

upcoming events

CHECK OUT OUR AREA AND STATE WEBSITES FOR A FULL LIST OF EVENTS

TOGETHER WE CAN 26TH ANNIVERSARY SEPTEMBER 21, 10:30 AM TO 1PM 1008 E LIVINGSTON AT THE JFT CENTER ENJOY FOOD AND A MEETING!

31ST ANNUAL ORSCNA 12 STEP RETREAT OCTOBER 5 - 7 TAR HOLLOW STATE PARK 16396 TAR HOLLOW ROAD, LAURELVILLE, 43153

FRIENDS OF JIMMY K MAIN EVENT OCTOBER 20, 5PM TO 10 PM 6620 MONTGOMERY ROAD, CINCINNATI, 45213 LEARN ABOUT THE HISTORY OF NA!



principles is now being published every two months!

Due largely in part to the Write On group’s continued participation, the Newsletter Subcommittee has decided to move publication up from quarterly to every two months! Thank you so much to everyone who has submitted art and writing, because you are what make this possible!

On Choosing Life

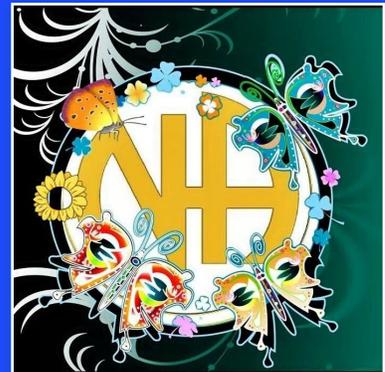
I once read that we have to say, “no” to some things, in order to say, “yes” to others. Most obviously, I had to say no to drugs – but had that insipid platitude been effective, the problem would have ended with Nancy Reagan in the 1980s. So perhaps rather than focusing on all of the “no’s,” (because that always works with addicts), it is more advantageous to look at the

“yeeses”. Yes, if my family is any indicator, we don’t just inherit a predisposition for this disease, it is all but contagious. For five generations, She has crept through my family’s ancestral bloodline...killing, incarcerating and sometimes just slowly robbing Her hosts of the will to live, until suicide seemed the only option. Yes, the disease could stop here – with me. Yes...despite my survivor’s guilt for just being alive when my younger sister is not, I do deserve to be here. Yes...it will require work. As more is revealed, more is required. I choose life. I choose to stay in the solution because I have seen, and I believe, what happens otherwise. I have missed enough of my life – I don’t want to miss any more.

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Shattering all of my current thought processes. All I can focus on are the issues. Which is why I feel so muddled. Not even able to discover my “why” in life. I don’t know why self, myself, in the meantime, let’s focus on the solution. “Seek and ye shall find”. Am I looking in all the wrong places? Am I looking in death, not life? All my decisions are pointed there, at least. As though my innate motive is to do that which I’m not supposed to. My, you have to love a rebellious soul. But a hard head makes for a soft ass, so be ye prepared. While drowning in the midst of my wrong, little Nande said to me, “Maybe you can do the right thing, it’s never too late.” The demon inside cackles at the thought, then back on auto pilot I go. I assume (I know) this is due to my inability to effectively utilize my discipline muscles. So I’m watching all my work fall downhill. But in the little buggy of life, there’s ALWAYS an emergency brake. I just have to find it. It’s probably under my pile of unresolved insecurities, or the wrongs I’ve done others. Maybe in the trunk of broken promises. What I do know is that there’s 15 seconds before I crash and burn. Will it be enough time? I glance out the window at a weeping willow. Are those trees ever sad? There’s such beauty in the way they hang...in the twist and twirl of their branches. Ever protecting what’s underneath. A baby in a mother’s arms. Take a deep breath. Relax your shoulders. Where are you now? Where do you want to be? Are you willing to work hard for it? If so, then let’s begin.

**Show us your  
love for the  
fellowship!**





## We Do Recover

It is truly a miracle that I have been clean for 1 year, 4 months and 24 days. I used to never think that I could even get one day clean, but here we are. Today I both acknowledge and appreciate my recovery. Being clean for over a year, is such a miracle in itself for me. This, coupled with all the things you guys, N.A. and my Higher Power have helped me get through and all the things that I have gained, just add to the miraculous nature of my journey thus far. It is sad to me how often I forget this, how often I forget about the growth I have made

because of this program. I have gained so much more than abstinence alone. On Thursday at 5:30 p.m. I stopped smoking cigarettes. That means I am 4 days clean from nicotine. I have wanted to quit for a while, but always pushed it to the side because I didn't think that I would be able to. I, by myself, cannot. But I know that we can. On Thursday night I talked to my sponsor about my cigarette smoking, and my powerlessness over it, how unmanageable it was making my life and how impossible it seemed to stop. After hearing her experience, strength and hope, taking her suggestions and praying about it...a lot...I've not smoked in 4 days. Something I could never have done myself.... Yet another miracle I have been given. We do recover.

In addition to the lie "once an addict, always an addict", a possibly more insidious one prevailed for many years, which was that women could not recover. While it was true that there were few women in N.A.'s early history, time has proven this adage to be as false as "once an addict, always an addict". We do, indeed, recover – all of us. I have recovered, uncovered, discovered those parts of myself that I so heedlessly gave away during my active addiction...and truth be told, long before. I have discovered strengths in myself and in my character that could only have been unearthed from beneath the rubble of apparent failure. I have uncovered wounds upon which I had placed band-aid over band-aid, only to have them fester – making it mandatory to bring them up into the light...yours and God's, that they might be healed. I have uncovered long buried secrets, with denial being incrementally stripped away. I have wept and cried – alone and in your presence, that I might come up tear stained rather than shame stained. We do recover -uncover, discover...so much more than I had ever dreamed possible when I got here. I have learned that when we delve down into the truth of how it is with us, we bring back to life, one who is enough.

Before I was ready, or willing to see,  
God showed me the tiniest bit of evidence

That anything is possible.  
A small flower straining its way through the cracks in rock, upon a granite hill.

Amid the same terrain – the mountains, the desert, the sun...

a dawning awareness bloomed within me.

One day, I would be free.