

Meet your new H&I Trusted Servants Elected in July:

Chair: Gary H.

Vice-Chair: David R.

Secretary: Becca T.

Alt. Secretary: Jen B.

Literature Coordinator: Jarron E.

Alt. Literature Coordinator: OPEN

Speaker Phone List: Jay F.

Clean Sheets Liaison: Bev T.

Jail Coordinator: Ken D.

H&I carries the message of recovery and hope to the still suffering addict. It is the most rewarding service commitment. We invite you to come check us out. We meet the last Sunday of the month at 5:00 p.m. via zoom. Join us on September 29th!

The zoom ID is: 865 550 0289

Password is: 050749.

Just for today

We will make
direct amends
whenever
possible we will
also make
indirect amends
"mending our
ways"
changing our
attitudes &
altering our
behaviors

➤ Would you like to be featured in our upcoming Clean Sheets? Please share your NA-related stories, poems, memes, cartoons, your individual experiences- i.e.: working steps, how NA has helped you, Being of Service, etc.

➤ Are you having an aNAversary soon- Please share your Clean Date so we can celebrate your Recovery!

Please contact Michelle at 415-464-7884

Email: CleanSheets.SCANA@gmail.com

SCANA

SOUTH COAST AREA OF NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS

www.southcoastareana.com

Someday I Can Be Somebody

I remember starting the very first grade
It felt official to be in school
I was no longer biding my time with macaroni pictures
I was going to learn real topics they said
Someday I can be somebody

I learned to hide my personality from other kids who would hurt me
I learned to shut my mouth so as not to disrupt the class
I kept so quiet, my wired jaw went unnoticed for the duration of my injury
I found another thing to hide
Fear of who I was killed me inside
But it's okay, it's only for a time
Someday I can be somebody

I took a year
I just needed a breather. A manageable waste of time
I managed nothing but boredom and destruction
I needed to make use of my stepping-stone and make a real achievement
My old teachings kept me safe in a new but familiar environment
I sat quiet in the back, wondering when I could start the real classes
I never took those real classes, but I knew that there were other ways
As long as I worked hard in alternatives, I knew
Someday I can still be somebody

I found ways to use my teachings to stay safe turning the machine
I had used them before but this was full-time, and with a rowdier crowd
It wasn't enough
Now I can try again
Someday I can be somebody

I am further along now, but I'm not finished
I don't have time to unlearn my old teachings
I try but forward is the only motion
I want to focus on things I love, like my interests, my friends, my family, and my partner
I can only show this love with projections of stress and frustration
It kills me now as it did then, but in a different way
I'm running out of time
I cry as I lose old friends and try to make new ones, but I never learned how
But it's okay. I just want it all over with.
I can make it end
Someday, maybe someday, I will be somebody

I lost everything and became desperate
I had no choice but to surrender
I am picked up by people who have walked the path before me
I must learn to walk again to follow the same path
I lean on them and a greater force when I grow tired
I learned H.O.W. to be somebody in Narcotics Anonymous
Today. Today, I am somebody.

By Doug H.