I hear those damn birds again. This time it’s not because I’m holed up in a far-flung place with another tweaker or home alone doing meth. This addict in recovery’s insomnia is a little more mundane. I have a bellyache from the fettuccini Alfredo I had for dinner. And hearing those birds in the wee hours tonight is a reminder of how my life was when I was using. Their song isn’t pretty; it’s a mindless, endless singsong that recalls the hours of my life I threw away when I was partying, the countless days without sleep, and the struggle of navigating life as a functional meth addict.

It doesn’t matter where my addiction has taken me geographically; the birds that signaled the party was almost over were ubiquitous. Those unseen winged creatures who started their songs just before daybreak were a regular part of my life in the vicious cycle of my addiction. Up all weekend, coasting on Monday at work (but sometimes late), the hard crash on Tuesday, followed by depression in the ensuing days—which my addiction told me could only be cured with more meth. That weekly cycle of using and crashing and hearing that song many a night went on for years.

The birds, always heard but never seen, performed their tuneless music over and over in my party life like a hit song played to death on the radio. It was the song I heard when I lay in bed trying to sleep when Tina wouldn’t let me. It was the song that reminded me I was far from work or home and the party du jour was jeopardizing a family or work commitment. It was the alarm ringtone that announced “I’m fucked,” followed by the dread of knowing I’d have to prepare for work very shortly or think up an excuse to go in late. The cable guy is coming. A pipe burst. I got a doctor’s appointment. Headache. Aliens… I’ve used them all, at least the plausible ones.

The song I’m hearing is a reminder of the bad old days when I was far from home, when I was getting high next. Hearing this morning’s noir is a lot less stressful than it was when I was using. I may be up well before I should be this morning, but it’s a comfort knowing tonight’s lack of sleep won’t mean crushing depression lies ahead; it won’t mean formulating lies, shirking responsibility, or letting people down. In my new meth-free world I’ll catch up on my sleep tonight and be the best I can be today. For dinner tonight I’ll remember to forgo the pasta with the heavy cream sauce and go with a nice salad. There’s nothing like a good night’s sleep to assure that overplayed hit song from the past won’t be heard again tonight.
MOVIES: WHERE MY PROGRAM AND MY PASSIONS MEET by Joey W.

When I first started recovery, I was in intensive outpatient four times a week, after a 15-day stint in a psych ward. I was feeling my way into a new life. Luckily, I met a great group of friends—and we're still close nine years later. We'd go out after outpatient and meetings for frozen yogurt. But then it came time to go home.

Home. I had no idea what I was supposed to do at home. I couldn't do what I used to do, and I wasn't comfortable doing much of anything else just yet. Luckily these “three for $12” DVD shops were springing up around town. One was directly across from my rehab. I’d go in and buy at least three a week. I’d watch half a movie a night. Waiting to watch the second half the next night would give me something to look forward to. (I’d also eat approximately half a bag of soft Australian licorice each night. It may not have been the most healthy choice, but compared to what I had been doing the past few years, it was a change for the better!)

Going to the movies was always a treat for me as a child, and it is now that I’m an adult. I love movies! Since I was told to treat myself gently, doing something I love and doing it slowly really helped to keep me busy, happy, and sober. Buying the DVDs helped me catch up on movies I missed in my addiction. Most of the shops had a good selection of recently released to ten-year-old classics, stuff from the 1930s, ’40s, and ’50s. Within this selection, there were many “message” movies, films that raised people’s awareness to social issues. And the social issues included addiction and mental health.

The older movies, though less graphic in the actual administration of drugs and alcohol, did show the start of using, the results of using, and the far-reaching consequences quite realistically. Watching Ray Milland in The Lost Weekend, Susan Hayward in I’ll Cry Tomorrow and Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in The Days of Wine and Roses gave me insights into alcoholism in three different scenarios. A working-class man, a woman in show business, and a young couple—all very different people facing the same struggle. And they have four very different endings.

There have also been times I’ve had to decide never to watch a particular film again. As much as I love movies, I know my sobriety comes first, and some portrayals are just too real or graphic for me. True, I watched them all (they shall remain nameless). Was I glad I watched them? Maybe. Will I watch them again? Most likely not. Although the performances were riveting and I learned about the depths of addiction from watching, I have to protect my sobriety.

“I know addiction is nothing to laugh about, but as the Big Book says, ‘We are not a glum lot.’”

Thankfully, and to the best of my knowledge, there are no true comedies made about addiction. Papa’s Delicate Condition though it stars the comedian Jackie Gleason, and is a nostalgic look at a certain time in America, shows an alcoholic father’s terrible effects on his family. Then there is the cult classic, probably the most watched, most laughed at, and most quoted, movie about addiction: Valley of the Dolls. Although not intended to be funny, it’s evolved over time to a level of hilarity. Probably because we can see ourselves in the characters, and we’ve learned to laugh, to a certain degree, at our alcoholic, drug-infested lives. We nod our heads and say, “Yup, that was me.”

There are many more movies about addiction. Some I’ve seen, some I’ve yet to watch. I am fortunate and grateful to have a passion that I can still explore in sobriety, and that I can incorporate into my solutions to lead a happy, healthy, and productive clean and sober life!
I Would Do It All Again and Not Think Twice by Darren M.

A song that inspires my sobriety daily? “Twice” by Christina Aguilera. She’s been a pillar of support in my life since I was 13 years old. The release of her new album, Liberation, this past year—at a time when I’ve never felt more liberated—was an amazing coincidence, to say the least. One song on the album, “Twice,” delves into the notion that, given all the bad and good in life, I’d do it all again and wouldn’t think twice.

A lyric that sticks out to me in the first verse—“Are you devil, are you angel, am I heaven, am I hell? I can barely find the truth the save myself”—allows me to revisit what I’ve achieved in life and analyze some of the poor decisions I’ve made. It helps me realize I’m a good person who just made some bad decisions.

In the second verse she sings “My forever and my end, my forgiveness and my sins, I have sacrificed the most of my youth. Is it treason, is it true, that the worst I won’t undo? The only enemy I have in love is you.” The you she’s referring to is herself. I find this to be true for me as well—the only person in my life who’s truly been hurt but who’s also been the truest roadblock to my own happiness is me.

The track ends with a brilliantly soft but powerful vocal, “Are you devil are you angel? It’s too late to change my mind. I would do it all again and not think twice.” And I would. When I look back on the negative, I only see it as a testament to my strength—as long as I continue on this journey of sobriety and share my story and my truth with others, to try to be a support for others. The only way I can give my past a purpose is to make my future my own! Thank you, Christina! XOXO

Favorite Song by Chris

“Dance With My Father,” by Luther Vandross

This is the song of a son mourning his father. It articulates what it’s like to love and be loved. It’s a song about love so perfect, you’d think it would make you unhappy, because it’s unreachable, yet it offers you a chance to recognize and appreciate a love you always had. I’ve been able to find a depth of love for my own father in this song, and recognize his love for me, things neither of us allowed ourselves to express in life.

DAY 30 by Ken C.

What does 30 days of absolute and continuous sobriety mean to me? That I actually have respect for myself. Respect for others comes easy to me, because it falls in line with people-pleasing, but to feel it for myself—or anything for myself, for that matter—can be a challenge. Why? Because it involves TIME + EFFORT when I’m accustomed to instant gratification. The generation of instant gratification, that’s where I’m from.

I am super grateful that I’ve allowed myself the power of self-respect—putting all mind-altering substances down—to allow myself life experiences in all their glory. The good, the bad, and the “trying,” because it can very well be trying most of the time. But that’s life on life’s terms, and I get that. All I can do is maneuver myself around situations that present themselves with a sober and alert mind, playing the tape forward and making the next step a thoughtful one.

Here’s to the next 30 days, one day at a time.
GRATEFUL by Tony

1. I’m grateful that today I get to go through life with sobriety being top of mind with meetings and fellowship.
2. Today I get to practice contrary action: I cannot think my way into right action, but I can act my way into right thinking.
3. Today I’m grateful I get to help another addict in need, especially when I don’t want to say yes. Left to my own devices, I’m a selfish, attention-seeking only child.
4. Today I get to practice honesty in my search for my authentic self, peeling away my defensive masks one at a time. Staying away from lies and people-pleasing, I’m focusing on character building and getting validation from within rather than my outside appearance.
5. Today I have a Higher Power I take into every situation, including sexual experiences. My HP fills this god-sized hole in my soul that I once attempted to fill with drugs to no avail.
6. Today I fervently believe that my Higher Power doesn’t put anything in my path I cannot handle and grow from. That no matter what happens, everything will be OK in the end, because of my HP’s protection and care.
7. Step work: Something I once did lightly and feared is now a tool that opens wide my tunnel vision into a vast corridor of self-love and self-awareness. My goal is to become the best possible version of myself while helping others in the process.
8. Today I’m grateful I get to be present at family gatherings. I no longer hide at home in my room, fearing human contact and too full of shame to dare to look at myself in the mirror.
9. Today I’m grateful to recognize that there are still difficult days. That I get to remember my feelings are temporary and my fears are not factual. That I’m not able to mind read what others are thinking, and that negative narcissism is one of my character defects.
10. Today I do my best to be thankful and not take for granted the luxuries of life. No matter how small, they simplify our life. Remember: One man’s trash is another’s treasure.
11. Today I’m grateful I get to live in a big metropolitan city, something I dreamed of since I was a wee child. I get to take public transportation, experience seasons, and be a worker among workers in this tumultuous ocean of people.
12. Today I’m grateful for growth: through fear, discomfort, joy, sexual practice; through the words of wisdom from my sponsor, the qualifications from my fellows, and the experiences of my sponsee, which I get to hear about during our weekly meetings; through the lessons of my parents, and the guidance of my managers, who are willing to have me under their wings; and through physically aging with good health overall, and the courage that contrary action brings.

TODAY I AM GRATEFUL by Ian

• For God who allowed me to stay sober and will do again today
• For 12 Step programs
• For sponsor, fellows, friends, family, coworkers, customers, and my medical team
• For today’s doctor’s appointment with Eunmee
• For last night’s meditation with Headspace
• For last night’s sketch that I am satisfied with
• For Sourpatch watermelon
• For being able to get a seat in the morning rush time!
(Thank you, GOD)
• For Meeting my sponsor today
• For last night working on my mind map and my value list as Dev suggested

GRATEFUL FOR MY RECOVERY by M

• Solutions, not problems, blames, regrets
• I’m in housing court, in hopes to finish getting the repair done
• Please keep me in your thoughts for a respectful outcome for all
• Admitting powerlessness over all my addiction’s behaviors that are old and new, life’s unmanageable
• No excuses
• If I don’t pick up, I can’t get high
• Recovery restoring my sanity
• My will over to recovery
• The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using
• I’m thankful for healing healthier transitions, staying clean and true, no matter what, heart, self worth, age mind body, humor, work projects clients, benefactors, finances, home, mother, family, friends, cots, sponsor, sponsees, therapist, doctors, pharmacist, counselor agencies, help
• Learned from yesterday, embrace today life lessons
• People, places things, in and out of recovery
• “When people show us who they are, believe them”

Support, Guidance, Love by Kenya

Thank you for your support when I needed support. Thank you for your guidance when I needed wisdom. Thank you for your love when I needed a friend. Thank you.

Thank You, CMA by Nathan

I started to believe in my own recovery in another fellowship, when I arrived in New York from Rhode Island. But it wasn’t until I came to Crystal Meth Anonymous this past October that things really started to happen for me concretely. Even though meth wasn’t my drug of choice, this was the first time in my life that I had the fellowship of gay men who were also drug addicts. It’s easy for me to forget that in Rhode Island NA I was really not out. Once I came to CMA and found myself in the company of other twentysomething gay drug addicts—who were just trying to help each other get their lives together—I knew I’d found a new home and a new family. The love I’d refused throughout my life I now was able to accept, and I began to build real human relationships for the first time.
**A Shot at a New Life** by Juan Carlos

Going to my first meeting was very intimidating. I knew my addiction was already affecting my work performance, my health, and my relationship with my family and friends. Most important, this addiction was destroying my soul.

Even though I wanted to go to my first meeting, it took more than six months to do so. I didn't want to accept I was an addict. The first few weeks, I didn't want anyone to talk to me. I'm not like most of you, I believed. But I decided to give myself a chance. A shot at this new journey…

A shot at a new and different life…

I am so grateful I found a new group of people who are willing to support me in this process, the same way I want to support other addicts. I am grateful for these new connections: Meetings, fellowship, and service are a big part of my life lately, and I love it.

Thank you, everyone, for your support, your service, and your shares. Thanks to the oldtimers, the newcomers, and those who are coming back from a relapse. You all are the reason my recovery is much stronger.

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**Thank You for Reading!** by Robert

A word of thanks to all who read—

It’s your service today that helps make our meetings wonderful to attend.

Sharing our readings, you show your love for CMA and help keep our doors open, with a warm embrace.

Addiction has affected so many lives, there is so much despair. The price for recovery from crystal meth is cheap—it’s in here!

They say the greatest power in the universe is the power of example. Cheerfully saying yes when asked to read is one! Providing you are willing and able.

How many times have we come to a meeting, feeling down and out ready to turn and leave, only to hear those first few sentences and then taken our seat…

Are you a Tweaker? Why do I care?

Because when many of us heard it for the first time, we broke down in tears.

Finally someone gets me; they know my pain and anguish. I am home, I think. Now let me find true friends among this fellowship.

So welcome, and stay, and perk up when you hear a fellow addict read today. And thank them for being there.

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**SERVICE RETURNS** by David H.

“YOU ARE A BIG PART OF MY RECOVERY”

My sponsor has told me time and again how much my service is appreciated and how much I love in the fellowship of CMA. And every time he has told me that, I brush it off, partly due to embarrassment and disbelief, but mostly because I think he’s yanking my chain.

Don’t get me wrong—I love doing service in CMA. Nothing makes me feel more grateful and worthwhile than to give back to the fellowship that freely handed me the tools to rebuild my life and my self-worth. I cannot do enough service to repay my debt to the fellowship that has given me a second chance. CMA’s only request is that I carry the message of recovery to the crystal meth addict who still suffers; I am more than happy to do so.

Even with all the work I’ve done on myself, I battled with some depression recently. I started to isolate and only showed up when absolutely necessary for appointments or service commitments. I refused to go to fellowship, saying to myself that I would rather just go home and revel in my solitude. Early in my sobriety, entering this mode of self-pity would have been an indicator of an impending relapse, but because of the fellowship, I did not completely isolate. To my sponsor and a few trusted fellows who reach out, I confided my feelings. Being out of work for the better part of three years was taking its toll, and I felt like damaged goods. Across the board, the message I received back was loud and clear: “You are a big part of my recovery.” Not only did this lift my spirits, but—damn it!—my sponsor was right.

The funny thing about people saying that to me was that they barely mentioned the “official” service I’d performed or in which I was currently involved. The fellows I talked to told me about how much they appreciated that even though I was having a rough time of it financially the past couple of years, I still came to meetings, raised my hand, and shared. They heard the message from me that I was staying sober one day at a time and dealing with life on life’s terms. They listened as I shared about my struggles trying to find a new place to live when I was close to being evicted, or to land a new job in financial services when thousands of others were applying for the same positions. They thought to themselves that if I could stumble along to find my way through, so could they. I’d had no clue that my effect on my fellows was so profound.

When I was in early sobriety, I would often think to myself about how I could not wait to have enough clean time to be a GSR or the chair of a meeting. I thought that doing service in those roles would be the most effective way I could carry the message and have the biggest impact on my fellows. Little did I know until this recent bout of depression, the most effective way to help others is simply to raise my hand in a meeting and offer my experience, strength, and hope. The best part is that anyone with any amount of sober time, even one day, can do this.

We must return this day-to-day service in kind. If someone’s share moved you, or if another fellow has reached out to help in a time of need, let them know how much you appreciate it and carry that gratitude forward by sharing in another meeting or helping another fellow struggling to stay sober. It is amazing how a few kind words can change someone’s path, even just for today. So with that, I humbly want to express my love and gratitude to everyone who has been even a small part of my recovery for the past few years by quoting my favorite singer, Kelly Clarkson: “Honestly, my life would suck without you.”

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**“HONESTLY MY LIFE WOULD SUCK WITHOUT YOU”**

The following story from David H. is reprinted from “Expressions of Hope”, published in 2012
### MEETINGS SCHEDULE

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Meeting Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>11:15am - 12:15pm</td>
<td>Sunday Solutions</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>12:30 pm - 1:30pm</td>
<td>Outside the Lines</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>4:30pm - 4:30pm</td>
<td>Creativity in Sobriety</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>6:00pm-7:15pm</td>
<td>Step Meeting</td>
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<td>8:00pm - 9:00pm</td>
<td>Breaking Good</td>
<td>APNH: A Place to Nourish Your Health</td>
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<td>9:30pm - 10:30pm</td>
<td>Begginer’s Basics</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>Monday</td>
<td>7:45am - 8:45am</td>
<td>Good Morning, Higher Power</td>
<td>GMHC</td>
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<td>8:00pm - 9:00pm</td>
<td>Relapse Prevention</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>10:00am - 11:00am</td>
<td>Turn it Up</td>
<td>St. Paul &amp; St. Andrew United Methodist Church</td>
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<td>New York #1 Beginners</td>
<td>Church of St. Francis Xavier</td>
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<td>Je Dia a la Vez</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>2:00pm - 3:00pm</td>
<td>Speed Readers</td>
<td>Anchor Health Initiative</td>
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<td>Beginner’s Basics</td>
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<td>Harlem Renaissance</td>
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<td>Solutions in Recovery</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>Another Day, Another Way</td>
<td>New Haven Pride Center</td>
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<td>Church of the Holy Apostles</td>
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<td>New Tooles</td>
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<td>Midnight Desire</td>
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<td>Saturday Solutions</td>
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<td>Promises Meeting</td>
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<td>Meditation</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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<td>3:00pm - 4:00pm</td>
<td>Intimacy, Relationships &amp; Sex in Sobriety</td>
<td>The Center</td>
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### MEETINGS ARE REGULARLY UPDATED AT NYCMA.ORG

### ANNIVERSARY MEETING

The NYCMA Monthly Anniversary Meeting is a special open meeting of CMA held on the first Monday of every month, from 7:30pm–8:30pm, at The Center. Anyone who celebrated an anniversary in the month prior to the meeting is encouraged to come share their experience, strength and hope and receive a medallion presented by a person of their choosing. All are welcome to attend! Please register during your anniversary month at nycma.org.

### NEW MEETINGS BEYOND MANHATTAN

**Westchester CMA**
- **White Plains, NY**
- **Speed Readers**
  - Stamford, CT

**Coven**
- **Brooklyn, NY**

**Clean and Queer**
- **Asbury Park, NJ**

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**NEW YORK CITY**

- **The Center**
  - 208 West 13th Street
  - GMHC
  - 307 West 38th Street
  - Church of St. Francis Xavier
  - 55 West 15th Street
  - Church of the Holy Apostles
  - 296 Ninth Avenue
  - Ephesus Church
  - 101 West 122nd Street
  - Manhattan Plaza Health Club
  - 482 West 43rd Street
  - St. Boniface Church
  - 111 Willoughby Street
  - Brooklyn
  - St. Paul & St. Andrew United Methodist Church
  - 263 W 86 St
  - 46th Street Clubhouse
  - 252 West 46th Street

**CONNECTICUT**

- **Anchor Health Initiative**
  - 30 Myano Lane, Stamford
- **APNH: A Place to Nourish Your Health**
  - 1302 Chapel Street, New Haven
- **Golden Hill United Methodist Church Library**
  - 210 Elm Street, Bridgeport
- **New Haven Pride Center**
  - 84 Orange Street, New Haven

**NEW JERSEY**

- **QSpot LGBT Community Center**
  - 66 S Main Street, Ocean Grove

**WESTCHESTER**

- **The Loft LGBT Community Center**
  - 252 Bryant Ave, White Plains

**UPSTATE NY**

- **1 Sterling Place, Watertown**
There is Hope

When we came to CMA, we found other crystal meth addicts who recovered from a hopeless state of mind, body and spirit. They showed us how to live useful and rewarding lives by embracing a simple program of action.

Through the Steps, we let go of our denial and learned to be honest with ourselves. We developed a relationship with a Higher Power of our own conception. We opened up to another addict about our past and asked our Higher Power to remove our character defects.

We cleaned up the wreckage from the tornado of our old life and embarked upon a new course. We found freedom from fear; love replaced our selfishness.

The truth of our new lives is: We now handle difficulties that once compelled us to use crystal meth. We help others in ways we could never do for ourselves. By finding a spiritual basis on which to live, we can become the miracle of recovery that is happening in the rooms of CMA. We lead incredible lives and give hope to the still suffering addict that recovery from crystal meth is truly possible.
A NEW HOPE

NYC CMA Presents SHARE A DAY

When: October 12, 2019
Where: PS111 (W53rd & 10th Ave)
Time: 9AM to 4PM
Price: $20  Scholarships available

Price includes food & programming

I CAN STAY SOBER

I can stay sober.
I don't have to relapse.
I never need to go back out there;
I can stay here—there is a solution.
I can stay here and stop running;
I can stay here and start saying yes to life.
I can find a Higher Power to rely on.
I can find some peace and find out who I really am.
I can make a decision and make some changes.
I can make some new friends—
And make amends to my old ones.
A lot of addicts will go back to using, but I don’t have to.
Not if I get a sponsor and get to work.
Take a deep breath…
If I can accept the truth and put away my fantasy,
If I can ask for a little help,
If I can take these suggested steps,
One day at a time, I will be free.

CMA Conference Approved Literature
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Need help or someone to talk to?
24 HOUR CMA HELPLINE
855-638-4373

CRYSTAL CLEAR

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