



NEWSLETTER
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The Recovery Herald is always looking for more writers, artists, quotes, games, graphics and more. It is a great way to get involved in service!



"It's a 'WE' Thing"

"I'm a newcomer, their isn't anything I can do." How many times have I heard this statement at a meeting? While I personally cannot tell someone what to do, I can make a few suggestions. First suggestion: Do you have a home group meeting that you attend regularly? Second suggestion: Have you asked your sponsor about service work? Third suggestion: Have you attended a group business meeting? What are you waiting for?

Basically, what I'm trying to get at is that there is always something to do to help be of service. This is a "we" program, meaning we can't do it alone. I also certainly can't clean up alone, make coffee alone, or open all the meetings alone. It's a "WE" effort. The same context can be applied to service work; this is a "WE" program. I can't keep it if I don't give it away. Sometimes, I hear people say that they can't because of this or that. So, I ask you then, what CAN you do to help in being a part of this "WE" thing we've got going on? Can you make a commitment to show up to your group on a regular basis and make coffee? Or to stay after and cleanup? How about greeting a newcomer?

Something amazing happens when we start to apply this "WE" thing to our lives in a different context in recovery. We learn accountability, trust, acceptance and humility. All of these valuable life skills that help us to be productive members of society. We start by thinking of ourselves less, and others more. It's amazing what making 1 commitment can do, isn't it? I admitted that I was an addict, and look what happened. That 1 commitment to abstinence from all drugs has changed my life dramatically. In turn, I continue to make more commitments to continue to grow spiritually by being of service; selfish turned into selfless. There is no "I" in "WE."

-Anonymous

"A lot happens in one day, both negative and positive. If we do not take time to appreciate both, perhaps we will miss something that will help us grow."

~IP No. 8, Just For Today

We would like to thank all of our members who contributed to the newsletter. It was by your efforts that this publication was made possible. We look forward to your contributions in upcoming publications; we accept letters to the editor, articles, jokes, cartoons, poems, blurbs and artwork. **Our next edition will be published in September, 2017.** Please keep article submissions to 175-400 words and recovery based. The newsletter is published quarterly. Email all contributions to:

recoveryherald@gmail.com

Please Note: The opinions expressed herein are those of individual members and not the opinions of the Kenai Peninsula Area or NA as a whole. NA is not affiliated in any way with this publication. The Handbook for NA states, "The Twelve Traditions of NA should serve as the basic guidelines for editing your newsletter... the language of NA recovery should be used." All editorial decisions made by the Newsletter Committee have been made with these guidelines and the 12 Concepts in mind. We welcome any feedback in accordance with the second tradition.

Kenai Peninsula Area



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Recovery Herald

"WHO IS AN ADDICT?"

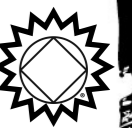
Who is an addict? I thought I knew for a long time. Like most of society, I thought of the stereotypical junkie with a needle in his or her arm. I thought of being homeless, jobless, and hopeless; of jail cells or dying in the streets. I thought of many things, but I didn't think of me.

I grew up with parents who suffer from the disease of addiction. I know that my parents loved me and my siblings more than anything. I never saw my dad take a hit, and both my parents were able to stay clean off and on. However, we had our dysfunction and I normalized a lot of behaviors. I believed it was "OK" to drink and take pills as needed, (loosely defined, of course.) I believed it was normal to blame everyone else, to lie and manipulate in order to get what I wanted, to yell and fight and tear each other down, etc. I believed that no matter what was going on in private, as long as public appearances were maintained, I did not have a problem and couldn't be an addict.

When I got hospitalized for the first time, I started to learn that my behavior wasn't normal, (it danced a fine line with crazy.) When my dad went on his last runner, I learned that, as strong as he is, he, and any addict, is capable of losing anything and everything of physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual value, and is capable of getting a new lease on life if they want it badly enough. I learned that dishonesty, closed-mindedness, and unwillingness had kept my mom and many others from receiving that gift--leaving them broken, miserable, and very sick, at best. After reading though a copy of the Basic Text one day in a desperate search for answers, I learned who an addict was.

According to our literature, "An addict is a man or woman whose life is controlled by drugs." That's any walk of life, any drug. An addict can get clean, but unless he or she realizes that the disease of addiction is spiritual in nature, capable of manifesting in all areas of life, and becomes willing to try something different, then nothing will change and there is little hope for recovery. My name is Ariel, and I am an addict. I'm definitely not cured, (and never will be), but I am in recovery, and I am grateful for the life I have been blessed with today through my higher power and the Narcotic Anonymous program.

-Ariel C., NA Member





"UNTITLED"



Doing everything to hold onto my sanity...
 I tried to run from my mind, but it ran with me
 All I want to do is die...A brother of mine committed suicide
 Thoughts racing...racing...racing...in my mind
 I can't shut them down, so I get high
 It is what I knew and what I know...No place I'd rather go
 Who am I? I don't know...
 I'd rather die; I'd rather go...Fuck that!
 Run...run...run away; these people don't care what you say
 They say they do, but when I went out, where were you?
 Up and down, fast and slow...Every day and every night
 Day and night hallucinations in my mind, nodding out
 Days and months mean nothing...I'm wacking out
 Losing days, blacking them out
 Try to cry, but only shout
 Why? WHY! Why am I here?
 I want to die, but still I fight
 My mind lies to me--I know I'm better when I'm clean
 Have I turned into a fiend?
 Why...WHY! Why? Am I here? I don't know, is what I fear
 My ego is going to kill me, this I know
 I want to stay, but I'd rather go!
 Where...WHERE! Where? I don't know!
 I'm all alone on this empty road
 In my mind...In my mind...In my mind...
 I know it's a lie, but I wonder, why?
 Trudge...Trudge! Trudge?
 This road to happy destiny...I can be a better me
 I know I must, because if I don't, I'll turn to dust
 These ideations and delusions are polluting my mind
 It is easy to say what is on my mind; it's even harder to really define
 So, I meditate, and then I pray

-WAYNE B., NA MEMBER



BIRTHDAY CORNER!!!



Celebrating Milestones in Recovery
From February through May, 2017

FEBRUARY, 2017

*Ariel C.-08/28/15 (18 Months) *Jeff J.-03/28/85 (32 Years)

MARCH, 2017

*Steve M.-03/09/96 (21 Years) *Dennis A.-03/25/89 (28 Years)
*Lotus B.-03/22/13 (4 Years) *Mark S.-03/31/01 (16 Years)

APRIL, 2017

*Anna S.-04/02/95 (22 Years) *Sage S.-04/15/16 (1 Year)
*Michelle R.-04/06/12 (5 Years) *Leif L.-04/20/80 (37 Years)
*Lily B.-04/10/16 (1 Year) *Donna A.-04/23/83 (34 Years)
*Krista M.-04/11/16 (1 Year) *David L.-07/26/16 (9 Months)
*Kevin H.-04/12/02 (15 Years)

MAY, 2017

*Pedro M.-05/3/14 (3 Years) *Zack P.-06/14/16 (11 Months)
*Natalie B.-11/11/16 (6 Months) *Tera M.-05/28/15 (2 Years)
*Carrie P.-05/12/17 (5 months) *Wendy C.-05/31/07 (10 Years)
*Carla S.-05/13/16 (1 Year)

Happy Birthday!



RETREAT EXPERIENCES

The 2nd Annual Men's Retreat was great. We had four great speakers: Jim T., Jeff W., Shannon D. and Gunnar E. Each of them had a great message of recovery. I am truly blessed to have been a part of this event. Thank you to everyone who came out to the event and to all the ladies that came out to the comedy show.

—Enrique P., NA Member



The 5th Annual Women's Retreat was such a fun and amazing weekend. Food, games, meditation, arts and crafts. After a few hours of make-overs and fake eye-lashes were applied, we were ready and a wonderful group photo was taken. A late-night bonfire meeting was held and even a bit of money was burned! Game night was an absolute riot. I have not laughed so hard in a long time.

It's nice to know we can still have a lot of fun with our friends without drugs and alcohol. Money was raised by donations and a silent auction was held. Everyone received a beanie with the NA symbol and bracelets with a charm that read, "It's a good day to be clean" that were made by volunteers. The staff at Solid Rock served the meals and were great hosts. There were morning and evening meditations that were very soothing and relaxing. Kai Chi Do was something new for many of us; a form of meditation of movement...a metaphysical workout for mind, body and spirit. The clean-time countdown added up to 238 years, 10 months and 25 days of sobriety between us at the event. To bare witness and wrap my mind around the accomplishments of all these amazing warriors gave me so much hope for success and a drive within myself to continue on my path of recovery.

We had four women speakers over the weekend. They shared their testimonies of faith, courage and determination. They are proof that recovery is possible and the program of Narcotics Anonymous works. The journey to find ourselves, the miracles along the way and the support that is given freely is like nothing I have ever been a part of. Everyone's story is different but the one thing we all strive for is the same...Freedom of our addictions. We all came the rooms sick and broken, but we can recover. With faith in our higher power and trust in ourselves, we learn to really live and love life again.

I am honored to say I am a member of this 12-step program. I see how many lives have been changed and without it, I would be truly lost. I can't wait for the day that I have sponsees of my own to help guide them to a life of recovery and tell my story. I know it will help many people, as their story helped me. To also give them hope that recovery is possible. Just for today, and every day to come, I will keep my faith in Narcotics Anonymous and continue on the journey of recovery; with an open mind and a loving heart for the addicts still suffering and all those who cross my path in and out of the rooms. We have been given a second chance at life...it's called today...one day at a time!

—Carrie P., NA Member



Statewide:
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Fairbanks:
1.866.258.6329
Juneau:
1.866.258.6329
Kenai:
1.907.335.9456



Homer Outreach Campout June 16th-18th

Where: Hornaday Park & Campground
360 W. Fairview Ave. Homer, AK

Join in on the fun & fellowship! Help us in reaching the addict who still suffers. This event is intended to be an outreach event for Homer. The more addicts in recovery, the more we can help show others suffering from this disease that recovery is possible.

Schedule of Events:

June 16th (Friday)

8:00pm: Campfire Meeting

June 17th (Saturday)

2:00pm-5:00pm: BBQ & Fun (Free hotdogs, chips & drink)

6:00pm: Speaker Meeting

10:00pm: Gratitude Meeting

June 18th (Sunday)

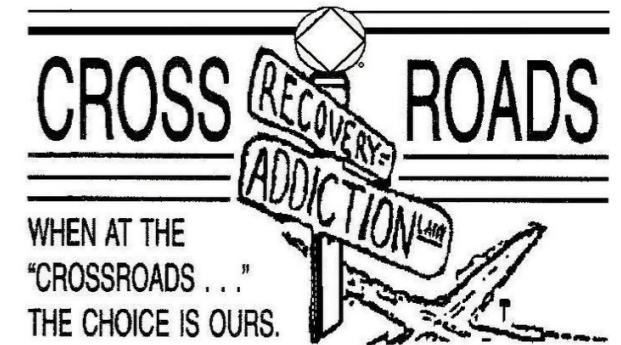
12:00pm: Got to be outta there!!!

First Come, First Serve—10 sites are reserved for this event. After these 10 sites are registered for, it will be YOUR responsibility to secure your own site. This campground offers 31 sheltered sites with picnic tables and fire rings. There is potable water available next to the registration kiosk at the entrance to the campground, as well as pit toilets. Flush restrooms are located in Hornaday Park.

If you want to register a site and be included in the first 10 sites, cost is \$10.00 PER NIGHT. Please contact Jolene at (907) 252-4008

*****Deadline to apply for a camp site is June 9th*****

This campout is meant to reach out to the still suffering addict. Homer could use some help! This is about one addict helping another. Please come share your experience, strength and hope. Let's show the ones who are still lost that there is a solution. That you can get clean, stay clean and find happiness through the program of Narcotics Anonymous. Our primary purpose is to carry the message! Come give back what was so freely given to you.



-Jolene G., NA Member



2017 TRUSTED SERVANTS

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Treasurer: Tanya L.

Secretary: Spring L.

RCM: Dennis A.

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H & I: Brad C.

Activities: Syerenna O.

PR: Jolene G.

Newsletter: Michelle R.

Literature: Nick R.

GSRs

DHF: Carolyn M.

It Works: Pete D.

Clean Machine: Donna A.

Twisted Sisters: Ariel C.

Higher Powered: Tera M.

PJ Meeting: Pam R.

This One: ?

SOS: Alex L.

Toys in the Addict: Dano M.

"SHE LIES"

She doesn't say no to the ritzy or rich...

The poor or even middle class...

She welcomes the homeless who live in the ditch...

She will knock you right off of your ass...

She welcomes the doctors, lawyers and such...

Embraces them as if they're old friends...

She wraps up your soul with her warm, welcoming touch...

Jails, institutions and death are the ends...

No one's exempt from her warm, welcoming embrace...

The invitation is too hard to turn down...

At first, you have the illusion of relief on your face...

And not long after, it will turn to a frown...

The lies that she whispers into your ear...

We lose the choice to believe them not true...

She says, "Without me, you'll feel the pain and the fear..."

I'll take all of your feelings before we are through..."

The years flew right by without knowing...

Pretty soon, left with nothing at all...

I was just getting old without growing...

I used all of my friends until I had no one to call...

I had the desire to stop using...

NA said, "That is all that you need..."

Let us help you until you can start choosing...

I heard them; they had planted the seed...

Freedom from active addiction, they said...

They promised me this could be mine...

Today, my life isn't filled up with dread...

My head, heart, and soul can align...

I have a God that loves me, no matter what...

It's a power much greater than me...

I work the Steps without a shortcut...

I have a sponsor who helps me to see...

"Life on life's terms," that's what they said...

Sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly we learn...

NA saved my life...without it, I'd be dead...

I give what was freely given, it's my turn...

-Tamera M., NA Member

"My 'Dear John' to You"

What have you given me that you haven't also taken away tenfold? How many of my potential good deeds have you replaced with good intentions? How many times have you changed my clock to your time, just enough to make me late or inconsiderate? Your trickery has transformed moments into years, and in the blink of an eye, you have magically turned years into decades. You never let me choose which moments to keep in sentiment.

I'm not allowed to remember the still I see in pictures where I am blurred and everything else is in focus. You have hidden my moments to shine under a blanket of fear and self-doubt. You've stolen my talents and turned them into deep, dark secrets too ugly to share. You've taken my integrity as a mother and given it to judgment; my pride as a woman and gave it to the house that doesn't get cleaned.

I've given you my smile, my eyes, my curves and anything else that makes me recognizable. I've pawned off my intelligence, laughter and handfuls of good sense. You've been known to sabotage my ability to hold a decent conversation and you robbed me of my God-given right to hold my children. I have offered up my entire life and you received it with a smile.

You are my grandest love and my hardest lesson. My most elaborate stage show and longest charade. I'm not one for goodbyes, but this one I say with pleasure. I'm leaving you behind, along with the monster I became when I was with you. Goodbye to the heartless thief, the slithering snake and the loudest of mockers. To the queen of deceit, the master manipulator and heartbreaker to the ones I love. To the ultimate believer and teller of lies. Goodbye to all the ugliness you've stirred arid, all the make-believe you've conjured up. When you think I'll be coming around to give you another ride, I'll be looking in my rear view mirror giving you the bird with my head held high.

-Shawna T., NA Member