



The Group Conscience

Dulles Corridor Area
Narcotics Anonymous

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Events

**Regional Service
Committee Meeting**
Sat, October 13, 2007
Alexandria, VA

**MINI CONVENTION
SOUTH POTOMAC AREA**
October 20, 2007
Temple Hills, MD

Area Service
Sun, October 27, 2007
Herndon, VA

Fear

By Jeff L.

My fear of being alone drives me to want to isolate, looking for reasons to hate all who love me, thinking I need a person or thing to make me feel alive.

Falling for the same trick over and over, leaving my tools in the box where they're stored.

My mind won't shut up for a second or two.

This damn disease of mind taking over my neurons, sick of emotions, just want to alter my state.

Chemicals can't fix what is spiritually deficient.

Falling flat on my face one again and again.

Being lifted from my own disaster.

Choices to be made, decisions to be maintained.

Allowing fear to rule my every actions.

The blast within wants to take control of my heart, my mind, my soul.

Knowing within misery is a choice and so then must be happiness.

Lots of smart talk with no foot work.

Falling back on What I'm used to, beating myself up.

The fuck up.

When will it all end?

Hopefully no time soon.

This life I live for a reason, so I hop off of my ass and onto my feet, jumping head first into a room of souls with much love and understanding, their experiences I can relate to and mine so can they.

Finally I'm home, now the journey begins.

My Relationship with my Sponsor

By Lily-Sue

My Higher Power (HP has always put the right person at the right time in my life, just when I have needed their "gifts" to deal with life on life's terms. (I also try not to forget that my HP puts individuals in my life right when I need to learn life's lessons or grow in the areas of my character defects!)

When I had 10 years clean in the program of NA, I moved up to the Dulles Corridor Area. I had the world by the tail! I had

the job of my dreams, I was in love and recently married (just 2 weeks). I was a totally "plugged-in" addict....doing area service and serving in Hospitals and Institutions. I had a home group, was working a step or two, even sponsoring fellow addicts in the New River Valley Area of NA. Hell, I had even started most of the meetings in our small area, hungry for NA.

Life was great. I was blessed.

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"MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY SPONSOR" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Then my son was diagnosed with Brain Cancer. I was told that he had less than a week to live unless an extremely risky surgery was performed and that if he did live he would most likely be left permanently brain damaged from the surgery, the tumors, and the following radiation and chemotherapy that would be needed for any hope of his survival. My son was 10 at the time.

I was feeling frightened, scared, alone, panicked, furious with my HP. I hadn't even had the time to go to my first NA meeting in the Dulles Corridor Area. Remember I'd only been up here a few weeks. I was completely stressed, a walking haze of just trying to keep my son alive and surrender my cravings to use to make life go away. My old character defects came back with a vengeance. I hated the world, hated my HP, hated anyone and everyone because I "knew" no one could help or understand what I was going through. This "lifestyle" went on for 5 years.....wake, go to the hospital or hospice, search for a cure, hold my son in my arms,, bargain with my HP, promise him anything, try to work, cry, panic, and cry some more. I was a walking relapse without actually using drugs.

Why, at 15 years clean did I never attend meetings, share and get "plugged-in" to my new area I don't understand. I do know however that my anger and fear kept me away from the rooms. Sure I would try to read my "Just for Today" and tattered Basic Text. I even went to AVCNA, as I had never missed it in all my years of recovery, only to isolate in my hotel room. God, I was miserable!

During this time, I learned more about

friendship and fear than in all my years of recovery. I was afraid of death, afraid of cancer, afraid of my depression and anger. I did not know how to react, to comfort, to listen. I was sure that what was happening to me was happening to my fellowship network also.

My depression turned to thoughts of suicide. My emotions, my disease took over my life. As we all know, our disease when we first come in is all about the cravings and the drugs, the fear, the "what the F are these crazy people doing?", but we learn over time that our disease is truly about relationships and our emotions. I felt that suicide was my only option.

I made the decision that before I killed myself I would go to a NA meeting. It was the Saturday night meeting at Lake Anne. Two people were there. (I later learned that the area was having a dance), but one committed addict was fulfilling her commitment to open and chair the meeting. This one person left to go to the dance, but a woman stayed and helped me to open up, share, cry (I hadn't cried for years because I was so afraid that if I started crying I wouldn't be able to stop). I didn't know this woman from Adam, but she knew pain, heartache, anger, fear. She was a fellow addict that was working an active program and felling the faith we need so desperately to stay clean. Had she experienced cancer? NO. But she knew my feelings, she knew my disease. She was an addict. For hours she unselfishly listened, hugged, cried, and talked to me about my lack of faith, my lack of trust in my HP and my fellow addicts, my selfishness for not sharing my experience, strength and hope, and all

that I had to offer because of my experience. Yes, my experience. She told me that my HP was providing for me what I could not provide for myself, how all the lessons I had learned through the steps were being "worked". Even though I didn't "feel" them at the time; the Steps were being applied, were being lived, in my life.

This woman convinced me to "delay " my suicide intentions and attend a woman's NA breakfast function that was going to be held the next morning. She made me promise. This honest addict made this "stranger" a promise that I wouldn't act on my plan.

I went to the function. I sat by myself. I looked around at these happy, joyous, and fee women in recovery and continued my resentments against the world, especially these women whose lives seemed so perfect to my totured mind. I continued to isolate. Can you understand my pain? How I couldn't reach out? How I had closed myself to all miracles? How close I was to my own death? Another woman had the balls to sit beside me. Good God! I was so closed and defensive. How did she get through all the self-protective stuff that I had to work my whole childhood and using days to perfect?

She introduced herself by handing me a letter! Was she deaf? Was she crazy? I read the letter. The letter explained how her daughter had killed herself (by the exact method I had chosen for my own demise), how she felt the same fear and lack of support from her fellow addicts: her network. How she needed support, love, calls, a friend. This addict had

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"MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY SPONSOR" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

relapsed after multiple years of recovery. I don't know what I would have done if my son or daughter had kissed themselves. This addict had a strong program and was doing all the right things before tragedy struck.

God, I could totally relate to this woman. We talked. I mean we really talked. We talked of fear, loss, our programs, our feelings of isolation. We talked of other addicts who avoided us because they couldn't handle the intensity of our lives and feelings. I totally connected with this woman: she understood em. She knew.

Because she shared her experience, strength, and hope, I realized how my "plan" would affect those whom I loved and who loved me. I was deeply touched, all the way to my soul. My spirit woke up. I knew she could help me (yes, I was totally selfish at this time and thinking of myself). But she felt the same way about me and she didn't need her letter anymore! My God sent me a friend. We promised each other that we would meet at the next meeting. As good addicts, we kept our promises.

Over time we got to know each other, really got to know each other. As this program works, we helped each other.

This lady is now my sponsor and that other lady who sat with me that Saturday night is sponsored by my sponsor.

So, she got on my ass and helped me, encouraged me, made me work the Steps to help understand how my addiction manifests itself in my life in other ways besides active addiction.

Am I free of pain, insecurities,, fear? Am I full of faith? More will be revealed!

WADO! (Thank you in Cherokee)

The Beginning of the Recovery Process

By Erica B.

Another day is approaching, behind the curtains I can see the sun begin to shine. I have no concern about the world around me I just need to get another bag and I'll be fine.

My heart is pounding fast, my body is so weak and just needs some rest, I've tried to just lay down but I can because my heart feels as if it's going to pop out of my chest.

I sit in my isolation staring coldly out into space; all my feelings and thoughts are numb except for one I'm not ready to face. I just can't admit it, but I know it's true, that my life has become a disgrace.

Before my thoughts and feelings have a chance to affect me, I unknowingly take back my will. I drink, I smoke, I snort anything placed in front of me likes its medicine prescribed by a doctor for a patient that is ill.

I have no knowledge of what I'm doing, all I know is that the drugs and the people I'm with make me feel like I belong, I pretend everything is okay but what is left of my heart is telling me it's wrong.

Bottom line is I've lost my real lifetime friends, my family, my life but most importantly I've lost me? What the hell happened? My life was meant for so much more, this isn't the way it was supposed to be.

The days continue to pass, inside I'm broken and my drug intake becomes more and more. My pain has become so great I question what I'm living for.

With every moment spent awake more things begin to lack. I am losing everything and some of what I'm losing I can't ever get back.

The pain is becoming unbearable, life has changed from being a gift into a real definition of hell? I ask myself over and over if I'm really alive, because I can no longer really tell.

I think suicidal thoughts, I cry secret tears, I want and need some help but I am just too afraid to face my fears.

Then one day it happens? I finally hit the bottom, I finally lost what I considered to be my all. But when this happens reality kicks in and I realize I have no one left in the world to call.

Through my using I burned all my bridges, I told too many lies, I made it abundantly clear to my loved ones I hated them and sealed the deal by constantly saying "I don't need you guys."

I build up the courage to go back

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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

HOLLY P. CELEBRATES 16 YRS

Free to Live
Mon, October 1, 2007

MIKE C. CELEBRATES 1 YR

Free to Live
Mon, October 15, 2007

WALT CELEBRATES 5 YRS

Free to Live
Mon, October 22, 2007

MICHAEL R. CELEBRATES 1 YR

New Attitudes
Tue, October 23, 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.

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or log on to www.dcana.org

"THE BEGINNING OF THE RECOVERY PROCESS" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

home, I try to explain that I'm sorry, I need help and that I am literally broken in two, only to hear something I never thought possible in response, "We are threw with you!"

I spend a week homeless, still using and drowning in my sorrow and for the first time in forever I pray, only to ask God to not let me be alive tomorrow.

During that week I develop more of a hatred for myself and for all the horrible things I had done, and for the first time in my life I was ready to admit that in my battle with drugs, drugs had won.

I had no where left to turn, no where left to run, no one left to lean on that I wanted to know? So I swallowed hard again, went back home and cried. I begged and pleaded for help and one last chance, I had no where else to go.

By the grace of God I realize now, I was granted one last try, only it came with conditions and rules that I wanted and needed but wasn't sure I could live by.

As a condition and goal for myself to change I walked into a meeting and sat in a seat. I remember being so nervous, scared and depressed that I only looked down at my feet.

I listened closely to people share about their problems and their struggles to get and stay clean, and for the first time in my life I felt completely serene.

I was overwhelmed by the honesty and the fact that I had found people who relate, from that moment forward I was convinced this was my fate.

I soon chose a sponsor who I never thought would end up being my all, I love her so much and if I've ever needed her she's stuck by her word and answered my call.

At first I was full of fear of failure, and thought the program was just too hard so I went back out again twice to use, but as my fellow addicts suggested I kept coming back only to find out NA is a program I cant afford to lose.

With time and hard work things have begun to fall into place. I feel as if my mask has been removed and now I am wearing my real face.

Times do get hard, and addiction still runs deep in me, but with recovery I've been given a choice that if I don't want to be using I do not have to be.

I've learned its essential to live "JUST FOR TODAY," and when I feel like using all I need to do is surrender in my will and pray.

See there is light at the end of the tunnel, if you just surrender your will, do the work and whenever angry or upset just sit back and take a deep breath? For its true what they say, recovery isn't just important it is LIFE or DEATH.