

# Clean Times

May/June 2014

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## A Different Sort of Mother.

*"There is no greater love that a man may have but than a man lay down his life for another"*

It is the memory of one mother and what she did for me that reminds me of God's grace, for she was a mother I should not have had, and a mom she definitely didn't have to be, but somehow a way was made for us to have each other.

This is about how all that took place...

In another book, a long time ago, one man was quoted as having said, "There is no greater love that a man may have but than a man lay down his life for another".

Esther was the 13th of 16 children that were born to Henry and Lilly Jones in the rolling hills of rural Tennessee. It all started for her in 1911. August of that year she was born. She never made it past the sixth grade as her family needed every warm body to help work their farm. Feeding the animals, and Sewing

and harvesting crops kept a roof over all of their heads and filled all of their bellies, usually. 16 kids and both parents set a pretty large table.

During the Great Depression filled bellies mattered more than filled minds.

Esther was handed a good work ethic and a loyalty to family as the result of her stark upbringing. She acquired a strong sense of common knowledge but her lack of book smarts never seemed to hold her back. She had a fiery temper if or when necessary, though always was polite and considerate of others. She was charitable to no end and would literally give anything to anyone who was in need of it more than she. Coming from life on a farm it should go without saying she had a way with animals of all sorts and dearly loved dogs particularly. When she was fully grown

She stood roughly five feet tall barefooted, was certainly attractive, and had curly auburn hair and bright green eyes. I suspect she turned a lot of heads in her day. Esther Dee was however not at all vain but quite modest. Sometimes to a fault. She was all

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## A Dream

One spring evening, no different than any other, I drifted off to sleep with my love by my side. The next thing I knew we were on a temperate afternoon stroll. A sandy wooden boardwalk lead the way. Mangroves and sea oats lined our path and the sound of the ocean whispered in the distance. Before long it began to grow dark, twilight was now upon us. As we continued our walk the boardwalk became narrower, the mangroves and sea oats seemed to be growing purposefully into our path. It was now pitch dark as we ducked beneath overgrown trees and dodged missing planks, nonetheless, we trudged on.

After quite some distance, what remained of the boardwalk spit us out onto a small moonlit beach. We stopped for a moment to enjoy our small accomplishment but we had to be on our way. There was only one way to go, unless we wanted to turn around. A narrow walkway of sand presented itself. To one side, mangroves, to the other, the sea. Not far down the beach path, we were once again ducking beneath the mangroves and

now tiptoeing to avoid the ever encroaching sea water. Eventually we were knee deep in it and painfully crouched over. Onward, there was no turning back now.

A faint light glowed hopefully in the distance, before long it was nearly as bright as day. The mangroves ceased their pestering and the water retreated as we approached another beach. This beach was much bigger than the first and right in the middle sat a cozy wooden beach house encircled by a tremendous deck. The deck was lit festively with tiki torches and colorful strands of lights. The resounding laughter and far off conversations of many people drifted from it. We decided to look around and check out the new-found sights and sounds. Shortly after we began exploring, something caught my eye. Three young boys sitting in small chairs were laughing and talking in a small nook across the deck. The faced away from us but I knew one of them was my baby boy. I ran to him with outstretched arms "hi baby!" I exclaimed, "hi mama" he answered. With that he jumped

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## Inside...

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## A Dream...cont from Pg 1

into my arms and we hugged so tight. We were reunited and nothing else mattered.

Although it was only a dream and I have yet to be reunited with my son, this dream could not have been more true to life and metaphorically relevant to my recovery. Carrying on is not always easy. I am faced with many challenges and the path I choose to walk is not always painless. However, one thing remains true for me no matter how arduous the journey may seem; As long as I keep moving forward, no matter how insignificant and unsure my steps may feel, more will be revealed.

-Ally B

## A Sprinter Learns Longevity

One Sunday I went for a run with a friend. He was new to running and took off fast; leaving me in his dust. Yet as I

continued to run I would catch up with him. He would stop and be grasping for breath. Then again he would sprint and I would catch up and push him onward. As I took time to ponder this I was able to see the similarities of his running to his recovery. Since I had known him he has always been a "Sixty Day Wonder". He would get the job, truck and the girl. He would sprint thru being a newcomer and go straight back out.

This time he is different, he walks to meetings, does not have a girlfriend. He struggles to find work. The miracle is he is okay with it.

He has learned the longevity of recovery. He is okay with where he is at in life. In slowing down, he has discovered serenity and he is okay with being new. He has stayed clean so long, that he even gets to re-apply for EBT. A benefit of learning to enjoy the process and sprint to a destination. Love this guy and enjoy watching him grow.

## Father's Day

This is a day to celebrate our fathers and all of the things that they do for us; teach us, guide us, comfort us, and make us laugh. As most women will tell you, my dad is the most wonderful man in the world, smart, funny, and successful. He means the world to me. In these past few years of being clean though, I have been afforded the opportunity to learn who my father is. Not as

my dad, but as a person. His likes and dislikes, his joys and sorrows, him as a human. Recovery gives me many gifts and one of those is relationships. The relationship I have with my father today would not exist if not for the spiritual principles of love, patience, forgiveness, and service. Not because I practice these things, but because he does. I learn all sorts of things from the fellowship of NA and

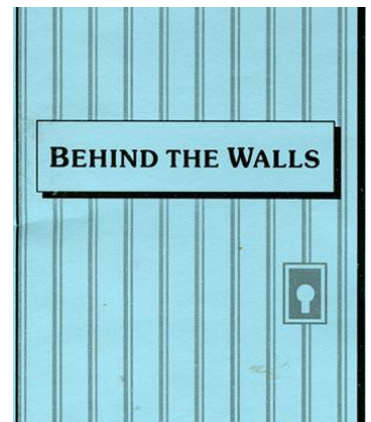


Whether you are an NA member, a professional who works with recovering addicts, an incarcerated member or a member who provides Hospital and Institution service, this NA World Services newsletter may be a resource for you. Reaching Out in its design helps incarcerated addicts connect to the NA program of recovery, enhances H&I efforts and offers experience from members who successfully transitioned from the 'inside' to be productive members of society. All are invited to share their experience, strength, and hope in the Reaching Out newsletter. Our Reaching out publication is seeking paid subscribers in order to continue our efforts distributing the magazine to our members housed in state and federal facilities. Ask your home group to subscribe.

Our vision is to carry the message that any addict can stop using drugs, lose the desire to use, and find a new way of life.

The Florida Region of Narcotics Anonymous has now helped introduce 23 self-sufficient NA meetings in FL; including, Coleman Federal Penn, Alabama, NW FL, Georgia, & S Carolina. The process began 6 years ago with the 'Pen Pal' project and developed into free-standing meetings; for inmates and by inmates. Many of these men and women are eager to work the steps and become involved in NA prior to release. How can I help? Join the "Writing The Steps for Recovery (Behind the Walls)" project. This can be your next step in further carrying the message. Through "Writing The Steps for Recovery (Behind the Walls)", you have another opportunity to share your experience, strength, and hope; give back to an addict seeking recovery what NA has given to you. If you are interested in gaining a State or Federal clearance,

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the people I have grown to love here, but my father is a person that I would be lucky and honored to grow up to be like. I never would have known this man if it was not for the program of NA, you guys have taught me how to mend my relationships and in the process have given me a friend and a father that I did not know I could ever have again. Thank you.

Marina E-K



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# A Different Sort of Mother...continued from Page 1

about family and home and it showed, she kept an exceptionally clean house, and wherever she lived she made it an inviting and comfortable place to be. This fastidious talent of her's was a good one to have as most places she had to live were places few if any would want to be at all.

Esther had values. A good heart. Her lack of sophistication showed thru from time to time, and she made poor and poorer choices when it came to marriage. Those choices set the mold for what was to come as men began to enter her life.

Esther's first husband, Darrin. Rescued her from her family's dirt farm. She was only 15 when they were married. Marriage meant moving out as Darrin. Was no dirt farmer. Darrin had lofty aspirations and agriculture and animal husbandry were not part of his plan for success.

The nearest big city was Nashville, and the newlyweds were bound for it. The bright lights of the big city carried with it a frail promise of a better life as newlyweds, yet concealed within that subtle promise was the shadow of disaster. Unwittingly Esther would eventually face that specter all by herself.

Darrin was the opportunistic type. Fast living and easy money had the same attraction then, as it does now and the same perils. Darrin was not one to live from hand to mouth as his new bride had lived. Darrin wanted more. Much more and the quicker the better. He saw how others were apparently thriving knocking off gas sta-

tions, Roadhouses and the occasional bank by way of the newspapers and news reels and he liked the notion.

Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker had been making a name for them down in Texas and were getting away from the law routinely. Clyde and Bonnie were the 1930s version of Frank and Jessie James. They were garnering the same publicity albeit of a more infamous notoriety.

These were the type of heroes he had in mind when Darrin thought, so Why not me? He constantly pondered the risks, the possible fame, and quick money and soon the die was cast and Darrin made his choice, or a choice was made for him already. The hands of fate are invisible, even to the most discerning eye. He would now take whatever it was he felt would enable him to be prosperous. Whatever advantageous opportunity presented itself as a decent enough financial gain, he was ready for it.

Darrin kept his newly devised profession a secret from Esther. He only told her he was a traveling salesman. Business was booming for a good while and living conditions began improving. They found out about a year into the marriage a baby was on its way. Everyone was happy. The family moved into nice and then nicer communities. New clothes, a new car, and even a full length mink coat for Esther showed up around Christmas time one year.

However, clouds of doubt began to gather in Esther's

thoughts. She was becoming uneasy and suspicious about the time her husband spent away from and why did they keep so much cash in the house so often, rather than in a bank like everybody else? Weeks would pass before Darrin returned. Esther was worried as she was about to have their baby at any time and she couldn't count on Darrin being there. Darrin even got her a car of her own and taught her to drive but it didn't satisfy or settle things down well enough. Esther demanded Darrin find other work and be nearby at least until the child was born. Darrin regrettably agreed.

Darrin's crime spree now more hamstrung by his new much shorter leash, made pickin's slimmer and considerably more scarce but he made do. The money he had accumulated was running out fast so the pressure was on him to produce. Now it had to be about a single major score instead of handfuls of quick and easy targets

Maybe it was time now to make the jump into the big time and find a bank to do some business with. It had to be the right bank and it had to pay off well, and it had to be reasonably close by.

Darrin excused himself early one morning saying he might not be back until late that night and reassured his bride not to worry. Everything will be just fine, I'm only going to go a bit farther today than I've gone before, that's all.

Esther heard the news from their radio later that evening.

Two men had held up a local area bank that afternoon. During the chase there was an exchange of gunfire from the bandits and the police during the robbers get a way. One man was shot and pronounced dead upon arrival at the hospital. The other one was injured too but as well apprehended and now in custody.

Darrin didn't come home that night as promised, He was the one the authorities had shot and killed. The sheriff came by the following day to deliver the news and confirm it to Esther.

Esther found herself moving in with one of her sisters and raising all she had left of her marriage with Darrin, her son David. David was her life now. She found work in the city and traveled back to the farm regularly to care for Henry, her ailing father, as her mother, Lilly had already passed. Henry's health was failing quickly and needed almost constant care. Esther was there every day after work and seeing to her son's care. She had learned to drive though she took the bus to work each day and used the car sparingly. The homestead lay about 40 miles south west of town, she would use the car for those trips and church. Every weekend she was there to clean house, cook, bathe, and feed him. She was caring for Henry on the day he passed on. Esther was holding Henry in her arms as he drew his last breath.

It was now the 1940s and Esther remained single and caring for her son and herself, keeping house and saving as



# A Different Sort of Mother...continued from Page 3

much money as she could. . As time passed Esther met another man, James. As chance would have it, Esther and James hit it off immediately. The outcome was real fireworks. They soon married.

James and Darrin were birds of a feather. James was not beyond or beneath the law. He enjoyed being on the outside of social norms and common legal concerns. The major difference between the two men was that James had no plans for being famous. James preferred to live in the shadows and alleyways of his underworld. No need for bright lights to be shown on him. Staying there kept everything he got himself into invisible. Fast cash and James however would always soon be parted. His drinking and gambling kept the family on the move constantly.

Esther on the other hand, was frugal. One could say even miserly. It served her though as she used her savings and some of James' finances and eventually took a real chance on another dream, and re-opened a vacated Roadhouse just outside Nashville and it quickly began to prosper.

Coming from a big family at times has its advantages. Her 13 sisters married early on as many back then normally did and immediately began building families. From those marriages came connections. From those connections came customers as news of the bar & restaurant became well known and very well visited. Weekly it would find Nashville's singers and songwriters, who had money, at its tables.

James's enterprises within and beyond the law persisted and unlike Darrin, James

regularly came out of them far better off financially. James had skills. He could just as easily build a home from the ground up as he could a car. It was the cars though which James enjoyed working on more. Making them go fast was something he became known for in a number of circles. Life was good for Esther & James but David saw straight thru James. And his bad habits. Recalling his dead father's own miserable end David told his mother he would move out if she were to remain with her new man.

David was 15 when he made the choice to abandon the family and be out on his own. It broke Esther's heart completely though she never blamed David for doing it.

Of James's major flaws, the one which caused Esther the most trouble was his wandering eyes. They always were on the prowl for other women. Occasionally James would be found out for his infidelity, but Esther kept taking him back.

One day news came to Esther that her Sister Ida's youngest daughter Patricia was now pregnant at 14. She was told a decision was made to have Patricia leave the area and have the child elsewhere leaving it to the winds of fate. Patricia would not be returning with her new offspring at Ida's sole decree. In this fashion, Ida thought the likelihood was great no further shame would be visited upon the family and a bad memory would be washed away with the hands of time.

Promiscuity was the word whispered often if the topic was ever touched upon as the causality for the pregnancy.

Another much darker misgiving was kept hidden from all but a handful of the more trustworthy relatives. Another notion revolved about molestation or rape. The guessing game persisted as Patricia said nothing and continued to bear up under the glaring light of prejudice and mistrust.

Severe accusations bring yet more than mere social disaster. This latter notion however landed directly to the truth of the matter. The man who committed the assault to this day has never been named to the best of my knowledge. Certainly two people knew and neither spoke of it.

They say timing is everything and timing mattered now perhaps more than ever before. Esther & James had been trying to have a child but Esther kept having miscarriages. First one, then another and on the 3rd effort to deliver, she began hemorrhaging during the miscarriage and was barely saved from death in the process. A full hysterectomy finalized any more thoughts of naturally having children.

When the news of her sisters' daughter's plight came to her by phone one day, Esther offered her sister Ida a different way out, asking to have them give her the child to be raised as her own saying no one would ever know. Not even the child, if such measures were a prerequisite.

That offer was refused flatly though an alternative bargain was proposed by her sis Ida.

Apparently money, or the prospect of having an easy and substantial windfall, does things now and then to even close knit family members.

Esther's sister demanded

Esther pay her \$5000 to have the child as her own. Esther became angry hearing her sister make such a demand and gave her answer by slamming the phone down!

In the fifties you could buy a house for \$5,000. A house with a fair sized piece of land to boot.

Later that afternoon, while telling James of the deal her sister had offered her, James agreed they should not have to pay any amount for a child that was about to be given away to strangers anyway. He asked Esther just how much she wanted this kid anyhow. Esther said more than anything but it doesn't set right to have to pay for a baby. Especially a baby from my own cousin who isn't going to keep it.

The wheels in James's head were spinning and shortly another choice was decided upon. For the first time, Esther went all in on James's plan to take things into their own hands despite the enormous consequences which could befall them. Now the pair was set to fully travel down an ominously dark and very crooked road. This time it wasn't for money but for happiness. Esther's happiness.

Sure, there was a painfully selfish need being served here. And that's not very good. Yet there was another need just as pronounced to be addressed, the care and protection of an unwanted infant.

On the grander slate of life, from time to time, maybe motivation when put to better purpose, isn't the most important thing, if the aim is to do the right thing in the end.

James had his faults, and

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plenty of them. He Drank alcoholically, gambled, broke the law routinely, fought more than a little in bars, and chased other women... married or not.

Deep inside of everyone there is some good even when the bad in them seems as there would be no place for it what so ever. The upcoming conspiracy provided perhaps some questionable good to emerge from the darkness inside of James... maybe.

In huge families people talk. It wasn't hard to find out where the distressed daughter was to be sent for the child's delivery.

You see, the deal was the young mother was now to go to another state where a relative of her step father lived. Have the baby there, and then return leaving the child behind as an orphan. Patricia, with the help of the distant relative, would employ an alias while she was at the hospital of choice.

Knowing their destination, Esther, her youngest brother Pete, and James were hot on the road out of town. . Upon arrival in the town Pete and James went about the chores of casing the joint, and arranging suitable uniforms for the job.

Kidnapping like any crime takes some thoughtfulness. Well, if you don't want to get caught. Usually though, something you never plan on takes place when you're trying to bend life to your own will. Often, it's not good.

It was Christmas time in the big city. Snow was everywhere and so were crowds. This suited the purpose in a number of ways. Now the real work was at hand. They had to find out where the baby was located.

As nefarious a caper as this truly is, one can't help but believe these folks were thinking outside of the box. Way outside. One could even say, "This was a whole new take on planned parenting".

Having already strolled through the hallways and some of the rooms dressed in street clothes, this time it was for the whole ball of wax. Everyone donned hospital uniforms.

Dressed as orderlies and a nurse their movements inside the hospital were easy enough. So long as they kept moving with seemingly obvious purpose no one appeared to notice. When it was time, Esther Dressed as a nurse made the move.

Acting as if, Esther already knowing who and where, strode into the nursery went directly to the newborn du jour, and left with it saying only a test was needed still. She met Pete on another floor. Entered a particular room where Pete was waiting with different clothing for his sister and a blanket and even a stroller for the kid. The stroller had been stashed in a bag and brought in the day prior with their change of wardrobe. . Pete and Esther once more changed clothes, bundled their uniforms into a bag, wrapped the kid up in the blanket and exited the room separately allowing a few moments between their departures.

James was waiting for Esther; the last to exit the room dressed in civilian attire and immediately accompanied Esther and the new born. Together they calmly left the building without notice.

Immediately everyone exited the city. The three baby ban-

aits dispersed. Pete in his car. James and the new family in another. Each vehicle left at different times and on different routes. Pete was not told where his sister and new family were headed, for obvious reasons. There was no turning back now. There was no going back too soon to Nashville, either.

It was Pete's job to return and provide reasons and excuses for the departed pair. Pete also had to begin looking for a way to dispose of the restaurant and send his sis the proceedings. The initial excuse was that his sis Esther had some medical issue which required a specialist and some time away if a solution was to be found for her condition.

Meanwhile, the new family headed out of the state as quickly as possible. They were looking for both the state line and the most rural area they could find, far from the scene of the crime. James had one already in mind.

Arriving in another state they found a sleepy community which had a road side motel of sorts just outside it and held up there for a few days. When the snow stopped there was one more vital piece of the job to accomplish. The newest kid on the block had to have a birth certificate.

Funny thing about newly born kids is no one can really tell a 2 day old from a 5 day old very often. With this in mind and a big link in the plan they all ventured out to get the kid verified and legal. Well, as legal as a kid napped youngster can be, given the circumstances.

First it was off to the hospital to have them check out.

The toddler as the 'story' had to be it was born on the roadside due to the heavy weather and this was the first opportunity for after care and certification.

It all went along like a train headed downhill on greased rails with a strong tailwind.

Soon a previously unwanted kid and a bad memory had a name. For all intents and purposes, he was now legit!

The philosophy behind good and evil rest decidedly in the grip of morality. Inside that well worn handbag, morality, as it happens is the single most malleable province of humankind. Massage it just right and an awful thing appears good and erstwhile. Spin it differently and a worthy thing is tainted forever.

"The best laid plans of mice and men..."

Through it all, one pointed clue was left at the hospital. Anyone who described the 'nurse' last seen with the missing child would have little problem recounting it. Esther's demure stature, curly bright red hair and prominent build were unmistakable. Especially to her sister back in Tennessee who soon heard what had happened.

Finding out what took place at the hospital from Patricia, perhaps too, a large dose of being cheated or betrayed, promoted Ida to enlist the feds to pursue the baby snatchers. Maybe too, they reconciled themselves to doing the right thing, the wrong way. No matter how you look at it, there's plenty to argue here in terms of good or bad, and who was right or wrong.

When the G men found James and Esther. They were

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## A Different Sort of Mother...continued from Page 5

living in a new city working under assumed names and their jobs entailed an enormous amount of long distance travel. They both had jobs as long haul truck drivers. They drove together and kept their baby with them all the time. By sheer luck both Esther and James were apprehended at the same time while collecting their pay from where they worked.

Somehow, not everyone was held accountable for the crime. James stood alone to shoulder the burden of the now unraveled conspiracy, and did a stretch in a Federal prison though it was not nearly the term it might have been.

In life we have quite often no knowledge of what it will prevail upon us. We know not what we will be invited to endure or enjoy.

The single ability we have, especially for those in recovery is one fundamental capacity, it is how we will receive whatever it is life hands us.

As I was laying the only woman I had ever known as Mother, to her eternal rest a man approached me and said the woman in that grave was not my real mother. I had scarcely stood up from saying one last prayer and was brushing off the red dirt from my pants as he uttered his bleak emotionless epitaph. I felt as if I'd been hit with a sledge hammer.

Esther's entire family had made a bargain with her when James took the fall for kidnapping me. They had each vowed never to speak of it. No one was to ever tell me how I came into the world. Not until Esther was in her grave. They

all honored her wishes to the very end.

Being strung out for some years prior, I was stoned that day too and had all but missed the services inside the church, showing up at the very last moment prior to the dedication.

I knew this man fairly well; he was Esther's natural son with Darrin and consequently my half brother, David.

I was married then, and my wife saw how it affected me and drew close, holding me tightly to prevent me from swinging on him and making an already tense situation much worse.

Oddly, just then while still in her embrace, I had one of those brief moments of clarity we get from time to time which seem to stand out from the rest. . One of those thoughts which completely change your entire perspective dramatically. My entire being felt a warm calming effect at once.

Pulling slowly away from the embrace, I looked away momentarily to hide the tears and wiping them away I turned back to him and replied, "Your timing sucks David."

I went on to say, "I don't know what your idea of a mother is. All I know is when a woman risks everything for a boy she doesn't have to raise, sees to it he has a roof over his head, takes food out of her mouth to give to him, puts clothes on his back, sees that he has an education and does her best to show him right from wrong and protect and love him, well now I'd say that's a mother, wouldn't you?." That day was November 15, 1990. It was the last day I saw my mother. It was the last

time I spoke with anyone connected to her family.

It took a long time in recovery for me to see things as maybe they truly are, or at least differently than I figured they should be. Today I do my best to find solutions that are not my own with which to resolve my problems and make sense of the world around me.

Out of a despicable act of rape, hidden shame, kidnapping, and criminal subterfuge, one less soul was lost to the questionable hands of fate and delivered instead into the loving devoted hands of one mother who was willing to risk everything to have such a child.

Maybe God saw how one who was decidedly unwanted, would be found desirable by another and enabled the two to find each other. Perhaps then it is true what some have quoted through the years, "God works in mysterious ways. His wonders to perform."

Apparently, now and then, He isn't too concerned about our own ideas of right and wrong.

I was fortunate to be here, and even more so to have a mother as loving as she was. Despite that, for years I hated them all for keeping that news from me. I hated them for no good reasons, but out of pure selfishness and self centeredness.

Today I respect them all for their love of her and what they did for Esther. She was worth it.

"There  
is  
nothing  
quite  
like  
the  
feeling  
of  
one  
person  
being  
desired  
by  
another."

Mother  
Teresa

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## Essence of Recovery

When there's nothing left to burn  
Serenity slips in.  
Slowly at first, almost unseen  
For the scorch marks marring her beauty.  
Disguising her Hope.  
areful. You'll miss her.  
She'll not fight for the spotlight.  
'Tis not her way.  
Quick to fade, if you see her  
Grab her. Keep her close.  
She won't chase you.  
The ash is thick, suspended in time.  
Unwilling to let you go  
Pain usually is the stickiest of messes  
Better keep moving  
Lest you get lost in the grime  
In the corner she shines.  
Just barely,  
Peace glowing from her  
Pushing the pain away  
Almost there.  
Take it.  
Step.  
Just once.  
Try?  
That first one- So long  
So hard  
So necessary  
Regret sneaks in  
Suffocating your choices and blinding your future  
A breath. A refreshing moment  
Of clarity and there she is-  
Right. Next. To. You.  
She's reaching out to Hold you  
Help you  
Heal you  
Can you reach back?  
Will you save yourself?

## So Sick

I'm so sick  
Of your scandal  
When I've got true friends willing to hold me  
And not just to get a handful  
I'm tired of being man handled.  
You don't know love.  
You know business arrangements,  
Offering love as payment,  
For good entertainment.  
I'm so out of your range,  
I'm above all of this.  
Don't even miss you now,  
Cuz you  
YOU  
Don't exist...  
Oh I found out,  
The hollagram with  
Money for eyes,  
And a soul that bottomed out.  
Oh I found out the truth,  
Your wallet begets you,  
You sold out.  
And you're so damn proud to be,  
The only one who's truly proud of you.  
Tried wrecking stronger things,  
Like me,  
To prove something.  
And found out wits will always overtake muscle in time,  
Unless the muscle is a heart,  
And happens to be mine.  
Then you only lose it,  
To your misuse of the paradigm.  
Either way a self proclaimed winner,  
Will never fail to lose it all,  
And there's always a crowd around for the fall.  
Your egos to big for the cosmos,  
That's all.

## Please Forgive My Desperation

Will you forgive me?  
If I push you away  
If I throw you in a corner  
Under my judgments and  
despair  
Will you forgive me?  
If I hate your happiness  
Or ignore your love and  
Abuse your acceptance  
Will you forgive me?  
If I am broken and  
Can't find all the pieces  
What if I hide the  
sharpest ones?  
Will you forgive?  
My fear, my lust, my rage  
My arrogance  
and condemning ways  
What about my whining  
and my lying?  
Will you forgive?  
My loneliness and my  
questions  
My outburst and my shame  
Will you forgive my silence?



# Anniversaries - May & June

## A New Way

Art B. 5/12/1997 17 Yrs.  
Bill A. 5/27/2008 6 Yrs.  
Derek B. 6/22/2012 2 Yrs.

## Brandon At Noon

Randy P. 5/1/2013 1 Yr.  
Annie F. 5/2/2004 10 Yrs.  
Ben B. 5/21/2011 3 Yrs.  
Erin B. 5/27/2013 1 Yr.  
Charlene D. 6/2/2011 3 Yrs.  
Barbara D. 6/12/2012 2 Yrs.  
Kyle C. 6/12/2012 2 Yrs.  
Christopher S. 6/14/2012 2 Yrs.  
Kristen A. 6/17/2013 1 Yr.  
Reene T. 6/18/2012 2 Yrs.  
Lisa S. 6/24/2012 2 Yrs.  
Shelly C. 6/26/2012 2 Yrs.

## Breakfast Club

Joe P. 5/29/1996 18 Yrs.  
Ric R. 5/11/2013 1 Yr.

## Choices

Ben B. 5/21/2011 3 Yrs.  
Adam D. 6/3/2011 3 Yrs.

## Daily Recovery

Joan W. 6/27/2004 10 Yrs.  
Lisa I. 5/1/2007 7 Yrs.  
Kurt W. 5/22/2009 5 Yrs.  
Roy T. 6/3/2010 4 Yrs.

## Emergency Room

Russ N. 6/23/2003 11 Yrs.  
Andy S. 5/22/2008 6 Yrs.

## Free To Be Me

Adam S. 5/2/1998 16 Yrs.  
Brian D. 6/29/2002 12 Yrs.  
Jorge R. 5/2/2005 9 Yrs.  
Dean R. 6/6/2005 9 Yrs.  
David S. 6/15/2005 9 Yrs.  
Terry D. 6/20/2011 3 Yrs.

## Freedom Friday

Mark P. 6/15/2011 3 Yrs.

## Freedom From Pain

Tres S. 6/1/1981 33 Yrs.  
Joel B. 5/8/1998 16 Yrs.  
Bill P. 6/25/2008 6 Yrs.  
Bill H. 5/4/2012 2 Yrs.  
Tim S. 5/21/2012 2 Yrs.

## Grow Or Go

Kirk K. 6/14/1988 26 Yrs.  
Andy C. 6/25/2013 1 Yr.

## High Lie

Pete M. 5/2/1995 19 Yrs.  
Joe C. 6/13/2007 7 Yrs.  
Mike R. 6/6/2008 6 Yrs.  
Ashley A. 6/6/2009 5 Yrs.  
Dave W. 6/19/2009 5 Yrs.

Chris H. 5/10/2010 4 Yrs.

Pete G. 5/26/2010 4 Yrs.

## Hope In Lutz

Jay W. 5/1/2006 8 Yrs.  
Matthew J. 6/19/2013 1 Yr.

## Hyde Park NA

Carla W. 6/16/2011 3 Yrs.

## In The Middle

Randy M. 6/17/2014 10 Yrs.  
Tom W. 6/21/2011 3 Yrs.

## Keep The Faith I & II

Steve S. 5/15/2002 12 Yrs.  
Roger A. 5/6/2006 8 Yrs.  
Toby C. 6/12/2006 8 Yrs.

## Life On Life's Terms

Doug Z. 5/10/1998 16 Yrs.  
Waylon M. 5/23/1998 16 Yrs.

## Monday Meditation

Cat P. 5/17/2012 2 Yrs.

## More Hope I & II

John W. 6/20/1989 25 Yrs.

## More Will Be Revealed

Steve G. 5/2/2010 4 Yrs.

## NA 180

Ira B. 5/3/2010 4 Yrs.  
Jim M. 5/6/2000 14 Yrs.

## NA At The Apex

Pascal P. 5/14/2009 5 Yrs.  
Mark P. 5/26/2009 5 Yrs.

## NA Speaker Meeting

Steve C. 6/10/1995 19 Yrs.  
Cliff C. 6/19/1996 18 Yrs.  
Ken W. 6/24/2004 10 Yrs.

## Never Too Young To Recover

Shawn B. 6/6/2006 8 Yrs.

## New Bite Of Serenity

Joe F. 5/5/1992 22 Yrs.  
Romano W. 5/3/2012 2 Yrs.  
Wade W. 6/21/2010 4 Yrs.  
Jennifer M. 6/24/2011 3 Yrs.  
Valencia N. 6/24/2012 2 Yrs.  
Kathy M. 6/29/2012 2 Yrs.

## New Life

Marlon R. 5/22/2006 8 Yrs.

## Parrot Pirates In Paradise

## Group Of NA

Jason C. 6/17/2012 2 Yrs.  
Tyler D. 6/25/2012 2 Yrs.

## Quest For Serenity

Darwin S. 5/23/2007 7 Yrs.

## Radical Recovery

Carlos N. 5/23/1991 23 Yrs.  
Deb E. 6/5/2013 1 Yr.

## Recovery Central

Deborah N. 5/2/2006 8 Yrs.  
Nicole P. 5/23/2013 1 Yr.

## Recovery In The Hood

Richard W. 6/18/1997 17 Yrs.

## Renegade Recovery

Giovanni 6/27/2009 5 Yrs.

## Squeaky Clean

Tino M. 5/7/2012 2 Yrs.  
Robert A. 6/8/2004 10 Yrs.  
Ben S. 6/18/1990 24 Yrs.

## Stepping Up

Michael J. 5/1/1999 15 Yrs.

## Sunday Serenity

Ally B. 6/14/2012 2 Yrs.

## The Ties That Bind Us

Brett P. 6/27/2001 13 Yrs.  
Ashli C. 6/4/2009 5 Yrs.  
Lee H. 6/26/2009 5 Yrs.

## The War Is Over

Kurt W. 5/22/2009 5 Yrs.  
Jackie M. 5/24/1999 15 Yrs.  
Lee C. 5/25/2005 9 Yrs.  
Matt P. 5/25/2005 9 Yrs.  
Matt S. 6/10/2010 4 Yrs.  
Brendon C. 6/16/2013 1 Yr.

## The Women's Recovery Room

Shannon W. 5/2/2010 4 Yrs.

## Together We Can

Lillian C. 5/18/1994 20 Yrs.  
Lenora M. 6/10/2002 12 Yrs.  
Susan 6/12/2013 1 Yr.

## Triple M

Frederick Boe L. 6/3/2008 6 Yrs.

## TTNA

William C. 5/26/1987 27 Yrs.  
Frank P. 6/15/2008 6 Yrs.  
Ray V. 6/22/1994 20 Yrs.

## Women Do Recover

Dorian B. 6/27/2003 11 Yrs.  
Malinda T. 5/8/2005 9 Yrs.

## Women Of Serenity

Sheila P. 6/16/1999 15 Yrs.  
Dorothy B. 6/20/2010 4 Yrs.

## Women Stand United

Susan Y. 5/21/2000 14 Yrs.  
Vikki T. 6/23/2000 14 Yrs.

## Women's Hope

Emily C. 5/14/1988 26 Yrs.  
Leslie S. 5/21/2005 9 Yrs.  
Christina P. 6/6/2005 9 Yrs.  
Heather M. 5/21/2006 8 Yrs.  
Theresa K. 6/1/2006 8 Yrs.  
Jill M. 5/1/2007 7 Yrs.  
Maria P. 6/9/2007 7 Yrs.  
Melissa S. 6/16/2007 7 Yrs.  
Christina T. 6/6/2008 6 Yrs.  
Michele O. 6/2/2009 5 Yrs.

## CORRECTIONS:

### Brandon at Noon

Diana W. 4/12/2010 4 Yrs.  
Cassie H. 4/14/2013 1 Yr.

### Hope In Recovery

Amanda E. 4/25/2003 11 Yrs.

### The War Is Over

Bryan M. 4/30/2007 7 Yrs.

### Recovery Central

Pito 4/17/1984 30 Yrs.



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