



The Group Conscience

Dulles Corridor Area
Narcotics Anonymous

Inside This Issue

- Events (1)
- Step 7 (1)
- 7th Tradition (1)
- My Walk Through Time with God (2)
- Recovering Humor (2)
- The Difference Between Strength and Courate (4)
- Anniversaries (4)

Events

BOWLING

Sun, July 1, 2007
Sterling, VA

SPEAKER JAM

Sat, July 14, 2007
Winchester, VA

AUTONOMY ZONAL FORUM

SAT, July 28, 2007
Greater Philadelphia Region

AREA SERVICE

Sun, July 29, 2008
St. Timothy's
Herndon, VA

Step 7

By Stan B.

The 7th Step has changed my life, and given me a new perspective on what assets and defects are. Everyday I get a daily reprieve from my defects of character. The defects of Character the I survived on when I was using are no longer acceptable in my new way of life. I pray to God to remove my defects of character on a daily basis and I get glimpses of freedom from that. God

slowly removes my defects of character in his time, with my patience and participation. I have faith that one day they will be removed. My defects of character do not make me who I am today. I can live without them, and my life is more fulfilled. So with God's help they will be removed.

7th Tradition

By Anonymous

Tradition Seven

"Every NA group out to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions."

This tradition is talking about more than just financial support. Of course, a group is responsible for financially supporting itself and the reason for this is so NA can carry the message to the still suffering addict in the NA way, thus upholding our primary purpose. If we accepted outside contributions, we would have to accept the contributors way of doing things also. It is imperative, therefore, that NA groups remain fully self-supporting. This charges each individual with giving as responsibly as they can to the group.

This giving can also include any needs a group has. Basic needs such as a meeting place and rent are included. But meetings

also need literature, key tags, meeting lists, speakers, GSR's, greeters, etc. That is why service supports Tradition Seven. Service meets the needs of the group. A group also needs people, people who attend meetings regularly and share their strength, experience, and hope. Without this, how would a group be self-supporting?

How a group responds to the challenge of being self-supporting reflects on each individual's spiritual condition as well. We need each other to live the NA way and to recover and that requires a selfless attitude. When we were in active addiction, we were all about ourselves. In recovery we need to grow and learn how to be about other people. "Personal recovery depends on NA Unity."

Self-support is about meeting financial needs, spiritual needs, and the physical needs of the group.

My Walk Through Time with God

By Erica B.

I guess you could say I knew you when I was little as could be; when I was misbehaving my Mom and Grandparents would say if I didn't stop you would punish me.

From the moment I spoke words I was taught to say grace before dinner each night, as I grew older I didn't really understand the meaning of my words but it was so routine it just felt right.

Each night before bed my Mom would come in my room to help me pray, she'd make me get down on my knees and clasp my hands explaining that it was simply just the right way.

Sunday after Sunday off to church we'd go, my family told me the more I read and understood the bible my purpose in life I'd soon know.

At age twelve I was forced into confirmation school, I dreaded it so much because as I got older church and God were no longer considered cool.

Soon there after in my teenage years my parents got tired of trying to pry me out of bed, so they made church an option and I chose friends and sleeping in instead.

By age thirteen I had truly begun my walk towards the gates of hell. Instead of asking God for help I sided with Satan and promised not to tell.

My adolescence became full of dishonesty and church here and there, little did my family know by age fourteen I had decided that God, if there

was a God, did not care.

High school came and went and my Mother and family tried to ignore the blatant signs, but somehow I think they knew that while they slept I was somewhere chopping lines.

My summer before college I popped my very first ecstasy pill, by this time I had no interest in God or his will.

Freshman year of college drugs took over so badly that second semester I decided to drop out, it was no question to my family I had forgotten the meaning of God and what he was all about.

When I arrived home my life had little hope, soon I gave away that "little" and sold my soul for dope.

During active addiction little did I pray, but when I did I remember asking for God to just make all the pain go away.

This man God I no longer knew put me to the test, instead of surrendering, for so long I hid, it was what I did best.

The daemons continued to confuse me and eat at my heart, and as I went on refusing to accept God's love, my world quickly fell apart.

When my Grandmother's breast cancer came back I witnessed her fight the ultimate fight, she knew that I was using and told me "Erica if you talk to God and pray everything will be alright."

At this time my drug consumption became so intolerable that when alone I did what my Oma said, I asked him over

and over to spare her life and to take mine instead.

October 21st 2006, my Oma stayed her last visit in Room 978, I sat by her side watching her die and on October 28th 2006, I realized it was too late.

The night she died I clenched her cold dead hand and screamed "WHY GOD WHY?" and in that moment I decided there was no such thing as God or he wouldn't have let the person who meant the most to me die.

The next week of the wake and funeral I snorted so much coke I'm lucky to be alive, it was no longer a question to me, I convinced myself I needed coke to survive.

At the funeral they spoke of how religious she was and how till the bitter end she remained in prayer, all I thought when they said this is God isn't really there.

My soul was completely empty, I was full of fear and hate, "I'm going to die a drug addict," I told myself over and over, I thought I was my fate.

Through my trying times I just couldn't get it out of my head. "Erica I love you, you are so strong, you've always made me proud...get clean your Mother and the family need you," the very last words she said.

Soon I hit rock bottom, my car blew up, everything went wrong and there was only one thing left to do, pray to the God I hated so much for help to pull me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

"MY WALK THROUGH TIME WITH GOD" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

through.

It sure wasn't easy, I definitely had to swallow my pride, but I am no longer ashamed to admit the night I was let back in my house I closed my bedroom door and fell to my knees and cried.

I apologized over and over for all the pain and sorrow I had put my family through, and I begged for God to show me how to live without drugs and swore I would do whatever I needed to do.

Five months later I sit here clean and sober, able to write this little story to be read, and the point of all these words is to tell you without God I would be dead.

See today I want to live so I ask God for help as I go, and I bow to my knees frequently for giving me another chance to live a life that I never thought I'd know.

Life continues to happen, some days are so good and some are very bad but no matter what happens I know a sober day is better than any day using I have had.

Of course I have some regrets, my Oma never got her one wish for me while she was alive, to see me get clean...but now when I visit her grave I hold my head high and feel completely serene.

Each key tag I earn I stop by and place one on her grave, then I laugh and smile as I say "For you Oma, I finally promise to behave!"

See I believe she is an angel now, and I talk to her through God as I pray, and I am confident if I stay clean I will meet her again in heaven with God someday.

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

BARBARA P. CELEBRATES 1 YR

Free to Live
Mon, July 2, 2007

The Difference Between Strength and Courage

By Anonymous

It takes strength to be firm,
It takes courage to be gentle.

It takes strength to stand guard,
It takes courage to let down your guard.

It takes strength to conquer,
It takes courage to surrender.

It takes strength to be certain,
It takes courage to have doubt.

It takes strength to fit in,
It takes courage to stand out.

It takes strength to feel a friend's pain,

It takes courage to feel your own pain.

It takes strength to hide your own pains,
It takes courage to show them.

It takes strength to endure abuse,
It takes courage to stop it.

It takes strength to stand alone,
It takes courage to lean on another.

It takes strength to love,
It takes courage to be loved.

It takes strength to survive,
It takes courage to live.



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 grouppconscience@hotmail.com
or log on to www.dcana.org