

# New Attitudes

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## Our Gratitude Speaks When We Care...

and when we share with others the N.A. way. So states the back of our celebration coins.

I just want to express my gratitude to everyone who wished me well, came to see me in the hospital, called to see how I was doing, came over to help me with stuff around the house, said prayers for me and covered for me. Never have I felt so helpless. Never have I felt so hopeful as when I experienced the love of this fellowship first hand.

I am more or less back on my feet and back in front of the computer. I've had plenty of time to reflect on what happened to me over the past two months or so. Being broken on the side of the highway. Simple gratitude for being able to move my fingers and toes when asked by my dear friend and riding buddy. The fear and trepidation facing the pain medication. The love of my wife to whom I am eternally grateful for. The love from unexpected people, rather than the usual suspects. The God given ability of a body to heal.

Just random musings and reflections to fill the page. Today, I face life one day at a time still. I want to rush the healing process. I want things to happen in my time. I, of course know better than my doctor, I am the smartest man in the world after all (sorry Rabbi). I still have to go back to taking direction, turning my will and my life over to the care of something more powerful, in this case my doctor.

Can I say that I'm grateful for the accident? How about at least certain aspects of it or results of it? Let's just say that I perhaps needed to learn how to reach out more. I needed to learn how to call for rides and ask for help. I have grown in the process. I have made new friends and strengthened some old bonds. I have gained a new appreciation for life.

Someone has a plan for me. I was kept here for a reason. As I was perhaps saved from active addiction for a reason. I try not to question it or look too deeply. My job now is to try to give back what was so freely given to me. Not just by words on paper. My gratitude must speak through my actions.

In loving service,  
Kevin K.

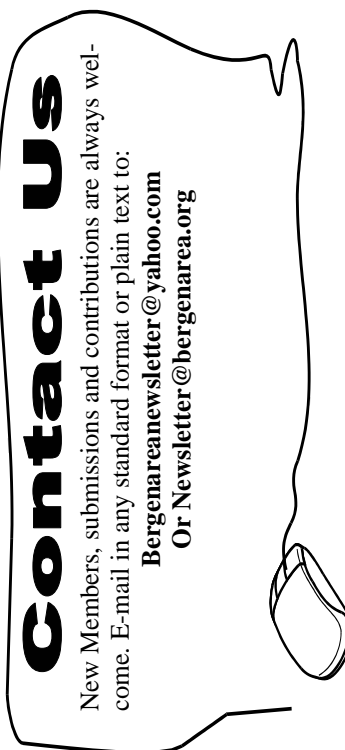


# LETTERS Fellow Addicts Write

## How It Works

My Journey has started and I've surrendered at last.  
The First Step wasn't easy, but I'm sure it will pass.  
It's time for me to learn to live life without a mind or mood altering drug.  
Because the insanity of this burden has been heavy to lug.  
I've come to believe in this program called N.A.  
They've brought me back to reality and this is where I'll stay.  
Since I've turned my will and life over to a loving God,  
Life has gotten fuller like the green grass from sod.  
I am writing an honest list so I can identify myself  
Everything's to come out nothings left on the shelf.  
Now with this done, I must share it with three-  
My God, Myself, and another to help me in my recovery.  
Ready I am to have all this ugliness removed,  
Admission of this person I was when I used.  
The obsession has been lifted, but the disease is still there.  
Taking suggestion and being open minded really keeps me aware.  
The spirituality of this process has taught me to be humble.  
I really need God's help in order for me not to stumble.  
Now I'm at the point where I must make another list,  
Saying I'm sorry and making amends to all, even if they're still pissed.  
With all these people, I don't know where to start.  
No matter what their reaction, I'm doing my part.  
Most will listen and accept my apology,  
Then there are some that shouldn't be reminded of a tragedy.  
Continuing to look at myself on a daily basis,  
Admitting when I'm wrong is critical, no matter what the case is.  
Early in my recovery, I turned over my life and my will,  
Now with this knowledge God's given me, I have something to fulfill.  
Since I've received this miracle and found a new way to live,  
By passing it on to others is God's way for me to give.  
With these principles I've acquired- Honesty, Open-mindedness  
And willingness, this disease of addiction is always with me,  
None the less...

Henry S. Paterson NJ



### DEADLINE:

for submissions to the New Attitudes Newsletter for September October Issue is: August 15, 2007  
See Submission form on back.

## When It Seems To Be Not What It Seems To Me

I can remember when I first got to the rooms of NA and was given some information, which I've done my best to follow. So, when I look back at the beginning of my recovery I noticed some very key actions that needed to be taken and with nothing to lose; I jumped head long into it. First I was told that I had to make a lot of meetings, so I did, probably 6-7 a week for the first two years or so. Then I was told I should get involved, so I did, I started with a coffee commitment and worked my way through the trusted servant's positions at the head of the table. I progressed through group level commitments into area commitments and so on.

Then I was told by my first sponsor in NA, that it was required of me, as a sponsee of his, to attend my areas H&I sub committee meeting and eventually get myself an H&I commitment, so I did, and I stayed with that particular areas sub committee for most of my recovery. Holding the same two commitments for about two years because I was staying clean and my life was starting to resemble a life. I became so enamored with the thought of being on the front line for the fellowship that has literally saved my life; I became more and more involved with that sub committee, taking first the secretary commitment, and eventually the Chair position.

By now you're probably saying to yourself this guy is just tooting his own horn right here in our newsletter, but please read on. As I speak with other recovering addicts with multiple years of clean time who have (in my opinion) "recovery", it occurred to me that I have been experiencing something that a lot of other recovering addicts go through.

As my recovery and subsequent reentry to "life" progressed, it became full again, I became happy again, and the future is looking bright. The people I was surrounding myself with were not lying to me or manipulating me and things were fabulous, absolutely fabulous, and marvelous even.

So I continue on in recovery doing what has kept me clean knowing, as my step work continued, I would reach a deeper spiritually based recovery, and I have, thanks to NA, it's fellowship and the God of my understanding.

However, as I said life became fuller, I became busier, things at home that I neglected in active addiction needed to be addressed, so I started spending more time at home, more time at my job, and so on. Before I knew it commitments were ending without beginning another, those things that were keeping me clean, adjusting my attitude, and generally keeping me spiritually motivated started to, I won't say disappear, but my enthusiasm was losing it's chutzpah.

I needed to speak to my sponsor right away, and again was told to remain open minded, so I have. The more I began to concentrate on my spiritual recovery, the clearer it became to me that, if I am going to stay and continue to recover, there are still things in my life that have to be addressed. One of which is my motivation for writing this. The meetings I was attending were not fulfilling my needs and, to be frank, started to grind on my nerves. The bullshit seemed to never end, and I had to search for meetings where I would get what my spirit was demanding of me.

So, I found the meetings that feed my recovery, and allow me to share what I have learned in these rooms and I continue to flourish and have become a productive member of society. It has become blatantly clear to this addict that, for me to stay here and continue becoming the person that is spoken of in our literature, more true grit, and spiritually based information is required. I thank all of you who have guided me throughout my ordeal of uncertainty and I am truly grateful I was told to remain "open-minded". It has paid off tenfold.

### New Attitudes Newsletter Committee

**Kevin K., Scott S, Jeff B.,  
Suzanne K.**

**Contributions and new ma-  
terials are always welcome.**

**For more  
information contact Kevin  
K.**

**Or one of our committee  
members.**

## DISCLAIMER

All submissions to New Attitudes shall become the property of the New Attitudes sub-committee. We reserve the right to edit for space and or content. Any submissions sent via e-mail or via the bergenarea.org website require a release form. No last names are ever used to preserve the principle of anonymity.

Kevin K, Newsletter Chair

# L Celebrations & Miracles

## Release Form

The following release form must accompany all submissions to "New Attitudes Newsletter", Mail to PO Box 738, Little

Ferry, N.J. 07643

I hereby give New Attitudes, their successors, assignees and those who act in their authority permission to publish the at-

tached

article or other written material, pertaining to my personal experiences with or opinions about the NA fellowship or program. I understand that my material may

Suzanne K. June 16th 1 miracle year back!  
JON W. May 17th 2003 4 years  
Lou Socks July 30th 2002 5 years  
Tommy P. July 29th 2005 18 months  
Tommy M. July 29th 2005 18 months  
Jon F. July 26th 2005 2 years  
Ritchie L. July 26th 2005 2 years  
Denise G. June 26th 1997 10 years  
Kelly O. July 17th 2002 5 years

## Everyone Else Who Has Today!

If you have a celebration coming up Please contact one of the newsletter committee members and tell them. We all share in this miracle of life together. Congratulations to all the celebrants.

I was rummaging through some old papers in an attempt at some Spring cleaning when I came across an old poem that I had written many years ago while in active addiction. I felt that maybe others in recovery might be able to identify with the poem while simultaneously appreciating the fact that we no longer feel this way in recovery. I celebrated 4 years clean this month and feel that it is about time that I submit some writing to the newsletter, so here goes:

"Crazy, Craving and Crashing"

Wondering what comes next  
Hoping for anything different  
Thinking daily about drugs and sex  
Smoking frequently to ease the stress  
Uncertain of anything just yet  
Forever craving for endless change  
Never pacified or satiated  
Always yearning to feel complete  
Worry free is a heavenly gift  
Happiness...an impossible wish  
Seemingly harmless situations turn ugly  
Crashing and burning with the best of everyone  
Crazy times call for desperation,

unpredictable and spontaneous reactions  
Surviving this life becomes truly questionable  
Just living itself is oh so hurtful  
Harmful daily activities are dismissed  
when the common excuse becomes typical-ness  
Truths and lies mold together as  
reality becomes a well told story  
Looking for a way out becomes an obsession  
Wondering if any of this will ever end.  
Crystal Z.