

# Tampa Funcoast

Area Of Narcotics Anonymous

# Clean Times



## A New Way to Live

Issue 2 June, 2021

Help Line 879-4357 Call or Text

It had been 393 days, since I was in a "face-to-face" NA meeting here in Tampa Funcoast or anywhere for that matter. And it was time to go back. I felt blessed to have been asked by a member to attend a meeting where they were picking up clean time. I wanted to go back to the magic of "the rooms." I got to look into the crinkled, shining eyes above the masks of several people who have supported my recovery since 1983. It definitely felt like a new way to be experience a "meeting."

For more than a year, our home group made the choice not to meet face-to-face during the Covid Pandemic, as many of us have various medical issues. However, we continued to show up early to our Zoom room home group for "the meeting before the meeting" and "the meeting after the meeting." WE found a way to remain connected

throughout the pandemic. We checked in on one another throughout the year, and I am grateful that we had each other. I inadvertently began a 90-in-90 Zoom meeting regimen which was the source of my gratitude during the beginning of the certain times.

About one month into the pandemic quarantine, I noticed that there were people who were wearing the same clothes day after day who were looking less and less kept. Some people laid in beds with their cameras on them. I empathized with the look in their eyes. So, they offered me the chance to pray for them. I would say their names which I read in the corners of their Zoom screens. It gave me purpose, and that intentional act helped me remain grateful during the first few months of quarantining. Thank you for being in the rooms with me, and helping me to practice a new way to live.

Last night, there were about 50 people in the room. At first, I didn't recognize anyone at first. But I felt excited to have my butt in a chair at an NA meeting. It was a weird feeling for me to look into the masked faces. Then I began to pray. I believe that my heart began to beat in unison with the others in the room. I remembered that feeling - it was just like sitting at a NA convention.

I got "Pink Cloud" excited listening to the emotional presentations. I felt honored that a newcomer shared to lessen their pain, and it was a real gift, listening to a recovering addict share how they had applied "the principles of the steps" into their daily life and didn't use. That's powerful, PFM stuff that I had come to expect at meetings.

**Continued Pg.3...**

### Inside this issue

A New Way to Live.....	1
Shane's Story .....	2
Anniversaries .....	3
I Remember Poem.....	4

Narcotics Anonymous Florida  
Regional Service Office  
2222 Combee Rd. Lakeland, FL  
33801

"It is not the size of the warrior in the fight-  
But the size of the fight in the warrior." Anonymous

When we were kids I needed you to help see me thru, beaten, broken and bleeding too.. Now, it's different.  
You're a monster, and I can't be with you.

A Monster? What? Are you crazy, dude? Who got you through those hazy moods? Who gave you the confidence to talk to chicks? Or when they came for you, bite your lip and close your fists? Me. That's who. And that maybe true, but those days are doomed. And today, I'm groomed. Listen, I put my fists down. No more fighting. I'm feeding my soul. My spirit's igniting, even re-found my love for writing. Now, I'm inciting – to let you know it's time to let you go. I can no longer give you control.  
You's a lame sucka. You think these people care about your pain mother fucker? It's not a game brother. Maybe not, but neither do you. Enough is enough punk. You talk loud and act tough. But you a bluff and I'm sick and tired of this crazy stuff.

Crazy Stuff? Like that time you were nine, left in the bed crying. Or that time on the deck ready for death with that thing on your neck. I saved you.  
Wrong. Danny saved me, as brave as can be. Tears in his eyes, begging me not to leave, it would cut him too deep, and he would follow after me. You see you're the cancer that's killing me. Not the answer. You feeling me?

You tied that noose, told me to hide the truth. That I'd be fine with you, but I wasn't.  
Wasn't what? Scared, vulnerable or afraid, now you sharing feelings thinking it will get you out of the bed you made. What a chump. You were a scared little boy when I found you. Whey they would clown and pound you. Then, I came around, and we went in for round two. That's when they stopped coming around you.

(Deep Breath) True. The thing is everyone left. So, feeling like death. I wished I was back on that deck with the thing on my neck. I swear. You're a mess, but I created you. And I baited you - hook, line and sinker. Wow! It's time I deflated you. So, I forgive you.

YOU WEAK MINDED TOOL, nothing more than a stupid, dumb, blinded fool, and now you think you're cool? Without me? We'll see. I know you'll be right back thinking you're on the right track. PFF! The first hiccup, you'll break. So, I'll sit and wait – 'cause you're a lazy ass and your soul I'ma take.

Let's just get this straight for a second. I'ma work. Even if not paid for progression. That shit hurt - thinking that you made my possessions, what a jerk. You gave away my possessions. So, I cross my heart and hope to live. Time to release that choke hold kid. The game's over, and soon the blame's over. Then eventually, the smaes shouldered. I've always been a believer in tightening my belt before begging for help. Now, I'm begging for help, and it starts with forgiving you 'cause by forgiving you, I can forgive myself.

-Shane S.

Continued from pg.1...

During the meeting, I began to notice that a few people began waving at me. I waved back, and nodded that I could see them. And then a few tears rolled into my mask. It reminded me of when I was new to the rooms, and I remembered how much courage it took to make eye contact with people during meetings. And I was grateful to no longer feel that fear. NA meetings are a safe place for me.

The pandemic changed a lot of people's "life on life's terms" scenarios. The most painful ones for me to hear about were from those who shared about feelings of isolation and loneliness during quarantine. Two feelings that remind me of my own active addiction. It was a challenge for me to empathize with what it felt like without human contact. I don't live alone. And then, we got Covid in our home after three months of lock down. Bam! Covid. We began to isolate from each other within our home. We slept in separate rooms, used separate bathrooms, and we were without contact with one another for nine weeks.

If it weren't for Zoom meetings, our network of recovering addicts, who knows how much worst things could have

been. Over the past year, the hardest part to me was not being able to support my family and friends with visits and hugs. We had friends go into hospitals alone. And it took some creativity to show support and love, since we weren't doing visits to homes or funerals or hugs. Skin hunger is definitely real. I am grateful that we know so many who continued to work their program of recovery. Many helped us, during our quarantine and my lung illness diagnosis. And in recovery, I learned to something - to accept help. The masked and socially distanced meetings in our driveway were amazing blessings. Thank you!

I also need to thank my friend, Juan D. He helped me set up a place for our home group, Squeaky Clean to meet via Zoom. Who knew that we would all be adding "fast internet" to our gratitude lists. I would also like to thank the Tampa Funcoast Area Service board members, all the sub committees, and the members of the fellowship for continuing to conduct business on behalf of our area groups throughout the pandemic. I am grateful to live in an area with a Fellowship of loving, supportive, and committed Trusted Servants. I believe in the

magic of Tampa Funcoast.

Today, I thank my Higher Power for all of my opportunities to practice changing the way I think. I am blessed to have strengthened "the ties that bind", and to have created new connections from Zoom meetings all over the world. What a gift to continue to build on to my network of women and men. And most importantly, to be working "the steps", "the traditions", and "the concepts" with an amazing sponsor, Miss Chrissy who guides me on this amazing journey of recovery and healing. "Trust God. Clean House. Help Others" is what some of my beloved dinosaurs tell me. And Baby, my Touchstone - Thank you for my recovery and you bless me with your recovery.

It is a challenging new way to live, and life still shows up. It takes work for me to change a thought - sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. But I don't use. I tell on myself. I attend meetings regularly, and I work the steps - Just for Today. Never alone. Never again. I love this new way to live. Thank you, NA!

**-Patricia E.  
Tampa Funcoast**

## It's Your Anniversary!

Name	Clean Date	Years Clean
Anthony G.	9/27/2017	4
Drew L.	7/14/2013	8
Noel J.	2/11/2012	9
Chris M.	7/18/2010	11
Someone special	9/29/2008	13
Mary S.	7/31/2008	13
Jason B.	8/8/2005	16
Craig C.	7/23/2003	18
Dave C.	7/27/2000	21
Joel B.	5/8/1998	23
Bob F.	9/15/1995	26
Someone special	7/10/1993	28
John Y.	8/8/1988	33
Tom C.	7/26/1986	35
Bruce M.	7/19/1986	35
Eric O.	8/18/1984	37
David R.	3/24/1976	45
Eric J.	7/10/1974	47

## I REMEMBER

Remember those days?  
The ones where you walked around  
crying?  
All day... everyday?  
Remember when you had to prostitute?  
Feeling dirty and ugly?  
I'll NEVER forget.  
Remember when you walked the  
streets?  
You had nowhere to go.  
You became hopeless...  
You lost faith in everyone.  
Your life was a nightmare.  
You were always on guard...  
Because you were always scared.  
Please don't EVER forget.  
Remember the scared little girl you  
were?  
The one who didn't know who her real  
friends were?  
Remember being stabbed in the back?  
By those you thought you could trust?  
NEVER AGAIN.  
Please don't forget the rape  
You had no one to tell...  
Cuz who would believe you anyways?  
Don't ever forget.  
Remember your mental health?  
All those psych wards you went to?  
Living a life you didn't want to live?  
Wanting to die... EVERY second of  
EVERY day?  
You remember?  
Remember when you had nothing?

Not even a single cigarette?  
NOTHING to your name?  
Remember sleeping anywhere?  
On church benches, outside, ANY-  
WHERE?  
You just wanted to be safe.  
Remember the parking garage shelter?  
There was literally nothing there.  
That night when a man came up to me  
while I was sleeping?  
And took my phone?  
Yeah...  
He could have done much worse.  
All those fights you were in?  
Yeah... that was stupid.  
Remember that.  
You know the times where your parents  
would look everywhere for you?  
You see the tears in their eyes...  
The disappointment on their face?  
I'll NEVER forget. Yeah... YOU lost  
track of YOUR life.  
You gave everybody a chance...  
You thought they all had good inten-  
tions.  
You gave people SO MANY chances...  
hoping things would change.  
You can't forget that part.  
I won't let you.  
You can't forget all the motel rooms...  
the phone calls.. the money.  
Remember how much you hated it?  
You BETTER remember.  
Remember those drugs you did?  
You didn't care what you took.  
All you wanted was to not feel or re-

member anymore.  
I'm sorry... but its time.  
You need to remember...  
You need to feel.  
Its time YOU gave yourself a chance.  
Remember the pain you caused your-  
self?  
Cutting to make pleasure out of pain?  
You told yourself you deserved it...  
because...  
You told yourself you were such a fuck-  
ing failure.  
I don't think I'll forget.  
You know that time you were on math?  
Suicidal...  
About to slit your wrists?  
Remember how close you were to death  
that day?  
Please don't EVER forget.  
Remember those tears you cried?  
The hopelessness you felt?  
You wanted death so bad.  
You BETTER not forget.  
Remember hearing about people dying?  
Overdosed... yeah they did.  
Remember the pain...  
The sleepless nights...  
You caused your parents?  
Waiting for that knock on the door...  
That dreaded phone call?  
I'm sorry.  
Remember codependency?  
-Anonymous



-Anonymous