

Write Lines



December 2025

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

*Fellow's
Story*

*Art
Journalling*

Puzzles

*Cartoon
Strip*

Step 11

Artwork

*A Quiet
Peace*



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ABOUT

WRITE LINES

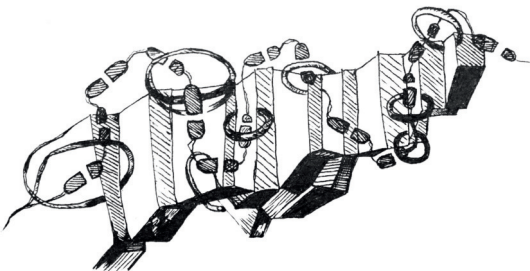


'Write Lines' is published by voluntary members of Cocaine Anonymous as a means of practising our Twelfth Step. It is not our intention to endorse any individual member's opinion or offend anyone.

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





POEM



Fear

I'm curled up tightly, the irregular pulsating of my heart serving as a warning sign. Life is looming and something dark and foreboding is advancing. An unknown force shoots through my veins and causes my heart to miss several more beats. My tiny fists clench, my weightless shoulders tense, my breath is shallow and fast. I rock back and forth panicking, gasping for air, aching for ease and comfort.

Blood rushes through my head and fills my ears, a hollow ache of an emotion not yet named vibrates under my skin. I squirm and impatiently thrust my body downwards searching for a meaning to this visceral sensation. Then bursting into the world at once enlightened and confused I give life to the missing beat. Fear.

Sticking to my skin, fear is my first companion. Clammy and cold it trickles down the back of my neck, wetting my palms and feeding my brain. Fear keeps me safe from the unrevealed; I stay silent and small, undetectable, blanketed in dread. Life tests me, black shapeless shadows loom grotesquely down on me but if I shrink noiselessly I won't disturb them. I'm a bad girl, an unlovable girl. I must remain invisible, vigilant.

I cautiously tiptoe forward dipping my feet into the unknown, there are obstacles at every step tripping me up warning me to stay down. The pretty girls skipping in the playground turn their backs, there's only room for glitter in their gang, yet grime stains my reflection. Gathering fear but desperate for acceptance I hold their coats whilst they fearlessly tease the boys.

Cautious yet curious I fumble my way into situations that baffle me; my dad wears a dress, my mum sleeps with our neighbour, my bedroom's a danger zone. Fear tightens its grip as my world drips off me like hot molten leaving me blistered and scarred.

Gulping and choking, I taste my first drink. In the shadow of laughing adults I'm oblivious to their mirth as the medicinal golden liquid spreads warmth around my terror stricken body. Fear is replaced with harmony. Dread turns to ease and dirt dissolves into comfort. I discovered my true essence nesting in the cut of crystal glass.

The pumping music triggers the missing beat of my heart, fills the hollowness of my belly and soothes the malady of my soul. I'm in ecstasy. Everyone's grinning at me hugging me dancing with me. I'm part of the gang. I belong. My face breaks into a smile as I abandon my body to pure pleasure. Is this what conquering fear looks like?

Fear → Continued on next page...

POEM

Fear (continued)

I've fallen deep into the depths of madness; coping with life depends on the fullness of a wrap of plastic. My humiliation deepens as I bow before strangers, existence relies solely on their good will. I lie, steal, creep, whisper, shrink into the background. I'm part of a gang, but one without a soul, one without virtue. Blades chop and slice, my nose runs, my skin bleeds. Fear is running the show.

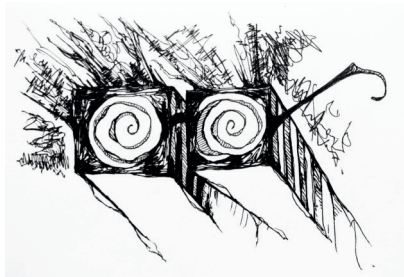
The screaming blue lights of an ambulance interrupt my jagged thoughts as I swim in and out of consciousness. My wandering eyes flicker, my head jerks side to side. My body is numb.

Stinging wet tears race down my face, salt burns my mouth. Lonely and scared, I sink into oblivion. Hospital staff are hard and cold. I'm not worthy of their sympathy, I'm a dirty drunk with pupils as wide as the bedpan I'm puking into. There's no comfort, no gentle hands stroking my hunched back. I'm alone, rock bottom.

Doors slam shut locks click into place. Possessions are confiscated, rules are dictated. Inmates scuffle and mumble. My nerves are a jittering combination of fear and mocking relief. Am i safe here, the frills of my cortex ripple on high alert . I carelessly rub a fresh injury and chew what's left of my nails. My hair hangs ragged around my pasty face. A plastic mirror offers a contorted reflection of something I can't quite place; hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, chafed lips, I'm reminded of a frightened lizard on guard against predators. Is this really what recovery looks like?

Powerless I've given myself over to the care of a higher power. Branded and hopeless I'm scooped up and brushed down. Humbled and empty I'm searching for humility, for a conscience, to make amends. My new gang wraps me in love and support, no judgement, just hugs and tenderness. My heart melts, my resolve strengthens. My defects are countless but I'm grateful to be alive, to feel the oxygen in my lungs, the sun on my face, the friends at my side. At last, I'm ready to face my fear.

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change. The courage to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference. Amen.



Alix



HOPE, FAITH & COURAGE



My name is Delroy, and I am an addict. My past is marked by hardship: 16 prison sentences, homelessness, unemployment, and a chronic addiction. My last sentence was a mandatory life sentence. Eight years into that sentence, everything changed. I heard a message carried by people who shared their experiences with us. Their words taught me to focus on the similarities rather than the differences—those differences had kept me feeling separate and disconnected.

What was truly transformative for me was that none of them told me what to do; they simply shared their valuable experiences. Initially, much of what they said didn't make sense, but that changed when I got a sponsor and started working the 12 steps. By doing so, I began to have my own transformative experiences. I stayed clean for the last four years of my time in custody, and during that time, I became a substance misuse professional. All praise goes to the Power greater than myself that I became connected to

On my release, I achieved my first parole. My daughter, whom I hadn't seen in 18 years, came back into my life, and she has blessed me with two beautiful grandchildren. I made amends to her I truly listened to what she had to say. Working the steps revealed something profound: drugs and alcohol were merely symptoms of deeper issues. I have since recovered from a hopeless state of body and mind. For me, that recovery means a fundamental shift—an awakening I experienced by walking my own journey through the steps discovering what I truly suffered from

12 years clean

Delroy



JOURNALLING THROUGH ART

I'm an addict, clean and sober for 60 days after being in active addiction since my teens. I've battled with talking about my mental health and addiction through words as it's too vulnerable or open to scrutiny, so I started to draw.

This leaves enough up to the imagination of the viewer but gives a way to show how I have felt at that moment in time. Like a cryptic journal. I have collected these drawings which now tell my journey through my using days, detox attempts, inpatient admissions and now my recovery.

Each one has a story to me, but allows others to know how I related to the experience, rather than the potentially irrational actions or fears behind it.

There are no rules to this way of drawing. I will always to break the sketchbook first to make it accessible. No pressure when the paper can only be improved. I know what I see in these sketches but what do you see.

Have a go, you can't break what's already broken.

Flo

(Editor's Note: "Breaking" the paper or sketchbook is anything that tarnishes the paper. This can include creasing it, scrunching it, pouring tea/coffee over it, someone stamping on it...in fact anything that you can imagine that makes the paper imperfect)

We have dotted some of Flo's images throughout this edition from the beginning of her art journaling in addiction. We will be moving along her journey in future editions

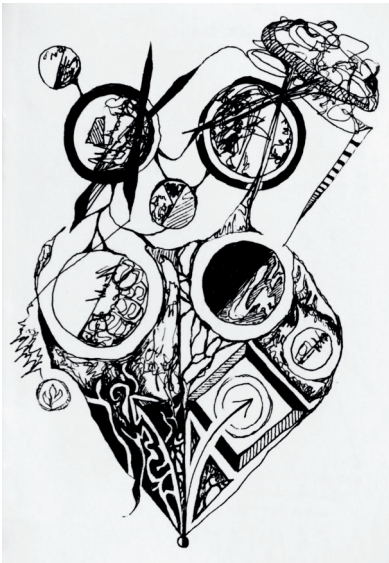




C.A. WRITE LINES - WORDSEARCH - 12-2025

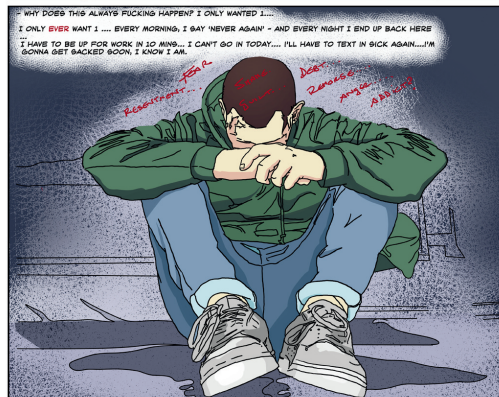
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R	L	S	E	N	I	L	E	K	T	P	C	COMIC
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O	H	A	O	E	I	O	E	H	M	I	E	ELEVEN
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C	F	E	R	V	T	I	S	S	R	N	R	HOPE
T	S	A	E	E	T	A	I	C	I	A	W	PEACE
F	I	R	I	A	E	V	T	O	T	B	I	CARTOON
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- JOURNAL
- MEDITATION
- COMIC
- RECOVERY
- ELEVEN
- POEM
- CHRISTMAS
- HOPE
- PEACE
- CARTOON
- ARTWORK
- QUIET
- WRITE
- LINES
- VISONABLES
- IRRITABLE
- GIFT
- HOLLY
- SERVICE
- DAILY
- EASE





BOBBY



THE NEXT DAY

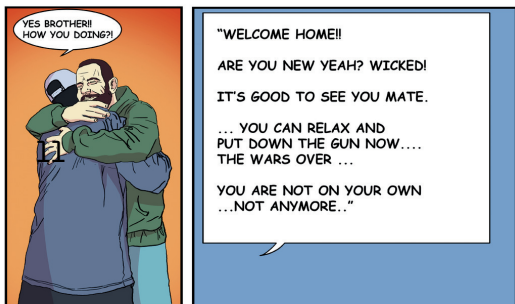
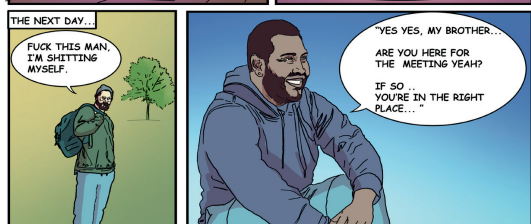
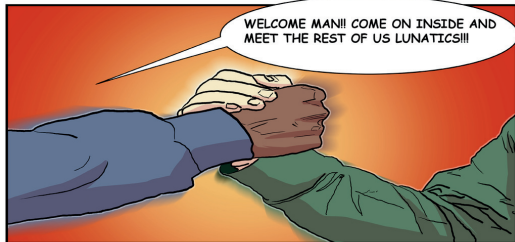
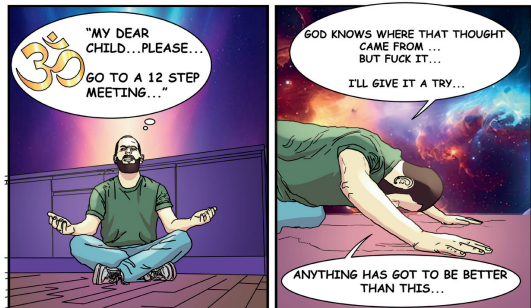
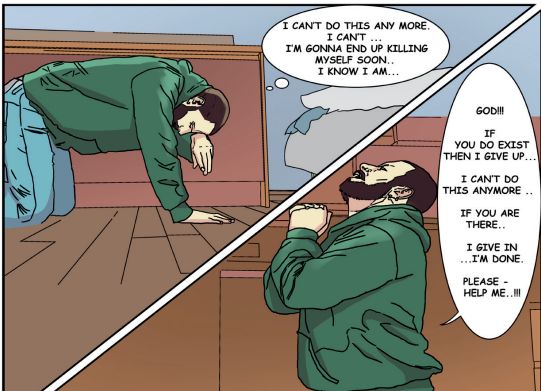
- I CAN'T KEEP LIVING LIKE THIS...
I'M LOSING EVERYTHING...
WHATEVER HAPPENS TOMORROW...
I AM NOT GETTING ON IT.

I have no money, no job,
no car, no house, no food

ARE YOU ABOUT LATER
WANTED USUAL
SPOT - 4PM?

NOT AGAIN
.....
Nooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooo
!!!

I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS...
I OWE EVERYONE MONEY...
I CAN'T PAY THE RENT...
I HAVEN'T BEEN TO WORK...





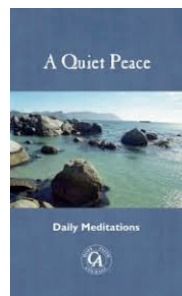
C.A. Friendships

My father always told me that I'd be lucky to have one good friend who I could count on to tell me the truth no matter what it was, to hold me when times were tough, and to play with when times were good. Today I have more of these friends than I could ever spend time with.
Hope, Faith and Courage Volume II, page 124

Most of my life, I was uncomfortable around people. I was afraid of them and unsure of myself. I was resentful and didn't trust anyone. I found great comfort in my lone wolf approach to life. When I came into Cocaine Anonymous, I kept hearing that I should just jump in and thereby become part of the Fellowship. I certainly didn't believe I could do this, especially sober! While I enjoyed meetings, particularly the stories, solutions, laughter and our common bond, I had a hard time connecting with these same people outside the rooms, or even chatting with them before or after the meetings. I still felt hopelessly alone.

Working the Steps and insightful sponsorship changed all this for me. After I completed the Steps once through, I found myself attracted to the Fellowship differently. For perhaps the first time in my entire life, I felt useful. I had developed a deep caring for my sponsor, and my sponsor felt the same about me. We had already trudged quite a bit on my first journey through the Steps. I started to come around more and to chat with fellow members socially. I even started to do things with these people like going for coffee or attending a concert as a group of sober recovering addicts. Close, enduring friendships magically materialized, many of which are still with me, well into my third decade of sobriety. Today, my favorite place in the world is a meeting, convention or gathering of Cocaine Anonymous.

Am I feeling uncomfortable in any area of my life? Today I invite my Higher Power to join me and show me what I need to do to be useful and happy. May I always be the friend to others which I would like them to be to me.



Step 11 – Meditations

Meditation is many things to many people. It's not all about sitting in a Lotus position and saying "OM"! There's far more to it than that. Below a fellow explains what it means to them.

What is meditation?

It is a connection to yourself, a higher power your god within. It is not about quieting the mind, it is a journey home to your soul, your peace & inner strength, it is your compass to finding the tools within to reorganising the busy world within your mind, in order to create and be the creator of your life.

There are many proven scientific and spiritual benefits to meditation:

- ~Reduces stress and anxiety
- ~Improves focus and memory
- ~Boosts emotional health & promotes self love
- ~Connects you to higher self
- ~Balances chakras (energy centres) & energy flow
- ~Deepens intuition & inner knowing
- ~Fosters compassion and unity

There are many different methods of meditation but my favourite and easiest is a Mindfulness meditation

All you need for this is a space where you can connect to your breath, consciously breathing in & out, slowly & deeply, breathing life force energy & connecting to the your body , focusing on the present moment awareness, observe the thoughts, sensations and emotions without judgement.

You don't need to spend hours meditation to benefit from it, all you need is 3–5 minutes daily.

Remember this is journey not a destination, practise is key and no judgement is most important.

Just 3–5 minutes out of your day can change your life dramatically for the better.

Ellie



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.

The Twelve Steps are reprinted with permission of Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc. Permission to reprint and adapt the Twelve Steps does not mean that A.A. is affiliated with this program. A.A. is a program of recovery from alcoholism. Use of the Steps in connection with programs and activities which are patterned after A.A. but which address other problems does not imply otherwise.



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]”

