



H.A.W.S. **MAINLINE**

Heroin Anonymous World Services
Monthly Bulletin

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This informational bulletin's purpose is to
increase communication between the groups of
Heroin Anonymous throughout the world.



MAY **2020** ISSUE



Photo by [Rodion Kustaev](#)

OPPORTUNITIES FOR **SERVICE**

Available service positions on the HAWSOB

Greetings,

It is I, your humble World Service Office Board secretary. The WSOB is currently accepting nominations for positions. One of these is that of Advisor; a position suggested to be filled by a servant with a working knowledge of the 12 Concepts, 12 Traditions, and 12 Steps

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of Heroin Anonymous, prior experience working on a Steering Committee, and the ability to attend our monthly business meetings.

We are also looking for members to soon fill the positions of Treasurer, as well as Chips and Literature Chair. If you are interested in these positions, please contact me for what the suggestions are for experience.

Please email all service resumes to hawssecretary@gmail.com.

Thank you all for your continued support in Heroin Anonymous.

ILAS,
Adam D.
WSOB Secretary

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A PATH FORWARD

Personal Story: Anthony B. – Portland, OR

For as long as I can remember, I have had the feeling that there was something off inside me. Even as a child, I had the sense that everyone around me possessed qualities that I lacked. The ability to fit in with ease, the comfort in the company of friends and strangers alike, the apparent belief that their accomplishments amounted to something worth taking pride in...these were things that I did not feel within myself. When I did succeed in some endeavor, academic or athletic or sexual conquest, I

could never relish it without a relentless analysis of the mistakes I had made. I lived in a constant state of anxiety that I was less than you, whomever you may have been. A coward, dying thousands of deaths daily, until I met alcohol.

With my first illicit consumption, I was possessed of an undeserved sense of accomplishment. I was cool, I was witty, I could fight a goddamn elephant. It made me so powerful, I could fail out of college. I could crash cars and cheat on romantic

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partners and get fired from jobs and still, that pride remained intact. Until, of course, alcohol alone merely kept me from shaking, and supplemental ego had to be sought. I tried weed, coke, ecstasy, benzos, amphetamines, all manner of psychedelics. These stayed in rotation, but they were primarily mile markers on the road to my destination. I injured my back while working, and received my first opiate prescription. Taken as prescribed, they soothed my pain. Taken in excess, they soothed my soul. Supply was quickly outpaced by demand, and I turned to outside sources. Oxycontin was my constant companion, until the company became too expensive, and her ugly sister heroin started to look pretty good in my desperate state. I was ready to settle down.

The reality of heroin was, nothing settled. After a string of firings and car crashes and financial woes, I switched to methadone. After a vow to get clean and a particularly nasty kick, things improved for a while, but I was soon back to black. I tried suboxone, with similar success. I would find myself selling the prescription for a better buzz. I overdosed and died, and after 48 hours in a psych ward and a very long walk home, I was overjoyed to find the paramedics hadn't taken my drugs from my room. Even death was insufficient to dissuade me from my path. I soon found myself homeless and a detox sounded like just the thing to keep me comfortable for a

day or two until I could sort things out.

I didn't go into detox planning on getting or staying clean. I just wanted a roof and a bed and free meals. To my surprise, I ended up caught on a wave that I rode for some time. While in treatment, HA H&I brought in a meeting. For the first time I saw people who not only echoed my sentiments and shared my experiences, but showed me that another way to some form of happiness and self acceptance existed. I got a sponsor, worked the steps, sponsored others, was of service, and miraculous things began to happen. I made friends, I appreciated the world, I fathered a son. I knew peace.

Unfortunately, I have a knack for finding dissatisfaction in the most unlikely places. I tired of the fellowship, the slogans, the relentless optimism. I stepped away from service and in a short time relapsed so spectacularly I endangered my son and made the news. The next year and a half was a tornado punctuated by brief, beautiful moments spent in the eye marvelling at the destruction. I came back and worked the steps for long enough to regain partial parenting rights, only to cut out before making my next round of amends. The results were as expected, and the carnage only intensified as we entered this pandemic. Unemployment and loss of contact with my son again wreaked havoc on my ego, and I was lucky to

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find my way back to the rooms via video conference and link up with an old sponsor.

The truth is, I have very little clean time at the moment..,less than 30 days, in fact. My recovery has not been perfect. We really only have two paths forward in life, however. We make mistakes and learn from them, or we make mistakes and learn nothing. My hope is that I have been beaten into such a reasonable state that I will hold to the good advice of my sponsor and

peers this time. There is no way to constantly avoid suffering, but after all my experimentation, I've found that continued work and service to others and some kind of contact with a power greater than myself offers the most happiness for me.

I may have come to scoff, but I'll remain to pray.

- Anthony B.

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TRUE UNDERSTANDING

Personal Story: Carolyn S. – East Haven , CT

This time, three years ago, I started on my journey to recovery and self. I was filled with self-hatred, in a constant state of panic. I wanted to quit heroin, but I was gripped with the fear of being without it. I hated it and needed it at the same time. I was spending money as soon as I made it, paying only the bills that were going to be shut off, behind on the mortgage, but the heroin dealer was the first thing I paid.

I tried admitting to my doctor I was addicted to heroin. It took 3 visits for me to be honest with her. She asked what I was taking. I rattled off the laundry list of drugs. She suggested a detox might be good and told me to come back with 24 hours clean for suboxone. I didn't do detox. Shame was killing me. I couldn't admit to my family, my job, that I needed help.

It took about 5 weeks to get that 24 hours. I tried many unsuccessful methods to stop, even for just 24

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hours. Finally, I did it. I spent that night as sick as could be, puked, shakes, sweats, twitching legs...all night. Morning eventually came, and I had to walk a mile to get to the doctor because my car was shot from "ripping and running."

I was violently sick three to four times during that walk. My skin was grey. I was shaking uncontrollably. I finally made it there after two hours but couldn't pee in the damn cup. I had nothing left. Literally. I couldn't even sit in the chair in the waiting room without falling off it, so I was lying on the floor. I asked to sit in a room until I can pee, just trying to save the smallest bit of dignity. Nope. I was on display.

The nurse came out and pulled me aside to ask if I had gone to detox before. I admitted that no, I couldn't, but I had 27 hours and 45 minutes. That wasn't good enough. They wouldn't help me. I cried until I found myself calling my dealer to pick me up and bring a couple bundles in front of the nurse. She let me leave. It took another two months for me to try again. I was desperately trying to avoid stripping and prostitution to support my habit.

Finally, on September 1, 2017, I went to the methadone clinic and started the program. By Mid-October, I thought I was ready to stop using

heroin. I got to 24 days then relapsed. I tried again a few days later, then continuously, day after day, until November 22. I said to myself that this HAS to be it, that I can't have both methadone and heroin. November 23, 2017 is my clean and sober date.

At 10 days in, I knew I would use again without a program for recovery. I went to AA and jumped in with both feet. I got involved in the steps, building a sober network, doing service work at the meeting level, district, and Area. AA saved my life and taught me how to love and accept myself completely. The only thing missing for me in AA was the acknowledgement and understanding from fellow addicts, so when I shared my story, I would only concentrate on my experience with alcohol. I introduced myself as an alcoholic only. I was distancing myself from my addiction.

This past January, a new fellowship, Heroin Anonymous, popped up in Connecticut. At first, I was curious, then reluctant. Then I started to accept it. Now I have a new phase of my development, and I am amazed before I am halfway through. I'm grateful for both fellowships, and I need both of them. I'm so grateful for the life I have now. I wouldn't trade it for anything.

- Carolyn S.

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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 haworldbulletin@gmail.com.

Thank you!

The Folks at The HAWS Mainline



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