

CAN YOU RELATE?

Adapted from a www.crystalmeth.org reading

Crystal Methamphetamine, Speed, Tina, Glass, Ice, Crank

It doesn't matter what it's called.
It doesn't matter how it was done.
It inevitably brought us to our knees.

Some used crystal meth as a tool to work harder and longer, but then couldn't keep a job. Others picked at their faces and arms for hours or pulled out their hair. Some had insatiable sexual appetites. Others suffered incredible, unbearable paranoia. Some endlessly tinkered with projects, accomplishing nothing, then found themselves too busy to get on with the business of life.

What may have started out as occasional or weekend use became a daily habit. We deluded ourselves into thinking that staying up for nights on end was acceptable, thinking our drug-use was under control. We thought we could quit on our own, whenever we chose. Or we thought that our using didn't affect our lives.

We soon found that we were helpless – we lacked the power to control our drug use. Crystal meth became our master. Some of our friends went to jail. Others lost their apartments, their jobs, or the trust of their families and friends. Some died. We thought that none of these things could happen to us, but some of them did.

It felt like there was no way out. We believed we would use forever. We realized that our drug use was out of control – our lives were unmanageable. We finally admitted that crystal meth, our one-time friend, was killing us.

It doesn't matter how we got here. The courts sent some of us. Others came through family or friends. Some of us simply came to CMA on our own. We needed help. We needed another way.

If you think you have a problem with crystal meth, Crystal Meth Anonymous might have a solution for you.

What can you do?

Come to a meeting. You have already taken the first step.