



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!



"Tradition Two" (Continued)

The second tradition is clear and freeing of unity, purpose and selfless service in a relationship with the God of our understanding. Compromise and anonymity are the principles that shape the second tradition. This tradition speaks of the group conscience; honoring the group's conscience is a spiritual experience.

The way to understand group conscience is a collective awareness of spiritual principles. Our practice of the second tradition begins among other recovering addicts who share our principles. The second tradition offers freedom from self-centeredness by helping us to practice being a part of rather than apart from.

WE learn to trust, to be trustworthy, to give freely and to lead humbly. The NA group is the heart of this tradition. We invite a higher power to influence all of our decisions. As we apply tradition two in our service and in our lives, we begin to understand the power and grace available to us all. The second tradition at work in our groups offers vision of hope. Tradition two is an example of how we protect ourselves from ourselves and concerns the nature of leadership within Narcotics Anonymous.

A grateful recovering addict,

-Donna A., NA Member

"We want to look our past in the face, see it for what it really was, and release it so we can live today."

-Basic Text, pg. 29

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

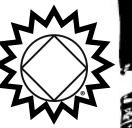


October, 2017
Volume 5, Issue 4

Recovery Herald

"The Forest"

My soul is a Forest. Unlike any other. It is built with strong roots and filled with beautifully undiscovered things. It is acres wide and endlessly deep. Something about this uncharted place feel so much like home that it's like I've never ventured to any other horizons.



This Forest grows and feeds off of things that bring light and love. Have you ever woken up on a rainy day to the smell of the wet sidewalk seeping through the window? Or heard the innocent laughter of a child at a moment where the world felt a little too heavy? Or caught a sweet smile from a complete stranger and you just knew that their heart cared for yours? These are a few of the things that enriches this Forest.



When the flowers start to tire and wilt, and the trees start to shed their leaves, that is the time that few find the courage to venture to this place. In those times, it is when I remember that it is the rain that moves this Forest. On days where the sun is stretched across the sky and there is no cloud in sight, that is where I rejoice.

Oh, but those rainy days...that is where I grow.

Life is a big lesson of learning to dance in the rain. It teaches us not be afraid of the storm. For if there was no rain, it would be a desert. And nothing grows in the desert.



-Brittney P., NA Member

“Windows”

My life was like looking through a window made of scratched, weathered and worn plexiglass...

Shaded with tin foil and broken blinds...

The window was stuck shut, the air I was breathing was heavy and stagnant...

I was surrounded by dark shadows of impending doom, crippling fear and a deep sense of shame...

My body encased chain-linked scars created by me; they tied me down...

Making me comfortable in my own self-created numbness...

Unable to connect with a God that I thought had given up on me long ago...

I felt broken, tattered, lost and forgotten—laying obliviously atop ash heaps of regret...

The first sound of Hope came from someone who had felt this way before, and had found a new way to live...

She spoke of a new perspective...

Like-minded people, a promise of freedom from active addiction...

She spoke of a Higher Power that loved her and had never given up on her; she spoke of twelve steps...

A road map to a new way of life...

I made a decision to listen...

And to do these things she spoke of...

And in doing so, I've received so much more than the promise...

I now have new windows—clean and clear...

I've discarded the broken blinds and tin foil, shadowing the beautiful view from outside...

Make no mistake—they are double-paned; life still delivers dust, rainstorms and weather onto my new windows, but recovery helps me wash them clean...

They slide open with ease, letting my Higher Power breathe fresh air full of life into the now brightened room no longer filled with misery and discontent...

But, I have to open these beautiful new windows...

They have decadent drapes hanging around them, and I also have choices to close them and shut out the sunlight of the Spirit...or open them wide, allowing the fresh air and light to come in...

My hope for the addict still suffering...

Allow yourself to listen to suggestions, allow yourself new windows...

The sunlight of recovery allows me to heal...

I'm no longer tied down by the chain-linked scars...

I use them to hold the attention of the addict still struggling, thinking no one is like them...

I'm like you!!! Only now...I'm free

“Tradition Two”

"For our group purpose, there is but one ultimate authority—a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern."

-Tradition Two

Tradition Two is the practical foundation of Tradition One: "Our common welfare comes first, personal recovery depends on NA unity."

We begin both with unity; founded on the strength of our commitment of recovery in Narcotics Anonymous. Personal service arises from the application of principals. Ideally, personal service is founded in a relationship with the same higher power that guides our personal recovery. If we are to find guidance from our ultimate authority, we need to find means of hearing that guidance together. The mechanism we use is group conscience.

When consulted regularly, the collective conscience guides us in fulfilling our primary purpose while serving our unity and common welfare. Group conscience reflects a collective awareness of understanding and surrender to spiritual principals. A surrender to group conscience means we allow our fellowship to be shaped by a loving higher power. The conscience of a group is most clearly expressed when every member is considered an equal.

Changes in the group conscience are not an alarm, they are mostly part of a growing process. Leadership in NA is a service, not a class of membership. For this reason, we call our leaders trusted servants. When we choose a member to serve us in some capacity, we exercise mutual trust. We acknowledge this responsibility when we approach service with a selfless and loving attitude.

The principles embodied in the traditions apply to all our actions. Preserving a complete and unblemished stream of information by applying the principles, we learn to seek this tradition with surrender, faith, humility, open-mindedness, integrity and anonymity. We remember that just as we need experience of other addicts to recover, so do we need their direction and ideas in order to serve.

Integrity is the consistent application of spiritual principles no matter what the circumstances. Service is for those we serve. We benefit spiritually in return for our unselfish service. When we trust the process, we are free to participate in it. We are safe to act in unity and speak our conscience from a place of love and hear the voice of our higher power.

(Continued on page 10)

“Things I Have Learned in Two Decades Clean” (Continued)

I have learned that my friends and loved ones are NOT responsible for my happiness. Their behavior can influence how I feel, however I choose...acceptance, resentment or misery. I have learned that God never promised us justice. Sometimes our loved ones die, people hurt us unfairly, the rapist goes free and children suffer. None of that is my fault. I have learned that as long as I keep my own house in order, I have the ability to cope with life's struggles without escaping via the pipe, the pill or the bottle. I have learned that the deeper the probing into my actions and behaviors, the greater the joy. I have learned that what I give of my time, my pocketbook, in loving service...I get back, multiplied. As long as my motives are good.

I have learned that the 12 steps of NA are “not negotiable.” They work. (Period.) Freedom from active addiction is the prize. For me, the 12 steps have not been a cure-all. I have had to go to therapy, I have had to be incarcerated. I have been physically sick making amends. I have had to find different sponsors. I have had to endure heavy disappointments and hurt feelings. Severe rage was a constant companion my first ten years. All of it was rationalized away because of what “they” were doing and saying to me...THOSE BASTARDS!

I had to go to jail in sobriety...yes, Wildwood...the same place I had been holding meetings for women for the last four years. Boy, that one sucked. I still get nauseous and humiliated at the memory. Today, ten years later, I am grateful that it happened. Only because it put me in despair...you know, that hopeless feeling that it's never going to get better, I might as well kill myself or get loaded because I am a horrible excuse for a human being. Then, complete surrender and openness to the grace of God could enter me and teach me. The is such truth in, “No pain, no gain.”

If you are suffering in recovery, if you are lonely and afraid, if you are looking at others and thinking, “Why does he/she have the perfect relationship while I am alone? Why am I still struggling to pay my bills? How come I have to ask for rides? Why me? Why, why, WHY?” If you are asking any of these things, I am crying out to you. There is a greater good waiting for you and our HP only gives us this “stuff” when we are ready to receive it. Go deeper, my friends. Peel that onion until the stinging tears roll down your face. Ultimately, it is time to surrender, again and again and again and again.

Recovery is just like addiction. It is progressive, it gets stronger and more rewarding. Addiction is progressive and gets more miserable. There will be hard days, however, I guarantee with each submission of personal powerlessness (like with our kids, our spouses, the government, the mortgage, the boss, the ex, the severe injustices of the world), what we gain is the ability to learn, grow, cope and accept.

I have learned that running to the crack house or nearest bar stool is easy. Being accountable in my recovery, telling all of my secrets to a trustworthy individual, to take risks (like with relationships), all of this is hard with huge rewards and sometimes heavy disappointments. But, I HAVE LEARNED.

Stay connected to that annoying sponsor, BE A GOOD SPONSEE, follow through and quit whining all the freaking time. When they continue to hound you on your steps, sit down, shut up and listen. Be grateful they give a shit to even bother with your dumb ass! Remember, you are a defect and you have no character!

I have learned it's vital to get a Home Group and get into service. Go to Area Meetings and GET INVOLVED FOR GAWDS SAKE.

Do the work. Take the punches, endure the hardships and judgments of other recovering addicts. “They, like us, are suffering from the pains of growing up.” Stay connected no matter what and life will be amazing. I promise. I have learned these things.

Thank you for my recovery and here's to the next 20. I love you all from the bottom of my heart!

In gratitude,

-Leslie C., NA Member from Wrangell, Alaska

(Writing to you from the beaches of the Sea of Cortez, Sonora, Mexico...LIFE IS GOOD)

“Thirsty”

Imagined or real?

Sure takes time for the body to heal.
Sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly,
Doesn't matter if you're lofty or lowly.

Time takes time, that is a fact,

It takes help to stay on track.

If you slip, get a grip,

Stay around people that shoot from the hip.

Being thirsty isn't a sin,

Unless you insist on drinking gin.

Stick with straight water, you'll always win.

Search your Higher Power for his will,

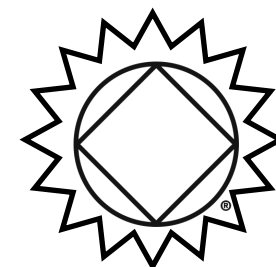
Keep your mind quiet and your body still.

Look up, not down,

Support is all around.



-Bonnie P., NA Member



“Things I Have Learned in Two Decades Clean”

Hi, my name is Leslie and I am an addict. My clean date is 9/21/97. I know that 20 years sounds like an eternity, but really, I have no idea how it happened so fast. I want to share with you some of the myths and triggers and “stuff” I have learned along the way. Hopefully, it will help someone, somewhere.

First of all, recovery is damn hard work—there is no getting through without some serious bumps and bruises. My advice to you is to get serious, make a decision and follow the suggestions. I know, you hear it all the time. But, that's how it works, my friends.

I give you permission, anytime you hear something in a meeting that is not backed up in the literature, to question it. You have that right. That does not mean that debating everything all the time will serve your recovery. The program is pure. The addicts telling you what to do and what not to do are just trying to be helpful. So, be quick to forgive others when they are inappropriate, and go to the book.

I have learned that what I put out is what I attract. THAT IS A BIG DEAL. Put out unconditional love and see what happens, with no expectations. I have learned that just because I am clean today does not mean that Hollywood is calling, that on my anniversary anyone is going to throw me a parade or that Prince Charming is going to ride in on a white stallion delivering me my lottery winnings. That is all an illusion. Life is still life, and sometimes it sucks. I have learned that my friends and loved ones are NOT responsible for my happiness. Their behavior can influence how I feel, however I choose...acceptance, resentment or misery.

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2017
TRUSTED
SERVANTS

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Twisted Sisters: Ariel C.
Higher Powered: Tera M.
PJ Meeting: Pam R.
This One: ?
SOS: ?

“My past is the asset that keeps
me moving forward.”

-Anonymous



“Moments”

Those moments when a raging sea lets you up to breathe. When a deep seeded sigh fills your heart with reprieve. The moment when a tumultuous path turns into a crossroad. When grace shines on an undeserving decision. I live for those moments.

When the familiarity of being twirled around like a leaf in a strong wind becomes a lesson made of strength and perseverance in distant past.

Moment to moment, my life has become a series of rewards and unequivocal blessings. Minute by minute, I am shown the meaning of true beauty.

Day by day, the world becomes a forgiving battlefield. A beautiful moment propels me to the next like a mother’s love absent of doubt.

The gracious author of my story leaves no room for mistrust, for He has gifted me with moments. All I need are moments.

-Shawna T., NA Member



BIRTHDAY CORNER!!!

Celebrating Milestones in Recovery
From August through October, 2017



AUGUST, 2017

- *Tamera M.-08/11/06 (11 Years)
- *Casey P.-08/20/08 (9 Years)
- *Jorden B.-08/17/16 (1 Year)
- *Milton B.-08/31/85 (32 Years)

SEPTEMBER, 2017

- *Ronnie H.-09/09/99 (18 Years)
- *Terry S.-09/18/17 (26 Years)
- *Tanya L.-09/17/04 (13 Years)
- *Leslie H.-09/21/97 (20 Years)

OCTOBER, 2017

- *Johnny K.-01/09/17 (9 Months)
- *Sage S.-10/15/17 (18 Months)
- *Toby S.-10/09/09 (18 Years)
- *Bonnie P.-10/16/06 (11 Years)
- *Sasha T.-10/11/07 (10 Years)
- *Dave L.-10/21/94 (23 Years)
- *Krista M.-04/11/16 (18 Months)
- *Judy G.-10/24/16 (2 Years)
- *Samantha H.-10/27/16 (1 Year)

Happy
Birthday!

If you’d like to be included in the birthday section, please comment on the 907 Kenai NA Facebook page, the NA Recovery Herald Facebook page or talk to a Recovery Herald member!!





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1.866.258.6329
Kenai:
1.907.335.9456

“To Be in Recovery”

I am a mother of two kids...they are both boys. I have had a past of not being emotionally available for them. I have always used, so it's new for me to be sober and consistent. I abused drugs and I used men to fill my void and ran from my problems by staying busy. I used people to get what I needed. You'd think that the first time overdosing would scare me, but it didn't. I went right back to what I was used to—drugs and unhealthy relationships.

I went through a marriage that ended with a divorce a couple of years later. We were both abusing drugs and each other. I lost all my visits with my son. It tore me apart. The only times I really enjoyed were being able to be with my kids and being clean.

So, then I started filling that void of loss with theft and abusing drugs. Having PTSD and being in jail was no fun. Thanks to the people around me, I made it through that rough patch. Getting out of jail and being homeless was rough, living from place to place. People put themselves in jeopardy for me to have a warm place to sleep. It's amazing. That shows me how much I am loved and credit for.

Now, I'm in a god-send place...I found god again and my life is looking a lot better. Meetings, church and study groups have been great for me. I live just for today.

-Prisilla S., NA Member

Hello...

Just in case you forgot me...I am your disease. I hate meetings, I hate higher powers. I hate anyone who has and works a program. To all who come in contact with me: I wish you suffering and I wish you death.

Allow me to tell you about myself. I am the disease of addiction. I am cunning, baffling, and powerful...I have killed millions; I have ruined the lives of millions more...and I am pleased.

I love to catch you by surprise. I love pretending that I am your friend and lover. I have given you comfort, haven't I? Wasn't I there when you were lonely? When you wanted to die, didn't you call on me, and didn't I answer?

I was there. I love to make you hurt; I love to make you cry. Better yet, I love to make you so numb that you can neither hurt nor cry. I love to help you give up and feel hopeless. When you can't feel anything at all, that is my true gratification...And all that I ask from you is long-term suffering and lonely despair.

I've been there for you always. When things were going right in your life, you invited me in. You said you didn't deserve these good things, and I was the only one who agreed with you. Together, we were able to destroy everything good in your life.

When things went wrong, I was there to agree with you about how unfair life is and how blameless you are for anything that happens to you. I was the only one who would crawl down into the slimy paralysis of self-pity and wallow around with you there.

People don't take me seriously, and while this wounds my pride, I don't really mind because it so strongly serves my purpose. People take strokes seriously; heart attacks...diabetes...AIDS, these they take seriously. FOOLS. Without my help, those illnesses would not even be possible for many people.

I am such a hated disease, and yet I do not come uninvited. You choose whether or not to have me active in your life. Doesn't that prove how powerful and cunning I am? So many choose me, over reality and hope—even while they say they hate me.

But more than you hate me, I hate all of you who have embraced recovery. Your refusal to invite me in, your program, your meetings, your higher power. All of these things weaken and disgust me, and I can't function in the manner I am accustomed to. Now, I must lie here quietly, waiting.

Oh, you don't see me much anymore, but I am here...and I have all the time in the world to wait for you. When you only exist, I may live. When you live, I may only exist. But, I am here...And until we meet again—if we meet again—I wish you misery and death, just as I always have done and always will do...

Most Sincerely,

Your disease (Author Unknown)