

CRYSTAL CLEAR

THE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF NEW YORK CRYSTAL METH ANONYMOUS INTERGROUP

WINTER 2003

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ALWAYS A BEGINNER ONE YEAR SOBER—AND JUST STARTING

WHEN I FIRST CAME INTO CMA, I heard somebody with about a year of clean time describe himself as a beginner. "Isn't that nice?" I thought. "He's being humble, and trying to make me feel better about being a real beginner." Then I heard somebody else say: "Sobriety is hard. My second year was harder than the first." I definitely did not want to hear that. If your second year is harder than your first, you must be one of those "sicker than others" I heard about. When I'd have a year, I'd be all fixed up, wouldn't I?

I have just over a year's worth of clean time myself today. Some of those things I didn't want to hear when I was counting days are starting to make sense to me now. I'm definitely still a beginner, and sobriety is definitely hard. But none of it is what I thought it would be.

How am I still a beginner? After a year of staying clean, going to meetings and working the steps, I am just beginning to recover. For the first few months, my life was all about staying clean and breaking out of old habits. It was about learning how to hope for something better. It was about coming to believe that I deserved something better.

Now I'm at the beginning of the work I have to do to get all that. You see, I'm able to feel my feelings now. Before I came in, I would escape my feelings, both the good and the bad, through drugs and sex. And when I first came into the program, I needed to talk them

away. If I didn't feel good, I'd call my sponsor, or call everybody on the phone list until I got a live person and not a voicemail. I had to keep talking until I felt better.

I still do that sometimes. But more often, if I'm sad, lonely, mad, or whatever, I just let myself be that way. I don't have to use drugs to escape, that's for sure. And sometimes I don't even need to talk my way out of it. Sometimes I can just go through it. I can believe that's just how I feel at that moment, that this shall pass, too, and that I can handle it. That's something

new and different for me.

I guess that's part of what was meant when I heard that sobriety was hard. The suffering of my active addiction was bad, but it wasn't really any work. It was hard to bear it, but it wasn't hard work. There wasn't

I'm nowhere close to where I want to be. My recovery is hard. But that's just the way I want things to be.

any work. And I didn't have anything to show for it, either. Now I do. I have some friends and some love. I have some hope for my future. I have some faith that things can work out. I have the privilege of working on my life. It is indeed work. I have to work on my career, work on finishing up school, work on relationships. Now I have a little something to show for the life I'm leading.

I'm nowhere close to where I want to be yet. I'm a real beginner, and sometimes my recovery is hard. But that's just the way I want things to be.

—Bruce C.

STEP ONE: ADMITTED...POWERLESS... UNMANAGEABLE...

Step One: We admitted that we were powerless over crystal meth and our lives had become unmanageable.

THE FIRST STEP: When I came into the rooms, I didn't know how to approach it. But with the help of my sponsor and a Narcotics Anonymous worksheet with questions to ask myself, I slowly worked through it. In the end, I felt tremendous relief. This is my story.

First my sponsor suggested that I write down my drug history and highlight passages which seemed especially noteworthy. With this in hand, I proceeded to the questions. Here are some of them, and my answers:

• *How powerless was I during my active addiction?*

By getting high, I lost several jobs, exposed myself to several sexually transmitted diseases, and completely disconnected from my family and friends.

• *How powerless am I over my addiction today?*

I still fantasize today about getting high without suffering any consequences. I'm powerless over what triggers me to want to use, powerless over friends who still use, and especially powerless over my drug dreams. Luckily, I've slowly been able to identify some of my triggers, and share about them at meetings.

• *How was my life unmanageable during my active addiction?*

As a result of losing work, my phone was disconnected. I lost two places to live. I landed in court. I lost valuable personal belongings, including a cherished record collection and my art work. Today, thank God, life is much more manageable. My thoughts have become clearer, and my emotional state is much more balanced. My bills and rent are paid on time. My life flows much more smoothly. And having made it through some rough moments

This is what has helped me most in early sobriety. I've revealed deeply personal things, shared about painful childhood memories, and processed the breakup of a relationship. Yes, it's been a bit dramatic at times, but I feel much better now. I'm very fortunate that I have a safe, sacred fellowship to turn to for help.

So, what does CMA mean to me? In CMA I hear stories I can identify with—stories of staying awake for days

looking for sex, stories of psychotic behavior. These stories remind me of my past, and of how much worse it could get should I continue to us. By witnessing others get better, I slowly start to notice that I'm getting better myself.

A while ago I was suffering from my own, smelly "stinkin' thinkin'." I felt nothing but a sense of doom. My sponsor suggested that I write a gratitude list, which is the last part of the First Step worksheet. Doing this I realized that it's very easy for me to concentrate on what isn't right, what could be, or what should have been. The reality is that I have what I need: a home, food, a job, decent health, medical care, support groups, friends, and family. Much of this could not exist if I were still using.

For all this I am grateful. And I certainly could not have done it alone.

—Marcelo A.

There's no need to fight, hide or be ashamed of what happened when I was using. These were events resulting from my own illness.

without resorting to drugs has given me my first sober references.

The worksheet also suggested that I define the words Admit, Accept, and Honesty.

• *Admit:* This required me to examine my history, honestly and without trying to deny my powerlessness and the unmanageability.

• *Accept:* There's no need to fight, hide, or be ashamed of what happened when I was using. These were awful events resulting from my own illness. In accepting that, I now feel a new freedom and sense of empowerment.

• *Honesty:* The truth shall set me free.

CRYSTAL CLEAR

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PUBLISHED BY: NYCMA Literature Committee

LITERATURE CHAIR: Bruce C.

EDITOR: Marc P. • DESIGN: Ted D.

SUBMISSIONS AND COMMENTS:

P.O. Box 1517, Old Chelsea Station

New York, NY 10113

news@nycma.org • fax: 212-777-4957

www.nycma.org • phone: 212-673-2550

CRYSTAL METH ANONYMOUS

CMA is a 12-step fellowship for those with a desire to stop using crystal meth. There are no dues or membership fees. CrystalClear, the newsletter of NYCMA, is issued quarterly. We reserve the right to refuse submissions and the right to edit for clarity and space, and to avoid triggering the reader. No compensation will be paid for any submission. The Twelve Steps and the Twelve Traditions have been adapted from the "Big Book" of Alcoholics Anonymous.

TOOLS OF SOBRIETY

PART 2: ANGER

NEVER GIVE IN TO ANGER! Deny you're angry! You have no right to be angry! Reject anger as weakness! Stuff anger!

Right? Wrong. If I'm angry, I'm angry. It's nature's inevitable reaction to fear or hurt, physical or emotional. I will be angry from time to time. I have to acknowledge anger and work through it.

Anger is a painful emotion. The "Big Book" of Alcoholics Anonymous predicts that unprocessed anger will

I can stop holding on to a resentment...
Or I can look at my part in the anger—for instance, my anger can be born of unreasonable expectations.

cause me to drink or use. "[Anger] may be the dubious luxury of normal men, but for [addicts it] is poison" (p. 66). I tend to self-medicate pain. Thus I have to process my anger, whether it's fresh anger or a resentment I'm cherishing. But how do I process anger?

- My sponsor told me there are three ways to defuse anger: talk about it, talk about it, and talk about it. Talk to my sponsor, talk to my therapist, talk to my friends, talk to anyone who'll listen. I feel better after I tell someone how I was wronged or frightened or hurt. It helps if that person can understand how I feel and validate my feelings.

What if talking isn't enough?

- I can confront the person who made me angry. Perhaps I can't talk with an unsympathetic boss, but I can tell the

person who cut in front of me that I was there first.

- I can do something about the cause of the anger: take the defective merchandise back, complain to Channel 2's Consumer Helper, bad mouth the establishment to my friends, make a decision never to go to that meeting again. However, I need to be careful because I may eventually realize my anger was unjustified (perhaps while telling my sponsor) and need to make amends.
- I can look at my part in the anger—for instance, my anger can be born of unreasonable expectations. I may be angry because people at a meeting don't like me, but it's unreasonable to expect everyone to like me. My sponsor applies the Rules of 25: In any group I should expect 25 percent of the people to like me, 25 percent of the people to dislike me, and the rest to be largely oblivious of my existence. To expect anything different is to court anger.
- I can stop holding on to a resentment—whipping it up by endlessly replaying it and wallowing in the injustice. Let it go when it's time.
- I can laugh at myself. When I complain that my feelings have been hurt, my sponsor never calls me a big baby, but he might respond by telling me a story about how he can be such a big baby.
- I can pray for the person who frightened or hurt me (but preferably after I've taken other actions).

Anger is not only painful to the body, it is corrosive to the soul. I am the only one hurt by my anger.

—Roy Y.

This is the second article in our series about a helpful tool of sobriety we call H.A.L.T.: Don't let yourself get too Hungry, Angry, Lonely, Tired. In the next issue: loneliness.

The other day I got a call from London. A reporter for the gay magazine "Attitudes" was looking for information on CMA.

According to him, crystal meth is now paving its way through the gay scene in Britain's capital. "We know so little here about this drug," he said.

One look at our fellowship in New York should tell him enough. From one single meeting a week in 1998, barely attended by a handful of people, we've grown to 15 meetings a week (and counting), some of which can draw more than a hundred participants: step meetings; topic meetings; a meditation meeting; even a meeting to specifically explore the foundation of our program, the AA "Big Book."

And this is only the tip of the iceberg. All over North America, writes Will H. from Los Angeles (page 7), CMA's original hometown, our fellowship now counts over a hundred meetings. As crystal meth's grip on the gay community seems to be tightening, an increasing number of men and women are also seeking recovery from their addiction. There's help everywhere.

Yet we're still struggling. Whether with admitting powerlessness over our addiction (page 2), being overwhelmed by unfamiliar feelings like anger (page 3), or the pitfalls of dating in sobriety (page 4). Hopefully this second edition of CrystalClear will help some of you deal with these and other issues. Just so you know: You're not alone anymore.

—Marc P.

BIG BOOK THUMPER STUMPER

DO YOU KNOW YOUR LITERATURE?

- 1 There is mention in the "Big Book" of Bill Wilson chartering an airplane to complete a jag during his drinking days. Name the other two gentleman involved, and the year it happened.
- 2 In the "Big Book," towards the end of Bill's Story, there is reference to a poor chap committing suicide in Bill's home. Bill goes on to say the he could not, or would not see our way of life. Who was this chap?
- 3 According to the "Big Book" promises, after which step will our sanity regarding alcohol have returned?
- 4 What is the cornerstone of AA's spiritual structure?
- 5 Bill Wilson writes that he was sometimes plagued by waves of self-pity and resentment, and that this sometimes nearly drove him back to drink. What would save the day?
- 6 What are the Twelfth Step promises?
- 7 When reviewing our day, what are the four defects of character the "Big Book" asks us to think about?
- 8 According to the "Big Book," men and women drink essentially because...?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 7

DATE BAIT HIM OR THE PROGRAM?

ONE DAY HE WALKED INTO THE MEETING, just like that. Our eyes met, we smiled, you know the rest. He was counting days, I had about 19 months then. It was just what my sponsor had always warned me about. "A crush on a newcomer—bad idea!"

But suddenly it didn't seem like such a bad idea at all.

Recovering together!
Sharing this journey!
Holding each other
through these lonely
nights! Honey, I'm
home—how's your
stepwork going?

He walked into the meeting, and reason flew out the window.

Feelings aren't facts, right? Funny, though, how quickly feelings can defeat common sense—and any sponsor's smart suggestions. No sex in 90 days. No "serious" dating in a year. Hands off newcomers.

Sure, in my first months sex and crystal were still so strongly linked that it felt safer to keep my pants on. (Or at least try.) Sure, not getting involved before being well on my way was also sound advice. Sure, it was neither respectable nor wise to fall for a beginner, jeopardizing both his sobriety and my own.

It all made sense—until my feelings started getting the better of me. For months I had been going to meetings and fellowship. But at the end of the 'ay I'd (almost) always find myself alone, hostage to the drama in my head, drowning in loneliness. No place to hide, no drugs to escape, no one to hug but a puppy and a pillow. Nothing, nobody to take the focus off me. Hey, you can only watch so many "Frasier" reruns.

Once before, in my tenth month, I had met someone, throwing caution to the wind. He was sexy, funny and, in a

very charming way, emotionally unavailable—a perfect match. He was "non-program"—finally, a change of subject! He literally lived the Eighth Avenue soap opera, which now I could thrive in all over again—vicariously and safely.

Or so I thought. But slowly it began to rub off. I cut down on meetings. Anxiety crept back into my life. One night, out for dinner, we were seated next to a CMA group; it felt like cheating on the fellowship. Another night I caught myself lecturing him on the virtues of sobriety—

as if to "save" him. The truth was that I was just tired of saving myself. That's when my focus really shifted—away from my recovery.

After a few months we let each other go, amicably. I went back to my meetings, my pillow and "Frasier."

I still go on dates. But something has changed. I know now that I'm only beginning to figure out who I am and what I want. The steps have put me on a dizzying journey of self-discovery. I'm learning how to be alone with myself and my feelings, without getting high. I'm learning how to love myself. Only then I'll be able to love someone else.

So when, on one recent day, he walked into my meeting, I was prepared. After the initial, pleasant shock (and the discovery that the attraction was mutual) I took my sponsor's advice. We talked it out, had a good laugh, and vowed to be "just" friends for now, supporting each other in our struggle.

Because sober friends are who I need most these days. The boyfriend can wait—I know I can.

—Marc P.

No place to hide,
no drugs to escape,
no one to hug
but a puppy
and a pillow.

DEATH IS NOT AN OPTION

HOW I FOUND MY WAY INTO CMA

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN growing up in the South, I was very fat. I stood 5 feet 10 inches, weighed 290 pounds and sported a 52-inch waist. But it seemed impossible to find a date unless one was tall and lanky, and looked good in a pair of Wrangler jeans—yes, Wrangler jeans—and cowboy boots.

If I committed suicide, my family and friends would forever wonder what they could have done to change the outcome. Suicide was a selfish act, and I'm not a selfish man.

A friend introduced me to adult bookstores when I was 17. It was there that I thought I'd found heaven—a momentary paradise. No need for dates. No wondering about the "chemistry." No worrying about my weight.

All of this played very well into my self-loathing body image. Because in my heart, I still wanted to be tall and lanky, and look good in a pair of Wrangler jeans and cowboy boots. I still wanted to be the jock. I still wanted to be part of the "in" crowd. And I still wanted one very special person in my life.

These feelings created noises in my head that I tried to silence with drugging and drinking.

Then, when I found crystal meth, I found my drug of choice. It made me feel sensual, desirable, powerful, complete, sexual, erotic, energetic. Finally, the noises in my head could be silenced for a few hours at a time. All of my insecurities seemed to vanish. And I shrank to fit those Wrangler jeans and cowboy boots.

But I sold my soul.

In the end of my years of using, my

life became a thing of increasing darkness. In August, 2001, I was fired the day after a run. I went into that final meeting in a manic crash that soon follows the manic high, and tried to cover the track marks on my arms.

I had no income but continued to live like I was still making six figures. I

started purchasing by the ounce to save money but only ended up using more and being more generous with my drugs. I even sold some but never broke even. I spent and spent and spent like there was no end to my money until my money ran out—like a speeding car careening

at 120 miles per hour towards a massive tree.

At the end, I felt as though my life was a written book, and all I had to do was to play out the final chapter: suicide.

The next morning came and brought with it a moment of clarity. I woke up with the image of my parents in my mind.

I realized that if I committed suicide, my family and friends would forever wonder what they could have done to change the outcome. I couldn't leave those I loved with that eternal question. Suicide, I deduced, was a selfish act, and I'm not a selfish man.

My options became black and white: live or die. Then I took the step I could never take back, and walked into the rooms. My way did not work. I needed help.

To say that sobriety comes easy would be to lie. To the contrary, I've found

that living without drugs and alcohol is much more challenging. In sobriety I became homeless, lost more than half of my worldly possessions, and gained 85 pounds. These challenges alone are daunting.

But the rewards are greater. I've gained a sense of hope and purpose, made new, real friendships, found my spirituality, realized my passions, achieved some of my goals, learned that my presence in the lives of others can be a powerful and profound force, discovered something of the person I always wanted to become, reconnected with my family, and came to like myself and the world around me.

Best of all, I'm learning to live life on life's terms, and I'm present every day now for whatever adventures come my way.

From the very first time I inhaled poppers and every time I did drugs afterwards, there was a voice in my head that spoke to me without judgment, allegation, or accusation. Very gently it asked me in these exact words, "What are you doing?" I've come to know that this was my higher

From the very first time I did drugs, there was a voice in my head that spoke to me without judgment or accusation. Very gently it asked me, "What are you doing?"

power making contact with my conscious self.

So, it's important for me to remember that we are not human beings on a spiritual journey. We are spiritual beings on a human journey.

—Lee L.

WHERE DID SUNDAY GO?

GLAMOUR WEEKENDS: THEN & NOW

BEFORE MY TRIP INTO SOBRIETY, my life was so glamorous. I spent my weekdays recovering from each weekend past and preparing for each weekend future. Calling connections to make sure I had the right “party favors.” Planning with “friends” to spend quality time in dark, loud clubs. Looking for sexual escapades to share with my lover and others.

Weekends—indicating the time period acceptable to use drugs—first started on Fridays with a “low key” sex party lasting until Saturday downtime, or pre-club time. This was the time to come down a bit and get more favors ready for the evening.

Saturday night clubbing made me feel

like I was finally “somebody.” I got to dance with the half-naked “in-crowd” at the hot clubs and circuit parties. I felt such a sense of unity after pushing my way to the center of a dancefloor packed with sweaty, grinding bodies moving together and sharing so much love...

In addition to sharing their love, they shared their bumpers and spoons and vials and other utensils in that search for unity. And how quickly the bodies moved away from someone dropping to the floor or being carried away from a drug overdose!

When I think about clubbing now, I also remember the intense looks on everyone’s faces in the inner circle.

If dance is about rejoice, why was no one smiling? Why were all jaws set firmly while furtively glancing around before doing the bump bend? Why were people wearing sunglasses inside at night on a dance floor? Where did Sunday go? And why was I crying on Tuesdays that my life was so empty, before doing a bump and picking up the phone to start planning next weekend?

Why do I, or the addict in me, miss this at times?

My weekends now start on Fridays again, after a work-productive, relatively stress-free work week. Friday night I go to a recovery meeting and then to fellowship with the group. We generally go out to eat and then sit and talk. Generally I get to bed around midnight on Fridays now—after a long week its nice to go to bed thinking about my day off on Saturday.

Saturday morning I spent doing chores, and then I have the rest of the day to spend with friends from recovery groups before or after meetings. Who knew there were so many activities to do during the day!

Sunday morning I get up early, as opposed to having stayed up since Friday. I start my day with a recovery meeting and then head off to work. Working Sundays in Chelsea is quite an experience—I get to smile and flirt with people all day. I also get to see guys running home with their sunglasses on before the sun gets them. Sundays after work, I get together with friends from my fellowship or simply go home to try to pursue a new hobby, cook or simply watch TV.

Wow! It seems like I get through my weekends now without drugs, developing meaningful relationships with others and with myself, doing and seeing things without sunglasses, and finally rejoicing in my life.

I guess my life is still pretty glamorous. —Christopher G.

EMBER IN THE FIRE

A WINTER PARABLE

A man who had previously been attending meetings regularly stopped going. After a few weeks, his sponsor decided to visit him. It was a chilly evening, and the sponsor found the sponsee at home alone, sitting before a blazing fire. Guessing the reason for his sponsor’s visit, the sponsee welcomed him. He led him to a big chair near the fireplace and waited. His sponsor made himself comfortable but said nothing. In the grave silence that followed, he contemplated the flames playing around the burning logs. After some minutes, the sponsor took the fire tongs, carefully picked up a brightly burning ember, and placed it to one side of the hearth all alone. Then he sat back in his chair, still silent. The sponsee watched all this in quiet fascination. As the one lone ember’s flame diminished, there was a momentary glow, and then its fire was no more. Soon it was cold and “dead as a doornail.” Not a word had been spoken since the initial greeting. Just before the sponsor was ready to leave, he picked up the cold, dead ember and placed it back in the middle of the fire. Immediately it began to glow once more with the light and warmth of the burning coals around it. As the sponsor reached the door to leave, the sponsee said: “Thank you so much for your visit and especially for the fiery sermon. I’ll see you at the meeting in the morning.” —Anonymous (via Eric M.)

L.A. STORY

A LETTER FROM CMA'S HOMETOWN

WE'VE COME A LONG WAY since our very first meeting of Crystal Meth Anonymous in Los Angeles nine years ago, which would eventually lead to the first CMA meeting in New York City in 1998. That first L.A. meeting was the Friday night home group on September 16, 1994. That group still meets every Friday at 10:30 PM; of the twelve addicts in attendance at the first meeting nine have remained continuously sober and active in our fellowship.

From that one meeting the CMA program grew quickly to a small number of meetings in and around Los Angeles, CA. Since our CMA website (crystalmeth.org) began offering the new meeting download kit four years ago, the fellowship has grown very rapidly to include over a hundred meetings around the U.S., including the ever growing group in New York City, and in Canada—making us truly an international fellowship of recovering addicts.

Growth requires change. The original infrastructure of service must now adapt to meet the needs of this rapidly expanding fellowship. Our bylaws were written when the organization was primarily serving the L.A. area. The General Service Organization (GSO) in L.A. is currently looking at amending these CMA bylaws in order to foster the participation of outlying areas in the decisions that affect the fellowship as a whole, and to increase participation in general. Changing our organizational structure will ensure that the GSO can continue to reach out to those in need of recovery from crystal meth, to encourage new meetings, and to

coordinate the production of our fellowship's own literature. We must also have national GSO meetings—in the beginning these will probably be

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scheduled to coincide with the CMA conventions. Our 2003 conventions are in L.A. and Phoenix; we hope other areas will produce conventions in the near future.

Already there are area councils and intergroups in New York, Salt Lake City and Phoenix. The fellowship is also growing quickly in Florida, Georgia, Colorado, Illinois and the Mid-Atlantic States. One of the primary challenges facing us is how to include CMA members from around the country in the group conscience of our GSO. As we begin to develop our own literature,

have contact with the press, and engage in the distribution of chips and literature, it is vitally important that all areas are represented. We are actively soliciting ideas from the fellowship as to how to achieve this.

If you have ideas please write us at outreach@crystalmeth.org.

The time has come for us to begin to develop a truly national infrastructure. We need the support and participation of all areas in order to carry the

message. Please consider how this can best be achieved, and let your ideas be heard in order to create a truly representative service structure for

CMA. While we don't want to re-invent the wheel, AA, NA and CA's service structures were developed in a different technological era. We have tools available to us that simply weren't around when those organizations were created.

We are touched and humbled by the growth of the fellowship, and the energy and will to carry the message that we see spreading throughout the county. Please make your voice heard and join us in creating a service structure that can best serve your needs.

—Will H. (L.A.)

CMA Public Information Team

BIG BOOK THUMPER STUMPER

ANSWERS:

1. Ebby Thatcher (the man who eventually became Bill's sponsor), and Ted Burke, the pilot; the year was 1929. All three were drunk. Their plane into Manchester Airport also happened to be the first plane to ever land there.
2. Bill C., a young Canadian alkie, former attorney, compulsive gambler, stayed Bill's house for nearly year, and committed suicide in October, 1936, using the gas stove.
3. After the Tenth Step.
4. A belief, or a willingness to believe, in a Power greater than oneself.
5. Working with another alcoholic.
6. Life will take on new meaning; to watch people recover; to see them help others; to watch loneliness vanish; to see a fellowship grow up about you; to have a host of friends this is an experience you must not miss.
7. Resentment, selfishness, dishonesty, fear.
8. They like the effect produced by alcohol.

We are touched and humbled by the energy and will to carry the message throughout the country.

SUNDAY

6:00 PM STEP MEETING (1.5 HRS) ○
 Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center

6:30 PM BEGINNERS' BASICS C
 Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center

MONDAY to FRIDAY Mornings

7:45 AM GOOD MORNING HIGHER POWER C
 Gay Men's Health Crisis

MONDAY

6:00 PM RELAPSE PREVENTION C
 Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center

TUESDAY

8:00 PM BEGINNER MEETING (1.5 HOURS) C
 Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center

WEDNESDAY

6:30 PM TOOLS FOR BEGINNERS ○
 Gay Men's Health Crisis

THURSDAY

6:30 PM AS BILL SEES IT ○
 Gay Men's Health Crisis

8:00 PM BIG BOOK STUDY C
 Gay Men's Health Crisis

FRIDAY

8:00 PM CRYSTAL CLEAR (1.5 HOUR BEGINNER MEETING) ○
 Gay Men's Health Crisis

SATURDAY

8:00 PM CMA MEDITATION C
 Shambhala Meditation Center

10:00 PM INTIMACY, RELATIONSHIPS AND SEX IN SOBRIETY C
 Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center

ALL MEETINGS ONE HOUR UNLESS NOTED

○ = Meetings "Open" to everyone.

C = "Closed" meetings. Open only to those who
 have a desire to stop using crystal meth.

LESBIAN & GAY COMMUNITY SERVICES CENTER
 208 West 13 Street between 7 & 8 Avenues

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS
 119 West 24 Street between 6 & 7 Avenues

SHAMBHALA MEDITATION CENTER
 118 West 22nd Street between 6 & 7 Avenues, 6th floor

THE 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.