

A Spiritual Program

FINDING OUR HIGHER POWER

There's a lot going on in NYCMA at a local level and with CMA around the world. Our fellowship is growing, even as we rebound from a global pandemic. Most of our meetings have gone live again, and lots of wonderful new ones have cropped up!

New York City will also be hosting the 2023 General Service Conference next fall. This will keep us very busy indeed, and we will need lots of help.

NYCMA is working on publishing the first book about the Steps written by and for crystal meth addicts. We're very excited about this and are sharing an excerpt here in this newsletter.

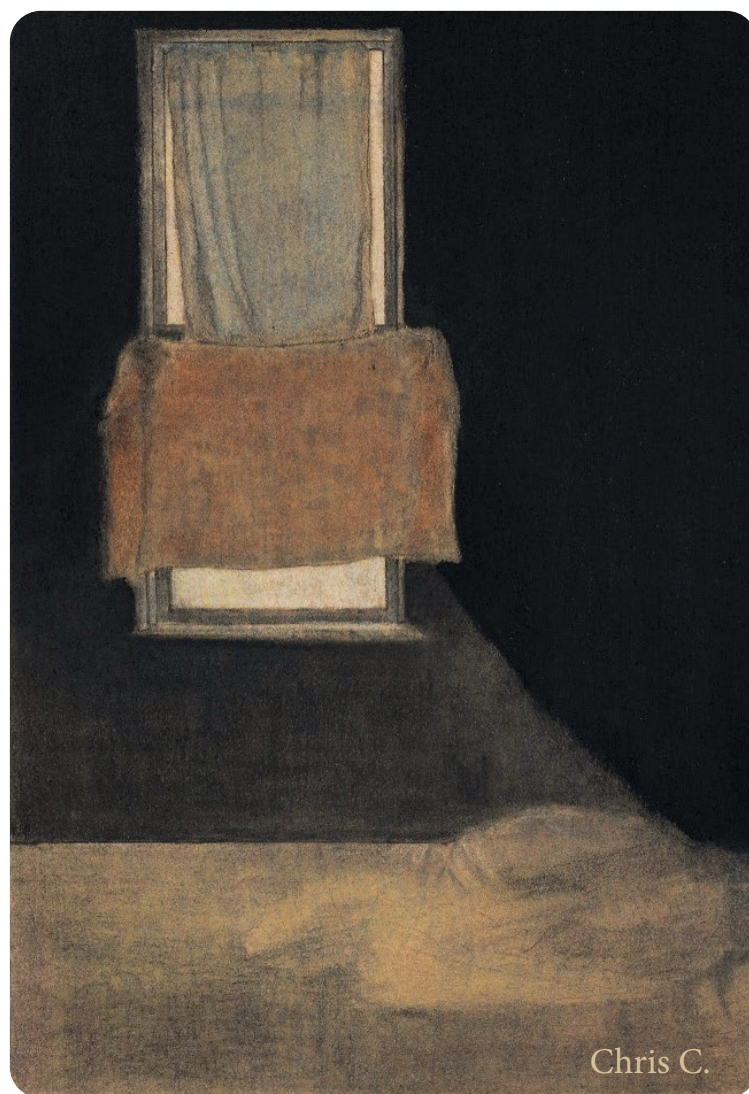
This edition also features several features submitted before the pandemic focusing primarily on Steps Two and Three: finding and relying on our Higher Power.

I hope you'll enjoy reading work from our fellows, and as always, we're happy to get anything you'd like to submit for future editions.

A huge thanks to Mark L. for his fabulous editing skills, Raul R. for his Spanish support, and all the folks who contributed writing and art to this edition.

Happy Holidays! And remember to stay close to the program.

Ross H.



Chris C.

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

Send an e-mail to literature@nycma.org

Below is an excerpt from the pilot version of the new manuscript *The Twelve Steps for Crystal Meth Addicts*, written by the fellowship of NYCMA. This is an exciting new project that is finally coming to fruition. NYCMA hopes to publish this book soon. It is currently available for download on the homepage of NYCMA.org.

THE TWELVE STEPS FOR CRYSTAL METH ADDICTS

WHY TWELVE STEPS?

We had to stop. Crystal meth was killing us. We'd screwed up relationships, lost jobs, sacrificed our health and sanity. Many of us went weeks without sleeping, losing ourselves in the compulsive pursuit of sex. We obsessively picked apart electronics—or picked away at our own skin. Some of us landed in hospitals, jails, or mental institutions, but still we couldn't quit using. We blocked the phone numbers of our dealers or using buddies. We vowed that we'd only drink from now on, or smoke weed, or drop molly. We got referrals to see psychiatrists, or cut off people we thought were bad for us, or even moved across country. No matter what we tried, we couldn't escape our problem and put the drugs down.

Some of us were lucky. We arrived at this crisis before things got too awful: We realized that crystal and other drugs were consuming more and more of our time and energy, or watched them devour our friends' lives entirely, and knew clearly what was coming. We could see the frightening truth: On our own, we'd never be able to stop. We needed real help. Someone—a doctor, a friend, a partner—suggested we come to Crystal Meth Anonymous, and we were just hopeless enough to give it a try.

A lot of us weren't sure what to make of the people we met, all smiling and handing us their phone numbers. What did they want? Soon we figured

out that they didn't want anything from us, but for us: They wanted to help us to get better just as they had. The people in CMA meetings seemed healthy and happy, and generally connected to the world in a way we couldn't even remember feeling. How was that possible?

They weren't that different from us. Some of them, when they shared, seemed to be telling our own stories. Sure, there were differences, but the similarities were overwhelming. They'd been through much of the same misery, known many of the same feelings, reached the same dark places we had. And now, somehow, they were better.

Though it confused us at first, we soon started to pick up their soberspeak, full of concepts like acceptance and surrender and Higher Powers. We began to comprehend the basic tools of recovery, spelled out in all those cute slogans: It seemed sensible to avoid "people, places, and things" that reminded us of using. It made sense to "keep it simple, silly," and not let ourselves get too "hungry, angry, lonely, or tired." We got over ourselves and went out to a diner for fellowship, "the meeting after the meeting." And when the craving to use returned, we found the courage to reach out to our new friends. They told us to "play the movie through to the end," and doing that helped our panic subside.

Trusting others and following their commonsense recommendations, we started getting better, too.

Time and again, our fellows offered one suggestion above all. The answer—the one thing that really kept them sober, they said—was printed on those banners hanging in most of our meetings. Were we ready to take a look at the Steps?

GOING TO ANY LENGTHS

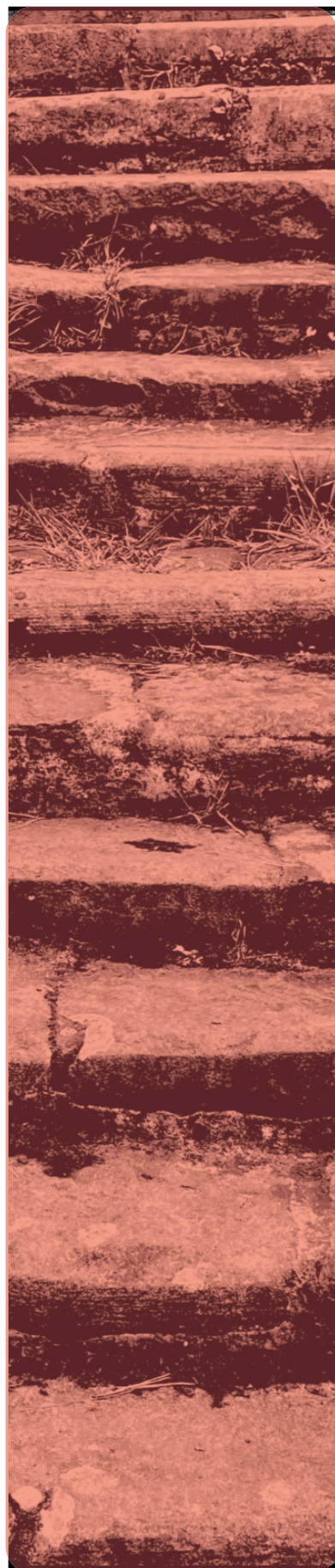
We may not have paid much attention to them, only half-listening when the Steps were read aloud. We knew CMA was a Twelve Step program. Why or what that might mean hadn't concerned us. The meetings were helping us; we were getting to know other people who'd been desperate like us, people who'd struggled to get their lives together after catastrophes even worse than our own. Today they were sober, some of them for five, ten, even twenty years or more.

We listened intently as they told us how they'd done it. They had accepted they were addicts, just like we were doing now. They had found a group of other addicts who, miraculously, were staying sober, just as we'd been lucky enough to do. Beginning to trust these people, they finally asked for help. Their fellows had said the Steps were the key, the straightforward instructions to the whole endeavor. Now they were passing the same suggestion on to us.

We didn't realize it, but we'd already begun to do them. If we were staying clean a day at a time by following our fellows' helpful suggestions, we were doing Steps One, Two, and Three in a rudimentary fashion. By now most of us had found a sponsor, and they assured us we were doing great. Now, they told us, it was time to take a good look at those banners and really get to work.

A lot of us charged right in. We'd hit a bottom so gruesome, so dispiriting—and felt such joyous relief now that we weren't using—that we would try anything, do anything to keep from going back. We used to do insane things in pursuit of a high; now we were willing go to any lengths to get sober. And it felt terrific. Connecting with other people in the meetings, we began to build a network, a sober family. We could rely on them, and more and more, they could rely on us, too. We were feeling like ourselves again; maybe we really could beat this thing!

Some of us landed on what our fellows called a pink cloud. Life wasn't just good, it was great. We volunteered for every service position and went to the diner every night with our fellows. We picked up a new self-help book or dove into a new religion every week. We felt so close again to our families and friends, we started dispensing psychological advice. Alas, eventually something happened to dispel our sober ecstasy. Even pink clouds bring rain. Focusing on our Step work helped us weather the ups and downs in our spiritual mood.



Others felt reluctance. We weren't tap-dancing through life, but the days were ticking by, and we felt better and better. The program spelled out in those twelve recommendations seemed like overkill. There was a lot of religious-sounding stuff, as well, that put many of us off. And some of the instructions seemed awfully onerous: Turning our will over? Doing a thorough inventory? Making amends? We came to CMA to stop doing crystal. Hadn't we accomplished that?

The simple truth is this: We believe we must do the Twelve Steps, or the sobriety we've achieved today will slip away tomorrow. If we're serious about getting better, we will do whatever it takes to prevent a relapse. We've come to believe that using is no longer an option—so we take the suggestion to get to work.

RUNNING-AWAY DISEASE

Addiction is an illness, usually classified as a psychiatric disorder, yet a medical cure remains elusive. Of course, we encourage anyone with a substance-use disorder to seek assistance from doctors and psychotherapists if it's helpful; many of us did and do. But weirdly enough, we achieved better results—true sobriety—only when we let go of the idea that we could be cured. We got better when we became willing to take responsibility for our own treatment.

We think of addiction as a spiritual disease. It often damages our minds and bodies, but it always strikes at our souls. And because its symptoms lead us into various personal and social failures, it's no surprise that people dismiss addiction as some kind of deep character flaw. We suffer from serious stigma all over the world. The miraculous insight of Bill W. and Dr. Bob—the founders of Alcoholics Anonymous, upon which CMA and all other Twelve Step programs are patterned—was to turn this stigma upside down. This spiritual malady, they realized, needed a spiritual solution.

It's fairly straightforward: We have a running-away disease; we use drugs to avoid pain or trauma or just everyday life. But doing drugs becomes a mental obsession that only creates more, and more serious, problems. The farther we run, the more pain and trauma we find. We'll never get better unless we can somehow stop running.

The Steps have taught millions of people how to do just that. Since the 1930s, people have used them not only to find relief from their many specific compulsions, but also to achieve a measure of serenity about life itself that most nonaddicts would envy. It's been said that in active addiction we were already on a spiritual quest: Getting high was our clumsy attempt to find transcendence. But because we couldn't handle life, the instinct to escape soon eclipsed that joyful impulse.

The Steps put our feet back on a spiritual road. They teach us to stop running away from everything, to run toward something instead. What that something might be is up to each of us to discover.

A NEW LIFE

Now that we aren't fleeing from everything, we see that the world around us isn't so terrible. Things that used to be strange and frightening seem exciting and beautiful today. Once, we couldn't focus on anything; now we enjoy our daily routine. Once, we shrank from every challenge; now we have tools to face anything. Once, we were totally isolated; now we're excited to look people in the eye. Once, we gave up on our dreams; now we're open to starting new relationships and new careers. In our noisy lives, we're beginning to hear some lovely harmonies.

When we came in, our fellows told us the program was designed only to help us stop using, so we could bring an end to the rolling disaster our lives had become. It was up to us to take whatever opportunities might follow. If we did, we probably

wouldn't recognize ourselves in a few years. Slowly we'd take off the mask we'd been hiding behind and discover our authentic selves. It was a terrifying prospect, but an exciting one, as well.

We took a deep breath and got to work. We hope you will do the same, and like us, find new purpose, freedom, and joy.

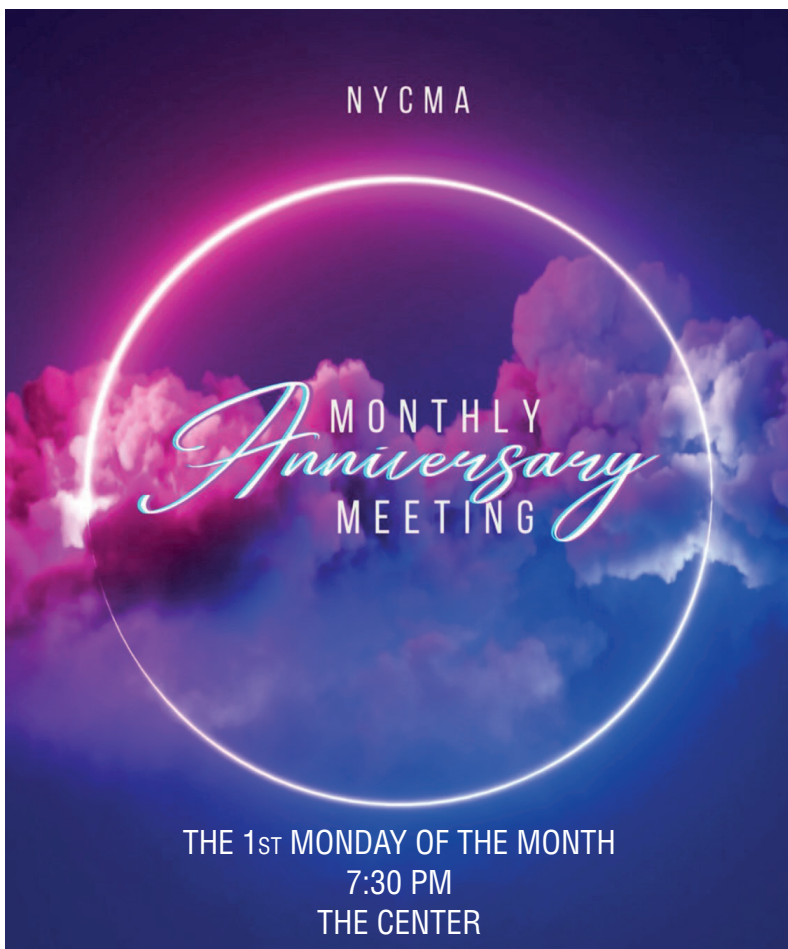
The NYCMA literature committee has been working on this book for almost two years, seeking input from a broadly diverse group of fellows across the U.S. and around the world. We believe it comes close to truly representing the CMA approach to the Steps—but we welcome your comments.

What do you think? What do you like? Is anything confusing? Is anything missing? Send your feedback or questions to <https://form.jotform.com/220182627673053> or literature@nycma.org. We hope this book speaks to you. Making it is certainly teaching all of us a lot about our wonderful program.

The 12 Steps of CMA

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.



FEEL THE RHYTHM

BY MARK L.

I grew up a Christmas Catholic. But when my parents divorced, my brother and I went to live for a time with my very religious grandmother. I was 7, so it was the year of my first communion—and I remember being sure I was going to grow up to be a priest. In mass, I'd whisper along and mimic his gestures as he turned the wafer and wine into the body and blood of Christ. Looking back, I already knew I was 'different,' even though I had no idea how. I was yearning for a queer role model in East Tennessee in the mid-70s, and there he was: Father Schmidt, a bachelor who performed magic tricks for a rapt audience.

A few years later, after my parents got back together, they made a show of keeping up our churchgoing, and my brother and I even became altar boys. But by then I was awakening to a more concrete sense of my separation from the other boys, and the church no longer felt like a refuge. Academics was much, much better. I wanted to get away from frightening questions about my sexuality—and out of my quarrelsome family—so I pursued a scholarship to a boarding school up North. There I quickly abandoned mass. The Transcendentalists were my new spiritual guides: Thoreau and Emerson. Sometimes I think I was just rejecting my Southern heritage and claiming a seat in New England.

Being young is all about trying on new poses and attitudes as you rebel against the old people you know and ape the new ones you worship. When I started coming out, I found myself rebelling against all systems and structures. By the time I was 21, in New York and trying to be an actor and survive in the city without benefit of a trust fund, I hated everybody. Going to ACTUP and QueerNation meetings didn't help. It's ironic—there was a spiritual life coursing through those meetings and the rehearsals of whatever off-off-Broadway show I was doing, but I couldn't see it. Everything made me angry. Within a few years, I seroconverted myself, drifted into addiction, and dropped any pretense of a spiritual or intellectual life.



Chris C.

Of course, you get sober, and all that changes. I landed at a rehab in Pennsatucky that was run by some fairly religious people. Middle America AA has a decidedly Christian flavor, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. My brain was so ready for new information that I didn't care. We would say the Lord's Prayer and I was totally down with it. I knew it still, obviously, from all that time in the Church as a child. But at 31, making my first true spiritual surrender, the real meaning of it filled me up. It's a Serenity Prayer, in essence. Lord, I trust you to take care of me.

My last night there, terrified of coming back to the City with all its triggers and restarting basically my whole life, I was overwhelmed with wave after wave of using fantasies. And that prayer calmed them down. There was a big rainstorm that night, and I went out on the smoking porch and said it over and over until the urges lifted. The rain stopped and I heard a train whistle somewhere far off in the valley... It was the sound of journeys I'd get to take, journeys home and journeys to new places.

I needed a spiritual tune, and that old New Testament music was a lovely place to start. But no, I didn't go back to mass. I was definitely not ever going to be a Christian again. But I did start to explore what my Higher Power might be, how I should think of it, what its role would be in my life. For a time I thought of myself as an agnostic. I read William James and felt like maybe I could be a Unitarian. Or a Buddhist—he wasn't far removed from the Transcendentalists I'd loved at prep school. But more important than any intellectual exploration is simple day-to-day observation. The longer I stay

sober, the more apparent my Higher Power has become. I have a really good idea of what it isn't: There is no God with a personality and motives and all that. Any God I could understand and picture and name would be only a projection of my own tribe and my own ego. Besides, any deity a human can understand can't possibly be powerful enough to do all the things we expect of it.

I still love churches, the older the better, not just for their overwhelmingly beautiful narrative architecture, but for all the sacred energy vibrating there. You can catch a spiritual buzz in a chapel or synagogue like the one you get in a beautiful canyon or by a lovely beach. All the wonder people have felt in these spaces keeps humming there, I think. It's miraculous and mysterious. When I pray—and I pray daily—no entity is listening. But that prayer vibrates in my system, and my system vibrates

against yours, and so on and so on.

This is what I've come to believe: The universe has a rhythm. I don't need Newton or Einstein or Moses or Muhammad to see that. I just need a few minutes watching the rolling ocean waves or walking

through ferns by a tumbling stream. This rhythm that beats time in planets and pulsars is present in people, too. It traces the arcs of our lives and shapes our days moment to moment. It sets the tempo for every story we tell ourselves.

The great thing about recovery is we get to immerse ourselves in that tempo. All around me in CMA and the other A's are people just as sick as me who are getting better and better day by day. People who are listening for that rhythm and acting with it instead of against it.

**“The longer I stay
sober, the more
apparent my Higher
Power has become”**



Need help or someone to talk to?
24-hour CMA Helpline
855-638-4373



A Pathway Through the Second Step

By D.L.

I have always liked the Jesus quote, “The kingdom of God is within you.” This concept was planted in my mind at a young age while attending weekly Sunday school classes at the local United Methodist Church. I liked it then because it made me feel important, part of something big. Its true meaning was far too abstract for a 6-year-old, but now in recovery, the concept has helped my understanding of the Second Step.

For me to believe that a power greater than myself could restore me to sanity, I needed to define my understanding of a higher power. I imagine my higher power to be this “kingdom,” a concept that continues to deepen my surrender. Over time I have established a list of nine virtues (values) I can attribute to the God of my understanding. I can call on these qualities whenever I want to connect to my higher power. They are acceptance, honesty, open-mindedness, kindness, simplicity, boldness, resilience, and adventure.

These qualities together make up the kingdom of God that dwells inside me. Whenever I find myself in trouble or in need of care, I can go to this list and find an answer or a guiding principle that will comfort and strengthen me. Some say recovery is an inside job, so if I’m really going to turn my will over to a higher power and trust that it is sufficient, I must tap into the kingdom (the higher power–God) that already resides in me. This could be called my “higher self,” but I think of it more as my true inner self.

A Third Step Prayer: Today I renew my commitment to be clean and sober. I give myself to you so that I may be a part of the whole. Relieve me of the bondage of self-centered thinking and do as you wish with my life. Refresh the honesty, boldness, adventure, and compassion that dwell inside me, so I can be of service to my friends and family, those I encounter, and to myself.



Dear Spirit of the Universe,

Please take away my worries and cravings and desires to engage in destructive behaviors. Please guide me in my recovery, show me how great life is, and how to stay in the present moment, placing my recovery above everything else.

I am willing to do whatever it takes to stay clean today. With the help of CMA, my higher power, and my therapist, as well as trusted friends, family, and spiritual community, I can become the best version of myself: one day at a time, one hour at a time, and one minute at a time.

The spirit of the universe will always be there to lead me if I open myself up to new possibilities and curiosity about my recovery.

- John W. -

FROM DESPAIR TO **HOPE!**

By Lee L.

After our admission of complete defeat, we were at a wretched bottom. But the darkest hour is always before the dawn. We thought ourselves near death but found ourselves barely alive. We had survived!

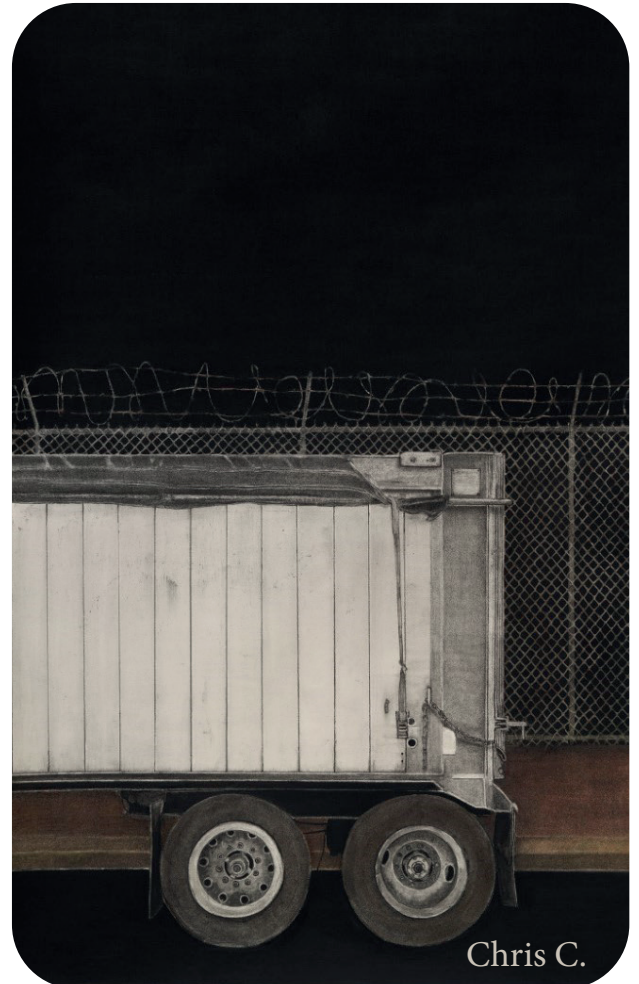
Convinced that self-reliance is what had failed us, we reached toward others who had overcome the very problem that conquered us. Here were recovered addicts who possessed light in their eyes, hope in their hearts, and peace in their spirits. How we longed to be relieved from our troubles—living joyously, as they seemed to be! How did they manage sure command over certain disaster to rebuild lives that were transmuted and transfigured into serenity and joy and purpose?

How did they find strength to overcome the powerlessness of their using and the unmanageability of their once insignificant days? How did they rise, like a phoenix from its ashes, to recreate futures filled with purpose and direction? Had this power originated in them, their self-will, or their ego? No. Like us, they were addicts. They had also suffered the same defeat, the same humiliation, the same dark night of the soul. This simple fact was our common bond.

We listened to their personal experiences, our attention hanging intently on their every word. First, we identified with their insanity. Through their own warped thinking, what once seemed their best solution eventually turned out to be their greatest trouble. Second, we identified with their hope. Here were fellow sufferers who had trudged the hard and heavy path now set before us. But where we had failed, they had found a solution to their problem. They had somehow discovered power to overcome the very issues that seemed so terribly insurmountable for us.

Some attributed their success to a power greater than themselves; others called it God-consciousness. Still others found new faith in an unsuspected inner resource. However, we felt no need to adopt the beliefs and convictions of others. For the time being, it was unnecessary for us to label or define that power. We had only to observe the simple fact that all around us lives were being altered in ways for which we dared to yearn.

Seeking the victory our new friends had found in themselves, we reasoned that if we did what they had done, we might also receive liberation from our self-made prison. We believed that if they could do it, then so could we. Our despair was transformed into hope—hope that there was a solution. We arrived at Step Two—Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.



Chris C.

New York City

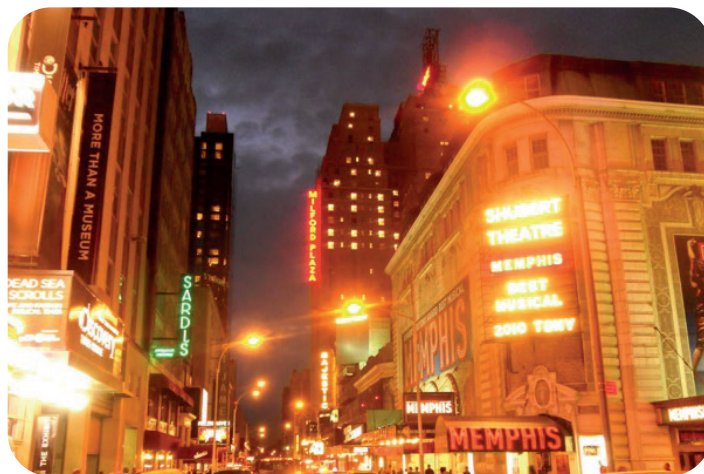
My Higher Power

By Chris C.

I quickly identified New York City as my Higher Power not long after coming into the rooms almost a year ago. Someone qualified on what H.P. was. To the speaker, the Higher Power was a protector and provider as well as the grounding force in their overall sobriety. It didn't have to be a, or the, G*D, but something of the person's understanding and choosing. To me, New York City, as an energy force, was my only choice.

I recognized New York City as a Utopia early on. Like most Higher Powers, it's omniscient. It's more than a city; it's an energy, a life force. I had the "calling" to leave my suburban Cincinnati home and be here early. Any television show or movie that took place in the City had me transfixed—the opening bass chords of *Barney Miller* and its views of Lower Manhattan, the street scenes in *Ghostbusters*, and the white-lighted Broadway marquees, and countless other examples. I knew its streetscape and skyline before ever setting foot on the island. It beckoned me with its perceived acceptance of everyone and the ability to go unnoticed. I knew I was different; I'd known I was gay even before I realized I wanted to move away. The two realizations were in lockstep with one another. I came out, and a year later, just two months after my college graduation, I moved to New York City and received a dream job for any recent graduate. I met my early goal, and New York provided. She continued to provide; I continued to respect her.

I made my way, street by street, train by train, and person by person. The moment I planted my feet, I was here to stay and likely to never leave. I started to feel an ancestral recognition from the buildings and street corners. New York is the Pantheon of Variety. The people of all kinds of sexual identities, the arts and culture were what I was seeking out. It was celestial



with its lighted skyscrapers. But it was ominous, because it had a unique ability to make me feel so powerful, yet invisible. Ironically, the one thing that attracted me is what brought me to my knees.

Little by little, I stopped harnessing the positive energy of good and betterment she was emitting and that I had basked in so early in my arrival. Ego set in, and I learned about more and more of the dark energy force that ran parallel to its good. In just a few years I would forget all the galaxy of good and fully hand myself over to its co-creator. That New York underside works quickly, a three-card monte scam intent on taking your pride, money, dignity, and sometimes your life.

Lucky for me, the roots I planted in that bedrock foundation grew solid and held. When I entered into CMA, I started to notice the first- and second-floor lights, rather than only looking down at the sidewalk, not paying any mind to what was in front of me. More and more of my great Higher Power appeared with more time as I handed my will over to New York City. She has helped guide so many to their own greatness, and I now have the hope she will do the same to me.

Visit [NYCMA.org](https://nycma.org) for an updated list of live and online meetings

COMMUTER HIGH

by K.C.

Nowadays my biggest fear is arriving at the West 4th Street station, because that means I'm one more stop away from work. As I sit in this train seat all I can physically feel are the bones of my butt.

It's another day in this cycle. The homeless folks sharing my car remind me that I'm not far off from being a joiner.

Off comes my mask! That's honestly the best thing for a tweaker to do when they want to hide—not knowing what the onlooking eyes will see. If I see the worst of me, imagine what form I take when anxiety and paranoia paint the picture.

This is the cycle—and it's been on heavy rotation since I was 23. Whether I was aware of it or not. Regardless if help was something I sought. I'm here now, freshly off the ride that spun me out. And I'm beginning again to gain my balance. Balance—don't walk or run but stand still on firm ground.

I've been praying to God all morning long. For strength and mercy. Whichever way he can provide it, just let it be granted.

Now when I'm in that bed seeking the feeling of connectivity and intimacy, I hear prayers and eulogies from my mom, commentaries from my aunts.... I literally ask myself, *Am I dead? How long have I been dead for now?* This is probably exactly how Barbara and Adam experienced the afterlife in *Beetlejuice*, and like them, I didn't know until I saw it.

Here's to Day 1 with God on my side.



The NYCMA Intergroup monthly meeting is HYBRID! The meeting is held on the last Wednesday of every month at 7:00 pm at the LGBT Community Center at 208 West 13th Street and on Zoom (see NYCMA.org for details). Officers, GSRs, and Alternate GSRs are asked to attend to represent their meeting, get the latest information, and participate in NYCMA-related planning. ALL CMA members are welcome to attend!

What's Intergroup?
Find out at
nycma.org/intergroup

Sweet Surrender

by Chris S.



I had no idea how important this Step would be for me in sobriety.

I tried so many ways to get sober. Private coaches. Therapists who specialize in this drug. Life coaching. I had assembled a team, and I was able to get better, though I couldn't kick the habit.

It wasn't until I found this program and a sponsor I could connect with that I started to heal. To replace the salve for the wound I've been carrying with a disciplined program.

And it wouldn't have been possible without surrender. I heard the phrase. I knew the Step. But I didn't get it at first. In my mind, it felt like accepting defeat, and I was a fighter. But then it dawned on me, *I am never going to win the battle against this drug. It will always beat me and could ultimately kill me.* So it finally hit me. I understood what surrender meant. That this drug will always win, and I will always lose everything. In that moment of clarity, I charted a new course for myself. And the work began.

There is a scene from a movie from the eighties called *WarGames*. It's about a computer that is starting to think for itself and begins a massive countdown to fire nuclear weapons at Russia. And then they'll fire back. At the very end of the movie, the computer is running all these scenarios, trying to figure out how to win. What's the strategy that leads to the pathway of victory? Finally it stops. The screen goes black and it responds: "The only way to win is not to play."

And that's how I feel about this drug.

Surrender opened the door and allowed the hope to come back in and pave the way to recovery. While not easy, it was the best decision I ever made. There are no shortcuts in sobriety or anything else of true value in life. If you want something, you must do the work.

I am so grateful for surrender, as I am for so much more, including all of you.

Sending love, light, and deep respect. Keep being the warriors you all are.



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I need you

By Manny T.

I see you. I feel you. I hear you. I need you.

The sun has risen on this beautiful day. I woke up. Within the dawn and in every passing moment I stumble on your grace. My reflection displays a calm and caring demeanor. Who is this man?

Like clay, you've molded me regardless of all of my self-claimed imperfections. You saw more, you always have. I feel your tender caress through the storms. Like a loving father, you've taken my hand and guided me through the darkest of days and pulled me into the clarity of your embrace.

You speak to me through others, through the tears and even laughter. Your voice stills my exhausted mind, and I am at peace. You caution and correct me while assuring that all will be OK.

I need you. Be that beacon in the dark. Take my worries away. Please continue to fill this once-empty void with your love each and every day. Grant me the grace. Can't you see, I'm lost without you. Please, I need you in order to survive. I can't do this without you. I know, I've already tried.

You are my Higher Power, nothing's greater than you. Not an addiction, not a resentment, not a doubt nor a fear. You've known me all of my life and you've endowed me with peace and clarity when all I saw was pain and misery. I gladly humble myself before you in gratitude for all that you've done and continue to do.

I trust you. I depend on you. I'm still here because of you.



Are there changes to your meeting?

Update at nycma.org

SI SE PUEDE

por Alexia S.

La vida muchas veces no es lo que soñamos. Soy una mujer transexual que desde muy pequeña vivió en soledad aún estando rodeada de su familia. Sufriendo discriminación, abuso sexual, abuso psicológico infantil y siempre teniendo como amigo aun espejo en el cual siempre descargaba sus miedos, resentimientos y tristezas. Mi niñez no fue perfecta, incluso estaba lejos de ser un niño feliz. Siempre supe que el mundo se tornaría difícil para mí, pero cada día luche por ser auténtica y real conmigo misma...

Al llegar a la edad joven fue peor y no se diga a la edad de los 25 años a los 30 años. Vuelvo a sufrir por no tener aceptación conmigo misma ni amor propio. Me alejo de mi familia más y me junto con la persona que marcaría mi vida para siempre, llenándome de mentiras y infectandome de HIV.

Fue entonces cuando comencé a consumir crystal meth. Durante los últimos cinco años luche con la adicción y las miles de recaídas que tuve hasta conocer este bello programa que esta cambiando mi vida.

CMA. Un programa que lejos de ser mi programa, es mi nueva familia que me acogió con amor cariño y mucho respeto hacia mi persona. Ya sea asistiendo a las reuniones en ingles y claro las reuniones en español, hoy día llevo 126 días sobria y me siento como recién nacida pero esta vez como un Ave fenix que resurge de las cenizas. Con las alas alzando el vuelo y la compañía de mi poder superior Dios como yo lo concibo, que el nunca me soltó ni cuando camine por las calles como un alma perdida.

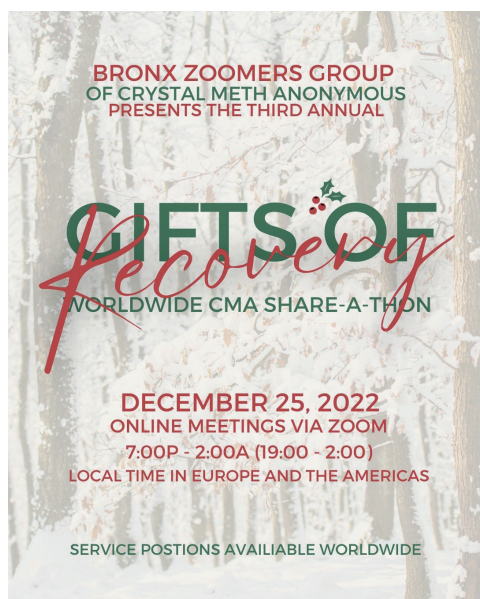
Se que este camino no es facil pero tampoco imposible. Solo date la oportunidad de ser amado o amada por ti mismo y trabaja en tu proceso y en tu persona. Has tu parte que TU PODER SUPERIOR HARA LA SUYA. NUNCA TE VAYAS DE LOS CUARTOS DE CMA, AL MENOS SOLO POR HOY Y UN DIA A LA VEZ Y VERAZ QUE EL MILAGRO SUCEDE.



CMA holiday events



We never have to be alone!



NYCMA en español - nycma.org/inicio

REUNIONES EN ESPAÑOL

UN DÍA A LA VEZ



los martes
7:00pm–8:00pm
Online

CMA EN ESPAÑOL



los jueves
6:45pm–7:45pm
The Center, Manhattan

Las Promesas

Si nos esmeramos en esta fase de nuestro desarrollo, nos sorprenderemos de los resultados antes de llegar a la mitad del camino. Vamos a conocer una libertad y una felicidad nuevas. No nos lamentaremos por el pasado ni desearemos cerrar la puerta que nos lleva a él. Comprenderemos el significado de la palabra serenidad y conoceremos la paz. Sin importar lo bajo a que hayamos caído, percibiremos cómo nuestra experiencia puede beneficiar a otros. Desaparecerá ese sentimiento de inutilidad y lástima de nosotros mismos. Perderemos el interés en cosas egoístas y nos interesaremos en nuestros compañeros. Se desvanecerá la ambición personal. Nuestra actitud y nuestro punto de vista sobre la vida cambiarán. Se nos quitará el miedo a la gente y a la inseguridad económica. Intuitivamente sabremos manejar situaciones que antes nos desesperaban. Depronto comprenderemos que Dios está haciendo por nosotros lo que no pudimos hacer por nosotros mismos. ¿Son éstas promesas extravagantes? No lo creemos. Están cumpliéndose entre nosotros – a veces rápidamente, a veces lentamente, pero siempre se realizarán si trabajamos para obtenerlas.

Guías y literatura de NYCMA en español | nycma.org/index.php/literatura

Estamos aquí para ayudar

Si desea comunicarse con un miembro LOCAL de NYCMA de la ciudad de Nueva York, envíe un correo electrónico a HELP@NYCMA.ORG.

Incluya su información de contacto. Dependiendo de la información de contacto proporcionada, un miembro de NYCMA se comunicará con usted lo antes posible.

Si cree que necesita ayuda inmediata y le gustaría hablar con alguien directamente, llame a la LÍNEA DE AYUDA NACIONAL al (855) 638-4373. La línea de ayuda nacional disponible las 24 horas del día de las CMA está disponible para brindarle información y ofrecerle apoyo inmediato.

Estamos aquí para apoyarlo y responder cualquier pregunta sobre NYCMA y el programa Crystal Meth Anonymous.

No estás solo!



Línea de Ayuda: 1-855-638-4373





THE BEST THING

I've Heard at a Meeting ...



"Keep coming back no matter what."

"You weren't in love with each other—you were in drugs with each other."

"Don't worry about getting time, worry about getting better, and then the time will come."

"Breathe..."

"There's no cool kids on the short bus."

"It's a great day to be sober!"

"Don't ask 'Why is this happening to me?' Turn it into 'Why is this happening for me?'"

"If you're going to give up hope, might as well give up despair."

"Let us love you till you learn to love yourself."

"Halt: Have A Laugh Today."

"I belong here!!!"

"Every action is either moving me closer to or further away from using."

"You don't ever have to pick up again. Also, there were cookies every week."

"The only requirement for membership is the desire to stop using."

"Take the cotton out of your ears and put it in your mouth."

"Trust: Try Really Using Step Three."

"The only way out is through."



"Everyone is welcome... no matter what!"

"I wish you a long and slow recovery."

"I never have to do this alone."

"Ego: Easing God Out."

"If you don't use today, it's a great day."

"I'm an addict and that's not my fault, but now that I know I have a responsibility to do something about it."

"Just be yourself, it's all the world wants you to be."

"You don't have to do that anymore."

"Through a sense of efficacy in performing tasks we comprehend serenity, and being engaged in all levels of life we know peace."

"You never have to use again if you don't want to."

"Frog: Fully Rely On God."

"Acceptance is the answer to all of my problems."

"Learn to listen for the similarities, not the differences."

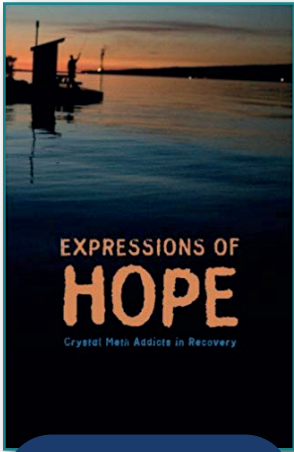
"I'm not perfect, but what I did do perfectly today was not drink or drug!"

"You can be a great bottom without poppers. Trust me!"

"Experiencing joy is possible."



CMA LITERATURE



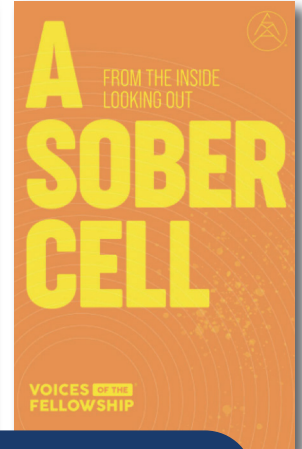
Since 2012!



Now also
in Spanish!



Voices of the Fellowship



Share Your Story!

The CMA Literature Advisory Committee is looking for written and audio submissions of stories for upcoming projects. There are several books of stories in the works on a variety of topics, including:

Our Families - We explore the complex nature of families and how they can support our recovery.

Sex in Sobriety - How do we develop new associations with sex and create healthy connections?

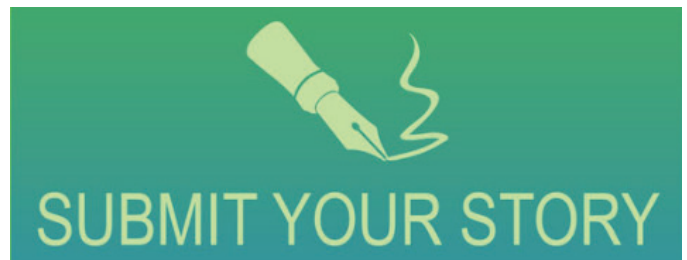
On Mental Health - What are the struggles and solutions that come with balancing mental health and sobriety?

Prison and Legal Issues - These stories discuss parole, child custody, and facing trial while in recovery.

Are you reading your story?



The CMA literature committee is looking for submissions from our members to reflect the diversity of the fellowship. We would love to receive more stories from people of color, women, transgender people, and other historically marginalized groups.



Please visit: <https://www.crystalmeth.org/for-the-fellowship/voices-of-the-fellowship/>

CMA banners for Steps and Traditions are now available!
Order at [crystalmeth.org](https://www.crystalmeth.org)



LIVING WITH DUAL DIAGNOSIS CRYSTAL METH ANONYMOUS



Zoom: 547 531 4410

Saturdays

6:30p ET • 5:30p CT • 4:30p MT 3:30p PT

Thursday

7p ET • 6pm CT • 5p MT • 4p PT

NYCMA^{ORC}
NEW YORK CRYSTAL METH ANONYMOUS INTERGROUP



The 12 Traditions of Crystal Meth Anonymous

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends upon CMA unity.
2. For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority a loving God as expressed in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.
3. The only requirement for CMA membership is a desire to stop using.
4. Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or CMA as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose to carry its message to the addict who still suffers.
6. A CMA group ought never endorse, finance or lend the CMA name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every CMA group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
8. Crystal Meth Anonymous should remain forever non-professional, but our service centers may employ special workers.
9. CMA, as such, ought never be organized; but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.
10. Crystal Meth Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the CMA name ought never be drawn into public controversy.
11. Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, television, films and other public media.
12. Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities.

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