

WRITE LINES

Written by C.A. members for people in Hospitals and Institutions



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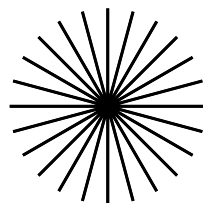
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August 2025



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ABOUT

WRITE LINES

'Write Lines' is published by voluntary members of Cocaine Anonymous as a means of practising our Twelfth Step. It is not our intention to endorse any individual member's opinion or offend anyone.

Our aim, along with the members who willingly share their stories, poems, artwork, and more, is to provide some hope, strength and courage to those wishing to get clean and sober but are unable to attend meetings in person.

The sole purpose of a Hospitals and Institutions "Committee is to carry the message of Cocaine Anonymous to those in Hospitals and Institutions. Institutions served may include, but are not limited to correctional facilities, sanitariums, detoxification units, juvenile detention centers, half-way houses, and shelters; either governmental or private. Confinement may be voluntary or involuntary."

World Service H&I Committee Guidelines Pg 1

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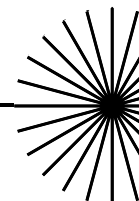
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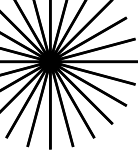
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POEM



Why?

There are many reasons why and I would think of them and cry. The torture of the drink then I would sit with my glass and think.

But I was in a solemn state and all my problems I couldn't relate. My problems would come and go then I would put on the mask for the show.

My girls my family I didn't care because I felt I had a cross to bear.

The drink came first in all I did. me and god made many a deal but I had to have the drink to control how I feel.

At first it was fun no matter what people say but I had to have that drink every single day.

The morning would come with the feeling of dread and the things I had done went round in my head.

The texts the calls the harm I had done I needed the drink to make me feel numb.

My life was in shatters and I couldn't reason why there's many a time I wish I would die.

The doctors the hospital couldn't find what was wrong because I would just lie and string them along.

I wanted some and that they couldn't give but deep in my heart I didn't want too live.

The day came along when I had to face what was true I was addicted to alcohol and I didn't know What to do.

The drink I was pouring I would say never again but the results was the same I had nothing but shame.

The feelings again would whirl round my head and the very next morning I would be in my bed.

Not knowing how when or why that turmoil again I wanted to die.

Then someone came along and told me to listen then told me their story and my eyes would glisten.

The tears came along as if my heart would break and the man said to me would I do what it takes?

So I listened and learned and told I wasn't the first so I read the big book to get rid of that thirst.

It wasn't going be easy that's what I was told but if I followed the steps my life would unfold.

A new beginning that had to be honest and true I knew it wasn't easy but something I had to do.

Sometimes the day's are not easy which I was told but if I stuck with the winners a new life would unfold.

I studied the steps and the book I was given and if I did what I should I may be forgiven.

So here in these pages I had a lot to do a new way of life would eventually come through.

Forgiving myself was the hardest too bear but with loving and kindness I knew I would get there.

So God in your heaven look down on me today and God keep me sober for only one day/

Linda

Here we share fellows own stories of addiction and recovery in their own words...



My name is J and I am a recovering addict... I am 21 years of age and have a beautiful staffy pup called O. She is 6 months old and in her life time I have gone from being a dependent daily user of heroin and crack cocaine (spending as much as £500 of both in a single day), injection after injection while also taking 30ml of methadone religiously and being just 6.7 stone, to being clean and sober of all mind altering substances, being almost 8 stone in weight and becoming part of a life changing programme and fellowship (12 steps of C.A.).

When opal was born, I was incapable of truly caring for her, anyone in fact and especially myself. I could barely walk or stand up on my own most morning... I had scabs and scars and bruises and lumps all over my fragile body... my mind was in a state of depression and despair. I came to be so unwell spiritually that I thought the only option I had was to let myself die.

By the time I felt I'd hit my rock bottom I felt I'd left it too late. I once enjoyed getting high and thought it was like a treat I could use to enjoy myself. In fact, for the first time I injected a snowball I felt I had arrived and that love for substance grew and grew like a lustful passion that couldn't be tamed. But then over time it stopped being fun and it became simply an obsession. Me and my husband would plan a romantic night in with our substance all loved up and happy.

In reality, once either of us had had that first hit, all we wanted to do was find the money for the next one, so the clothes came back on, the shoes and coats, phone calls being made frantically and hurrying each other on to get something sorted. If it was late and no one was answering we would venture out in the night, cold and dark, in hope to find a stranger who would take pity on us and give us some money, then pray the dealers were still on/active and would wait frantically for the next hit. Then the cycle continued all night until the whole world was fast asleep and me and my husband were the only ones awake and decided to give up for the night and just cuddle up in bed till the next day.

HOPE, FAITH, AND COURAGE

Waking up at teatime, having missed the sunshine and daylight, we would crawl out of our pit and dash down to the chemist before it shuts, knowing we won't cope without our magical green liquid. On those nights when it started off fun and those paydays we couldn't recall for the life of us after blowing over 1k in a few days on drugs, taxis to dealers, sweets for cravings and cigs to smoke, we would lie there hopelessly staring at each other in silence just thinking what have we done, again. The shadows grew deeper in our eyes, the colour faded from our faces and the brittle bony body's we carried around became so weak we could barely stand. What else was there to do other than stop. No one sane would carry on taking something that made them look and feel like death each day, would they?

This is where it got harder, trying to stop with all our might and exhausting our minds with stress and confusion as to why we physically couldn't. What was it forcing me to make that call and to prepare that needle with vit c and water watching my hands do the work and my mind disassociate from the situation, no longer enjoying the high, making myself feel so sick inside and yet still having to carry on? Insanity!

When two people who love each other find themselves in such a situation it begins to take its toll on the relationship and slowly yet surely, they drift apart, emotionally disconnected and feeling more alone than ever, they sit in silent discontent within meters from another human being and still can't bring themselves to talk. All they needed to do was admit they needed help. Admit how powerless they are over their addiction. This can take a very long time, sometimes forever.

Finally, I admitted I needed outside support and joined the community rehabilitation centre. I had regular meetings with my drugs worker and made a plan to come off the drugs, methadone and finally be completely clean and sober without having too bad of a rattle/withdrawal. I said all the right things and left them feeling confident I was going to keep away from my substance, but then that liar would pop back into my head and say I could just have one or that it would be different this time, that never happened.

I was powerless over my first thought to use and I didn't know what else I could do other than do as it told me to. Like a scared little girl, I trembled with fear of punishment and gave in to my thoughts each time. The hardest thing was using with a head full of recovery from the meetings and research I'd been doing over those first few weeks. I couldn't help but feel full of guilt and shame and that stopped the high from being enjoyable or even working/having an effect. I attended more meetings teaching me of the nature of addiction and why we use. This explained so much to me but still that thought came and I couldn't just ignore it, could I?

Anyways as time passed, I decided I needed more support if I was to completely stop using. I had it recommended to me that I join a mutual aid and attend a meeting, so I did. I first went to a NA (narcotics anonymous) meeting as I thought that's where I would be best suited after having had a heroin addiction. I went into the room nervous and not knowing what to expect, everyone was staring and I just stared back. At the end of the meeting, I left feeling overwhelmed by the topics discussed and like I didn't fit in, I thought mutual aid groups were not for me. I was a lone wolf, I didn't need these ex addicts to help me I was fine all by myself..

Someone mentioned to me that C.A. had a meeting near where I was staying at the time so I thought what's the harm in trying one more meeting, it might be more my style in C.A., and it was. The people, the atmosphere, the stories and the energy in the room was far more me, resonating on a deeper level, I was home. The rooms held me like a mothering force protecting me from myself and my substance. These people were just like me, they got it, they knew pain and they did not judge. I finally opened my mouth, I finally got honest.

I got a sponsor and a big book and went through the steps like there was no tomorrow, because if I kept picking up soon there wouldn't be. Each step was another step closer to freedom from my addiction and not once did I think oh well once I've completed these steps I won't have to do them again, we live this programme day in day out. That's what saves us, practice not perfection. I realised through this programme how resentful and angry I had been and how much I had been hurt and how much I had hurt, these pains can heal, I promise. All you have to do is keep coming back.

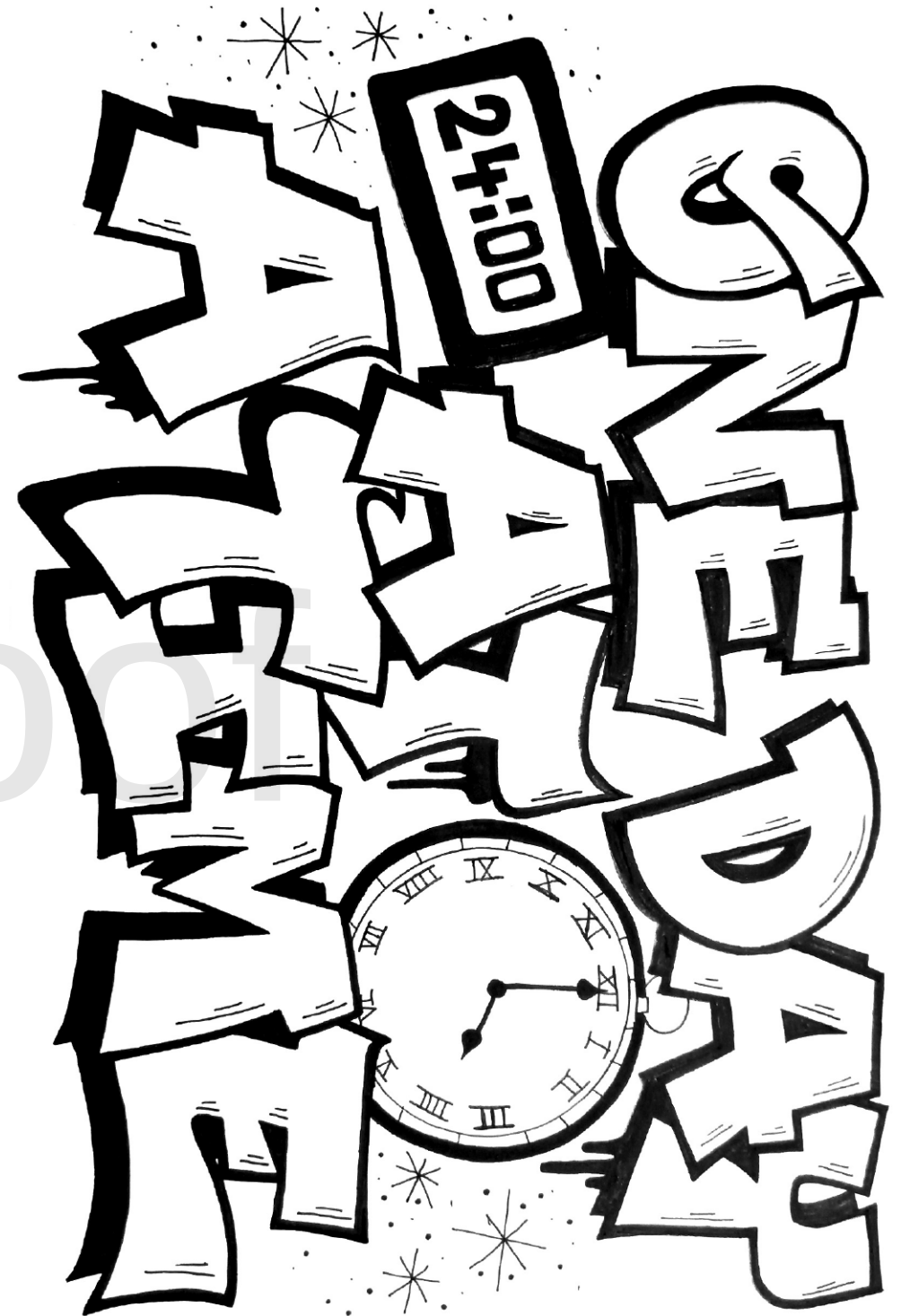
C.A. WRITE LINES - WORDSEARCH - 08-2025

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FELLOWSHIP
SPONSOR
FAITH
GOD
MALADY
ACCEPTANCE
TWELVE
SERENITY
MEETING
SERVICE
MEDITATION
RESTLESS
PEACE
RECOVERY
STEPS
COURAGE
SURRENDER
UNITY
PRAYER
HOPE



PASS THE TIME



WHY NOT COLOUR IT IN?

JUST PRAY ANYWAY

You start with belief, your experience will come.
A Higher Power (C.A. Pamphlet)

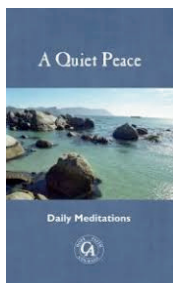
I was new in the program and was told that I needed a sponsor. Although I was looking, I couldn't seem to find anyone who seemed right for the job. One of my counselors suggested I just pray about it. I had been resistant about the spiritual part of the program, and I shared that with my counselor. "Just pray anyway," he responded.

So that's what I did. What the heck—it couldn't hurt to try even the simplest of prayers.

A few hours later, a man I'd never seen before came into our meeting. Turns out he was the speaker, and as he told his story, he might as well have been telling mine. Right then and there, I understood I had a Higher Power looking out for me.

This man became my sponsor, and we immediately began working the Steps. The first thing I noticed was that a lot of my burden and stress went away almost immediately. I found it easier to do everyday things, including fall asleep, or even face the day each morning. I soon learned that by talking about my problems, whether it was with another person in the Fellowship, my sponsor, or my Higher Power, my life became and has remained much more manageable.

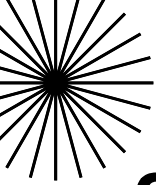
If I hadn't been willing to try praying in spite of my misgivings, I might still be drifting aimlessly, and I'm relatively certain that I would not be in recovery today. I have come to believe my Higher Power is always with me. It's comforting to know I am never alone. It is also comforting to know that I might be just a prayer away from the solution(s) to whatever my needs or problems are at any given moment.



THE 12 STEPS DESCRIBES THE PROGRAM OF RECOVERY USED BY COCAINE ANONYMOUS

1. We admitted we were powerless over cocaine and all other mind-altering substances – that 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 God as we understood Him.
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 Him 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 God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to addicts and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

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CAUK AREA ANNOUNCEMENTS

VISIONABLES MEETINGS ARE HERE!

A way to attend 12 Step meetings on your wing!

Visionables is now being used within prisons for healthcare appointments & can also be used to run 12 – step fellowship meetings. Cocaine Anonymous are already delivering C.A. meetings within prisons across the UK.

Please speak to staff about the possibility of having a C.A. meeting run this way.

WRITTEN SPONSORSHIP AVAILABLE!

PO BOX Address....

CAUK

P.O. Box 1337

Enfield

EN1 9AS

Please put on the BACK of the envelope the following information:

“[Name of Prison] – Sponsorship – [First Name and Prison Number]”

Note about Email Sponsorship via **hi@cauk.org.uk** using the subject line

“[Name of Prison] – Sponsorship – [First Name and Prison Number]”

