crystal Meth was not my number one priority, it was my only priority.

If someone had told me five years

ago that I would be shooting illegal street drugs into my veins, I would have laughed and told them they were crazy. I would never do that. Drug addicts do that, junkies do that, not me. I could never be a junkie. I grew up in a nice home with both parents present. I attended good schools and had a good

education. My friends did not use drugs. Professionally, I was successful. Someone like me does not even use drugs. So to shoot drugs? Never! However, there I was - slamming Crystal Meth. I rationalized my drug use and rationalized slamming drugs. I told myself I would only do it when I was

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## "I AM AN ADDICT" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

going to have sex, as a sexual enhancement; however, that was not true. I slammed many times and never had sex. Once, I was going to my best friend's funeral, getting ready to board a plane. Before I went through security I walked into the bathroom, into a stall, slammed Crystal and proceeded through security. I cannot explain why I did that. I just did. I am an addict.

Snorting Crystal never really worked for me, so I began smoking it. I smoked Crystal for about 6 months when a drug friend

introduced me to slamming the drug. I thought I would try it once, no big deal. But it was a big deal as I knew from that

moment on that smoking the drug would never be enough anymore. I would joke with my drug friends that once you go to the other side of the rainbow, you could never come back. How dark and true that statement was. You see, one night when I was slamming, going to that other side of the rainbow, I overdosed and almost died. I collapsed. I began to seizure. Foam was coming from my mouth. I was going into cardiac arrest and kidney failure. I spent the next three days in a coma. Luckily, I was in a public place and someone called 911.

Up to that fateful night, I told myself I had my drug use under control. Unlike

many addicts, I had not lost my job, my house or my car from using. My family and close friends had no idea I was using so I had not lost their trust yet, but this was a lie. I had lost so much more. I had lost my self-respect, I had lost my self-esteem, but most importantly, I had lost myself.

When I awoke in that hospital room, I knew I needed to seek help or I would die. I did not want to quit, but I realized death would be imminent.

*This article will be continued in next month's issue of The Group Conscience*

## Never Alone

**By Mary F.**

Grief, sadness and loneliness became a part of my daily existence. Drugs were my only friend, or so I thought. I had reached the point where I resented the world. There was nothing worthwhile to give to my loved ones; instead, I was a parasite that sucked the life out of anyone that crossed my path. I used them up and threw them out. The rest of them gave up and walked away. Who could blame them? I couldn't live with me, either. There was no one left but me and I was rather happy with that. I retreated into my own little world, filled with drugs and denial. It was a place where I could do what I wanted, when I wanted. I could use without restrictions and no one got in my way. Soon though, my "freedom" had become my own prison. I became aware that I couldn't go on like I was. The drugs didn't work anymore. I

was trapped and I wanted to die. If the cycle continued, I was going to end up back in jail or dead. Death seemed like an option. My way had stopped working long ago; it was time to try something else.

I was so scared. How was I supposed to ask people for help when I didn't trust anyone? I couldn't let my fears stop me, this was life or death. I made a decision to go to a Narcotics Anonymous meeting. It was the first good decision I had made in a long time. When I walked in, I got a huge hug. I didn't want to let the woman go. I sat down and looked around. Why were you so happy? Didn't you realize how much the world sucked? There was no way you could even begin to understand how bad I felt, how I had ruined my life. I was a complete failure. I began to question your ability to help

me. I was hopeless. You had no idea what my life was like. It was too messed up to fix. I told myself that you weren't going to want me around you because I was sicker than all of you put together.

It didn't take long to see that you seemed to understand how I felt. You seemed to know me even though I was a total stranger. You accepted me for who I was. You told me that I could stop using, that things would get better. It made me want to keep coming back, so I did. I followed your suggestions. I called you when I wanted to use, when I was afraid, when I was hurt, when I was dope-sick and even when I didn't know what the hell was wrong. You believed in me, you had faith in me. Hours and hours you spent with me, all I had to do was ask. Often, you had to explain my feelings because I didn't understand. You showed

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## "NEVER ALONE" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

me patience and tolerance. You taught me how to practice forgiveness. You showed me how to trust and taught me how to be trustworthy. You helped me when I wanted to give up. You hurt when I was hurting and you smiled when I smiled. You laughed with me, not at me. You showed me love and compassion for others. You showed me how to live. You loved me, no matter what. "This is what Narcotics Anonymous is all about. It's about people who care about desperate, dying addicts and who can, in time, teach

them how to live without drugs." Basic Text, Pages 77-78.

You haven't given up on me. Time after time, you're still there for me. You continue to give me so much. Today, the world is a better place. With your help, I am able to stay clean another day. I am able to love you in return. I help others the way you helped me. I have real friends, a network, a fabulous sponsor, and faith in a Higher Power. I have a life worth living; for once, I'm a part of

something. It's beyond anything I could have imagined. Words can't thank you enough for the gifts you've given me. Thank you, I truly don't want to know where I would be without you. I am so grateful. I've finally found home. I am never alone, never again.

# Recovering Humor



## Dulles Corridor Area NA

*Our area is located in Northern Virginia and holds about 20 meetings per week in Oakton, Reston, Chantilly, Centreville, Sterling, Leesburg and Round Hill.*

## Anniversaries

TRACY CELEBRATES 8 YRS  
Saturday Night Live  
Sat, May 12, 2007

JESSICA L. CELEBRATES 2 YRS  
Third Tradition  
Sun, May 27, 2007



## Narcotics Anonymous

is a nonprofit fellowship of men and women for whom drugs had become a major problem. We meet regularly to help each other stay clean. We are not interested in what or how much you used, but only in what you want to do about your problem and how we can help.

### Want to see your work in print?

E-mail [grouppscience@hotmail.com](mailto:grouppscience@hotmail.com)  
or log on to [www.dcana.org](http://www.dcana.org)

# Poet's Corner

## Today

By Red

god speaks to me threw these people.  
i know now where my home is.  
waiting for that moon to move so i can see MY sun.  
i want this... BAD. so bad id do anything to get it...  
I'm so grateful for the people in my life  
tonight i got some raw shit. REAL shit  
there honesty and respect really changed my view on how i look at my self.  
you know who you are  
thank you.

showed me I'm not alone. and that i have some work to do.

god bless the broken road. the tears that fell that night, god bless his eyes seeing in me what i couldn't, and telling me it was there and all i had to do was look, god bless the way i felt at that moment when i knew i wasn't worthless, god bless the words you spoke to me and the pain i felt. God bless that sunrise calling my name GOD bless the man who Respected me and didn't take my dignity & Showed me i am beautiful and god bless what they showed me .

god speaks threw this fellowship of men and women with the same broken ass hearts and tattered ass souls.

NA is my needle and God is my thread and i am slowly patching that hole.  
all i got is today and all i know is I'M CLEAN today and i will be tomorrow.  
i used to live and lived to use.....

### SHOW ME HOW TO LIVE

I'm not an object anymore... I'm a girl with feelings and who is just as broken as you... and i am slowly fixing me.

god bless that night and tonight because it changed my life & i know now what i need to do.

they are angels... and they showed me where i could find my OWN pair of wings to fly.

i would have died without you all....

thanks for showing my i am worth it.