When I Came Back
by Shanna M.

I feared when I came back in that I would be treated how I secretly felt about people who relapsed. I was horrible; I was mean; I couldn’t understand how someone could relapse and give up a life that they tried so desperately to build. I didn’t realize until I relapsed that it wasn’t that I gave up what I had worked to build, but I had missed something and just wasn’t grasping what it was that could keep me clean. I wasn’t taking care of me; I was too concerned with others and what they thought about me. My ego was killing me, and it almost did. As I struggled everyday, living in self will and ego, I convinced myself that I was ok but I wasn’t. With every conversation came feelings that I just couldn’t deal with. It was like my emotions were encompassing my every thought. I began to struggle with basic life necessities like eating, sleeping, even taking about any feelings that I had, and when I did talk about those feelings, I was in an over inflated ego state, almost like everything was great, my life was great. But once that high wore off, I was left alone with my thoughts, broken, helpless to myself. The more I drank and smoked the more I was abandoning myself, my inner self. I dragged myself through the days like a zombie, creating a false sense of security, feeding that ego with thoughts that I was good and that I was strong. As the days went on and more desperation led me to making choices that were self imprisoning, I began to have a false sense of security. But things were happening, God was taking care of me, setting things in my life that I had always dreamed of, things that I had worked for all those years of recovery. I could feel the decay of my inner self and I couldn’t take it anymore. I knew what I needed to do, and that was a choice that scared me. I was so broken and desperate that I just knew that I could not continue in how I was living. I had had a taste of life, freedom from my disease of destruction in my life, but I could only have this again if I was clean, living in God’s will and not mine. Living without this hypertrophied ego state. I had to get humble and change my life, and thankfully I knew how, but the constant thought process running through my head was based on a half-truth that had been embedded in my whole being that I had to do this alone, because if I didn’t, I was weak. Besides, the thought of opening up my heart to anyone after what I had just been through was painful and just unfathomable to me. The struggles that I faced walking back in the rooms were horrific thoughts. It was a choice to continue to live in this unbearable state of false serenity, or have faith that I could one day have a reprieve from the tragedy of the life that I was creating living in this state. Leaving my pride and ego at the door, I came back in and have taken my seat back in this place.
Clean Time Birthdays

Pauly ........................................ 03/12/86 (30 years)
Dennis B. ................................. 07/15/89 (27 years)
Jude ................................. 04/06/90 (26 years)
Vester ........................................ 03/12/91 (25 years)
Gary H. ................................ 04/01/94 (22 years)
Kelleuse S. ............................ 03/20/94 (22 years)
Natasha ........................................ 03/12/95 (21 years)
Karen H. .................................. 03/26/95 (21 years)
John H. ...................................... 04/14/95 (21 years)
Ray W. ........................................ 04/17/95 (11 years)
Annie H. ..................................... 04/23/96 (11 years)
Norma C. .................................. 05/29/99 (14 years)
George B. H. ............................. 07/08/00 (16 years)
Robyn A. ................................... 06/10/03 (13 years)
Irene ......................................... 03/25/05 (11 years)
Cindy W. ..................................... 04/17/05 (11 years)
Truc K. ...................................... 06/10/07 (9 years)
Will C. ........................................ 02/24/08 (8 years)
Dawn L. ...................................... 03/17/08 (8 years)
Daniel ........................................ 03/24/08 (8 years)
Mike W. ...................................... 04/14/08 (8 years)
Virag (V.) H. .............................. 05/24/08 (8 years)
Karl J. ......................................... 03/11/09 (7 years)
Brian J. ....................................... 03/09/10 (6 years)
Rachel L. .................................... 03/25/10 (6 years)
Henry P. ...................................... 04/02/10 (6 years)
Jim L. ......................................... 06/13/10 (4 years)
Tina H. ....................................... 03/06/11 (5 years)
Trina A. ...................................... 04/13/11 (5 years)
Tanya V. ..................................... 04/21/13 (3 years)
Jamie S. ...................................... 04/20/13 (3 years)
Mike K ........................................ 07/21/13 (3 years)
Eric H. ........................................ 03/08/14 (2 years)
Rachelle M. ............................... 04/28/14 (2 years)
Carole O. ..................................... 08/12/84 (32 years)
Allan O. ..................................... 05/19/94 (22 years)
Angie P. ...................................... 04/14/98 (16 years)
Curt W. ....................................... 03/13/01 (15 years)
Elyana ....................................... 03/13/03 (36 years)
Tim B. .......................................... 04/14/12 (4 years)
Chris G. ...................................... 04/14/12 (4 years)

I Have Seen Denial

by Sam H.

I have seen denial, I have seen deceit, only guilt could love it, of all the things I’ve seen, addiction is the name of the game, denial is a friend to all, stealing everything from those you love who love you too, stolen are your dreams lost in never-ending pain and evil, childish schemes, fooling no one but the loser user, I have seen addiction kill so many of my friends, sisters and brothers whose lives can have but one friend as long as they deny DEATH!

Trophies

by Sam H.

Gonna throw away my trophies and start a new collection, gonna clean out the dust of years of neglect. This big one here is for angst, I am among the best in that category, anger needs to go as well, I took All-American in that field as well as many blue ribbons for lying and concealment.

I learned from the best and through years of practice I gained acclaim for boldness in dishonesty, that one over there in the corner is for plotting ways of concealing, an interesting. Hey, so-and-so said such-and-such, I think it is one of the many, many prizes I’ve gained for lying.

I learned from the last time I went on Facebook (over two years ago, thanks for the applause) I staged a virtual relapse, complete with many, many images of people using drugs. I concluded by posting images of an empty wallet and homeless people under a bridge, since I would party ‘til homelessness if I ever relapsed. A lot of people were upset over that one.

But I’m getting off topic here. What’s the point of this article besides a lot of self-indulgent nonsense? Well, if I remember right, I was creating a hypothetical situation in which I was going to share at a meeting. So I thank the chair for calling on me, and launch into a bunch of generalizations, cliches, and trite platitudes before going down the checklist of things you should do if you want to stay clean that invariably finds itself proclaimed at virtually every meeting: get a sponsor, go to meetings, read the literature, work the steps, get a Higher Power, do service. Maybe give the ball to Marshawn Lynch. Incredibly superb suggestions. Even though that ought to suffice, my mind is going in several directions at once and that should be my first clue: I’m rambling. So I talk about my gratitude list at length and in excruciating detail, because I’d be remiss in giving anyone else in the meeting ample opportunity to absent-mindedly look at their phone, get some coffee, use the restroom, carry on a side conversation, yawn, fall asleep, or go outside for a smoke.

Finally I threaten to wrap up my ramblings, thanking the chair once again for calling on me; however, I hear the conjunctives tumbling from my larynx – so, but, since, then, maybe, or, and, because, although, yet and so on. Then I have the dim realization that I’m starting to talk about the same stuff I started out with what, 12 or 15 minutes ago? Hey, everyone else is looking at the clock too! How ’bout that?

I thought I was done talking, but then I look down, and there it is: pink, laminated, with the words “JUST FOR TODAY.”

Not bad for someone who didn’t have anything to share. Thanks for listening. And for reading. You’ve been great hostages.

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Got an article, anecdote, announcement or artwork you would like to share? We would love to hear from you! Send an email to the Newsletter Coordinator at newsletter@seattlena.org. Submissions may be edited for length, clarity, spelling/grammar, and/or compliance with our Traditions.
Events & Announcements

Activities Subcommittee needs YOU!
New meeting time and place:
1st and 3rd Thursdays, 7:00 PM
Edmonds Lutheran Church, 23525 84th Ave W
Edmonds, WA

Saturday Night Dances
Every 2nd Saturday of the month
10:00 PM – 1:00 AM • $5.00
Cherry Hall, 2701 E. Cherry Street, Seattle, WA

Luau Fundraiser for PNWCNA 39
Saturday, June 18, 3:00 pm – 8:00 pm
Dinner at 5:00, speaker at 7:00
Dinner tickets $15
Camp Edgewood, 1228 26th Ave Ct, Milton, WA
More info: pnw39fundraising@yahoo.com

2nd Annual NA Women’s Campout
“Chicks in the Sticks”
Friday, June 24 – Sunday, June 26
Vandenberg Park, 6414 Fruitdale Road, Sedro Woolley, WA
http://bit.ly/1UBW8Rq

Clean & Free 2017 Logo Contest
Theme: “Spiritual in Nature”
Winning entry will receive one full registration package
(includes all entertainment and events; lodging not included)
3 colors maximum for all submissions
Email to CleanAndFreeLogo@gmail.com by July 10
Or mail to: Clean & Free Logo Contest, PO Box 1984, Auburn, WA 98071-1984

PNWCNA 39 presents Family Fun Day
Saturday, July 23rd, 12:00 PM – 7:00 PM
Hot dogs and hamburgers $5 per plate
Concessions available, bring a side dish
Isaac Evans Park, 29627 Green River Rd SE, Auburn, WA
More info: pnw39fundraising@yahoo.com

NW Washington Area 12th Annual Unity Campout
Friday, August 12 – Sunday, August 14
Vandenberg Park, 6414 Fruitdale Road
Sedro Woolley, WA
Adults $25 / Day Passes: adults $10, children under 7 free!
Family of four $40
http://bit.ly/1UkQtwt

Recovery by the River
Friday, August 26 – Sunday, August 28
Daroga State Park
Adults $45, Ages 13 – 17 $25, children under 12 free
(includes campsite and meals)
Contact Activities Committee for more info

Speakers Wanted
Clean & Free 2017
March 9 – 12, Ocean Shores, WA
Main speaker and workshop speaker submissions due
August 31, 2016
Mail CDs to Clean & Free Programming, PO Box 1984,
Auburn, WA 98071-1984

WNIRCNA XXXI
May 19 – 21, 2017
Submissions due August 31, 2016
Mail to PO Box WNIRCNA, 918 S Horton St, Suite 1003,
Seattle, WA 98134
Or email wnircna2017@gmail.com

PNWCNA 39
“Healing Our Spirit”
Second oldest convention in NA
Friday, October 21 – Sunday, October 23
Hilton Bellevue Hotel
Register before September 10 for discounted pre-registration prices!
Register online at wnirna-reg.org

SINAC 2016
“A Change in Perspective”
Friday, July 29 – Sunday, July 31
Sea-Tac Marriott
Pre-registration $30, at the event $40
Register online at seattlenaconvention.org