

# Principles Before Personalities

COANA NEWSLETTER



Artwork outside the Just For Today Drop-In Center

## Our First Issue!

The subcommittee would like to thank all of the addicts who contributed to the first edition of our newest issue of our area's newsletter. The goal of every quarterly issue is to bring a sense of unity to our area by showcasing the creativity and individuality the addicts in our area possess. Each poem, idea, or photo comes from our common spirit of self-expression. Combining these two truths illuminates the liberation we experience as a result of this program; we've been granted creative freedom in our lives. We hope that what was shared from the hearts of these addicts reaches our readers'. Keep your ideas coming; when we work together more will always be revealed.



### Upcoming Events

Each month we'll share a list of future functions in or around our area

#### MZF/CAR Workshop

1.26.18 at 8am-  
1.26.18 5 pm  
2041 Schorway Dr  
NW, Lancaster, 43130

#### Speaker Jam & Valentine's Dance

2.10.18  
12pm - 11 pm  
102 W High St,  
Springfield, 45502

#### OCNA Fundraiser Basketball & Speaker Jam

3.10.18 9 am - 10 pm  
33 Barnett St, Dayton,  
45402

## On Humility

Vanessa F.

When brought up in meetings, it is the spiritual principle seemingly least likely to be shared on but the one I find to be nearly all-encompassing. In the most basic sense, humility means that I am no better than anyone else and nobody is better than I am despite our differences. We are all different people with different stories in different places of our recovery. To me, humility is accepting who I am and where I am at in my recovery and my life. Being humble is taking an honest daily inventory knowing I always have room for improvement but to also recognize what I did well. Practicing patience with a sponsee who is so close to getting “it” is also practicing humility



by just allowing them to be where they are. In order for me to be open-minded and willing, I

### MY FAVORITE NA T-SHIRT



Mariclaire F.

My first home group met at 10 pm in a rundown building, and we kept our meeting supplies in the dank, dark basement. Being the secretary, I had to go to the basement twice every night to bring up and put away our supplies. Despite the basement being dimly-lit, this bright tie dye t-shirt always caught my attention. The walls were covered in old t-shirts that other home group members had hung up as decoration. I casually mentioned to an old-timer that seeing that shirt made me feel happy, especially because the event took place the weekend of my birthday in 1999. He gingerly pulled it from the wall, tossed it to me, and said, “It’s yours.” I couldn’t believe it. I only had about 90 days clean and nobody had given me anything without some form of payment in a long time. It’s been 8 years, and I still treasure this shirt as much as my first Basic Text. It is a colorful reminder of the kindness I experience in this program.

need to be humble enough to know that my way doesn't work. Being of service and being humble by cooking food for an event is how I show my gratitude to Narcotics Anonymous which taught me these spiritual principles and forever changed my life for the better. Humility means I love everyone for who they are and where they are at in their recovery including myself.

## Unfinished Battles

Caroline

Chasing daytime ghost and clear crystal field baggies, distraught over not being able to win the fight of a war that you rarely fought. The wounded lay on the empty streets, surrounded by the remnants of the life-draining were on the battlefield. Glass pipes, needles, and dead friends are scattered throughout the debris. Homes that want to on the foundation of security on a street of peace and serenity now are sliding off the reassuring foundation that they were built upon; the house is crumbling into little piles of nothingness. Nighttime Soul Snatchers seek you out as you make yourself readily available for their arrival. Promising pleasurable good times of long nights of ecstasy and deceitful, the facades of no consequences for your actions. Stored ammunition to fight this battle has rarely been tapped into. Full Arsenals of Love of people who are willing to fight this battle with you have been locked out, the keys have been hidden. Blinders protect

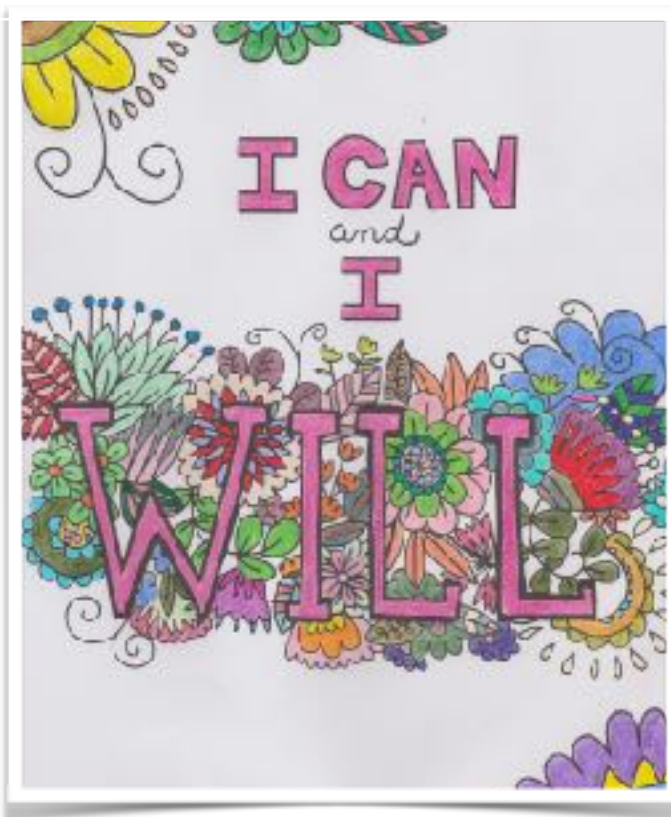


Illustration by Adam A.

your eyes from the True Image that appears in the mirror of body decaying from the inside out. Blemishes can no longer be covered up with the excuses of skin rashes, weight loss cannot be explained away because of dieting or illness. It's obvious that you're fighting a battle that you alone could not defeat. Your tireless effort to convince yourself and others that you are winning this battle through empty words of fortitude. But you know deep inside and by the heaviness of your subconscious that the battle remains unfinished. For this battle is not yours alone to fight, but it's the Lord's, in the people that really, truly, and sincerely care about your well-being that God has put in your life. But you can only enlist them to help. So I'm asking my friends, people who I don't even know, or who are going through this unfinished battle to enlist on my behalf.

# AFFLICTED

Ashley R.

How non addicts see addiction:  
Hysteria, chaos, mass confusion  
It's all in your head, it's all an illusion,  
A figment of the imagination,  
It's nothing but a hallucination.....

How addiction is, this is my story:  
I always do this to myself,  
Invader of my own mind.  
Never knowing what I'll find entwined,  
In the complex web of undefined.  
Searching for some peace of mind.

They don't understand the way I feel,  
Or the methods of which I choose to deal.  
If only they knew what goes on inside my  
head,  
The feelings of dread, and thoughts of 'I wish I  
was dead'.

They think I'm heartless, unfeeling, callous  
and cruel,  
But all that does is give this mind of mine  
more fuel.

Detached from my emotions,  
Only ever just going through the motions.  
I smile and say I'm fine,  
Then go on that chase to reach cloud nine,  
not caring if my freedom is on the line.

I have an affliction,  
It's called addiction.  
Most people believe it's all just fiction.  
But it's real, a disease, it's here to stay,  
Sinking it's claws in, having its way.  
You can recover,  
But it never truly goes away,

It lurks in the shadows waiting for its day,  
To stretch it's legs and come back out and play.  
Are you strong enough to make it go away?

Watch out for the affliction called addiction,  
It won't paint you in a pretty depiction....  
It led me down the path to a felony conviction.  
It made me into someone I'm not, It made me  
scheme, it made me plot.

Now I'm living in a mind of hysteria, chaos, and  
mass confusion,  
It makes people come to their own conclusions,  
Which leaves my heart with deep contusions.

On the outside I'm a statue of unchanging face,  
But on the inside I'm screaming to get out of  
this place. There's a place I found to help me  
truly see. This is a place that gives you recovery.  
This place is my new found family.  
NA will always be there for me.

