

4-B. Step 2. (26)
It was a dream--a dream that I could attend more N.A. meetings.

But having a family to care for it and being 45 miles from Atlanta, I just couldn't seem to get to Atlanta and Marietta to N.A. meetings that I needed so much.

So I counted the possible members we could expect to have to start a N.A. meeting in Canton.

We did just that July 2, 1979 with 4 addicts attending. I was hurting so bad as I only had 3 months sobriety. We have had anywhere from 2-9 addicts at our meetings.

It's amazing as I think back of the topics we discussed. At first it was the compulsion to use, the anxiety attacks, the personal problems we encountered, but somehow along the way we have grown to our topics which consist mostly of the Higher Power's working at the meetings that carry us through the week without using. We invite you to join us soon on Tuesday night and receive the power we share with each other.

Our strongest belief is in the Holy Spirit. Come--visit us soon.

As stated, I found it most difficult to deal with people. Narcotics Anonymous has shown me a way to bridge the gap that existed between me and God, as I understand him, thereby bridging the alienation I felt between me and my fellow brothers and sisters. I believe that my faith and God's power can accomplish anything in human relationships.

Now, because my drugs got completely out of control, my life got completely out of control. I can honestly state my life is powerless and unmanageable.

What power or manageability I have now is due to reliance in God.

I had to admit that I had physical disorders as the result of drug abuse; I had to admit that my drug abuse is symptom of grave emotional and mental disorders; I had to admit my grave emotional and mental disorders are the direct result of separation from God; and I had to admit God could do for me what I could not do for myself. All this admitting being a long process of letting go and letting God heal my spiritual disease which was the result of selfreliance and the lack of Godreliance.

Always WZ... ~~the~~ ~~power~~ ~~greater~~

#4 B (27)
Step 2

We had no trouble admitting that ~~was~~ a power greater than ourselves, that brought about our insanity. It logically follows that there might be a power greater than our selves that might be able to do the opposite.

Seeing God in the beautiful people around you, the fact that they were created by mishaps is absurd. The qualities that are good in them have to be in the creator. In fact the creator is in them and in you too. And if he created you then he can repair you and restore you to sanity.

When I came in I wasn't ready to acknowledge or trust a God. I had to have something that I could see. I found this in the Program.

The second step is in all likelihood the second most important ~~most important thing~~ that has to happen for us to achieve any sort of ongoing recovery from our disease. The 1st Step well taken leaves us at a place where we need to come to believe in something that can help us with our lack of power and sense of hopelessness. Belief becomes the most important thing for us to work on. We have in all probability some type of belief and unless we examine it some and seek to improve it to where it fits the facts better, it may prove to be insufficient to give us recovery.

Certainly ~~our~~ belief didn't do too much to help us with our active addiction in the past. If we want ~~more~~ better results we should look for what's been working and what has failed us, separate them and discard that which does not work. Our belief has usually come to us at an early age from members of a family that has at least one member who has a disease with definite traits of family illness. We may or may not have a workable idea of God.

Never forget the misery, hopelessness, & lament. 10 years later

Dad doesn't make hard terms with me unless I sincerely seek him, I feel for today my thoughts will be on my own associations, him just a desperate

Using just a symptom of the disease, compulsion-obsession

The answers are with in me. The program just brings them out & makes them bloom.

You may be ~~unique~~ unique but your not different, immune or an exception.

4B

2 STEP

#4 How it works

28

WE CAME TO BELIEVE THAT
A POWER GREATER THAN OURSELVES
COULD RESTORE US TO SANITY

Simply a decision to turn over

2nd step

- A. Came to believe
- B. God as I understand Him
- C. Higher Power
- D. Insanity & Sanity Think it through
- E. The Group

But N.A. experience does show that centered sobriety requires the substitution of a positive power for the destructive one of drugs, over which the user had admittedly lost control.

Just take a look around with an open mind and you will see a positive power all around N.A. Call it love, call it harmony, call it peace, call it cleanness and soberness, call it good or call it God. It doesn't matter now what you call it. The higher power we use in Narcotics Anonymous is a lot like this. We begin by simply admitting to the possibility of a power greater than ourselves. We discover that power in our lives from the very beginning of our lives in the program. Many fortunate things will occur mysteriously. ~~We can only accept them~~ but there are no accidents. When our belief has grown to some point of comfort, we are ready to take the third step

Most of us didn't have too much trouble admitting that our behavior reflected a certain amount of irrationality.

Having taken step one we ~~also~~ ^{have} admitted that we are powerless and that our lives ~~have~~ become unmanageable. Restoration to sanity would be an improvement to our life style. through the steps I realized that only a power greater than myself could restore me to sanity. I spent six weeks in mental institutions and even now I realize that my own efforts are not enough to hang onto reality.

STE φ 2

(29)

All the time you've been an addict, your will, your life itself has been controlled by drugs. Your choices have always been determined by drugs. You've had to be where you could get them. You've had to be nice to whoever had them. You had to have the money to obtain them: in the case of the illegal drugs--quite a lot of money. Then, when you get your drugs and the search is over for a few hours or a few days you eat, drink, inhale or inject your drug. Then your mind, your body, your soul--your total being is dominated by that drug: For a while, it may be pleasurable, at least in the the early stages of addiction but ultimately, the effect begins to wear off and the drug begins to show its other side. One of the strange facts about drugs is that the higher they get us when they come on, the lower they bring us when we're coming down. When our nerves begin jangling like a fire alarm, we have two choices. We can live through a period of discomfort or we can take more drugs. For an addict, at some point in their career, there is no longer a choice. We get more drugs. Can you see that whether you steal these drugs or buy them you are being controlled by them? Whether you are under the influence of drugs, trying to find drugs or leaving town because of something you did in your effort to stay loaded, your actions, your will and your very life are being directly controlled by drugs?

I guess I finally surrendered to the Higher Power over five years after I stopped using. It happened while I was working as a therapist in the addiction field, and had continuing contact with and exposure to the fellowship of AA. This was the only place I saw the 12 Steps in action, and although my addiction had not been to alcohol, I learned to follow the steps and practice the principles through AA. I truly believe that God was guiding me to the establishment of a contact with the World Service Center in Sun Valley, with the intention of trying to start an NA group in my area. The interesting thing about this whole process for me was that I was mouthing all the right words for all this time, trying to believe it was working for me, when all I had to do was look at the direction my life was going and I could see that it was working.

I have begun to see only recently how much my Higher Power has to offer to me. Sobriety and clean living are only the beginning of my new life. I am being given a gift of life without fear, and insecurity.

So, we have this disease: Progressive, incurable, terminal. And the most amazing single fact about the disease is that we went out and bought it on the time plan! That is insane. Think about that. You, I, everyone you meet in N.A., the junkie snatching purses on the street, the sweet ladies hitting two or three different doctors for their perfectly legal prescriptions. All of us have this one thing in common--we buy the disease that kills us and, one way or another, we usually pay for it with blood, sweat and tears and we continue to pay for it a balloon at a time or a few pills at a time or a bottle at a time until the day we die. That is at least part of the insanity of drug addiction. The price may seem worse for the junkie girl who prostitutes herself for her fix than it is for the wealthy woman who merely lies to her doctor but ultimately, both pay with their lives. Ask yourself this question: Do I believe that it would be insane to walk up to someone and say "Would you please sell me my own death--on the time plan?" Or--"May I please have a heart attack or a fatal accident?" If you can agree

Page 5 *don't check it out
you'll remain ignorant.*

In Narcotics Anonymous, we who are addicts, have found way to realize the above spiritual qualities. We know we re not perfect but we can make progress a day at a time.

A power greater than my brain with its ~~consciousness~~ ~~subconscious~~, can save me. Only it can feel your love and restore my brain to "suit" love for you

Staying clean in prison was a challenge for me and so this is what made it possible. I have a history with druds and because of it I made a successful trip in to my mind to find out why I went to drugs the drug game I did.

#4

How it works (31)

B Step 2

Second--it's progressive. Over the long run, if we continue to use, we always get worse--never better.

Third--it's terminal. That means that if we continue to use, we die from it--one way or another. The autopsies will list accidental or intentional overdoses as drug related deaths. But think about it for a moment. If a wealthy lady gets one too many martinis on top of her doctor-prescribed tranquilizer and falls asleep at the wheel and kills herself or someone else, the statistics will call that death and automobile accident. But the truth is that drug abuse caused that death. If a junkie becomes depressed because of the tremendous burden of futility a junkie carries and hangs himself, the statistics will blame his death on a piece of rope. But heroin took him to the rope and kicked the chair away. And again, if a person really gets involved with one drug or another, to the point where he or she forgets to eat or is unable to eat for any length of time, that person becomes malnourished. That means,

Page 4

Most addicts have strong feelings about their higher power and vigorously defend their right to their own understanding. This is fine and well but make sure you've at least thought it over privately and perhaps talked about it with some trusted friend. Your power can be the group itself. It can ~~be traditional~~ follow a religious tradition. The only thing we want to emphasize is that you should feel comfortable with your higher power and be able to make the statement that it cares about you.

I wasn't using, but I had little but service to other addicts in its place. I gradually began to find some order in the universe, and accepted that "somebody" was supplying me with a conscience I had never had before, and was somehow giving me the power to overcome the compulsion to use. It sure as hell wasn't me. I wanted to get high so bad it was ridiculous, but knew that I could be of no use to anyone else if I did.

4 B 2

How it works

32

So, we have this disease: Progressive, incurable, terminal. And the most amazing single fact about the disease is that we went out and bought it on the time plan! That is insane. Think about that. You, I, everyone you meet in N.A., the junkie snatching purses on the street, the sweet ladies hitting two or three different doctors for their perfectly legal prescriptions. All of us have this one thing in common--we buy the disease that kills us and, one way or another, we usually pay for it with blood, sweat and tears and we continue to pay for it a balloon at a time or a few pills at a time or a bottle at a time until the day we die. That is at least part of the insanity of drug addiction. The price may seem worse for the junkie girl who prostitutes herself for her fix than it is for the wealthy woman who merely lies to her doctor but ultimately, both pay with their lives. Ask yourself this question: Do I believe that it would be insane to walk up to someone and say "Would you please sell me my own death--on the time plan?" Or--"May I please have a heart attack or a fatal accident?" If you can agree that this would be an insane thing comparable to giving yourself an injection of deadly poison, only slower, you should have no trouble with the Second Step.

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43

-58-

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A SPIRITUAL PROGRAM

There is a spirit that has quickened all living things. Call it God, Reason, the Infinite, Muhammed, Christ or whatever you like. If you chose call it nothing at all but find it and learn to benefit from it's power and you will gain a new life, free from drugs and the pain their use has caused us. This is the promise of N.A.

#4 B, Step 2

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~~33~~
33

start growing from it. So they ripped your ego apart in 3 sentences, and then they try to put it back together again. Ya know, for somebody just coming in off the street.

Yeah, I just remembered the powerlessness that I felt using drugs. As it says, it was always calling me, to a bar, to a party, to walk down the street, gotta get loaded. Before you go to get loaded, ya gotta get loaded. I never felt like a human being, I never felt like I was able to make a mistake, To be O.K. with myself. That (last) sentence tells me that it's O.K. I got a chance to become a human being, to start all over again.

I always wanted to get high, and when I got high, I'd get into trouble, and things just kept getting worse, the situation at home, and the job were getting worse. I still had this obsession to get high, even though I knew this was what was causing the problems. That's when I knew I was a goner, there was no stopping myself. So that's when my bankruptcy was complete, I didn't want to go on living, I had a death wish, and it scared the hell out of me.

We couldn't even take care of ourselves, drugs grabbed us so hard. I couldn't even get a driver's licence, making \$120.00 a week, couldn't even give my parents 15 bucks for rent, drugs took it all, the stealing and all that. I couldn't even take care of myself, I had pants with holes in it. Clothes that were 6 years, I looked like a real mess, like a kid who didn't have any parents. That's where I was at, drugs possessed me, abused me, I worshipped drugs, drugs were my parents, it led me into a hospital with a straight-jacket, where about 15 people have to take care of ya.

That's where I wound up. It totally anesthetized my feelings to the point when I just didn't, I couldn't feel it anymore, and that's where drugs took me, I had no values whatsoever left. And that to me was utter bankruptcy.

I was sober for sometime before I started working the steps, and the 1st, I remember going thru a lot of crap, like the cops, I was ripping off the houses, sober, dry, whatever. After I hit my knees hard, it really helped me, I got a lot of spirituality, and that's when I knew it was going nowhere fast, end up in jail, sober I found out, I had this thing, for me, it wasn't for me, I guess.

4 B. Step 2

How it works

(34)

The real change is not so much in things but in attitude. We addicts have always to remember that the world we live in is only a reflection of what we are within. Much of the program ~~Something works is a hard subject because no one knows~~ emphasizes this fact. After the compulsion begins to die back and we've ~~asked~~ admitted that our lives ~~have~~ are unmanageable, we ought to have a closer look at the way the winners in the program win. Do they exhibit great powers of sanity and are they all perfect role models? Isn't it closer to the truth to say that they don't seem too preoccupied with themselves, seem to have a good attitude on life and while their stories convince us that they are addicts they seem to have lost that haunted look. Do they act under their own power or do they give you the feeling that they have a secret confidence and air of self worth. Where does this come from? Is it something believe that a power, greater than ourselves can restore us

to sanity after all we have done and been through we will have taken the second step. Relief is the beginning. Step one establishes us as members and removes the need to explain our short comings. Step two begins to give us the power to overcome those short comings. It is helpful to stop at this point and go over our thinking in this ~~and all respects~~ respect. We should not take the chance that our understanding of a power greater than ourselves is sufficient at this point. We will want to be very thorough about this and make sure we get the maximum benefit. Many of our people have had to turn their backs on any sort of higher power because they have felt that they had violated some law or principle that made it impossible for them to achieve this valuable relationship.

STEP 2

35

that this would be an insane thing comparable to giving yourself an injection of deadly poison, only slower, you should have no trouble with the Second Step.

You can see that N.A. works, because you see the people it works for. You have admitted and accepted that you need help. That brings us to the Third Step.

All the time you've been an addict, your will, your life itself has been controlled by drugs. Your choices have always been determined by drugs. You've had to be where you could get them.. You've had to be nice to whoever had them. You had to have the money to obtain them: in the case of the illegal drugs--quite a lot of money. Then, when you get your drugs and the search is over for a few hours or a few days you eat, drink, inhale or inject your drug. Then your mind, your body, your soul--your total being is dominated by that drug: For a while, it may be pleasurable, at least in the the early stages of addiction but ultimately, the effect begins to wear off and the drug begins to show its other side. One of the strange facts about drugs is that the higher they get us when they come on, the lower they bring us when we're coming down. When our nerves begin jangling like a fire alarm, we have two choices. We can live through a period of discomfort or we can take more drugs. For an addict, at some point in their career, there is no longer a choice. We get more drugs. Can you see that whether you steal these drugs or buy them you are being controlled by them? Whether you are under the influence of drugs, trying to find drugs or leaving town because of something you did in your effort to stay loaded, your actions, your will and your very life are being directly controlled by drugs?

Second Step...

"We came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity."

If you can accept the fact that a large number of drug dependent people were, like yourself, unable to control their own lives and that they have, through Narcotics Anonymous, found a way to live safe and sober, you have only to believe what you see and experience to complete Step 2.

N. A. has many members. Their Power--collectively, is certainly greater than that of any individual member. Surely, you realize that if your car gets stuck in the mud, and you can't get it out by yourself, you get help in the form of many hands or a large machine. What is impossible for one alone is often light work for many. So then, the many are a greater power than the one alone. You don't have to be religious to accept the idea of a power greater than yourself. Just take a look around with an open mind and you will see a positive power all around N.A. Call it love, call it harmony, call it peace, call it cleanness and soberness, call it good or call it God. It doesn't matter now what you call it. What matters is that you want to get well and happy and by looking and listening as openly as you can, you find that N.A. seems to have the Power to get people well and happy.

You may be one of us who says, "I need help with my drug problem and I can see that N.A. has that alright; but that Second Step says this power greater than ourselves will "restore us to sanity" and I'm not crazy. I just can't handle drugs."

Many of us started out with that attitude. Let's look at our lives for just a minute. We have an incurable, progressive, terminal disease called drug addiction. It doesn't matter whether we "just take a few pills", fix eight times a day, suck on a pipe or drink bottles of cough remedy behind drug stores or have

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benefits of our own insights into life. Withholding this kind of love seems to condemn us to the pain and remorse of fear and guilt. As is said in the program, we have to give it away to keep it. Just as we have to surrender to win in this program, we have to give to receive.

(H) The strength to move into action comes from our higher power however we may understand him. Asking for help in specific terms usually precedes getting that help. maybe it helps open the gates of our hearts and be ready to receive the help we need. A good healthy experimental attitude may serve you well at this point. We can try out things on an experimental basis and sometimes gain another insight or succeed in an area where we have consistently failed before. Trying something new to see if it works for us is at least a third of the program. If it doesn't, we haven't lost much. If it works, we stand to gain immensely because it will spur us on to other learnings and new areas of manageability. One of the things to practice is sitting and letting someone tell us what we already know. In our pride and vanity we want to interrupt and tell them to go ahead and ~~talk~~ get to the good part. We already know what they are going to say, we think. It is interesting to wait a few times and see if what they wind up saying is really what we thought it would be. Often we will be rewarded by our patience and humility in unexpected ways. If nothing else isn't it wonderful that someone else would be taking his or her time to try to help us. If we find we have a basic disagreement with someone's philosophy or point of view on a certain subject we may no longer feel threatened by that difference. It's a big program and there is plenty of room for diversity of thought. We could not have come so far by shutting off the creative input

(A) How It Works
B-2

(30)

If you can accept the fact that a large number of drug dependent people were, like yourself, unable to control their own lives and that they have, through Narcotics Anonymous, found a way to live safe and sober, you have only to believe what you see and experience to complete Step 2.

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More and more that hurtful caring disappears and left is only emptiness.

I did know once you see that Kathi existed only in potential, trying to keep the hurt down and wait and wait--for what?

And Kathi had only wants and motives of other people subplanted in my mind instead of wants and hopes and fears of my own for nothing of my own could grow in such a sea of horrible, horrible pain and fear. Only artificial, plastic scripts could survive and had to stay to maintain the illusion of life until Kathi could start to live after the long, blank, awful space between birth and death--rebirth.

Here starts sobriety.

And now that I begin to exist as actual, more and more buttons push only vague wonder as the other buttons had and do. But what will fill all that emptiness, life abhors as a vacuum.

I really do not know; I have no idea. Perhaps something new, perhaps slowly crowded out with true feelings of pain and joy.

How did I get off the subject?

Cracking totally to find sanity; perhaps not "sanity" as generally accepted, this is mine.

Insanity is mindless confusion and swirls of ideas and endless, meaningless pain.

Sanity is sudden screeching halt--stillness. All is quiet on the western front, but how loud is the silence, how empty the stillness. But now with the ideas of plastic wants and the holding-on burnt out with pain and fear eternally proven their worth by their uselessness. You see, they brought to where I laid and screamed for death--and then cried out--and then I cried--and then I heard someone whispering and it was me; then soft quiet sound of pain somewhere past moan and some of scream; and then only slow quiet numbness when the pain has destroyed all wants, even the want not to hurt. Past caring, only to accept without care the pain. The pain is here and I cannot fight, may stay forever--I can do nothing. I don not care.

No longer had any strength even to call about the pain. Too tired to ask even for release--too used to pain and forgetting all else to remember or to even hope for release.

Just after one year: Nothing left but a mindless shell of pain, aware only of pain, now, before and forever--no wants or hopes or dreams. Emptiness waiting to be filled with what I choose--who am I?

I began to experience "I" slowly. I learn only by watching what goes on, I can see what the hidden I chooses I learn what type of a person she is.

She aint half bad. She's O.K. I like her. Kind of hard to focus on lately, but that's where she needs to be.

I see that my friends and our exchange of love fills my void so much more than the miscellaneous power, prestige and money which really means so little sense to me. She must be loving, that's strange, I never really would have guessed that.

She respects gentleness, so she must be gentle. I knew that all along--made sure to keep it well hidden (still do, gets harder). But, if I admire the strength of those who can admit to weakness, then I must be strong in this way. Really strong, the kind that lasts and grows through pain.
Cleansing by fire.

Looking inward, I can feel I knew this hiddenly, long ago. I could not help it. Some strength weakens with the heat more and more till it cracks assunder. Some tempers with the heat, grows only stronger the longer/deeper in the fire. So much pain it scares me, so little being used, so powerful. For what strange fate am I being strengthened. Can I not just sit and watch again another time?

This life--this month--are the same. All upward from here. Steel forged in darkness, hidden by silence--tempered slowly by pain and fear, sharpened by long loneliness.

Ready soon to emerge and learn to play the game of life. Others may learn as they go. Why me, readied in such secret loneliness to emerge so strong and so sharp before sinking into life. What terrible fate.

Enough of this madness. It is strange to have to feel so much strength and yet to have no idea what to use it for.

But what of insanity and death and pain and fear?

Fain becomes freedom.

Laying there on the bed, too tired to fight the pain anymore. No strength to protest with even a silent whimper. The numb acceptance of the totally destroyed; totally helpless because my every wall was battered down by pain, my every trick and every lie proved useless against the fear.

Sandbags against the tidal wave.

After two years: To be still and helpless no longer caring or protesting, with no strength left to protest, if the caring was there. Allowing waves and waves of pain to wash over in endless sequence.

No strength even to wince as each wave hits, so lost in pain when finally all wants and fears began to fade under the assault of pain for what failure could even touch this pain.

Bones picked clean by impact; this is freedom.

I know nothing can be that bad again.

But when I looked downward to my gut, and allowed my gut to feel my mind and I knew that my ideas and delusions and false motives and wants and fears brought only to death of soul and that I could never trust my mind but always my gut and there had to be someone who brought me out--I could't have. And what of pain and caring? When they told me my mother was going to die, I only wished she had not survived the the brain exploratory surgery. It would have been easier on me. Strange feelings of anxiety and pain--but not very sorry. That was not caring. Caring grows. As you watch, you watch someone you thought was weak fight to survive; a recovery from surgery so quick to astound the doctor.

B-2

41

Why repeated endlessly in my brain. I wanted early death and it was denied. I who want only to rest, must continue; one who wants to join the ride and enjoy, sent to the bench so early.

Sharing the pain, watching her fight so well (who had always been so weak) and die slowly; I learned of caring.

I told her I loved her one day. I lied, then it turned into the truth despite me. Thanks.

Resistance isn't turning it over to HP. It's fighting the progression of positive energy flow.

Resistance decreases proportionally to the increase of duration and intensity of the pain in your gut. Pain is the prime motivator. Resisting the progression appropriate to this time and place in this space and dimension; resisting the pull of the addiction and progression brought only pain and a lesson in the futility of resistance.

It is often necessary for us to test this truth in the progression of sobriety. It teaches me the futility of resisting sobriety and gets me to meetings.

Is there really any madness in the universe or are there only similar states of painful confusion springing from various disorders of body and soul.

Why such guilt over the fact that my thinking is a little more disorganized and unmanageable than yours?

Actually the only difference is mine is more painful than some (less than others).

I like mine O.K., I'll keep it. Do you know the greatest disappointment to a true egomaniac--when you realize that (when in reality) your defects are normal and boring.

They are right--you do find horrible things in your inventory.

The longer I stay clean, the more I understand why I began using.

Figuring out God's will from mine reminds me of walking through a mine-field in a deep fog. You find out quickly when you're wrong.

Being restored to sanity is a problem if you've never been there. Unless you consider that we always were--not knowing it caused the insanity.

I have to define sanity very loosely--like when mt heads are screaming at me that people are plotting against me to poison me and I decide to deal with the paranoia in a positive manner that is sanity. Before, I would deal with the people who were plotting against me. This is insanity--also dangerous.

I knew I was beginning to get the hang of things here in clean and sober land when the worst possible disaster in every single detail happened to me--but as soon as I got hold of another loosely wrapped member who knew the situation and we ended up laughing for over three hours about how only people like us could even conceive such a situation much less produce one. After so much disaster, one more detail makes the whole situation ludicrous and unreally funny.

Ⓟ B-2

42

At times the silences tingle with oppression. While I will not leave the paths of snow, I still feel the longing for my own kind, not their kind, for that is another matter entirely.

At times, I do feel the loneliness; not in the form of an urgent need, but an awareness of a continuing feeling that has always been there. Just a hint of something missing.

Bottomed and drained quite dry like an ancient overdrawn well. Brief flashes of something that feels like life are as quickly stomped out and killed again. No hope allowed to live long enough to bear fruit in a long time.

Drifting off again into the misty thick fog where we have passed through pain into the darkness and the numbness for which I have no answers. I have no path out.

THE CRYSTAL SHIP

There was madness on the planet below

For how long no one knew

They had eyes but could not see

Ears but could not hear

Mouths that could not speak

Hands that couldn't touch

Hearts that could not feel

And souls that could not

Find the truth.

And yet, the madness was upon the land, so each believed that he alone could see the truth.

Born into the land, a changeling who would not pretend she was as they were for she could see they were blind and dumb and deaf; that the hearts were empty and the souls had never breathed; for all she said and felt and heard and saw were denied, and yet, they were.

But she was not allowed to be, for they demanded she become as they.

Existing in shells and only seeing slightly past self.

#4 - B. Step 2

(43)

you only know what
you saw in this program
and come in next time
there is a lot of fruits
by god, ~~about how~~ (seeking)
serenity,
Acceptance really helped me.

I say Dad could
you help me out
in a little to find
to see.

Dad doesn't make
hard terms with those
who seek him, we have
found. Bill Walker

Religion always
seemed to want to
possess me.

When I do what I (want)
bear for H, P & - it
turns to faith;

He works for me so
I know he's there.
I tried by myself
& I couldn't.

1st step I can't do it
2nd H.P. (God can)
3rd I let him

#4B. Step 2

44

I last attended college in 1955 and has a befuddled mind. I was confused by courses that were histories of the so called great men of the past and concerned many more reasons and theories about the existence of man and also their explanations of the wonders of nature. These wonders such as the trees, birds, oceans, sky, and space were all here in the far distant past, as they are today. I've taken many courses including history, geology, science, geography, psychology, chemistry, physics, and even philosophy. In all these classes I was taught that all natural things have an explanation. Most men don't want to leave anything unexplained or that it was created by a supreme being. It's even against the law in our United States of America to teach our children this.

We have all been given a brain and man can explain how life originated as they each think and explain the functions of different parts of our bodies with the exception of one part. That is the brain which every man has. They can give us many facts that have been discovered over the years concerning other parts of man's make-up, but not the brain. Scientists, doctors, and other men with highly developed technical skills are today studying the human brain, but so far without much success. Most haven't given thought that the brain and soul work in conjunction with each other for either good (working together) or bad (working opposed).

God gave man a brain to use for good or evil and I guess we will always have criminals and persons with sick minds on this earth. I've had a sick mind for over thirty years. My mind (soul) has become more sick, confused, and distorted by the addition of alcohol and drugs over the years.

Even with all the research and theories expounded in the past scholars will agree that one fact stands out... "THE POTENTIAL OF THE MIND OF MAN IS UNLIMITED". Logic therefore tends to say to me now that GOD has given man a brain (soul) to use for good or evil and that is that it can become a boggling, forceful and explosive part of us whether we use it to serve THE MASTER or turn against him. All records of past history vividly tell us this.

GOD loves us all and put man in the world in the beginning along with nature and has allowed him to progress to our present highly complex, mechanized, and industrialized society. My thinking process or functioning brain tells me that he really loves his creation and has permitted this to transpire.

In our present time, we are constantly having negative events thrown at us day after day in our newspapers, radios and television sets. But even now with all this negativism man is still improving his overall position with the tools GOD has given him. I hope that in the future that I may serve him well and use this brain (soul) I have for the betterment of my fellow man.