



June/July 2012

newsletter@seattlena.org

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24-Hour Helpline
206-790-8888
Call before you use!

Seattle Area NA Website
www.seattlena.org

E-meetings:
naonlinerecovery.org

The purpose of this newsletter is to keep Seattle Area Narcotics Anonymous members informed of the events and happenings of the fellowship. Every attempt is made to adhere to NAWS guidelines and SASC guidelines for newsletters. The content contained herein expresses the views and knowledge of its contributors, not NA as a whole. Please read this publication with that in mind.

Life Gives Us Gifts

by Diane P.

Life has certainly brought pain and loss to my life in the last few months. My bird of 17 years passed away. Mocha was such a tamed feathered friend to me. She was my bird, and would hiss at others.

When I first got Mocha, she and I would go for rides in the car. I would take her with me when I picked up my daughter from school. She would sit on my shoulder as I went about my routines at home.

About a year after I got Mocha, I went outside with her on my shoulder. The wind gusted by and lifted her up to the sky. She was crying for me and I was crying for her. My uncle had recently passed away, and I prayed to God not to take Mocha away from me also. I was crying and frantic. I prayed out loud, shouting at God not to take her away. I kept calling for Mocha to come back to me. I watched her soar above the house and then I lost sight of her. I went back inside the house and ran out the front door. Much to my surprise, there was Mocha, perched on a branch on the tree in the front yard. With some coaxing, she slowly began the decent to my hand. She was cold and frightened. We were reunited once again.

When I got my divorce three years ago, Mocha was with me. She would see me go through life and its challenges. She was the one with whom I would share my day when I got home. What a lucky bird!

In the days before she passed away, she didn't want to go back into her cage. She wanted to be out and with me. We sat on the couch and just watched TV. I stroked her and kissed her. I had a sense that something was wrong, but was not ready for her passing. One morning when I got up, she was on the bottom of the cage. I wailed. I hurt so much. I had lost my friend. I felt so much pain. All I could do was cry. I prayed to God that she was at peace and flying in the wind.

I made a decision to wait before getting new birds. Every year, I take a trip to see the tulips and the beauty of nature in Skagit County. This is a cherished spiritual journey for me. One day after going to see the tulips, I went to the bird shop and found two green-cheeked conures. They both immediately flew to my shoulder. They had picked me! I brought them home and enjoyed their antics. They were so sweet and tamed. I knew Mocha probably helped them out.

A month later, I came home from work and noticed that the front door looked odd. The plate for the lock was on the front mat, as well as

(Continued on page 4)



The Day Dreams Are Made

by Chris S.

Left empty and drained, with nowhere to turn --
 For only the destruction... so many have burned.
 Oh Lord, take me to the music where I set myself free,
 Bring me to a time when someone's hugging me.
 Let the music lift me up, if only so I may breathe —
 Leave the past behind me and take a day in relief.
 Don't look behind,
 Because it's only the disease that continues to blind.
 Someone once told me when all I thought I had were the blues —
 You will cry tears of joy,
 But if only I knew,
 The pain I'd have to go through.
 Life isn't only filled with laughter and bliss.
 I've played the joker, the mad hatter, the loner, the twist —
 Self-consumed I've been, even fallen to my knees.
 But, at least now I know... it is God who provides the breeze.
 I thought I used to never miss the mark, but I'm starting to learn
 That powerlessness begins with a spark.
 So this is how my life goes...
 Lord, keep me from the dark!
 Listen to my tattoos, their sounds leave no trace.
 I'll even quote John Lennon, an angel full of grace —
 "Imagine all the people living life in peace. You may say that I'm a dreamer,
 "But I'm not the only one. One day you will join us, and the world will be as one."
 So many lost, alone, and afraid —
 Handfuls of pills, just waiting to be played.
 Until the day comes, when their dreams are made.
 It all starts with a surrender and the NA Way.



Do you have an article, anecdote, or poem you would like to share with the Fellowship?

We would love to hear from you! Send an email to newsletter@seattlena.org. Submissions may be edited for length, clarity, or compliance with our Traditions.

Clean Time Birthdays

Drew B.6/16/87 (25 years)	Art S.6/24/06 (6 years)
Dennis B.7/15/89 (23 years)	Donn E.7/8/06 (6 years)
Rebecca6/18/90 (22 years)	Tina T.7/29/06 (6 years)
Ann M.7/15/96 (16 years)	True K.6/10/07 (5 years)
Carole W.7/15/96 (16 years)	Martha7/21/08 (4 years)
Bridget6/29/97 (15 years)	Mark V.7/24/08 (4 years)
Selena6/12/00 (12 years)	Scott J.7/22/09 (3 years)
Patty W.7/5/00 (12 years)	Mikel6/3/11 (1 year)
George B.7/8/00 (12 years)	Nina T.6/11/11 (1 year)
Andy W.6/21/02 (10 years)	Tanya6/23/11 (1 year)
Mary K.6/29/02 (10 years)	DJ M.6/26/11 (1 year)
Laura A.7/7/02 (10 years)	Freddie H.7/7/11 (1 year)
Debi N.7/7/04 (8 years)	Kevin R.7/14/11 (1 year)
Shelly6/13/05 (7 years)	Jennifer W.7/20/11 (1 year)
Linda J.6/14/05 (7 years)	

If you would like to have your annual NA birthday included in this publication, please email the editor at newsletter@seattlena.org. If you do not have access to a computer, feel free to call or text (206) 605-2605. The cutoff for the August/September issue is July 29th.

Congratulations!

Recovery Word Search

B S B Y O M R S T R F U N Y R
 R E A F A O T S J E F N E R E
 W E D N R D I D L L C I C O S
 R M S P I L O L E A H T N T T
 J B P P E T O T G T B Y A N O
 J O Y N O W Y I R I S O R E R
 W S O I S N F Z V O I H E V A
 X H V H I T S M A N F T V N T
 P A I R S G X I A S H T E I I
 O P O O L C I N B H Z N S D O
 A A W D H S E R V I C E R U N
 E D U T I T A R G P L Q E D J
 G L V Q O A S K H S H I P Z Q
 N O M A T T E R W H A T T S C
 T N E M E G A R U O C N E Y Q

ENCOURAGEMENT
 FELLOWSHIP
 GIFTS
 GRATITUDE
 INVENTORY
 JUST FOR TODAY
 NO MATTER WHAT
 PERSEVERANCE
 PHONE LIST
 RELATIONSHIPS
 RESPONSIBILITY
 RESTORATION
 SANITY
 SERVICE
 UNITY

Tools *(continued from page 1)*

some bolts. At first I thought that I hadn't shut the door completely. I went inside and noticed the door jam was split. I walked into my study and saw that drawers had been opened as well as the closet doors. I called out, "Is anyone there?" and phoned the police. I walked upstairs and to see my belongings scattered all over the carpet. Empty drawers were strewn haphazardly. My jewelry box drawers were opened and empty. The jewelry containers in my bathroom were gone, along with my necklaces. I saw my empty desk drawers lying on the floor under the TV. All their contents were gone. They had contained my journals and, most importantly, my recovery medallions. I had all my coins in a beaded box. Some coins had been passed on to me from other recovering addicts, and I had coins that I wanted to pass on to my sponsees. In my early recovery, I belonged to a home group, and made individual beaded pouches for each year. I also had vintage coins that I had purchased for up to 20 years. I currently have 15 years and had five years to go to complete my collection. I was sick.

The break-in could have been worse; they could have harmed my birds and damaged the house. I am grateful that I wasn't home at the time.

The jewelry taken was priceless because of its sentimental value. Pieces that I received from my mother, aunt, and grandmother were all gone. I was able to retrieve six pairs of earrings from the carpet. I now had five necklaces and six pairs of earrings. The jewelry I was wearing was all I had left. I felt the support from my family and co-workers. I called my sponsor and sponsees. My home-group was very caring supportive. They have always been there for me in good times as well as bad, and this was no different.

My collection of medallions was of no monetary worth, but held great sentimental value to me and represented each year of my clean time. I knew I hadn't lost my clean date; they were just coins, anyway. The sad part is, whoever took them doesn't realize the significance of their selfish act and probably threw them in the garbage. My jewelry probably will never be returned either; it was entirely possible it was sold for drugs. How ironic it is that someone from recovery is likely part of someone's current disease. What a way to carry the message!

My sponsee came over one afternoon and brought me a gift. She had purchased a set of coins one through 15 and gave them to me. She told me she wanted me to have them, knowing they wouldn't replace the ones I'd collected annually because of how much they'd meant to me. I was speechless. I honestly didn't know how to thank her for her kindness. I was given a gift that was irreplaceable: the gift of kindness.

What I have learned that God hasn't given me more than I can handle; he has opened doors for others to help me, and I allowed that to happen. I never have had to go through life alone. This program and my Higher Power give me the love and support I need at all times. I reached out for help and it was there. I am eternally grateful to NA for my life and my recovery. Together we can do what we could not do alone.



Fourth of July
Picnic
Potluck

Woodland Park Shelter 1
50th and Woodlawn Ave Seattle
11:00 to 4:30
Burgers and Hot Dogs Provided
Soda for sale

NA logo

Illustrations of children in patriotic attire, fireworks, and a turkey.