

VOLUME L | ISSUE 1 | JAN-FEB 2019

THE 12 STEP RAG

**THE BI-MONTHLY
NEWSLETTER OF THE
FAMILIES ANONYMOUS
FELLOWSHIP**

FOR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS
CONCERNED ABOUT ANOTHER'S USE
OF DRUGS, ALCOHOL, OR RELATED
BEHAVIORAL PROBLEMS



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THE 12 STEP RAG

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EDITOR'S NOTE

We cannot always control what experiences we have. Sometimes, life throws at us circumstances that can be too overwhelming to handle – none of us chose to have a loved one in addiction and yet, we found ourselves in a storm of helplessness and confusion. This experience of powerlessness – of seeing a father, a daughter, a sister, a loved one, lost to addiction has led many of us to be too hard on ourselves. A guilt-inducing voice whispers to us quietly, “You should have been a better parent, a more available spouse, a more loving child.” Even in recovery, we beat ourselves up about not having been in the fellowship earlier! It’s only natural that many of us have developed perfection as a subconscious coping response to addiction in our lives. Nothing we do or experience can be good enough. It has been one of my resolutions this year to consciously realign that self-deprecating voice in my head and remind myself of this beautiful AA/ FA slogan – *Progress, Not Perfection*. I don’t have to do everything right every time. What’s important is that I try. I am thinking of all the things I’ve wanted to, but never got down to even attempting, because I was waiting for the right moment, the right resource, the right inspiration and to do them flawlessly! We might not be ‘there’ yet, but it’s just that one step we take towards our recovery that matters.

I hope you enjoy reading this edition, do send us your thoughts and stories!

In Fellowship,

Elizabeth

Embracing Change

FA Helped Me Make My Life about Myself

I've been privileged to enjoy in this fellowship for eleven years, the gift of true friendship, needed for healing the offshoots of a personality made up of repressed long standing issues.

It was as if I was carrying a load much beyond my capacity. During weekly FA meetings, I can be open about my inability to handle issues as well as share little successes of the week. It also made me increasingly open to listening to others. Identifying with

With people moving away in their lives, and more time on my hands, it's time for me to usher the winds of change.

their situations, I picked up coping skills to manage my life situations. In time I did my step work and had opportunities to guide a few others in their recovery. In guiding a sponsee, the sponsor benefits much more. That's what happened to me. In holding the mirror for others, I got to know much more about myself. I saw that I had judged myself harshly as a little girl, that my extremes of

moral policing had no room for shades of grey. The unfortunate thing about this was that unless there is an internal change in my belief system, I tend to get stuck where I am, stunting my progress in all areas. It has been a painful reality to awaken in the latter half of my life only to realise that much of what I have been doing so far was focused on others. With people moving away in their lives, and more time on my hands, it's time for me to usher the winds of change.

Riding on hope and faith alone, was not enough. To see the results of faith, I learnt, I needed to be proactive. The adage 'Faith without action is dead' fits well here. In the program, I learnt that this translation from faith to belief wouldn't happen overnight. I also learnt that as I responded to situations aptly with increasing faith, my belief system would become stronger. A strong belief is required for consistency and commitment to action. For a long time, even though I have been wanting to start a new hobby, I have shied away from it, resting on my past glory and not being able to stick to a planned daily routine to go the extra mile. I'm in the process of retrieving my once shattered belief

system which went hand in hand with my damaged identity and self worth. As I am seeking more help for healing, the first step has been the identification of these damages. I hope to let my hair down so as to get in touch with my inner self and increasingly become whole by using the help of people whom the Universe intends for me to meet along the way. At such times I tell myself that it's okay to cry those healing tears and that I'm one step nearer to my healing.

An event by itself has no meaning. It's the attitude and the emotional punch towards it that brings in meaning. With no outlet, over a prolonged period, I had accumulated chronic resentment. With grace, sensing immense love from my Higher Power, having realized that it has only been a deterrent in relationships, I am letting

go of my resentment by placing each person in a different colored balloon and not forcing the balloon to go. With the flying of the balloon, the resentment will go and people will come back, smiling.

To reach the above stage, it has taken me many years as all the while I was trying to do it by myself. My rock bottom brought me to surrender my incapability of handling many situations at different times. Every time, surrender has quietened my mind immediately besides bringing me untold freedom. All I say is "I can't, I can't anymore," and surrender my thinking to my Higher Power.

In areas where I needed to have accepted people, places and situations without expectations, I had expectations. It took me a long time to



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realize that those were things over which I had no control. I could not control someone else's thoughts, emotions or actions. I'm still finding it difficult to let go of the strings with which I puppet especially my addict, even though he is in recovery today. It's as if I want to live my life through my children, that neither they, nor I have an existence of our own. In time, I realized that this was far from being the healthy interdependence in relationships. On the other hand, this was sick dependence. It was as if one had to take permission from the other to grow. My son is in his thirties, why do I still hold on to my umbilical cord? Can't I do away with it? Don't I want freedom from bondage?

There were no clear boundaries between the things each of us would handle. I observed that in my enthusiasm to support him in his

recovery, I have been an intruder in his growth. I would think, feel and act for him. In short, instead of him, I existed in his place, dissuading his very existence and identity. I took up his space largely. There was no clear divide between our spaces.

With the help of my fellow members and counselors I realized that not knowing how to handle my emotions during trying times, very early on, at a young age led me to bottle up and stifle my identity. It seemed as if I had chosen to annihilate my existence long ago, unable to handle my emotions and situations. And then I had filled the emotional gap in me by taking on responsibility that belonged to others. It was easier being an agony aunt for others, instead of taking responsibility for my own feelings.

My escape routes have been numbness or being emotionally shut down and over thinking and worrying about situations which are yet to come. Although less frequently now, I do tend to get caught up between fear, anger and helplessness at my inability to handle things my way. The serenity prayer and at other times, a couple of deep breaths have helped me. When I do this, I see a shift in my thoughts and mood immediately.

By Rupa

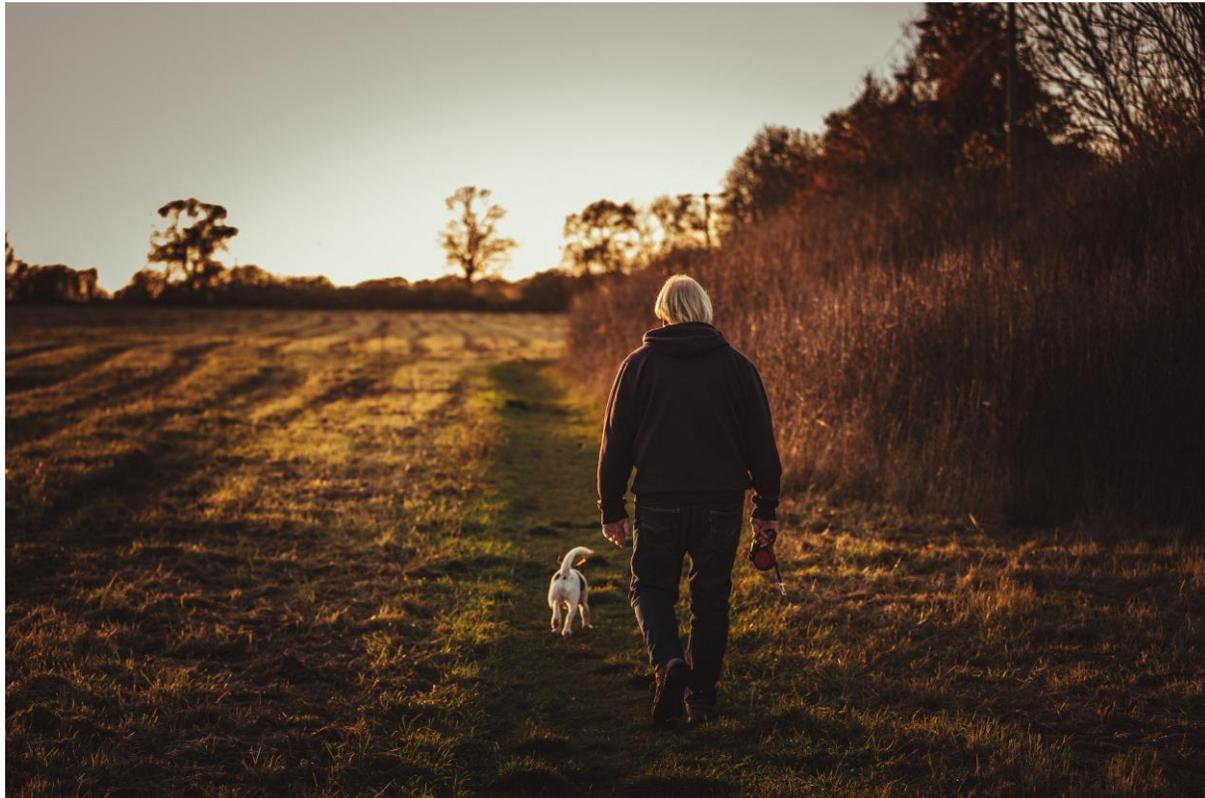
Where the Wild Things Were In 2007

We need to be ready with our Plan Bs learns an FA Group Starter

On a Sunday night I click on the PBS television channel to see wild chameleons and wild pandas, and then I become entranced with “the wildest mating habits,” a category made into an episode. These are the beautiful creatures given to special characteristics with fascinating adaptability to their environments.

“God’s creations are outrageous.”
“Nature is amazing.” “That was interesting!” All these things I think to myself as I get mesmerized into sleepiness, and then switch off the television.

But now it’s very early Monday morning and I decide on a plan to explore and walk around our ranch with my dog and take pictures. Being out in the country, I watch for the one wild thing that could take out my puppy like a lion finding a lost sheep—the coyotes. This particular morning I was walking our rescue dog around our property, my camera around my neck; the sun was soon to rise and the early morning was still dark enough for the moon to shine and the light fog to drape dizzily on us. I knew several wild coyotes could be out and about, so I walked holding a big rock. I wanted so badly to catch the first



sunlight on our pear trees drenched in mist.

“Hey!” I heard the hidden plea from the direction of the house, then saw Andrew in his pajama bottoms and bed-head hair angle toward me, his head bowed as if he was thinking about what words to say.

“Hey, back to you!, fun to see you up early!” I stopped and saw his face come up, lined and fraught with want. “Want to walk with me?”

“No, Mom, what I want is to get

My morning has changed; it wasn't what I hoped for. I won't get that shot of the sun through the tree trunks that sweeps across the grass; it only lasts a couple minutes; I've missed it.

those Indian cigarettes today, ya know the ones that are natural; they don't have additives.” He is only 23 but with anxiety beyond his years, and I really want my time alone.

“Are you asking for a ride today? It's only about six and you're

shivering! After my walk, okay?” I hear my voice rise stridently and feel my jaw tighten. “How about we both get our coffee on our own time this morning and talk again after that. Can you text me around nine--it's not even daylight yet!. I just got started.”

“That dog's spoiled. I'm telling you now so you don't forget I want to go with you on errands--when are you going?” He mumbles, frustrated, staring at the dog.

The sun was now striking sharply through the trees and the moon faded into the bluing sky.

“Andrew...please use your own time wisely this morning. I see you're anxious to get to the store, but please respect my time to walk and think about my day!” I watch him pace furtively. “I'm doing errands at around 11:00 okay? be ready then if you want to go. Go make coffee or get some more sleep!”

“You always want me to go away!” He watches me for my reaction and kicks the gravel; he turns around and closes the door behind him. I sigh and roll my eyes. He'll be over this hissy-fit and go back to sleep, then he'll emerge more human and patient by eleven. But my jaw still feels tight and I've sunk into a feeling that I find hard to shake off.

I realized the wild coyotes would be back to their den, I threw the rock down. I looked up at the sun-lit sky and saw the wind had kicked up. Just as I thought, the sun, low still behind the neighbor's barn, was about to emerge and shine on the cattails. I ran and found a view of the line of lit-up cattails, their fuzz escaping from their stalks and being carried in swirls by the wind. I took three photos of them and watched the neighbor's tractor start up for a day's work. I went to take a shower and get coffee.



This newsletter is meant for us who really need the support of others who may experience a “wild one” who could take out a moment, some serenity or a morning-walk. I don't need to explain the behavior - the smoking or the self-centered attitude; you get it and understand. I set out with good intentions to expand

my life, to take care of me too. Also, I try to be understanding by collecting greeting cards for just the right person at the right time, and I have one now in my drawer waiting. It shows a cute lady in bohemian garb skipping onto a path from a fork in the road: “Life Is All About How You Handle Plan B.”

On this day I had to accept Plan B—the pussy-willows instead of the trees, and during my life I will have to accept more Plan Bs. Whether for a morning or for years, I know there are options even after thwarted expectations, and it's possible to change my negative reactions to positive responses.

Today, Andrew has attended, all of the way through, three drug rehabilitation programs. With each one, he has applied more maturity and mindfulness toward his path of living day-to-day without his favorite escape hatch—getting high. I have applied my tools of achieving serenity now for nine years. At our Families Anonymous meetings I get to hear other moms and dads talk of how they are changing their negatives to positives and how faith can push our fears, of the wild things, out of the way of our serenity. So I keep going back; it worked then and it is still working today. - [Anonymous Mom and FA Starter](#)

The Assurance of a New Tomorrow

A couple who have embraced their local FA program for 8 years share their experiences on this journey and how they evolved to fully realize the 'Twelve Promises' of Families Anonymous

Now in our eighth year of Families Anonymous (FA), my wife Lisa and I have come to realize that we are living 'The 12 Promises' in our lives, a direct result of working the FA program. It had been a humbling thought to consider as we welcomed a new member who was attending her first meeting. Due to her son's opioid addiction she had arrived in the same state that we had, completely broken emotionally, bewildered and searching for any sign of light within her completely unmanageable life. Similarly, we had been every bit as broken when we finally found the courage to walk into our first Families Anonymous meeting. I distinctly recall feeling the warm embrace of people who 'got it'. We had no idea where this meeting might lead us but left feeling

that we'd come back. Little could we have imagined that this group would become such a core part of our lives as the most supportive, empathetic and least judgmental group of people we've ever met.

Coming back to the topic of 'Promises', I didn't discover 'The 12 Promises' until our third year. It was in our treasured Red Book 'Today a Better Way' but tucked right in the very beginning with 'The 12 Steps', 'Letter to the Newcomer,' etc. When I found it, I was fascinated as I had begun to internalize some of the basic life skills and strategies that FA teaches us. For example, 'over time' and 'each in our own way'. I was evolving into a newer, better me in terms of living life on life's terms and learning how to live one day at a time which is an amazing gift. Despite my feelings of 'starting to get' the FA way, the 'Promises' still struck me as aspirational. I realized that while I was on a better course, I had a long way to go to personally realize these lofty promises.

"I was evolving into a newer, better me in terms of living life on life's terms and learning how to live one day at a time which is an amazing gift"

For readers that are new or newer to FA, and even those that have been working it for some time, as per my own experience these promises may seem like a set of stretch goals. But five years later, I can attest that when you work the FA program and truly embrace all that it entails, they do come true.

Lisa and I are part of an incredible support community and have developed deep, lasting friendships with a growing circle of friends that we would have never met if we hadn't had an addicted loved one in our family. We had reached our wit's end and somehow found our way to that fateful first FA meeting.

Today, we look forward to attending our two weekly meetings as often as we can. Additionally, we spend a growing amount of social time with our FA Family and look for opportunities to spread the word about FA so that others can be helped. The icing on our individual recoveries is that our son recently celebrated two years of his own recovery, is engaged to a beautiful young lady who is five years into her own recovery, and they plan to marry in another year. If you'd have asked me eight years ago if our son would even be alive today, I probably would have bet against it. Yet, here we are today, he and I truly "Living a Better Way" and deep in my heart I know that FA has played a major role in our evolution as a family. "It works if you work it!"



The “TWELVE PROMISES” of Families
Anonymous (Adapted from A.A. with
permission)

These Promises will come true—
sometimes quickly, sometimes
gradually—as we study and work the
Twelve Steps and practice making
them a fundamental part of our lives.

1. We are going to know a freedom from worry and a new happiness.
2. We will not regret the past or wish to shut the door on it.
3. We will comprehend the word serenity.
4. We will know peace.
5. No matter what we've been through, we will see how our experiences can benefit others.
6. Those feelings of resentment and self-pity will disappear.

7. We will lose interest in trying to change others, and we will
8. We will gain an appreciation for those special people in our lives.
9. Self-righteousness will slip away.
10. Our attitudes and our outlook on life will change.
11. Our insecurities and our fear of other people's opinions will leave us.
12. We will intuitively know how to handle situations that used to baffle us.
13. We will come to realize that God is doing for us what we could not do for ourselves.

Today is a good day!

By Kevin & Lisa

*"Let go of fear and your need to control. Relinquish anxiety.
Let it slip away, as you dive into the river of the present
moment, the river of your life, your place in the universe."*

Melodie Beattie

MY FIRST FA CONVENTION

Even if you're brand new to FA, you can find inspiration and fellowship, at the Convention

I first learned about Families Anonymous after my youngest son and second qualifier had been arrested and charged with five felony counts of burglary. After bailing him out of jail and placing him in a rehab, I jumped at the chance when my best friend suggested I join her on a working cruise to the Caribbean.

Unbeknownst to me, it didn't take long for word to spread among her colleagues and their guests about what had recently occurred with my son.

One kind woman approached me and shared that she had a friend who faced a similar situation with her daughter and was now a member of a group called Families Anonymous that met in Boca Raton, FL. At this point in my emotional journey I was embarrassed that someone outside my family knew about our 'situation.' I tucked the information into my back pocket because I lived on the opposite side of Florida, in Manatee County,

where no FA meetings were then available.

After riding the crazy train of addiction for a couple of more years I was convinced I couldn't help my children overcome their disease. At the same time I was sucked into the vortex of despair, brokenness and emotional instability and found myself on the FA website. The announcement for the annual convention in Miami caught my eye and I decided that I was going to attend and see what this organization was all about.

I was sucked into the vortex of despair, brokenness and emotional instability and found myself on the FA website.

I remember walking into the first event and finding a sea of people who had experienced the same problems as I had with my sons. I have to laugh when I think back on my belief that I was the only one there who

had two qualifiers.

The breakout sessions were not only informative but moving. By the end of the weekend I knew my life had changed for the better. I was no longer

alone. One evening I was seated next to someone at dinner who has since become a lifelong friend. On the final night of the convention we were asked to go around the room introducing ourselves – telling our first names and where we came from. Another couple announced that they too were from Manatee County, Florida. We connected and with their experiences with FA in NJ, we successfully formed an FA group there. Some nights we might have as many as 12 people attending or as few as three, but the meetings are always impactful. The members of our Manatee County group have become like family - a family that strives to work the principles of Families Anonymous in all aspects of our lives.

I am eternally grateful that I took the step to attend that convention. It was more than I could ever have hoped for. The Latin food was delicious, the hosts gracious, the atmosphere welcoming and the agenda both entertaining and enlightening. It's my goal to try to attend the convention every year because FA will be a part of my life for the rest of my life...because it saved my life.

By Cindy N.

Is there a topic you would like to see covered in the Rag? Send your ideas to 12steprag@familiesanonymous.org

Calling all members! What do you do for yourselves to cope with and enjoy life. Is it photography? Yoga? Painting? Pottery? Writing? Share what you do and how it has helped you. And be sure to send in photos of your work. Submissions or questions can be sent to:
12steprag@familiesanonymous.org

“Today I will stay alert to the pain of others by listening; then I will pray for the words that will bring hope and encouragement to them.” [from #1015 Today A Better Way, December 17, “Listening”]

Working the 12 Steps

Mary G writes about rediscovering the 12 steps

I was in the program for quite a number of years, attending meetings and helping out a bit in my home group. I knew I had to work the steps, but somehow as they say, the time was never right. Rather, I chose to think so!

Finally, I got an opportunity to do my 12 steps in a 12 step workshop. One of the best outcomes of wanting to do the steps was that I found my sponsor. I realised that by being in a structured step workshop, it was easier to work on the steps in a planned way as detailed by the workshop leader.

For the first time, I began to grasp the intensity of each step in a small way and its relevance to all areas of my life.

For me, step One was a done deal...tick marked. I used to think by virtue of just being in the fellowship and attending meetings I had completed the requirement of Step One. After all, the very fact that I am in the program is an admission of my powerlessness and with the help of regular meetings I seek to make my life manageable. Working on Step One was an eye opener for me. I admitted my powerlessness and that my life had become unmanageable yet again. The step reads 'had'! It wasn't only after the addict came into my life



that it became unmanageable. Life 'had' become unmanageable way back when I was much younger. I felt that the blanket cover of blaming the addict, was removed and I stood naked in the light of the knowledge that I made my life unmanageable. I was responsible for the different etched deductions I made from different life situations while growing up. The exercises of recollecting incidents and events from the past and writing down the conclusions I made about myself in those situations, revealed so much about my automatic reactions and judgments as well as the worries that I imprinted on myself. Like in one of my recollections of a family situation...how I deduced and decided it would be better for me (my parents and my 6 siblings) to be quiet about what I had wanted, at the cost of not expressing myself freely. And this continued to be reinforced in later incidents. I came to be known as a quiet girl. Only I knew the pain of suppressing my expressions. I can still feel the burden of suppression. Through these and many more recollections I recognized defects in my character that had created my unmanageability and thus life had become unmanageable! How tempting it was to blame someone else,

Prompts such as 'listen to learn' rather than 'listen to reply' are becoming the voice in my head changing my outlook.

but not anymore. Step one ever since has been the most crucial step for me...my access to admitting my powerlessness. Unmanageability was not something to be afraid of. Prompts such as 'listen to learn' rather than 'listen to reply' are becoming the voice in my head changing my outlook.

I realized there was authentic fear (good fear) and inauthentic fear that stopped me from taking action and I saw some ways in which I could make life more manageable.

Working each of the other steps, I learnt so much about myself that I did not know before. To do my fourth and fifth steps felt like a never before experience. To share my feelings with my Higher Power and with my sponsor alike!

God listened and my sponsor reflected God's words for me. Listing out the persons I had harmed, and making amends - feeling free and humble to say I am sorry – I unburdened myself from the weight I was carrying. Since working the 12 steps, I know I have the continuous ammunition to deal with the 'unmanageables' of life, and with an amen to the 12th step, I try to pay it forward. **A Grateful Memb**

The Gift of Sponsorship

A Mother Who Needed a Sponsor

I am a mother who came to Families Anonymous needing help. I remember that I really wanted someone in my group to become my sponsor. There was so much to learn and so many principles that I couldn't get my mind around. It was very frustrating, because I wanted to solve my problem at home with my teenager *immediately!* I quickly learned that I needed to help myself, first, before anything at home could change. But I didn't know what to look for in a sponsor or how to ask for help.

I bought *The Twelve Step Workbook* and tried to work on my own. There was little relief for me from this process. I knew I could go no farther without the wisdom and guidance from someone who seemed to have a handle on what was called *recovery*. Looking around the meeting room, it seemed that there was no woman who was any farther along than I in trying to find answers. Working with someone in this group would be like the blind leading the blind! So my workbook was set aside, but I continued to go to meetings and would buy a piece of FA literature to read now and then.

That year, there was a convention close to where I live. I decided to attend. The workshops and speakers were wonderful! There were opportunities for attendees to meet new friends, time between sessions to discuss what we were learning, good meals to enjoy with friends, and with speakers and entertainment in the evenings.

It was at the convention that I found a sponsor! She was younger than me but way ahead of me in her recovery. We seemed to "hit it off" when we met. I asked her to sponsor me, and she replied that she would be glad to do so. But there was a problem; she belonged to another FA group in my state that was too far away for us to meet.

We sat down to discuss a plan for emails, texting, and phone calls. Both of us realized that for this plan to work, we needed to be in contact by phone at least once a week. The two of us agreed that our plan was manageable, and we could use the other means of contact in between phone calls.

And, it worked! For two years she was the sponsor who helped me navigate *The Twelve Step Workbook* and apply what I learned to my life. I can truly say that finding a sponsor was the best thing I did to help myself learn how to recover! I can highly recommend finding a sponsor to every FA member. It works if you work it! - **The Twelve Step Workbook - 1019**

While it's up to each of us to work the programme, the gift of sponsorship can help us stay on track. This is the third of our articles in a series on sponsorship. If you have a story about sponsorship share it with us.

Memorial Donations

*In Memory of Jacqueline,
daughter of long time members Gwen and Woody
Group 1187, Bloomfield, CT*

*In Memory of Mathew C
By Stephanie P, Melanie P, Sandy B and Meghann R*

*In Memory of Mathew C,
Chico CA & Burton OH
By James & Theresa*

*In Memory of Mathew C
Chico CA & Burton OH
By Jan B*

*In Memory of Matthew C
Chico, CA & Burton OH
By Trish D*



As per the Seventh Tradition, each group should be self-supporting. Your donations help support the activities of the World Service Office. For more information on how to donate, please visit www.familiesanonymous.org and click **DONATE NOW!** Thank you for supporting the many activities of FA World Service. Your contribution is tax-deductible



VOLUNTEER WITH THE RAG!

The Twelve Step Rag is critical to helping keep the Fellowship connected, inspired, and informed. It's published every two months under the expert guidance of its current Editor, Elizabeth S, but she can't do it alone.



Here's how you can help:

1. **"Content is King."** The rag team can't do anything without raw materials - your written work. We're always desperately in need of content, whether it be an article, poem, slogan, or anecdote - please just write.

The topics are as broad as your interests: your growth in the Fellowship, your journey toward a more fulfilling life following the Twelve Steps, your struggles, setbacks, victories, hopes and dreams, the list goes on. Just talk about whatever moves you and that you believe will be helpful and/or interesting to others in the fellowship. And don't worry if you're not a great writer - that's what editors are for. We're looking for

heartfelt and truthful writing, not literary masterpieces (but if you write like John Cheever, so much the better!). Please send your work to our editor at 12steprag@familiesanonymous.org. The submission deadlines for upcoming issues of the Rag are provided at the end of the guidelines (the Step and Slogan listed for each issue are suggestions to focus your efforts, but not mandatory).

2. **Calling all Tech-Oriented Graphic Designers and Editors!** Each issue must be designed and laid out with appropriate graphics, headlines, and artwork so the final product continues to be attractive and fun to read. Right now the Rag is particularly in need of people with graphic design and editing experience. Can you please contribute some of your time and skills to helping ensure that the Rag continues to be of the highest quality, and that it comes out on a timely basis? We're looking for volunteers to work with us.

Please contact Elizabeth at 12steprag@familiesanonymous.org or Bob S at bobs@familiesanonymous.org if you have the skills, the time, and the desire to help, or if you have any questions.

Keep those submissions coming!

Yours in the Fellowship,

Bob S

WSB 12 Step Rag Liaison

TWELVE STEP RAG 2019 PUBLICATION SCHEDULE

ISSUE	FEATURED TOPICS	ARTICLES SUBMISSION DEADLINE	ANNOUNCEMENTS/ DONATIONS/ADS SUBMISSION DEADLINE
MAR/APR	-Step 2 - think...think...think	April 10	April 23
MAY/JUNE	-Step 3 - Misery is optional	June 10	June 23
JULY/AUG	-Step 4 - First things first	August 10	August 23
SEPT/OCT	-Step 5 - Help is only a phone call away	October 10	October 23
NOV/DEC	-Step 6 - Just for today	December 10	December 23

FINDING JOY IN YOUR STORY

Is that possible? Ever? For me?

How does anyone find joy with all the chaos and confusion surrounding addiction? Do people really accomplish this? How can I learn to find joy?

Please join us in Atlanta for the Annual Families Anonymous World Service Convention from June 7-9, 2019, where we will explore these questions, learn practical applications, try out mindfulness activities and enjoy our time together.

Our speakers and workshop leaders cover a range of family recovery topics including:

- Lessons learned by authors Beth Brand and Meridith Elliott Powell during 30 years of dealing with six addicts in their family.
- The role of music and meditation in reducing anxiety, enhancing self-healing and expanding self-awareness presented by Jonathan Adams.
- Resiliency techniques and a chance to try them out with Lisa Marie Walsh, a double board certified advance practice registered nurse and family and psychiatric nurse practitioner.
- A story of family recovery - parents, a sister and an addict in recovery will share what they have learned along the path toward family healing and working their own programs.

Stay tuned for more details ...

REGISTER NOW www.faconvention.com

REGISTER! QUESTIONS?
www.faconvention.com

**CLICK "Email" LINK
TO CONTACT US**

How May I Help with the Convention?

1. Sponsor Part of the Convention

Even if you are unable to attend this year's convention, you, your FA Group or any number of you can band together to sponsor a convention expense such as:

- Raffle Permit (\$100)
- Convention Insurance (\$150)
- Speaker Travel Costs (\$200)
- Program Booklet (\$250)
- Sunday Breakfast (\$300)

2. Donate a TimeShare or Condo

Share a week or weekend to be Ruffled or included in the Silent Auction.

3. Make a Monetary Donation

All donations of any amount are greatly appreciated! Let others know they can help out as well. Please make checks payable to: 2019 FA Convention and mail them to 2019 FA Convention, 545 Kearny St, Alpharetta, GA 30022.

4. Attend the Convention and Invite Others to Join You

Make new friends, grow in your own recovery and attend informative sessions.





Painting the Little House by Norman Rockwell (1921)