



The Mailbox

HA Newsletter

Volume 1 - Issue 2 - July 2011 - Page 1

Special Points of Interest:

**Submit your story on
our selected topic.**

**Stories should not be
more than 450 words.**

**Our next issue will
feature stories
on Step 3**

**Please send your story
to our editor at:
hanews@cox.net**

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Heroin Anonymous Birthday

Well.....it's almost here.

Our fellowship's birthday is on August 12. Some heroin addicts who wanted to have a fellowship where we could be with people who understood our experience started this thing on August 12, 2004.

Since that time, HA meetings have sprung up in 17 States and in the UK and Canada.

It would be really special if groups around the globe would hold some special events for their area. Maybe a "Unity Day", or some type of fundraiser for their groups.

Wouldn't that be fun?!!!!

To celebrate our fellowship's birthday would be a way to promote some unity in our area.

Having an event would be a way to show the newcomer that we do recover. They could see that we know how to have fun in sobriety.

It is truly a miracle that we are sober today. We can live life in a way that we could not imagine before. Knowing we get to experience all the things that we only dreamed about.

What is most important is we get to show others who come in behind us that there is life after heroin addiction.

Meetings Update

We currently have HA meetings in 17 states, Canada and the UK

I have since been brought into a way of living infinitely more satisfying and, I hope, more useful than the life I lived before

Being Restored

A heroin addict's experience with their Higher Power

My higher power has brought me such beautiful things in the past 118 days. I relapsed after four years clean and I definitely lost all sight of God and meetings. My best friend of ten years and I started shooting dope together and I was on my way to the worst bottom I had ever been at yet. I decided to go to detox and get help because I owed my dealer money and he told me if I didn't pay him that night he was going to come to my house and tell my boyfriend I was using. I freaked out.

I sat him down on the couch and told him I needed to talk to him and I blurted out everything about my using. He was so shocked. He had no idea and was so upset and hurt that he didn't notice I was using and that I didn't ask him for help sooner. But he looked at me, kissed me, told me he loved me and said we are going to get you help.

The next morning I checked into detox in tears. Hopeless and desperate for help. I begged God for guidance and help to stay clean. When I was checking out of detox my favorite counselor said she better never see me again. I responded that she would. She looked so shocked. I committed to go to a meeting. I kept that promise and went to my first one and spoke last night.

**“I believe my
higher power is slowly
restoring me to sanity”**

At about fifty days clean I started the first HA meeting in the state of Massachusetts. We meet every Friday night and there are people driving from all over the state for this meeting.

I was discouraged that the first one had only ten people. But you know what made that meeting so special? Remember that best friend I mentioned that I was using with? Well, she showed up to the first HA meeting that I held and I gave her a thirty day key chain. She went to detox shortly after I did. We hugged and cried. I believe my higher power is slowly restoring me to sanity.

I am so grateful I found HA World Services. and they helped me start up this meeting. I have my family back, a full time job and a sponsor. I just finished Step Two.

Life is getting to be amazing one day at a time because of God and this program.

Heather N.
Marlborough, MA

Our Mission Statement

Our mission is to provide a message of hope for the heroin addict. We will offer stories from members of our fellowship on what it was like, what happened, and what it is like now with their heroin addiction. The Mailbox will be the voice of Heroin Anonymous.

Our objective is to show that any heroin addict can recover.

**In fellowship,
The editor**

Forever Grateful

A heroin addict's transformation

There was a point in my addiction that I resigned myself to that life forever. The word "hopeless" does not quite capture the feeling; it was a deep despair that I felt dead inside. My family, friends... nobody wanted anything to do with me. Every day was the same, and yet that cycle became comforting to the point that I was happy with what I had become: a homeless junkie, dying in filth. I started off as a guy from a loving family and had lots of friends, and did exceptionally well in school. My path toward the darkness of the disease was initially smooth and trouble-free. I maintained a semblance of normalcy for years, until my facade collapsed before the end of high school. Meth nearly killed me, dragged me down until I was drowning in wreckage. I barely graduated, lost my university acceptance, and was kicked out of my mom's house for stealing and pawning a family heirloom. I moved to Reno for awhile, put the speed behind me and started drinking and smoking pot more. I didn't think that was part of the problem. When I came back here to go to a community college the crystal was waiting for me, and I fell headfirst back into it.

This time was different, though, and I could not stop for even a day. Someone introduced me to smoking something called "opium." That was the beginning of the end. Opium was his euphemistic name for dope; amongst that circle in Santa Cruz, heroin was a step beyond even coke or crank. But I didn't care. The feeling was so amazing, so far beyond the OxyContin and other pharmaceuticals I had done previously. It surpassed my affair with stimulants. And pretty soon I quit doing meth completely. Heroin is a jealous bitch, and she controlled my life for the next 4 years.

In and out of treatment. I was opposed to the 12 steps. I would go to meetings loaded and nod out, tell people I had a sponsor but never called him. I had been introduced to HA after my second rehab, when it was a relatively new group in Santa Cruz. While I wasn't ready to honestly work the program yet, it changed something in me. Within the meetings of Heroin Anonymous, I found people I could relate to, who knew the shit I was dragging myself through.

“Within the meetings of Heroin Anonymous I found people I could relate to”

I began to accept who I was, what I was, and I began to accept God and His love for me.

My final relapse lasted a year and was arrested for commercial burglary. While I was locked up, I had a vision of the life I had been living the previous eight years juxtaposed with my true path, the one which I abandoned in favor of addiction. This was my bottom, my place of death and rebirth. I got released, went into treatment and emerged with a newfound sense of understanding and purpose. I took commitments in a couple of the fellowships, I got a new sponsor, I made sober friends in the program, and I worked the steps thoroughly and without reservation. HA then became my home, and though many of the faces have changed over time, it still feels like a family, a place where judgments and hardened fronts are discarded in exchange for some empathy and acceptance.

Today, life is incomparable to what it was just a few years ago. I made amends and rebuilt my connections with family and friends; meaningful relationships are actually available to me. I have forged and have maintained a conscious contact with my God, and His guidance has provided me with amazing, astonishing opportunities. I became gainfully employed, applying myself and going back to community college. I worked hard, and this fall I will transfer to the best public university in the world. Not bad, for a junkie. I have so much. I strive to apply the principles in all areas of my life and give back what was so freely given to me - this gift of sobriety. I don't take it for granted, the miraculous second chance we all have. If it was not for Heroin Anonymous, I might not even be alive right now, let alone happy and free, walking in the sunlight of the Spirit. HA showed me the way, and for that I am forever grateful.

Stefan R.
Santa Cruz, CA

HA Preamble

Heroin Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from heroin addiction.

The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop suffering from heroin addiction. There are no dues or fees for HA membership; we are self-supporting through our own contributions. HA is not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization or institution; does not engage in any controversy, neither endorses nor opposes any causes. Our primary purpose is to stay sober and help other heroin addicts to achieve sobriety.

We are on the Web!
www.heroin-anonymous.org



Submit an Article

Send in your stories or questions you may have about our newsletter. Also send any ideas you may have. This is your newsletter. It is here for all of us in HA.

**Mail to:
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Phoenix, AZ 85012
or
email us at hanews@cox.net**

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What We Find in HA

Life has not heaped monetary riches upon my head, nor have I achieved fame in the eyes of the world. My blessings cannot be measured in those terms. No amount of money or fame could equal what has been given me. Today I can walk down any street, anywhere, without the fear of meeting someone I've harmed.

Today I reside among the living, no better, no worse than any of God's children. Today I look in the mirror when putting on my makeup and smile, rather than shy away from looking myself in the eye. Today I fit in my skin. I am at peace with myself and the world around me.