



THE MAINLINE

MARCH 2016

Greetings,

We write you as representatives of Heroin Anonymous World Services (HAWS). This informational bulletin's purpose is to increase communication between the groups of Heroin Anonymous throughout the world.

MEETING SPOTLIGHT

"Serenity" Group - Newmarket, NH

Not long ago, a car accident resulted in two deaths in our community. Shortly thereafter, it was discovered that the cause, as we had seen many times before, was drug-related. Some members of AA that had experience with heroin did some research on whether or not a heroin-specific fellowship existed. Sure enough, we found

Heroin Anonymous. That was 6 months ago. One of the departed in the previously-mentioned accident had attended a church that was strongly supportive of efforts to curb addiction in the community. The church volunteered a room to be used for a Heroin Anonymous meeting. A member of the fellowship donated books and the

message of Heroin Anonymous began to flourish in our small community. The 12 steps and 12 traditions are read, hope and experience with heroin addiction is shared, and we close with a prayer. We continue to grow from these fundamentals so that we can help the heroin addict who still suffers.

-Rob B

ONE HEROIN ADDICT'S RECOVERY

My name is Chris and I am a heroin addict. The most relevant and important information regarding my recovery is that I have a sponsor, a home group, I work the steps, I attend meetings regularly, and I try to help fellow addicts. I have not used drugs

or alcohol since December 10th, 2014 and my life is meaningful and flourishing today. This was not always the case. It took a long time and an immense amount of pain before I was willing enough to give this program a chance.

I grew up in Iowa to a loving family with all the opportunities I could ever ask for. I played sports, fished, took guitar lessons, rode go-karts, and enjoyed exploring the outdoors with my little brother. Despite the great upbringing, I suffered from depression and

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anxiety. I distinctively remember the reoccurring feeling of being alone in a room full of family and friends.

I distinctively remember the reoccurring feeling of being alone in a room full of family and friends. Something was missing from my life.

Something was missing from my life. In high school, I started experimenting with drugs and alcohol. Basically any and every kind of mood-altering substance I could get my hands on, I would try. Drugs gave me a hobby, a fun and exciting way to spend time with my friends all while exploring the limits of human consciousness. Looking back, I remember using more than the people around me. I would smoke joints before school, on breaks, at lunch, after school, before work, even before I took my A.C.T. for college. Because I was not experiencing negative consequences, I did not find anything wrong with my usage.

I graduated high school and enrolled in the local university where I excelled at academics. I was accepted into dental school as a sophomore, where they held my spot in the school until I

finished my degree. My use progressed and I started using opiates at every chance I could, justifying it with my academic success. My senior year I was introduced to intravenous heroin and I felt that I had found

the elixir to every problem life threw at me. I had arrived.

By the time dental school started, I was shooting up multiple times a day and spending hundreds of dollars a week to maintain my habit. I would have to drive nearly two hours round trip to meet my dealer. Soon I am skipping class, my grades are suffering, and my role as a full-time student has taken a backseat

to my full-time job as a junkie. One day I overdose in my car and wake up with police

and an ambulance around me. The school was notified and off to rehab I went. I wish I could say I saw the light and turned

Once I got in the rooms, I was so beat up that I was willing to do whatever necessary to stay clean. I had the gift of desperation.

my life around but my addiction was just getting momentum.

Over the next five years, my life was a stellar example of unmanageability. I was in and out of rehabs, constantly stealing from my family and friends, I contracted and treated hepatitis C, I stole and sold prescription pills, and lied to everyone I loved. During this time, my mother drank herself to permanent brain damage and my stepfather committed suicide. The bank took my childhood house and the family I grew up with was shattered beyond repair. I used these tragedies to justify and propel my downward spiral. I started mixing methamphetamine with my heroin and injecting into my neck. I had exhausted every other vein on my body.

Thankfully, I was arrested for driving under the influence after I overdosed in my car again. This led me to check myself into a six-month program where I was

introduced to Heroin Anonymous.

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necessary to stay clean. I had the gift of desperation. I got a sponsor, I worked and continue to work the twelve steps, I have a service commitment, I have a sponsee, I do H&I panels, and I try and carry the message to other addicts. I consider myself lucky that I did not have to invent a program of recovery and that others before me paved a time-tested way to recover. Through working the steps and reading the Big Book,

I have learned that heroin was just a symptom of the problem. My perception and thinking was sick. Until I had experienced a psychic change, I was doomed to continue my cycle of drug addiction until death.

My life is great today. It is neither perfect nor terrible. I am reliable, people enjoy having me around, I have a steady job, I do not wake up dope sick, and most importantly

I love myself. All I wanted from this program was to get clean, but I got so much more. I have aspirations to return to graduate school and start a family. The twelve steps and the fellowship of Heroin Anonymous have transformed me from a hopeless junkie into a man with a cherished life.

-Chris S., a member of Heroin Anonymous in Las Vegas, NV

THE 12TH TRADITION OF H.A.

Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities.

Many of us have walked into the rooms ashamed of the lives we've led. It's more than likely that we didn't seek help on a string of successes. It's the people further along the path who practice spiritual principles that attracted us to this new way of life. As human beings our first instinct is to judge a book by its cover. When we see a person acting on ego and character defects it's easy to attach our fellowship to that one person. Newcomers and laymen can easily be opposed to our fellowship due to the acts of one man. At first we may practice anonymity due to feelings of shame for our past behavior but as we worked the program those feelings may fade. We must remember the importance of our anonymity. Our anonymity brings about unity in our fellowship, so that not one man alone represents our fellowship as a whole.

Our program has given us our lives back. The steps have given us an awakening and principles to live by. For our newcomers we live by example; we show others the benefits of living by spiritual principles. We have escaped the depths of hell, free to walk that path to happy destiny. We are not perfect but working the program we must remember to be rid of self. Humility improves our conscious contact with God. When we practice humility we lead by example as well as attract others to strive for our spiritual way of life.

-A member of the "Bright Side of the Spoon" H.A. group in Sumter, SC

If you would like your meeting featured in our meeting spotlight, or have any other content you would like to submit, please feel free to contact us at the email listed. Thank you!

Heroin Anonymous World Services Board

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