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If you want to participate in putting this out each month, please contact:

Michael K  
240-390-5606

or  
moco.news@cprna.org.

# YOUR STORY HERE!

**DO YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH**

- ...a step?
- ...a tradition?
- ...a crisis you got through clean?
- ...a lesson learned?
- ...a spiritual principle?

**SHARE IT!**

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# Straight Hope

Montgomery Area's Narcotics Anonymous Newsletter

## MARCH 2020

## ANNIVERSARIES

Date	Name	Years	Meeting
3/3	Jack L	3	Gentlemen's Club
3/6	Anthony	2	Upcounty NA
	Jen W	12	Clean Works*
3/10	Minter F	1	All About Change
3/11	Allison L	1	People's Recovery
3/12	Juan S	13	Solo Por Hoy
3/17	Hope K	1	People's Recovery
3/18	Lance	1	Gentlemen's Club
3/19	Arkel	2	Stepping Free
	Les G	12	Spiritual Awakenings*
3/31	Rob B	2	All About Change

## EVENTS

Date	Time	Event
3/14	10a-2p	CAR Workshop @ Montgomery Hills Baptist Church, Wheaton, MD
	5p-1a	St Patricks Day Speaker Jam @ Christ the Servant Lutheran Church, Montgomery Village
3/21	7p-10p	Central MD Area Chili Contest/Game Night @ Savage UMC, Savage
3/28	10a-1p	Rock Creek Spiritual Breakfast @ Wesley UMC, DC
4/11	10a-6p	C&P Regional Service Committee Meeting @ Hughes United Methodist Church, Wheaton
	10a-6p	Convention Stuffing Party! @ Montgomery Hills Baptist Church, Wheaton
4/17-19		CPRCNA XXXIV: Unity is the Spirit @ Roland E Powell Convention Center, Ocean City



# Even The Most Stubborn Addict Can Recover

I was first introduced to Narcotics Anonymous roughly twelve years ago. I had a desire but lacked the willingness to stop using. I didn't realize that I couldn't have one without the other and still succeed.

The whole concept of addiction as a disease—an affliction of the body and mind—was impossible for me to grasp. Acceptance felt like resignation, and to me, that meant admitting I was helpless which was something my pride would not allow.

## I had a desire but lacked the willingness to stop using.

My interpretation of reality was based on how things “should” be and not how they “actually” were. I lacked the ability to be objective about the chaos that was my life or the active role I played in its presentation. All of this was steadily fueled by a chronic sense of entitlement and victimization that my addiction thrived on.

Getting off drugs wasn't even the hardest part for me; the pain of living without them was. I had too much trauma and emotional wreckage and not nearly enough tools to deal with them, so I kept my world small because I thought I could have more control over it that way. I failed to realize that the smaller my world was, the bigger my problems seemed by comparison. I existed in a prison of my own making but thought I could still find the way out on my terms.

Throughout it all, my brief interludes in recovery consisted of me putting in minimal effort while expecting maximum results. I did the things I wanted to do and not the things I needed to do. I dismissed faith and demanded concrete evidence because my self absorption, intellect, and ego demanded a “why” to the process.

When I came back in December of 2018, I was too broken and depleted to push for more answers. Too weak to demand any results or make any more claims of my intentions or what I was “going to make happen.” I was just...here. I was here because I had literally exhausted every other avenue to try to “beat” this thing and I just didn't know what else to do.

So I put aside my quest for “why” and instead focused on “how”. How do I live without the comfortable chaos

of active addiction? How do I stop destroying the little progress I make because I'm afraid of success? How do I love myself enough to give myself a **real** chance?

That was my first introduction to blind faith: doing things without expectations of the results; just doing the very next thing suggested of me no matter how unnatural it felt or how uncomfortable I was. When my anxiety raged and the pain of withdrawal ate at my bones, I did it anyway.

Because at that point I desperately clung to the belief that in the end it would all be okay, and if it wasn't okay, it wasn't the end.

I don't have the words to describe where I am today. There is a raw beauty in actively participating in my own life and the messiness that is inevitably a part of it. When things happen I can take them in stride because I have a few more tools now and I know that I have a choice in the amount of unnecessary pain that I allow in my life.

## ...in the end it would all be okay, and if it wasn't okay, it wasn't the end.

My sponsor, step work, and a solid network all contribute to the foundation that I fought so hard against building for so many years. With that support, I've learned to push past my fear on what lays beyond it. I'm not where I want to be, but I know that by staying on this path, I am well on my way because it's not just the destination that matters but how I get there. I am grateful for my seat in the rooms and the role I play in the lives of others today. I get to show up, be present, and live my life in a way that I truly didn't think I was capable of.

Today, anything is possible and everyday I have a new choice. We all do.

Jackie C., Montgomery County, MD