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Month JUNE Year 2017

RECOVERY

In Action

Serving Southeastern Arizona

In 3 days from now, Raul willing, and no, I do not think I'm God and I don't doubt for a second that God's will for me isn't for starters, anything short of not being a drug abusing asshole. Therefore, If can keep my head out of self and ass for 3 more days, I'll get to glow in the dark once again. I stopped glowing a few years back and slipped back into the darkness cause I ceased to speak up. It's hard to speak up when you cease to show up as well. One of the main reasons for this one day, one year clean miracle has been the courage and willingness to show up and speak up as openly and honestly as possible. For decades, a lot of crap came outta my mouth. I was so full of it, sharing as if I were okay, as if I knew something, as if I had it all figured out. Faking it till I made it never materialized for this addict. I remember the old-timers jumping down my scared shitless young teenage ass back in the mid and late 80's, barking out after I would share..."Sit down and shut the hell up, take the cotton outta your ears and put in your mouth" In looking back, it really wasn't all that bad of advice HOWEVER, it would've been a lot more helpful if one'a them crusty ol' inventory taking, coffee guzzling, cigarette chain smoking bastards took the time to talk to me after the meeting. I certainly don't blame them for me not having gotten a damn clue but I certainly can't and won't say that their approach helped much. Check-check, testing testing...1-2-3 SPEAK UP (Subliminal plug!) Speak up Speak up! Times were different then... I get it. I thank God they are different today cause goddammit if I wasn't the same lost, confused and scared shitless individual 25 years later. I also thank God for leading me Home to the rooms and circles of Narcoticos Anonymos. Here, I saw it was safe to speak up, I heard members sharing honestly, unafraid to share some real shit, to let people in! I found literature that made Freak'n sense! Literature that broke it down to a brain dead idiot like myself. I found members who stepped out of their comfort zone, outta their clicks and close friends circle to give me a simple encouraging word, something as simple as "Thank you for sharing" "Keep coming back" offering me a meeting schedule, a phone number....But most importantly, encouraging me to continue showing up and speaking up, not shutting up. A lil love goes a long Freak'n way. Let's remember to allow one another the opportunity to SPEAK UP and if a member need a lil guidance, whether new or not, to offer that guidance with love and with tact. Thank you Newsletter and thank you my Awesome Sponsor and Brothers and Sisters in Recovery. I love you guys and owe my life, my freedom to you all. For I have learned and learned the hard way that I cannot do this close mouthed and alone. Together We Can!

- Raul

Greetings You Lovely Addicts,

"Closed mouths don't get fed." I remember being told this among other gestures of speaking up. The privilege to have a voice and use it is truly a blessing. I know my fears kept me away from my true self. In the program of Narcotics Anonymous I have found my voice yet it was a struggle to muster up the courage to simply share in a meeting for the first time. I remember sitting in the depths of every meeting I attended as a new-new comer, scared to death to get called on or asked to read a reading. I wasn't use to reading, shit I could barely read or write. In prison I was asked to read and could not read the word "parallel," I could not pronounce it for the life of me, this guy corrected me and I remember feeling so fucking embarrassed. I said to myself, fuck this I will never read any of this bullshit again, next meeting I said fuck that, I can't let anything stop me, I want a new way of life. So this illiterate addict pressed on and did the best I could until (with the help of others) I could read and pronounce the NA literature, well for the most part. Remember willingness, open-mindedness, and honesty will get you through anything. I

can't read anyone's mind and they can't read mine, if I want people to know I'm doing good or if I'm fucked up, I have to speak up and let people know. We're in this together and we're all equal, we all define our recovery differently yet we all walk the same steps in our recovery. NA is a program of action and honest words coming out of my mouth is action I must take on a continuum to stay sane & clean. I love my motherfuckin' recovery baby, so I will continue to speak up. I look forward to hearing you talk at our next meeting together, please speak up so we all can hear you, you are important,

Have an awesome June,

Best,

Ruben C.

Adapt

Ruben C.

The constant hum of the day in which the shallow tease of life mocks me. Chipping at my dyspeptic brilliance, my soul has weakened in haste. For words escape my sudden mind, while images of everything important, of simple delights torment me; compelling chaos in the truths that blind me. Take this control, for it is mere insanity, deceiving this man inside of me.

Faces continue to grow from all sides, abating similar waters of my mind, casting me into unmapped terrains to fend without myself, how dark this light. My fears rampant with my woes, skinning the flesh of my serenity, hollowing this man inside of me.

Stemming from the breaks in my mind, from gaps in my heart. The celebrated despair blossom sweet suffering fruits which foresee my path ahead, taking opinion along with choice somewhere far, somewhere forbidden. And thus I sit with demons that are only pieces of me, adapting to the climate I now dwell, painfully I abandon this man inside of me.

I Couldn't Say A word

Ruben C.

Lost in shelters of needles, paying to bleed in spoons, my scaffold angelic life melts in the crown of my god, my bic lighter and powder of hope. Unfulfilled are the dancing shadows that shuffle and hide my pain, shaming me with ugly numb guilt that is picked deep into the back of my neck.

Mother cries the time is done so I refuse to sleep for the world, I must kill her love and trust, another hit and I'll save the world. We know the sounds of each other, I was an infant last weep as I sold stolen treasures of the poverished to the impoverished. Needing breath I cut the spirits that have defined my life, touching reality in fantasy, I stomp teeth into concrete out of love, another new corner.

A coward hidden in an apparatus of chilling gore. Tearing at the universe, sailing through purple sighs, fighting to keep up with the snakes of debt. I seek the princess of travel to pass so I may lick her beauty, a wino told me this will take me to heaven. Yet the crack smoke of the relapsed told me, "hunt down steps," for they would lead me away from scars and tattoos I carved in the name of my god.

Let your heart love .

Richard W.

If you have had your heart broken .
And you've given up on love .
If you think you can live without love .
I can only hope that these words touch your heart .
Your heart is so much stronger than you realize.
It has the strength to endure all types of stress .
Heart break .
Heart ache.
The loss of family , or a dear friend .
But the physical stress as well.
Heart attack.
Stroke.
Even the occasional heart burn .
It's so strong it can even resist an object thrustud upon it.
Through all of these physical and emotional stress it still beats strong in your chest .
The one thing it cannot survive without.
The one thing that will make its beating stop.
Is if you decide not to allow it to feel love again .
for this is what your heart lives for .

Happy Birthday!

Proof that the program works!

Edmund M.

6/18/98

If you have a clean date birthday of one or more years,
please email it to Newsletter@natucson.org

This is what gives it the strength to endure all that it does .

But only you can let it do what it needs to .

So please in all of the care you give to your heart ,
please let your heart love .

I am not my sickness

-Rowdy Rae

Fighting hard this addiction, this sickness

The gloves are off and my fists are tight.

Don't believe that I am my weakness

Be afraid, be scared because I will bite.

Days go by and the struggle goes on

Try and catch me with my guard down.

I've lived through the darkness to see the dawn.

Smearred make-up and tears looking like a tragic clown.

I'm still beautiful no matter what I look like.

My strength is beyond measure and it is real.

This mountain is traitorous that I will hike

I'll get to the top to look down on what will heal.

Kicking and screaming you'll find me no more.

Black-outs and stupidity are a thing of the past.

Look at my scars to see who I was before

My abuse and history is in the shadow I cast.

A lifetime gone by with a better one to live

Grief and nightmares will always follow me.

In the future I hope they all can forgive.

The past is just that, it isn't who I'll be.

Knowing my flaws keep me gorgeous.

Owning my mistakes have made me wise.

Letting go of my faults made me courageous.

Recognizing my illusions killed the lies.

The path is crooked and filled with doubt.

Tread with caution and watch where you're going.

There will be fear and guilt strewn all about.

But whispers of freedom are in the wind blowing.

Addiction is real

Recovery is out there

Change how you feel

Life gets easier to bare

NEXT MONTH'S TOPIC!

We here at the newsletter team are stunned at the amount of content we received for this month! The creative abilities of addicts in the Tucson area is on display with these extraordinary works sharing experience strength and hope. Next month's topic will be;

Steps Six and Seven

Send us your experience strength and hope: Newsletter@natucson.org

Subcommittee Service

SEAZNA Area Service Committee

2 p.m. on 2nd Sunday of each Month

Streams in the Desert Lutheran Church

5360 E. Pima St. (west of Craycroft)

Activities Subcommittee

Contact activities@natucson.org

Hospitals & Institutions Subcommittee

12:30 p.m., Second Sunday of the month

Streams in the Desert Lutheran Church

5360 E. Pima St. (west of Craycroft)

Mt. Lemmon Bash Subcommittee

Contactbash@natucson.org

Newsletter Subcommittee

Contact newsletter@natucson.org

Outreach Subcommittee

Contact outreach@natucson.org for more information.

Phoneline Subcommittee

Contact phoneline@natucson.org

Public Relations Subcommittee

Meeting held on line, contact pr@natucson.org for details

Phoneline is looking for Spanish-Speaking volunteers to be of service! (phoneline@natucson.org)

AREA EVENTS & ACTIVITIES

Please check the website www.natucson.org for updates and more information



Activities Goes Bowling: 1st Sunday of the month, 4:30pm @ Golden Pins Lanes, 1010 W. Miracle Mile. \$1/game & \$1/shoes.



Medallion Night and Potluck: Last Monday of the month @ First United Methodist Church (915 E. 4th street). Show up at 7 if you are getting a medallion (1 year or more) meeting starts @ 7:30pm.



Monday Night Young People's Speaker Meeting: 3rd Monday each month.

Meeting Changes, Support, Service Opportunities

The NOANDA meeting has moved rooms at the same address and the website is no longer accurate. It is on the east side of the parking lot. Look for the NA sign.

Want to share your Experience, Strength, and Hope?

Submit your recovery related stories,

poems, jokes, etc. to:

RECOVERY IN ACTION

(newsletter@natucson.org)

Don't know what to submit?

Ask your Sponsor for ideas!

~ AREA EVENTS ~

- New Day/New Time Recovery & Relapse is moving days and times, starting June 1st, R&R will now be on Thursdays, 6pm, same location
- SEAZNAC 4th of July BBQ, July 2nd, 10am - Afternoonish, La Madera Park Ramada 1, Speaker Meeting, Cookout, Fun in the Park
- SEAZNA PR and H&I Wants You! - Get involved, contact PR Chair, H&I Chair or Phone Line Chair,
- Hospitality Suite, Marathon Meeting sign up, and Hotel Reservations online access
- Basic Text Book Drive, Please bring your signed Basic Text to Area or to a SEAZNAC committee member, books will be given to the newcomers during the convention, thank you!
- Mt. Lemmon Bash 2017, Sept 29-Oct 1, 2017, contact bash@natucson.org

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submissions, feedback
or suggestions.

Email them to
newsletter@natucson.org

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