



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.



APRIL **2021** ISSUE

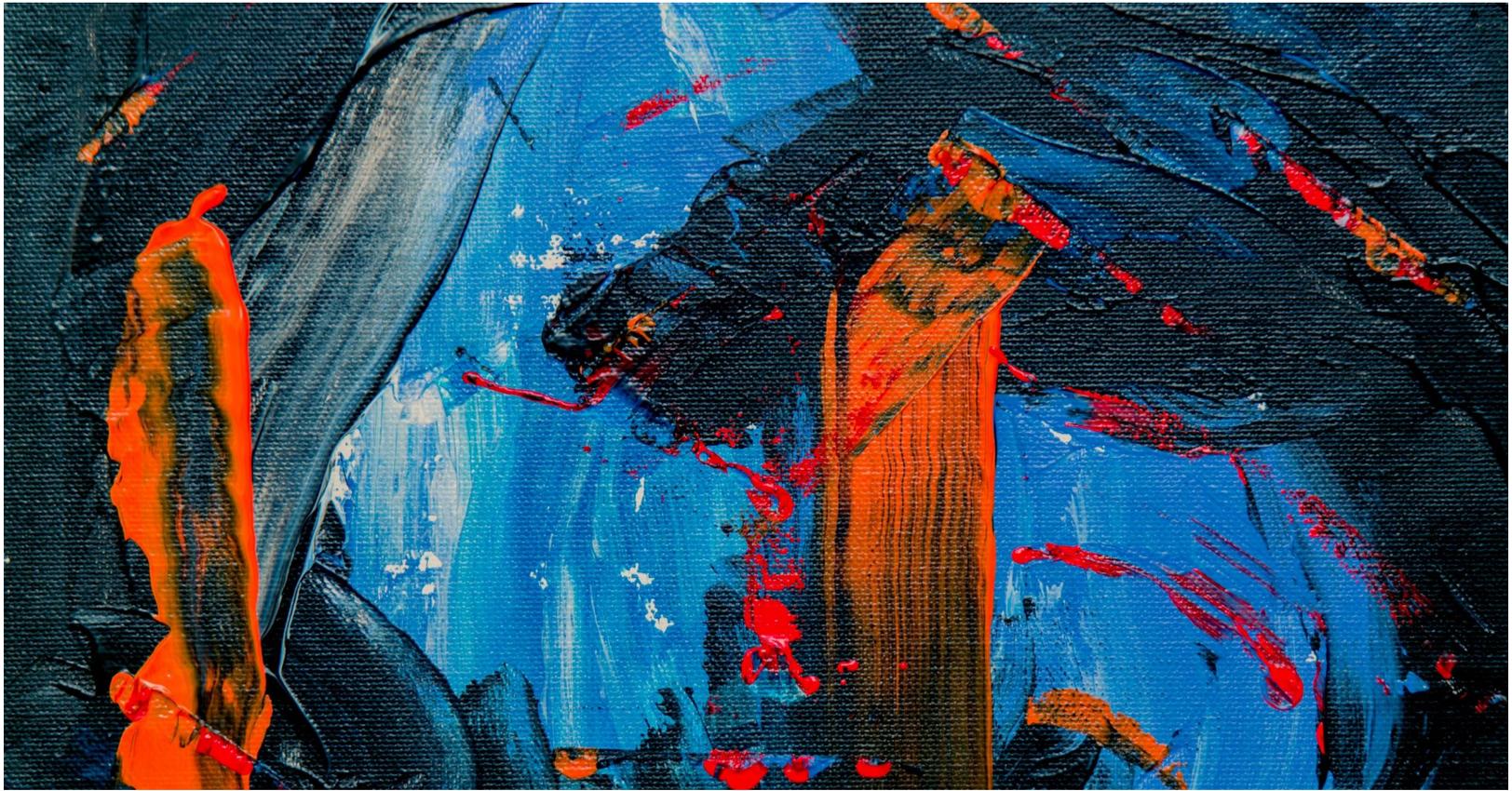


Photo by [Steve Johnson](#)

A PLACE **WE BELONG**

Personal Story: Lauren H. – Napa, CA

I have struggled with opiate and heroin addiction since I was a teenager. When I was young, I felt like it was just about impossible to fit in my own skin. I was afraid of everything. My home life was unsteady. I was bullied at school.

When I found opiates, I felt a sense of freedom from the internal conflicts that plagued me throughout my childhood. Deep down I knew I was looking for a place within myself and in the world around me where I truly belonged. I spent many years

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numbing myself from fear, anxiety, trauma and depression. It soon led to rehab after rehab, a vicious cycle. I had picked up a rattlesnake without believing that it would actually bite.

For a time my insanity was manageable, but everything is temporary. As my addiction progressed the insanity did also. After a while I was doing the same things over and over, knowing the result and deciding to do it anyways. The hopelessness and despair that came with it was almost unbearable. However, being a heroin addict, I persisted. We are not weak people, for the suffering we endure is significant. I spent many days stuck in this cycle, but the progression was unstoppable. It became even more agonizing because I knew there was a solution but couldn't accept that solution. After years of hellish suffering, I experienced an entire psychic change. I had accepted the solution and a higher power who would indeed solve all of my problems.

In the town where I was raised and where I got sober, Heroin Anonymous was not established. At about nine months of sobriety, I traveled on a family trip and found there was a meeting close by. I cannot thank my

Higher Power enough for giving me the opportunity to experience what I experienced there. I was 500 miles away from home and anyone that I knew. However, I didn't feel like I was in a room with strangers. I could relate fully with the person who spoke. I related to the experiences in every share afterward. When I left that meeting, the unconditional love and sense of belonging that I felt was life-changing. Getting in my car, I wept for the first time in a long time. My mother asked, "What is wrong?" I replied, "Nothing Mom. I have never felt that I belonged like I did attending that meeting. Most of us use because we just want to feel like we belong and we are a part of."

The unconditional love and the sense of belonging I felt upon entering into the fellowship of Heroin Anonymous has revolutionized my life. I was given a design for living which has led me to happiness and belonging I never knew was possible. Best of all, it is available for anyone who is willing and honest enough to try.

- Lauren H.

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CONVENTION **MERCHANDISE**

2021 HA World Convention Merchandise

2021 HA WORLD CONVENTION

COME BUY STUFF

PURCHASE WITH WRISTBAND



\$

SIZES:
S
M
L
XL

LONG SLEEVE TEE \$25

2021 CONVENTION TANK \$20



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****LIMITED INVENTORY**
PLEASE REACH OUT TO ZORA, CHRIS OR SABRINA FOR INFO

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REMARKABLE THINGS WILL HAPPEN

Convention Experience: Chris C.- Birmingham, AL

My mom bought me a plane ticket. She knew I couldn't afford to make the trip to Phoenix on my own. I had told myself that the first-ever HA World Convention wouldn't be that cool anyways. Apparently my mom believed in Heroin Anonymous more than I did. She knew that this young fellowship of wayward junkies had done what she had tried so hard to do but couldn't - give her son a solution to his battle with heroin addiction and actually keep him sober. So, on August 8, 2014, I found myself on a last-minute flight towards what would be one of most impactful weekends of my life.

I really couldn't believe it was being held at this nice resort in Flagstaff. I linked up with my sponsor, my roommate, and some other friends from Birmingham that made it out before me. Word had spread that the gas station around the corner was selling energy drinks for a dollar a piece. We bought a case, and the party was on. I had been sober for about two years at this point, just long enough to question if it's okay to drink 6 energy drinks in a day - at a sobriety convention. I'll never forget the bonds that I made with these guys over too many energy drinks and a seemingly endless supply of marathon meetings, workshops, incredible

speaker meetings, and late night talks with heroin addicts from all over the country.

I saw my first sobriety countdown there. They do this thing where they recognize who has the most time in the room and work their way down to the least. A guy had what seemed like a couple dozen years of sobriety. A heroin addict. Heroin addicts don't stay sober like that. I was in awe. A short time later, they got to two years. I was so proud as I stood up and the rest of the crowd applauded. What I didn't expect was the build up of energy as they got even lower in sobriety time. 3 days, 2 days, one day. There were a few newcomers that made their way to the stage. A guy choked up as he walked up to the mic and said that he had been sober just a few hours...and the crowd went wild. Then, the guy with the most time in the room walked up, bear-hugged him, and gave him a Big Book.

Page 100 of the Big Book says, "Both you and the new man must walk day by day in the path of spiritual progress. If you persist, remarkable things will happen." Remarkable things like finding myself 1,700 miles away from home crying in a hotel ballroom watching two guys hug. I felt the nearness of my

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creator, my sense of belonging and purpose in this fellowship. I started to feel a drive to pass on what HA has so freely given to me to the still suffering heroin addict back home who is trying to make it through the day.

August 27-29, 2021, I promise you will find me at the third HA World Convention. I'll be the guy wearing the torn up faded shirt from the first World Convention with an energy drink in my hand, probably crying when the sobriety countdown comes on. I think it will mean more to me this year than it has before.

Over the past year, I've gone through divorce, having COVID, and more loss than I thought I would be able to handle. I wanted to get high, and I wanted to die at times. My brothers and sisters in HA carried me when I didn't have the strength to go on. You guys are the reason I'll be able to stand when they call out for 9 years. I owe my sobriety and life to Heroin Anonymous. I can't wait to join you all as we celebrate our escape from disaster. See you in Atlanta!

- Chris C.

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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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