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November 2017

Straight from

The Horse's Mouth

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We want to hear from you . . .

To inspire our readers and acknowledge milestones in this journey, we would like to feature your story in one of our upcoming newsletters. Please send us a personal article, art or poem depicting your experience with addiction and/or alcoholism to:

[HAmedia](#)

Greetings,

We write you as representatives of Heroin Anonymous Long Island Area (HALIA). This informational bulletin's purpose is to increase communication between the groups of Heroin Anonymous throughout the world.

Springing up in 2's and 3's November 2017

Welcome to the first edition to "The Horse's Mouth." We are excited to bring you this publication as a way to bring us closer together as a fellowship, thereby attracting more people in need of what we have been so freely given.

Our fellowship was brought to Long Island in September of 2011, and since that time meetings have sprung up all across the Island.

It is truly a miracle that we are sober today. That we could live in a way that we could not imagine before. Knowing we get to experience all the things that we only dreamed about.

What is most important is that we get to show others who are new that there is a life behind heroin addiction.

As we continue to grow in our pioneering phase, we would like to be made unified in our efforts to serve our common purpose-

to carry the message to the heroin addict who still suffers.

With respect to its own affairs, each HA group should be responsible to no other authority than its own groups conscience. But when its plans concern the welfare of neighboring groups also, those groups ought to be consulted. No group, regional committee, or individual should ever take any action that might greatly affect HA as a whole without conferring with the trustees of the General Service Board at HA Area. On such issues our common welfare is paramount.

Therefore, it is our hope that members of groups attend area, as our fellowships common welfare is at stake. We meet at:

The Freedom From Suffering Group

[5 Maple St.](#)
[Bluepoint NY, 11751](#)

9pm on the 3rd Thurs. of month

Contact HALIA Bulletin:

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We can also be contacted through our web site at: [HAwebsite](#)

Contact World Services at: <http://www.heroinanonymous.org/>

Meeting Spotlight:

“We are not Saints”

Following a tumultuous year and half of spinning through the revolving door of outpatients, sober houses and county jail stays, I thought I had finally surrendered and was well on my way to long-lasting sobriety. In July 2015, for the first time I left a sober house without getting kicked out. I had 7 months clean. I had a sponsor and had gone through steps. I was working, driving and had gotten my own place. I had gained back the trust of my family and repaired broken friendships. However, within a month I was using and left dumbfounded as to how it had happened again.

In days, I was worse than ever and in the early morning hours of August 19th, 2015, I overdosed and ended up in a kneeling position on my bedroom floor. When my Uncle came to my apartment at 5pm that day, the unlikely course of events unfolded- he was able to get into my apartment and get me to the hospital with some life left in me, as nothing short of a miracle. I arrived John Doe with cardiac arrest, respiratory and kidney failure and an extra 40lbs of fluid in my left leg due to prolonged strangulation of blood flow. The ER was baffled and were ready to give up all hope. A doctor came to my aid and was able to get a hold on my condition. He induced a coma, put me “on ice” and immediately started dialysis. When I woke up several days later, I looked around and had to confront the hard truth-that this is where drugs and alcohol had taken me. The delusion was broken, I experienced a true surrender and finally felt a tangible existence of God. I remained in the hospital for three months, I suffered severe nerve damage to my left leg from compartment syndrome. Thank God, I suffered no permanent brain damage and my kidneys came back to life. My only lasting injuries are to my left leg, I had to learn to walk again and I’m finally starting to get some movement back in my foot and toes.

In my experience, I know the importance of having a home group, a place where I feel comfortable do service and be accountable to others that really know

me. Looking back, the one main area I lacked in was service and helping others. After all, selfishness is the root of our problem, so if I’m not helping others, how well am I really working my program? At the time, Holbrook was my home group and the first meeting I went to when I humbly rolled back into the rooms of HA in a wheelchair. I spent almost a year there, when in late Summer 2016, we sadly lost our meeting space. After a few months, a new group sprouted and I was psyched to have my Monday night void replaced.

“We are not saints”, which takes place at 7pm Monday night in Islip, is finally beginning to flourish, as in spite of a spacious meeting place and it being the only HA meeting in the area on Monday night, periodically suffered such low attendance it threatened the existence of the meeting itself. It was frustrating to see the meeting dwindle and we all decided to take action. Group members and the fellowship as a whole gathered to raise awareness of the meeting, as well as organize the group as to better carry out our primary purpose, which to carry the message to still suffering Heroin addict. We all are so grateful to be keeping the doors open and there is nothing more gratifying than being able to give back what was so freely given to us.

“So many came to our meeting’s aid and grabbed commitments, brought others and worked so hard to encourage our meeting’s growth. Recently, I looked around the room and was so happy to see a flood of new members getting involved.”

I want to extend my personal thanks to God, our meeting place, our group members, HA and most importantly the newcomer, who the most important person in any meeting.

God Bless – Jim Tepedino, Jr.

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Women in Recovery: “First Things First”

My name is Jenny and I am a recovered heroin addict. I first discovered the rooms of H.A when I was about 5 months sober. I had gotten my start in another fellowship with whom we derive our program of recovery from. When I first walked into H.A I felt this huge sense of belonging. I didn't know any of the people in the room but I felt at home. I am 33 years old and I am a mother of soon to be 3 children ages 9, 19 months and one more in utero. Sometimes I feel like the oldest person in the room at meetings. And you know what? – thank God. Many of us were not fortunate enough to make it into our 30s.

When I came around I was newly through my steps and had begun to sponsor people. I was so excited to just of made it out alive that I was eager to help anyone who came in my path. While I love alcoholics I could see that there was such a need to be of service to me fellow heroin addicts so I stayed around and tried to help as many people as God put in my path. I eventually met my husband doing service at a local institution and made friends doing the same thing. It was like my life was being rebuilt on this path. The people who were placed in my path were of substance and purpose because I truly did my best to abandon myself utterly to my higher power.

Within the past 3 years I have gotten married, went to school, obtained a career in a field that I felt called to, made not one but two babies and did my best to carries the 12 steps into all of my affairs. Life became very full and very beautiful. Some days I wake up, thank God and meditate between baths, breakfast, drives to school and so on and so forth. Some days I wake up at 3 am and that's when my daughter decides to start her day. On those days I sometimes forget to thank God. I'll forget to pause. Meditation goes out the window because if I shut my eyes, I will fall asleep. First things first must always be God. How easy is it to forget that God is the only reason why I even have a daughter. It is a daily surrender. Some

days that surrender takes place upon awakening and some days that surrender takes place after I have self-willed myself into a fog, but the point is that every day I do my best. When I become aware of something I do what I have been taught by the people who came before our young fellowship.

The truth is I am not a mother, wife, addict, daughter, or employer. I am a child of God no different than you or anyone else. I was born on this planet just as you were. I am not the roles I have been assigned. I gladly fulfill those roles but they are not who I am at the core.

“I am simply here to surrender to God's will and do his work as he sees fit.”

Some days that means changing diapers and taking care of sick kids. Other days that means driving someone to a detox or it means picking up the phone and talking to sponsees and usually most days it means doing a mix of it all. The point is, I must be in a position to really hear the guidance that comes from within and that tuning in comes from a whole lot of practice with prayer and meditation. I am not perfect at all and neither is my daily practice but it is evolving just as I am and when I fall short I add that into this great experience and use even the bad for good. The darkness is only bad when I consciously decide not to turn the light on. The beautiful blessing is that there is always a light switch. There is always a power source. Am I tuned in or am I tuned out? No matter how loud life can be I can always tune into the symphony. I am truly so grateful for this fellowship and for the people who came before us. Much love to you all!!!

-Jenny T.

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