

Rona Stories

EXPERIENCE, STRENGTH AND HOPE FROM OUR FELLOWSHIP

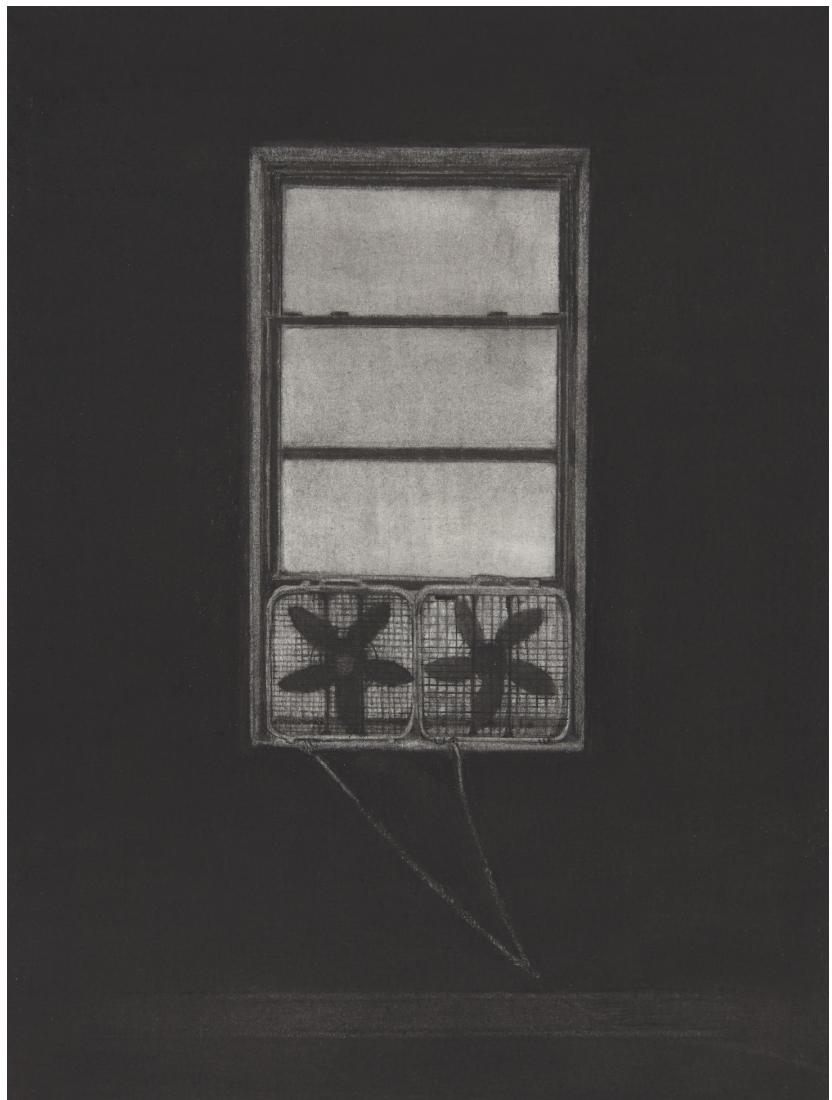
EDITOR'S NOTE

It's been a heck of a year! We've masked, vaxed, quarantined, tested, tested, and tested. Some of us came down with Covid-19, but all of us struggled through some measure of anxiety, loneliness, and uncertainty. It's definitely been a year of change, growth, and facing life on life's terms—something we addicts know a lot about.

NYCMA has also experienced a lot of change and growth through the pandemic, immediately whipping into action and transferring most of our meetings to an online platform. We became Zoom experts and connected in new ways with a broader fellowship. We met other crystal meth addicts from around the world and got used to saying the Serenity Prayer out of unison. Some of us came into the fellowship and a year later have still never been to a live meeting or physically met our new sponsors!

In this newsletter, we get to hear some experience, strength, and hope from our fellows in English and (for the first time in Crystal Clear) Spanish. Just like at a meeting, I got a lot of hope from reading these stories and observations. I'm also grateful for the submissions of art, poetry, and prayers from our ever-growing fellowship. The NYCMA Literature Committee always welcomes future submissions—keep them coming!

—Ross H.



Hearing Double by Chris C.

What if I want to write an article or story for the newsletter?

Contact a member of the NYCMA Literature Committee. You may also send an e-mail to literature@nycma.org.

From CRISIS to CLARITY

by Rob R.

As an essential worker in the early days of the pandemic, I remember taking the Metro-North train every morning to work at Westchester Medical Center. I'd been furloughed at NYU on March 4th, and the company I worked for asked if I'd be interested in transferring to work in health care and support in the region. COVID was taking many of our directors and managers out, and I'd be filling in as needed to support our key accounts—NYU, White Plains Hospital, and Westchester Medical. I remember thinking, As long as I don't touch anything, wear my mask, and wash my hands frequently, I'll be OK. After all it's not like I'm going into the eye of the storm or anything, right?

In early March 2020, Westchester County was the epicenter of the pandemic mostly due to an orthodox Jewish population where multigenerational families live under one roof, and often brought the coronavirus home to loved ones. The chaos I witnessed early on was something I'll someday write a book about. The Hasidic Jews in the lobby of the hospital not being allowed to visit their loved ones, holding neatly packaged food from home they wanted to bring to their sick family member, was heartbreaking. I remember going out back to grab some air between breaks, and I'd see bodies being loaded into a refrigerator truck. I hope I never have to see that again. In early April one night I woke up with a severe burning in my abdomen.

It got so bad that I hopped in an Uber and checked in to Mount Sinai at 2:00 am. I didn't think I had COVID; I thought it was food poisoning or an ulcer. It wasn't. I had caught the disease, probably at work one day.

I was rushed to a CT scan room and hoisted into that big white donut. They later told me they saw COVID attacking and perforating my gallbladder right there. They pulled me out and rushed me to surgery to insert drainage ports into the gallbladder and around the abdomen. My medical team later told me that had I not rushed to the ER when I did, I'd have passed away within two

hours. Gangrene had begun spreading, but they were able to get it all, thankfully. Then came the fever, the loss of smell and taste, the migraines and the night sweats. It was a horrible time.

I spent the next two weeks in the COVID unit with eight different ports hanging onto those goddamn beeping machines that kept me up all night.

I remember getting so many phone calls and text messages from loved ones in the rooms of NYCMA. Between family members, friends in the rooms, and sponsees, I never spent a minute alone in that hospital. I even had friends in the rooms pay off security guards to drop off care packages of my favorite snacks and trashy magazines. My FaceTime was always on.

Eight weeks later, I went back to the hospital to get my demon gallbladder extracted and the drainage ports removed. I will never take for granted my health or the ability to move freely without being attached to a machine.

Physical recovery from COVID and the surgery was one of the most challenging things I have ever been through. I really needed to see your faces—and not on a screen—so I got the inspiration to launch an in-person CMA meeting in July of 2020. We started with a small group meeting at Chelsea Piers and named it Twilight in the Park because of the gorgeous sky at sunset. I

remember showing Michael P. my drainage port after one of the meetings, and the look on his face was so funny. I think those early Twilight meetings helped me recover faster—I knew you guys had my back.

I'll close by saying this. Make sure your Higher Power is a big, awesome energy that can support your recovery when shit really hits the fan, like an unexpected serious illness, because you'll need it to power through. That and the love of the people in these rooms will pull you through anything. I am proof.



The 12 Steps of Crystal Meth Anonymous

1. We admitted that we were powerless over crystal meth and our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of a God of our understanding.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked God to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with a God of our understanding praying only for the knowledge of God's will for us, and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as a result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to crystal meth addicts, and to practice these principles in all of our affairs.

The Twelve Steps of CMA are adapted with permission from AA World Services Inc.

NYCMA has launched a Monthly Bulletin email! The purpose of this publication is to keep you updated on anything and everything NYCMA-related.

Please sign up at:
nycma.org



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BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS

by John W.

Two of my greatest successes in this pandemic have been staying healthy & alive and staying sober—successes due partly to, yes, my actions, but also to a power greater than me and the willingness and practice of asking for help. I can't say any of this has been more difficult or scary than it was learning how to get and stay sober. The program has given me tools I've had at my disposal every inch of the way. The pandemic forced my show—and my means for a sustainable NYC life—to close, but swift action helped me get on unemployment. After five months, clear thinking, a trusting heart, and calm decision-making helped me leave the city in search of something more doable.



I've found a place to live closer to family, adopted a cat I love, and found a job that pays for my life right now and maybe even fulfills me. I don't know how long I'll be here or when the world will open up, but surprisingly I'm not too worried about it. When I'm not working I spend my time walking in the woods, visiting family and friends, working with a sponsor, going to Zoom meetings, and making art. My life today, almost a year from when New York shut down, is not what I then had envisioned for myself, and it's definitely not a "wildest dream" I've hoped for in the past. It's beyond it. I'm content, grateful, and perhaps even happy.



Grupo de CMA en Español

"UN DÍA A LA VEZ"

por Leonardo A.

Hoy estoy muy agradecido por los compañeros que hacen servicio durante estos tiempos locos. Veo cada semana que "pase lo que pase" el grupo siempre estuvo abierto y esperando con cariño al recién llegado o al que vuelve al programa y a todo el que lo necesite.

La unidad de la confraternidad de CMA en español se demuestra en cada grupo alrededor del país (Miami-New York-San Francisco y Los Angeles) dándole la bienvenida a otros adictos a la metanfetamina de Latinoamerica y Europa.

Estoy muy alegré de conocer más adictos latinos y compartir nuestras experiencias, esperanza y Fortaleza en español. Sigamos viniendo, ya no hay excusas! La recuperación es para todos.

new ROUTINES

by Daniel K.

Isolation is my default. Left to my own devices in “normal” times, I’ll happily stay at home by myself for days, which inevitably leads to me getting in my head and takes me down dangerous paths. When the pandemic hit, my first reaction to quarantine was excitement. Finally, an excuse to isolate and not seem like a recluse! With no structure, I became unfocused at work, and started to disconnect from fellows and the world. As old habits slowly started creeping into my mind, I knew I needed to make a change.

The answer for me was creating new routines. I set a schedule for myself each day, and designated a spot to work, a different spot to relax, and another spot (with good lighting, of course) to attend virtual CMA meetings. Before I knew it, my meeting attendance had actually increased, and I was feeling connected again. I created new work habits and even started volunteering for a cause I care about from home. It’s important for me to remember how big a role routines play in my life, and to keep them healthy!

COVID took “restless irritable and discontent” to new heights for me. Though I’ve finally settled for some time into a place that seems to be where I belong, I’ve moved three times since the pandemic started. I also threw in a brief, disastrous end-of-summer-into-fall romance.

Through all the moving and all the running around sick with love, the message that kept coming my way was: You need to first be still and at peace with yourself if you’re ever to get moving in a healthy direction. The solitude of COVID was yet another hidden opportunity I was fleeing in this lifetime.



Grupo CMA en español “EMPIEZA HOY” de San Francisco 2021

por Roberto

En 1994 en West Hollywood, California se inició el programa de cristal meth anónimos en inglés basándose en los 12 pasos de Alcohólicos Anónimos. En marzo de 2016, en San Francisco, un grupo de habla hispana de adictos al cristal vimos la necesidad de fundar un grupo de CMA en español. Esto nos permitiría hablar y expresar nuestros problemas de adicción en nuestra lengua materna, el español.

Este grupo, “Empieza hoy”, aunque con altas y bajas, se han mantenido vivo desde entonces. El formato y literatura son los mismos de los grupos de CMA en inglés. Con la llegada de la pandemia en 2020, nos vimos obligados de abrir este grupo en Zoom. Actualmente, con la ayuda y participación de un grupo de adictos de Los Ángeles, este grupo tiene una junta los miércoles a las 8 de la noche. Con Zoom CMA en español hemos logrado romper fronteras; y ahora “Empieza hoy” tiene integrantes de distintas partes del mundo de habla hispana: México, Guatemala Chile, Argentina, Los Ángeles, San Francisco, Boston y Nueva York. Bienvenidos!

LIFE OPENS UP

by Kevin L.

Had it not been for the daily online meeting I attended, the relationships I nurtured in that meeting, staying in contact with my sponsor, and making myself accountable to my sister, I wouldn’t have soberly survived the relationship drama and the subtext of future meth use that had been part of it. I may not have relapsed on substances, but I certainly relapsed emotionally.

Once I woke up from the experience, I was able to start grounding myself again by trying to consistently practice daily prayer and meditation. When I could finally reach stillness and truly

start to believe again that the universe always has my best interest at heart, the next right action became clear; life began to open up once more.

I came across this Sue Morter quote on my way back to sanity, and it’s become part of my daily prayers and meditations: “Everything that happens in my life is always in my favor, and I created it on some higher level of my own consciousness for the purpose of discovering my own magnificence.”

May all of us find our own magnificence through this experience.

THE NEW NORMAL

by TJ J.

For this addict, there are those days when I feel that positive-vibe psych—a little bit of a self-pep-talk—and I think, OK this isn't going to be easy, but it's going to be all right...I say, I can do hard things!

Other days during this pandemic I have felt like I'm being held together with popsicle sticks and rubber bands. I've been socially distanced for the health and well-being of others, happily of course! But the addict in me loves to be distanced—the idea of any social connection for most of us can be overwhelming; unfortunately for an addict this distance has the possibility of creating a perfect storm.

I made a decision in the beginning that I didn't want to go through this without being profoundly changed. I would hear friends say the phrase, "When life gets back to normal, I will...fill in the blank. Life has changed, and I cannot make it be other than it is. Thankfully, recovery has given me tools for dealing with the difficult moments life brings.

I went deeper in my own healing and recovery. Meditation and prayer are the first things I reach for as the point me in the right direction. The pandemic made me break the patterns and habits that my normal everyday actions distracted me with. I took on more

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FOR SOLUTIONS,
INSTEAD OF LOOKING
AT WHAT'S MISSING;
SEE WHAT IS HERE
TO LOVE.**

service commitments, attended more regular meetings. Making an effort each day in reaching out and casting a wide net socially—staying connected is key for our recovery. Others are going through this, too, and may not have some of the capacity or resources that I've been given. How can I be helpful?

There's a wonderful thing I learned that came in the form of the story. They say if you put a man alone on an island, in isolation, he will slowly go crazy, become depressed, and lose the desire for living. But if you put him on an island with a child or someone to care for, now he has a reason for living!

Look for solutions, instead of looking at what's missing; see what is here to love.

Be more thoughtful of others; it can quickly take us out of our own suffering.

Look at things from a different perspective and embrace change: search for opportunities, and you will feel much more in control.

Ultimately, we look for the light at the end of the tunnel, seeing the strength in ourselves we may not have recognized before. We may not have found it, had we not been present to receive the gifts that are given in just one day!

Hay viene la plaga!

por Raúl R.

Realmente no se que habría sucedido si la vida no me trae a los cuartos 4 meses antes del arribo de "La Plaga". El monstruo de mi adicción había tomado el control los últimos 12 años. Esta era su oportunidad de dar su ultima estocada. Nadie lo imagino.

Venían meses de encierro, soledad, miseria, no tocarnos, no besarnos, quedarnos sin trabajo (y sin dinero). Nadie lo imagino.

El mundo entero se tendría que comportar de la misma manera en que yo venia comportándome todas las noches y los fines de semana por muchos años. Nadie lo imagino.

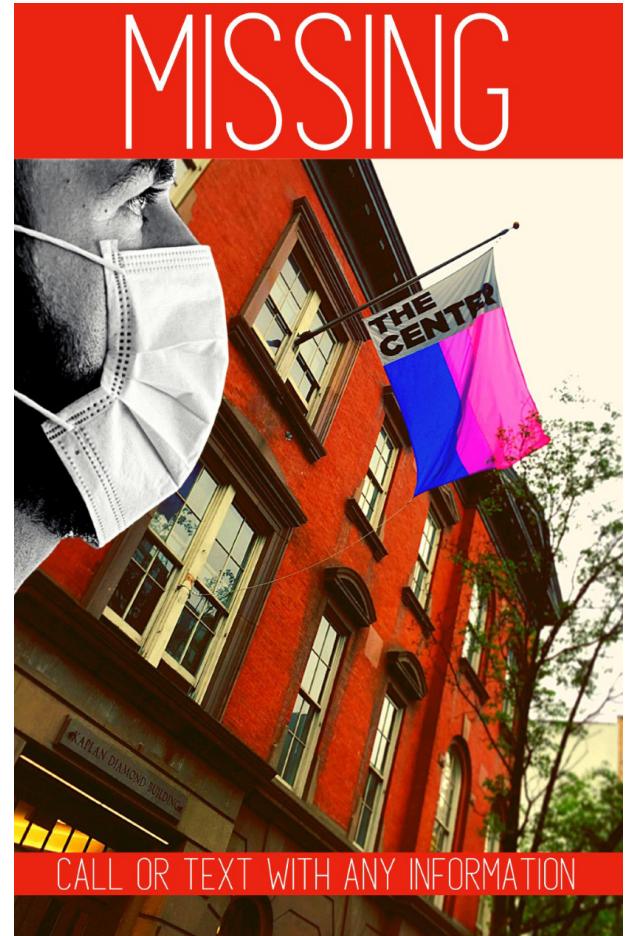
Algo paso ese Noviembre del 2019. Algo distinto me golpeó en esta última caída. Algo distinto me hizo entender que la próxima vez no lo contaría. Algo distinto me hizo tomar el teléfono y gritar por ayuda. El golpe fue distinto esta vez, me desnudé ante my familia y amigos y les hablé de mis miserias, de mi enfermedad, de mi imposibilidad de parar. Nadie lo imagino.

Volver no fue fácil, my adicción me hizo amnéxico, borro mis memorias. Bloqueó en me la habilidad de poder recordar que

era vivir una vida limpia. Con los años, me sumergió hasta el fondo para hacerme olvidar por completo que soy un adicto, que estuve en los hospitales, en la cárcel, en la calle por días y semanas. Nadie lo imagino (y yo lo había olvidado).

Ya es Marzo del 2021, estoy vivo. La plaga no ha podido llevarnos compañeros. Gracias por darme la mano y sacarme del túnel oscuro que me estaba llevando directo a la muerte. Gracias por rescatarme a tiempo. Gracias por enseñarme de nuevo lo que es VIVIR. Habrá algo más grande que estar vivos hoy? Solo por hoy es lo único que necesito. Disfrutando este momento , este minuto escribiéndoles mi experiencia. "Hay viene la plaga" (...y le gusta bailar) siempre estará acechándonos. Pero el poder de mantenernos juntos; apoyándonos, hablándonos, sirviéndonos y chequeándonos. Viendo día a día los milagros de cada uno de nosotros recuperándose. Nos catapultará dentro de una nueva y maravillosa VIDA que jamás pensé que podríamos tener.

Nadie lo imagino. Pero si pudimos... y si se puede .



THROUGH **PAIN** THERE IS **LIGHT**

by Marvin A.

With one year into a two-week shutdown rapidly approaching, I've been left with some quiet time for reflection. I'm left asking questions like... What has this year been like? What are some of my positive takeaways? What are some areas where help was most needed? The answers are more nuanced to some of these questions than others, but this year certainly was one of growth and deep introspection.

From the beginning of the pandemic all the way through to the end of November, I fared pretty well, for the most part. I helped start meetings online, helped others start meetings online, and attended those meetings. All the while, I also worked to plan activities for my fellows. Deep-diving into service became an outlet for self-preservation. Practicing open-mindedness also became essential for maintaining and nurturing my recovery. Meetings no longer looked how they had looked for the entirety of my journey.

With events such as the murder of George Floyd and the protests that followed, there were many moments of complete darkness. There wasn't any amount of running, exercising, news watching, social media posting, etc., that provided any type of relief. When the snow came down and COVID cases began to rise once more, the city shut down again, and a terrible sense of isolation kicked in. However, through the painful experiences there's always light at the end of the tunnel if I am willing to keep looking for it.

This past year, unlike years past, I found immense gratitude in the program. For the program provided concrete actions to bring relief: attending meetings, sharing my pain, and asking for help. Drawing strength from the experience, strength and hope of my fellows, and from Step work and sponsorship, these tools helped relieve the pain of the moment.

My suggestion, if I may be so bold as to offer one: Stay rooted in the program, find what makes you happy, and do more of that, because using will not make anything better.

MI IDIOMA. LA PANDEMIA. LA RECUPERACIÓN.

por Gustavo G.

Hoy gracias a Dios tengo más de cuatro años sobrio. Es un milagro porque yo era esa persona que estaba buscando y usando drogas sin parar. Mis excusas eran varias, pero mi solución era un gran misterio. En el programa de CMA encontré una familia que me apoyó y me dio ganas de probar algo diferente. En vez de salir corriendo a la casa del dealer (vendedor), me pidieron que les llame. Que me vaya a una reunión. Que haga cualquier cosa menos usar. El milagro no ocurrió en un solo día - para mí se tomó su tiempo.

Hoy en día vivimos en un mundo tan diferente del que me recuerdo. En el 2015 y 2016 cuando comencé mi recuperación, tuve muchas oportunidades y opciones para reuniones en persona, y para el "fellowship" (fraternidad). Yo también tuve mucha suerte que mi inglés es como de alguien nativo. Con un poco de tiempo sobrio, tuve la gran oportunidad de comenzar una reunión nueva - exclusivamente en español - con unos amigos del programa. Me di cuenta bien temprano que los latinos éramos poco los que nos recuperamos. Muchísimos venían pero no se quedaron por varias razones. Pero al tener una reunión donde solo hablamos español, poco a poco ese grupito creció y creció. Y con ese grupo también creció el número de personas latinas que se mantuvieron sobrio. Yo no soy profesional en las estadísticas pero me parece que algo realmente cambió cuando comenzamos esta linda reunión.

Ahora estamos en el 2021, y en medio de una pandemia global. La buena noticia es que hay una luz en la distancia y un poco de esperanza en el futuro con las vacunas. Pero con pandemia y con vacuna, la adicción y las drogas también siguen presentes. En ciertas ocasiones, hasta parece más difícil buscar ayuda

hoy. Lo bueno es que también como la adicción, la recuperación también persiste. Y poco a poco gana fuerza.

Yo tengo un amigo que es profesional en el tratamiento de la adicción. El de vez en cuando me conecta con un cliente que necesita ayuda, apoyo, o un guía en el programa de CMA. Tengo la linda experiencia que uno de ellos hoy es mi sponsee (ahijado) y tiene más de cinco meses sobrio. Pero la semana pasada recibí otro mensaje de mi amigo el profesional. Me quería conectar con otro cliente - uno que solo habla español, o sea, muy poco inglés. Al solo hablar con el joven una vez, me llenó de tristeza, pero también de esperanza. Me recordé de esa reunión en español que comenzamos en el 2017. Me recordé de ese lindo grupo de personas que compartimos en un idioma común - y que juntos pudimos mantenernos sobrio. El joven nuevo tiene apenas 20 años, y lleva poco tiempo aquí en los Estados Unidos, pero ya tiene la misma historia con drogas que muchos conocemos y vivimos, yo incluido: Tenemos este problema de la adicción a la metanfetamina que nos mata. Apenas estoy conociendo al joven. Espero que nos mantengamos en contacto. Espero verlo un día en nuestra reunión en español. Espero que al poder compartir juntos en nuestro idioma, tendrá la misma oportunidad para recuperarse y seguir adelante con su vida.

Estoy muy agradecido del programa de CMA. Con todo lo que está pasando en el mundo, sigo viviendo mi vida, y en muchas formas - hasta estoy más conectado que nunca. Tengo fe en este programa, y en mis compañeros latinos. Extraño mucho nuestras reuniones en persona, pero tengo esperanza que pronto nos vamos a poder encontrar de nuevo. Los quiero muchísimo.

Mi experiencia

por Julio C.

DE RECUPERACIÓN DENTRO DEL PROGRAMA DE CMA Y EL PERÍODO DE PANDEMIA DE COVID-19.

Mi nombre es Julio César, todo el que me conoce me llama "JULIO" quisiera contar como há sido este último año Pandémico estando sobrio y limpio.

Parto de la base que no fue ni ha sido fácil, lo superado no hubiese sido posible si no me hubiese encontrado sobrio y limpio.

Empecé el año 2020 contando un año SOBRIOS y LIMPIOS, un año sobrio fue de gran alegría para mí, mi Sponsor (Padrino) y mis compañeros del Programa, sabía que no sólo mantenerme sobrio y limpio era suficiente para luchar contra la adicción a la Metanfetamina, la lucha que emprendí fue continua y titánica, gracias a las herramientas que el Programa tiene como las reuniones, la literatura, y la constante comunicación con mi Sponsor (Padrino), al igual que amigos cercanos dentro del Programa (ellos saben quienes son), siempre estuvieron cuando les llamaba, no importaba hora, día, el eco de mi llamada tuvo respuesta, en mis horas de alegría y aún en las más oscuras. Entendí que no estuve, ni estoy solo, y esta reflexión la traigo a mi memoria en los momentos más tristes.

Hice servicio dentro del Programa los primeros 6 meses de sobriedad, extendiéndolos durante meses ya no como principal, si no como suplente, me agrada devolver de algún modo lo que ha venido para aliviar, curar y porque no solo animara otros que están llegando a nuestro Programa, sí no porque es de todos y para todo el que quiera dejar de usar.

Quisiera destacar que el 2020, año Pandémico por COVID-19 fue feroz, implacable, lamentable y tenazmente nocivo para el mundo, el aislamiento y la imposibilidad del contacto persona a persona cercenó toda o casi toda posibilidad de comunicación, sin dejar de mencionar el simo económico, político y social que dejará réplicas de incertidumbre siendo ésta una condición inevitable del ser humano. No fue distinto para los que de una u otra manera estamos dentro de la adicción y luchamos contra ella. El mundo tuvo que reinventarse y buscar formas de comunicación, lejos de detenerse, el Programa llegó a los adictos, buscando una

salida en línea, usando distintas plataformas como por ejemplo Zoom y otras existentes hoy, para llevar el mensaje de Recuperación a los Adictos que sufren esta mortal enfermedad.

A mediados de Marzo, estuvimos encerrados sin saber a dónde y como nos llevaría el horror de la Pandemia de COVID-19, desde Marzo hasta finales de Mayo el cierre a todo fue inminente, en mi apartamento estudio conviví con mi hijo, no fue fácil, en esos meses nuestros ahorros se extinguieron y los meses venideros de ese año cada vez fueron más cuesta arriba, los 3 meses posteriores a Mayo 2020 fueron cruciales y definitivos, si bien es



cierto contaba con mi sobriedad, el Programa y amigos dentro de él, pero el contacto persona a persona siguió restringido, el stress y la incertidumbre mermaron en mi persona al punto que estallé como Olla de Presión, mi cuerpo y mente colapsaron cayendo víctima de un infarto al Corazón, a mi modo de ver no fue el virus de la Pandemia si no la circunstancias alrededor de ellas que me puso cara a cara con la muerte mi base en el Programa, mi amor infinito a Dios como mi Ser Superior, mi Padrino, mis hijos, familia en Venezuela y otras partes del mundo, mis amigos del Programa y otros amigos en general ayudaron y formaron parte en mi rehabilitación y pronta recuperación, hoy sentado escribiendo estas palabras doy fe que la persona que hoy les escribe es producto de un milagro basado en mi sobriedad.

El pasado año 2020 y estos primeros 3 meses del año 2021 no han sido fáciles para ninguno de nosotros.

El Programa de CMA sin embargo lo ha superado con firmeza e innovación, estoy convencido que pronto tendremos reuniones persona a persona, pero sin lugar a ninguna duda las reuniones en línea (Zoom y otras plataformas) llegaron para quedarse sosteniendo una conexión sólida y veraz entre los participantes del Programa.

Hoy tengo dos (2) años y 20 días sobrio y limpio, agradezco y me es importante señalar a Dios, para mí mi hermoso Poder Superior, sigo sosteniendo porque "con él todo, sin él nada", a los Grupos de CMA; CMA Family Meeting Anniversary (mi familia), mi Padrino

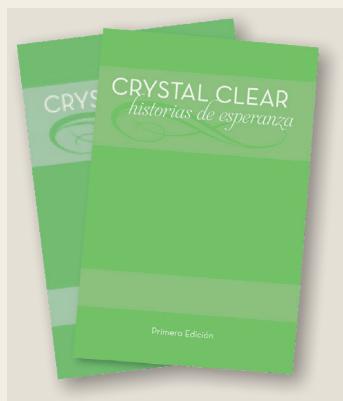
Fabrice, a mi Sponce (Ahijado), a mi amigo del Programa y de la Vida quién hoy me brinda cobijo, y cubre mis necesidades básicas, un techo, un plato de comida caliente y compañía en sobriedad, a CMA Español (Un día a la vez), CMA grupo Miami, CMA grupo San Francisco, CMA grupo Los Angeles, CMA Harlem, NA Colombia, y otros grupos de Anónimos Unidos Contra la Adicción a las Drogas y al Alcohol, sumado a otros tanto que hoy diversifican mi óptimo estado de salud y mi actitud positiva para enfrentar cualquier circunstancia por buena o difícil que así ocurra, sin ellos dudo que mucho o poco de lo que hoy tengo fuese posible, y es por ellos a quienes hoy me permito honrar y extender mi más sincero y profundo agradecimiento.

El Programa de CMA, está aquí, es nuestro, no tiene puertas, ni porteros, no hay cuotas, ni tarifas, ni regímenes mandatarios, no es una secta, ni está aliada con otras similares, carece de denominación política, no está aliada a Organizaciones ni a Institución alguna y se mantiene lejos de participar en ellas, es una Confraternidad de personas que comparten su experiencia, fortaleza y esperanza para poder resolver su problema común y ayudar a otros a recuperarse de la adicción a la Metanfetamina, otras Drogas y el Alcohol.

Su único y hermoso requisito es el deseo de dejar de consumir!

Dios Bendiga por siempre el Programa de CMA.

CRYSTAL CLEAR: STORIES OF HOPE IS NOW IN SPANISH – HISTORIAS DE ESPERANZA



"Crystal Clear: Stories of Hope" & "Crystal Clear: Historias de Esperanza" are a collection of personal stories of recovery from the members of the Twelve-Step fellowship Crystal Meth Anonymous (CMA). This book is now available in Spanish as "Crystal Clear - Historias de Esperanza". Members of CMA describe their personal journeys getting clean and sober; their process of working the Twelve Steps; and offer their experience, strength and hope for those struggling with addiction to crystal meth.

SHARE A DAY 2021 SAVE THE DATE. SAT OCT 9TH

NYCMA PRESENTS

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN CREATING AND
FACILITATING RECOVERY RELATED WORKSHOPS
BASED ON THE 12 STEPS AND 12 TRADITIONS
PLEASE EMAIL YOUR IDEAS TO US @
SHAREADAY@NYCMA.ORG

PANDEMIC ADVENTURE

by John U.

How have I encountered the challenges of the past twelve months? What, if any, have been my successes? The experience of the pandemic is clearly one of the most unique adventures of my lifetime. Adventure? Why not!

One of the best possible attitudes I can bring to the table of my life right now is best expressed with one of my favorite slogans from the Twelve Step 1980s: "Get some Gratitude in your Attitude!" And one of the best ways for me to do that under these circumstances is by staying busy. Looking at the pandemic lifestyle as an adventure is a great way to change the color tint of my glasses.

And the idea of adventure is filled with activity. When I first started coming to meetings in the 80s, one of the possible attitudes at that time for the newcomer was "Get busy!" Keeping yourself occupied with healthy activities is a great way to make sure you stay sober. So getting busy, which is the first thing I did when the lockdown started, was some of the best actions I could take. (I should express my gratitude right now in that I never stopped working—I just found new venues. Rather than live music-making, there was livestreaming, and teaching became a virtual exercise.) Reinventing activity to fit the strictures of the adventure has been key to success.

I've not always succeeded in the time of COVID to reinvent the activities of my life. Exercise, a challenge pre-pandemic, became a much greater challenge post-pandemic. Most of my activity relied on being able to get around town (which can require a significant amount of exercise in urban living). But in time of pandemic, and with surgery on my foot in August, that activity stopped and was replaced with sitting in front of a computer all day. Couple that with a tendency to "feed my feelings"—food addiction, UGH!—and the only possible solution is a "psychic shift," a "moment of grace," and/or a "complete surrender" to a Higher Power.

Is this tall order the only possible solution? Maybe not. I can't say the "psychic shift" with food has happened yet. But I am at the stage of being "willing to be willing." For some of my friends in the program, taking action is second nature, and they might council me to take action as a way of leading myself to that shift. I need to listen and take their lead to change my relationship with food. My default would be to approach this challenge wearing a "loose garment"—I love the loose garment approach to many challenges unless it becomes an excuse, rather than a way to "take it easy." I can't say the "loose garment" approach is working so well. (My regular garments are still pretty tight!)

Waiting until my back is up against the wall for the spiritual shift to happen could be a game of Russian roulette. So anyone out there with a silver bullet when it comes to food addiction, feel free to shoot me! (LOL)

Love to all!

LOVE & SERVICE IN THE TIME OF COVID

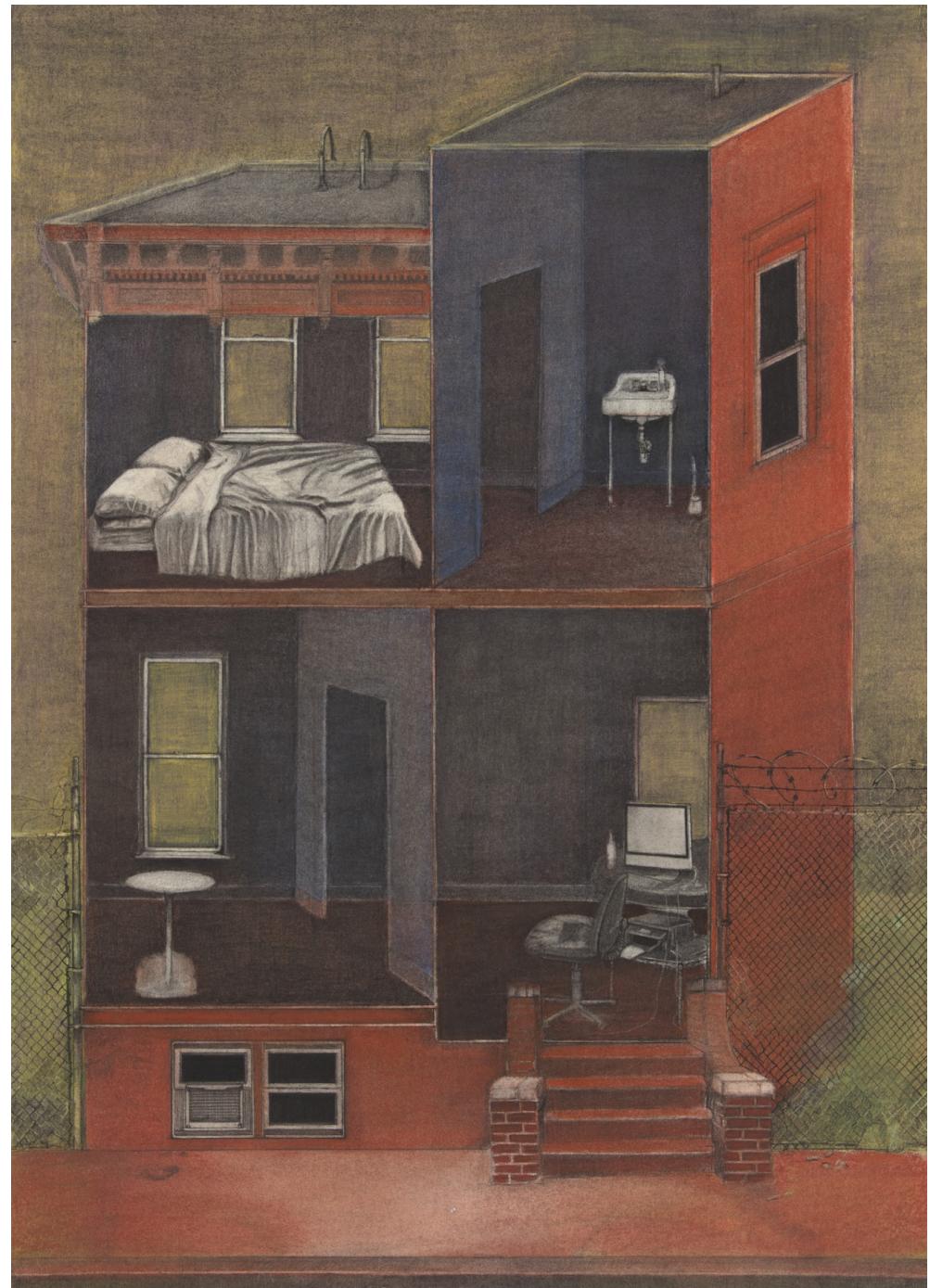
by Minhthi N.

There would be no “zoom experience” to write about if it weren’t for the unsung heroes of NYCMA who stepped in to lead the way. I thank all the fellows who selflessly gave their time, Zoom accounts, and energy so NYCMA could thrive during COVID. From the Intergroup Chair down to everyone who answered my many questions at record pace, I thank you. To the NYCMA web master and web team, who sacrifice their sleep to update NYCMA meeting lists on our website, I thank you.



To the innovative trusted fellows who bridged physical meeting closures to the Zoom platform using your personal accounts, I thank you. To the brilliant trusted chairs and secretaries who held emergency business meetings to revise meeting formats and scripts, I thank you. To the trusted treasurers who used their Paypal, Venmo, and other banking apps for 7th Tradition donations, I thank you. To the brave trusted servants who took it upon themselves to create physical meetings outdoors, I thank you. To the members of CMA from Chicago and Miami and Los Angeles and Seattle and London and Barcelona and Berlin who logged into zoom and made NYCMA your home, I thank you. To the elder fellows of CMA who took on more sponsees during the pandemic, I thank you. To the courageous newcomers and day counters who came home to CMA, I thank you.

To each and every person who widened our recovery in this trying year, I thank you. To my divine fellows of NYCMA: I have sung your songs in my prayers and on my gratitude lists. I shall continue to sing your songs for years to come. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you for your love and service.



Empty House by Chris C.

Coast-to-Coast Recovery

by Rick S.

From the beginning of the Zoom recovery era (aka the COVID pandemic era), I found the access to greatly expanded meeting choices to be a very positive development. I invested in two and three meetings a day and found genuine fellowship in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Miami. And I was able to stay in touch with recovery friends in Lima, Peru.

On the West Coast, I heard from a surprising number of CMA addicts with up to and even over thirty years of continuous sobriety. I've been privileged to hear from many trans people, many women, and heterosexual men recovering from crystal meth addiction. It's been very enriching. I actually hope the zoom format meeting will continue after the danger of COVID subsides to the point where in-person meetings resume.

METANFETAMINA, COVID - 19, MI EX ESPOSA Y YO

by Leonardo L.

A los 51 años, en agosto del 2019, consumí por primera vez metanfetaminas. En gran parte como consecuencia de usar esta droga, en febrero del 2021 quedé desempleado y sin lugar donde vivir. Hasta entonces, yo había llevado una vida en sobriedad: no consumía drogas, alcohol, ni siquiera cigarrillos. Inclusive, mi consumo de metanfetaminas fue moderado: recaía cada mes, o mes y medio. Sin embargo, 18 meses consumiendo esta droga en esos términos fueron suficiente para que yo quedara sin trabajo y sin hogar.

Y en marzo del 2020 llegó el coronavirus. Uno de los trabajos part-time (medio tiempo) que tenía cerró por la pandemia. Tuve que dejar el departamento que alquilaba en Inwood e ir a vivir con mi ex esposa a su monoambiente (estudio). Mi ex esposa y yo sobrevivimos cohabitando durante la cuarentena de la pandemia en un monoambiente (estudio) de Harlem. Puedo ver el lado cómico de este asunto y también el trágico: mi adicción me llevó más de una vez a consumir metanfetamina en encuentros casuales con hombres, volver al departamento de mi ex esposa y, si hubiera sido contagiado, contagiarla a ella con coronavirus.

Hoy, hace 18 días que estoy sobrio y he entendido que la sobriedad es mi hogar, nuestro hogar. Y protejo este hogar, mi sobriedad, como si mi vida dependiera de ello, porque de hecho es así. Como había vivido el 99% de mi vida sobrio, daba por sentado a la sobriedad. Pero la sobriedad es un don que podemos fácilmente perder si olvidamos, o desconocemos, nuestro derecho natural a cultivarla y cuidarla. Mi última recaída me hizo entender que nada realmente valioso puede construirse sin sobriedad. En CMA he encontrado un grupo de iguales que colaboramos compasivamente a amar y a cultivar nuestra sobriedad, nuestras vidas.

SHUTTING DOWN, STARTING UP by Steffen H.

The world shut down on March 20, 2020. What I thought was going to be an indefinite period of isolation actually turned into a real blessing for me. Firstly, I discovered my neighborhood and the friendly food stores. I discovered the virtual meetings and the gift of going to groups all over the world. I got a bike and started seeing the city from a different perspective. And I got the exercise I need to stay healthy.

I lost my cat, but I created a deeper relationship with my dog. Life is different, but I see so much hope. My core is my sobriety, and every day is better than the day before. It truly is a life beyond my wildest dreams.

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LEARNING NEW TRICKS by Ted

I will be celebrating my second year off meth on April 27. Has it been easy? No! I feel that eliminating/blocking all my former drug contacts and tricks from my phone has allowed me to not indulge. I also moved to another state—I realize that moving isn't possible for everyone to do—but it has helped. For me it wasn't just "pulling a geographic," but a way to simplify my life. I got off all the hookup sites—all of them—and I am discovering who I am sexually without meth. I was in therapy until this past December with an excellent cognitive-behavioral therapist. I also listened to The Book of Joy on his recommendation (it's available on Audible), and that has been a salvation.

Every day is a challenge, but I feel confident I can maintain this new way of life by prioritizing my mental and physical well-being over everything else. By the way, I will be 70 in May of this year, so I believe you can teach an old dog new tricks.

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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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CRYSTAL CLEAR

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