



Send letters, articles, stories, poems, artwork, or other material for *Seven Minutes* to:

**Seven Minutes**

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## A Story of Experience, Strength and Hope...

Ann started smoking at a slumber party when she was a teen. All the older girls were doing it and Lauren Bacall looked so suave. Ann continued to smoke through college and on into her early married and motherhood years. Her husband smoked, too. Ann smoked when she was pregnant. There was no surgeon general's report then. She continued to smoke up until it was no longer acceptable – and even a while after that - even when her doctor detected the beginnings of emphysema.

But she did attempt to quit. She went through one program through the church, but she and her friend smoked on the way home. She tried another program, which used aversion therapy. People in that program were encouraged to smoke until they were sick. They were shown pictures of people whose faces were eaten up with cancer. It upset her so much she had to smoke. She went with her daughter to acupuncture. Her daughter was addicted from the womb. She had always had a cloud of cigarette smoke encircling her head. Of course she would pick it up. Like mom, like daughter, right? After the acupuncture treatment, it was her daughter who suggested a cigarette. Ann agreed. Sick? Crazy? No, just addicted.

Finally, at sixty years old she found Nicotine Anonymous, a Twelve-Step program based on Alcoholics Anonymous. She knew about AA. Her ex-husband had quit drinking in AA. and she had been active in Al-Anon.

She went in June of that year and found a lot of friendly faces and a lot of hope. Her daughter went with her so she had a buddy in this effort. And this time they didn't spur

each other on to sneak a smoke. However, soon after that she met a nice guy but he smoked. She started bumming cigarettes from him here and there. He didn't know she was trying to quit. So for a while she was kind of straddling the fence. She wasn't completely quit – obviously – but not completely into the addiction either. If she wasn't experiencing new love, she'd be completely miserable. Then in October Ann lost her mom to heart disease. It was devastating. She totally quit quitting.

But in time she was ready to deal with her addiction again. And she was comfortable enough to talk to her boyfriend about his smoking. In January, she introduced him to Nicotine Anonymous and they both dove in. They came to as many meetings as they could, shared their struggles and listened as others talked about their experiences with combating nicotine and coming out victorious.

Continued on page 4...

## About Seven Minutes...

The fellowship of Nicotine Anonymous welcomes articles about your own recovery process. As a fellowship NicA offers our program to all who have a desire to stop using nicotine. We welcome sharing about your own strength, hope and experiences. Please avoid using suggestive jokes, profanity or subject matter not related to Nicotine Anonymous. Seven Minutes is not a venue for discussion or controversy but rather an outlet to gaining serenity. Please understand that all articles are subject to editing as needed. Thank you for sharing your recovery.

Kathy K.

World Services Nicotine Anonymous

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## The Twelve Steps of Nicotine Anonymous

1. We admitted we were powerless over nicotine—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 it out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to other nicotine users and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

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

## The Twelve Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—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 it out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to other alcoholics and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

## The Twelve Traditions of Nicotine Anonymous

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends upon Nicotine Anonymous unity.
2. For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority — a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.
3. The only requirement for Nicotine Anonymous membership is a desire to stop using nicotine.
4. Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or Nicotine Anonymous as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose - to carry its message to the nicotine addict who still suffers.
6. A Nicotine Anonymous group ought never endorse, finance, or lend the Nicotine Anonymous name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property, and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every Nicotine Anonymous group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
8. Nicotine Anonymous should remain forever non-professional, but our service centers may employ special workers.
9. Nicotine Anonymous, as such, ought never be organized; but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.
10. Nicotine Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the Nicotine Anonymous name ought never be drawn into public controversy.
11. Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, TV, and films.
12. Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to

place principles before personalities.

## The Twelve Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends upon A.A. unity.
2. For our group purpose, there is but one ultimate authority—a loving God as he may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.
3. The only requirement for A.A. membership is a desire to stop drinking.
4. Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups of A.A. as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose—to carry its message to the alcoholic who still suffers.
6. An A.A. group ought never endorse, finance or lend the A.A. name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every A.A. group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
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12. Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities.

## Our Preamble...

Nicotine Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women helping each other to live our lives free of nicotine. We share our experience, strength and hope with each other so that we may be free from this powerful addiction. The only requirement for membership is the desire to stop using nicotine. There are no dues or fees for Nicotine Anonymous membership; we are self-supporting through our own contributions. Nicotine Anonymous is not allied with any sect, denomination, political entity, organization or institution; does not engage in any controversy, neither endorses nor opposes any cause. Our primary purpose is to offer support to those who are trying to gain freedom from nicotine.

*Reprinted for adaptation with permission of the A.A. Grapevine*

## From the Chair...

### Summary letter to the Delegates

The World Services officers held their quarterly meeting on January twenty-first in southern California. The board would like to thank all the people who made us feel welcomed. A special thanks to Jean L., John N. and all the other people who helped to transport, house and feed the attendees.

In an effort to continue to inform the delegates from the last conference and the local intergroups, which they represented, the officers have decided on a brief summary letter. This is the second meeting in which we'll be sending a letter in an effort to keep the delegates informed. Hopefully the delegates and the local intergroups bring this letter and the enclosed materials to their weekly meetings.

John N. has cheerfully joined the board as Secretary Elect replacing Barbara D. who recently had to resign as secretary elect.

As of November first *Nicotine Anonymous The Book* has sold approximately twenty-five books on Amazon.com.

The 2006 World Services Conference will be held in Lisle, Illinois (outside of Chicago) from April twenty-eight – April thirtieth. Registration forms are already available on the Nicotine Anonymous website. [www.Nicotine-Anonymous.org](http://www.Nicotine-Anonymous.org).

Steve M. from Chicago has replaced Christian U. as World Wide Meeting List coordinator until a permanent replacement can be found.

*The Book of Daily Meditations* has been completed and will be put to the delegates for their approval at the 2006 Conference.

Nicotine Anonymous literature translated into foreign languages is available on the website with additional languages added.

The idea of writing a Nicotine Anonymous Outreach Workbook, as a source of reference for intergroups and individual groups to refer to, has been started. The hope is to bring it to the Conference for additional input.

Overall sales of literature have increased by seventeen percent with the sale of the '90 and 90 Book' leading the

way.

The Google PSA campaign has to date brought 1,033,932 people to the web page containing our PSA. Of those, 41,071 people 'Clicked Through' to our website for further information.

The number of states having Nicotine Anonymous meetings has grown from forty-five states to forty-eight states.

The Nicotine Anonymous website continues to evolve and grow thanks to the efforts of Robin L. our web servant.

Open positions for service includes a Sunday email servant and numerous teleservice volunteers to cover the central states and the West Coast. Also we need a volunteer to do the Worldwide Meeting List for the website.

The World Services board and Checko M., the literature coordinator continues to receive input about the Twelve Traditions. Also, Checko has received eight submissions of possible Seventh Step prayers one of which may be approved by the delegates at the 2006 conference.

The location for the 2007 Conference in Northern California has finally been realized and the World Services board is reviewing the contracts.

These are some of the many topics the World Services officers have explored. If you have any additional concerns or comments please email Kathy K. [Chairperson@nicotine-anonymous.org](mailto:Chairperson@nicotine-anonymous.org).

In service,  
Kathy K.  
Chairperson of World Services

### A personal message from the Chair...

My name is Kathy and I have been free from nicotine for over nineteen years as of March thirty-first, 2006. When I started attending NicA meetings I had been free from nicotine for over eight years but the idea of doing service was not new to me. I had been active in other Twelve Step programs long before Nicotine Anonymous. Going to meetings is the only way to get recovery but doing service is the only way to keep it. Where you do the service in NicA is not

important but having the knowledge that service is available on all levels is of utmost importance.

Service commitments are always available at the group, intergroup, and the World Services level. The old adage 'twenty percent of the people do eighty percent of the work' applies to Nicotine Anonymous as well as the outside world. The problem with this equation is that the twenty percent of people burn out very quickly and the person who only goes to meetings and does not do service is cheating the fellowship and themselves.

I have learned so much from Twelve Step programs and more specifically Nicotine Anonymous. I've learned that I can't just share at meetings, I have to listen at meetings as well. I've learned in order to get recovery I have to give it away. I've found that the newcomer is a constant reminder of why I'm really in this program

I've come to understand that what I do in the rooms is what I do outside the rooms and visa versa. I've learned that this is a very simple program but it isn't an easy program. I've learned the telephone list is for me to call someone when I need to and answer someone else's calls when they need to talk. I've learned that happiness and serenity is an inside job it can't be found in other people or in material possessions. I've learned that recovery is an ongoing process. I've come to understand that life and happiness is a journey and not a destination – so I've stopped waiting to get to the destination because if I continue to wait, life will pass me by. The biggest part of life is the journey and it's how I'm living during the journey that adds to the quality of my life.

Surely I need a constant reminder of all that I've learned in this program. But when I do service I get to '...practice these principles in all my affairs.' Service is what keeps this program going; without people doing service NicA cannot survive. It's that simple. So when someone calls for you to do something for your recovery and the growth of Nicotine Anonymous, please remember this article and say yes. In service,  
Kathy K.



## A Story of Experience, Strength and Hope...

Continued from page 1...

They got involved in a Step study, where they studied the Twelve-Steps and used the principals to deal with the reasons they were addicted. They dove into service right away, helping where they could. They understood the sayings, "service is the key and you have to give it away to keep it."

They attended a national conference and were totally inspired by the old-timers in the program, who came to share their experience, strength and hope. When an opportunity to open a new meeting came up, they jumped at the chance to be part of the core group. They were the first to open the door and make the coffee, last to clean up and lock up. Many people looked at Ann as a rock. She remembered her first difficult year and could understand how hard it was for them.

About four years ago, Ann started forgetting things – little things at first. She repeated her stories two and three times in a single night. Finally it became clear that something was wrong, Alzheimer's. I don't know if nicotine is one of the causes for that debilitating disease. We've seen many in our program who do not quite escape the ravages that the substance causes to our bodies. Ann doesn't clearly remember all the people that she helped and all the people she loved so much. But when she talks to her daughter, there is a vague recollection of the meeting that did so much for her. In January, her daughter brought Ann her eleven-year chip. She smiled. There was a glint of remembrance in her eyes. Just for a moment her daughter felt like she knew what it was all about. Even if Ann doesn't remember the group, she is free from nicotine. And many that knew her appreciated her strength and friendly smile when she would say, "Keep coming back, it works if you work it."

Friend of Ann's

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The biggest shock when you quit smoking is finding out what fast food really tastes like.

Submitted by Gary M.

## Lenna M. on gratitude...

I am quickly coming up on sixteen years without the use of nicotine. I can't think of anything in life I am more grateful for except perhaps the actual breath of life itself.

I came into the program because I had stopped smoking, I thought it was what God wanted me to do. But I was having a very hard time handling life, because I had never really tried going without nicotine before, at least not in my adult life.

I hoped Nicotine Anonymous would be able to teach me how to live comfortably without this awful drug but NicA gave me much more than that. NicA taught me how to be truly happy and free from nicotine and that is a gift I had never even dreamed of. Some of the newer members who still attend the meetings in my area sometimes tell me that when they spoke with me for the first time I told them that life without nicotine was wonderful. It doesn't surprise me. I really do feel that way.

Nicotine Anonymous taught me how to be honest, not just with my check-book and with others, but with myself as well. The program gave me hope that there was a way to feel okay without my drug of choice and showed me that my faith was more real than I had ever known. I went from believing there was a God and trying to do what God wanted me to do, to knowing there is a Higher Power who is with me every moment and I relish the presence of that Power in even my most mundane daily tasks.

Nicotine Anonymous helped me have the courage to face my own shortcomings without forgetting that I have assets as well. I began to learn integrity by sharing with other members who I really am and they accepted me and loved me through it. As the members accepted me, I also began to accept myself and to know that I am exactly who I was created to be.

I finally see my real place in this world, and that's beside each of you on this marvelous journey. I am also starting to develop enough humility to ask for help when I need it, every time I need it; even with the little things I think

I should be able to do on my own. I am beginning to believe it is about all of us. It never really was about me after all.

Now that I see my own place a bit more clearly, I have started to know real compassion for others. However, I still make mistakes and fortunately you have helped me learn how to clear up my messes as I go along, so my life is clean, and up to date most of the time now. But, I still check every day. One lesson that sticks with me is to try to leave each room just a bit better than it was when I entered it. If I keep that in mind through the day (I always practice in the bathroom at work) and every day it helps.

I am still asking my Higher Power what I should be doing. The big difference now is that I spend time seeking the answer to that question each day. And the answers are out there, just waiting for me, every time I look.

Yes, I believe life without nicotine is wonderful. Life in general is wonderful and magical and juicy and made to be lived to its fullest. When I was using nicotine I couldn't feel it, see it or taste it. I was numb. That was a good thing for me at first, when all I really had in my life was pain.

Breathe deep, life is good.

In service,

Lenna M



## Give Back!

You Can't Keep it Unless You Give It Away

Nicotine Anonymous World Services is seeking servants for a variety of positions within the fellowship. Please see the contact information below if you would like to learn more about these service opportunities. Please share this flyer with your group. Remember, you have to give it away to keep it.

**E-Mail Volunteers**-Share your experience, strength and hope with people around the world who email us. Help them find meetings and answer questions about NicA. Provide about thirty minutes a week from your home or office computer.

**Telephone Servants**-Respond to telephone calls from people taking their first step on the journey. One day of service per week from the comfort of your own home.

**Email/Penpal Coordinator**-Responsible for receiving email requests for pen pals; adding names to the email pen pal list; and sending out the list.

For further information about any of these service positions, please contact:

*E-mail:* info@nicotine-anonymous.org

*Write:* Nicotine Anonymous World Services

419 Main Street, PMB#370

Huntington Beach, CA 92648

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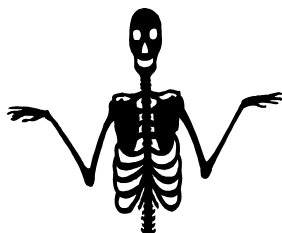
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### A journal about nicotine addiction...

by Stevie

#### Bony Fingers... (FEAR exposed)

In order to confront you, I'll need to create a shape for you.



Something of matter with energy, not simply the mist of your eerie preference. I've determined the only way I can impose a long overdue make-over is to get to know you in a different way. My way.

Initially, this seemed an easy task. I thought I knew you so well, the horrid beast emitting poisonous gases smothering me and infecting my brain. Suddenly, I realize all of our battles have been fought with my eyes closed.

You crawl into my lungs, thick, foggy smoke laboring my breath, stiffening every limb. I stand frozen, touched by the icy-white chill, a tell-tale sign of impending panic. Long, bony fingers stab at my stomach and squeeze my heart. You bring pain disguised as pleasure. I see now you want me to fear losing you... but clearly you are fear itself.

It's nearly impossible to believe I could have ever enjoyed the excitement you could add to an event or prospect. That was the other me, before your greed, abetting the evil plan to consume my identity. I became

a constant host, never noticing, little by little, I was being consumed.

Obviously, I don't know how to control you. And I'd forgotten I could ask my Higher Power to stop you. You're poison and it is time for you to do a little shaking because somewhere in this process, I'm going to find the antidote.

Don't think just because I'm addicted, you are safe. I'm going to do something everyday to keep you at bay. You may feed on a little part of me still. However, I now have HOPE, support and the desire to starve you away.

A word a day to keep Ol' Bony Fingers away.

FREEDOM

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Overheard on 14th Street today, near Homer's:

Man (holding a cigarette): ... because smoking makes you cool!

Woman: Really? Smoking makes you cool?

Man: Yes, and by hanging out with me, you're becoming second-hand cool.

Author unknown,

Submitted by Gary M.

### Jan's personal prayer...

God, grant me the courage to find the hidden treasures in my heart--the loving-kindness, the compassion, and the forgiveness--that will take the cigarette out of my hand, the smoke out of my lungs, and the insanity and slavery of addiction out of my soul. Grant me the serenity to know that I deserve so much and so very little.

And grant me the wisdom to know that it is not a giving up, a loss, a curse, but rather a grand gift.

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### The Nicodemon... by Stephen M.



## This and That...

### A Truth About Being A Junkie

A poem by Joyce W.



"I wake slowly.  
Already my body is a twilight: Solid. Cold.  
At the edge of a larger darkness."  
Eavan Boland (B. 1944)

It could never happen to me, not to me.  
Leaving my bed, creeping through a dark alley, knocking on a door with peeling paint, pit bull chained to a stake at the side of the house wanting my life.

I cannot see myself at the mall searching the faces for the one. The one that has a cheap little baggie – not even the zip lock kind – full of what he promises is a promise.

Knees twitching, eyes watering or dry, but red with need. It is fierce, this addicting thing. I do not want it. I never planned to plan my life around the next one—can't run out – check the drawer – more there, in case I wake in the night, slowly, alone.

It is one o'clock on a sunshine afternoon, Barnes and Noble, a green sack filled with poetry and sales receipt. Coffee in a cup with a sleeve for my own protection – I look around. There is an iron bench with a lone older man.

He is smoking and has his coffee beside him. I cannot see what words his green bag contains, but I see the cigarette. I sit at the far end of the bench and take out my own pack. I light the cigarette and feel the relief; we nod but do not speak.

I watch people walk by, trying not to look into their eyes. I know what I will see. One woman, in a wheel chair, pulls up her shirt, covers her mouth. I see her frown at me and I look away. No one else is smoking, just the old man and me.

### Helpful hints from Tony...

1. Go to meetings
2. Call, e-mail or IM another recovering addict or sponsor
3. Read Nicotine Anonymous literature

4. Work steps
5. Pray and/or meditate
6. Be of service
7. Post messages
8. Write in journal or blog
9. Chew gum, carrots sticks, sunflower seeds, etc.
10. Take a walk
11. Do breathing exercises

### From John N...

Quote: "You never have to smoke again if you don't want to and we guarantee you a comfortable sobriety if you practice the Twelve Steps in all your affairs." Jack C., past chair of Nicotine Anonymous World Services.

Submitted by John N who owes his recovery to Jack C. and others.

### Addiction...

by Dorrie

My loneliness was a horror,  
which made me want to die.

I didn't have anyone or anything; a dying soul was I.

I walked the streets in shame and filth,  
not caring anymore.

Then through some sort of miracle,  
I found my way through the door.

It opened very heavily at first,  
and I was still so full of thirst.

Thirst for smoke and friends and booze,  
how did I get here, I did not choose.

As I came the door swung lighter,  
I began to feel I was a fighter.

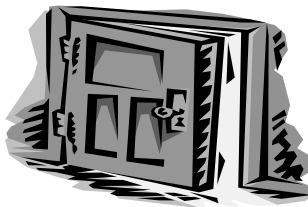
Though very much in a different way,  
you finally gave me strength to pray.

In all my very lonely travels, trying to chase and climb the steeples, by the Grace of God I got here, and found people helping people.

Although that door swings lightly today, I must remember to reach out and pray.

For each day now is a different thirst,

I must remember how heavy the door was at first.



### An idea from Misha...

The weekly face-to-face NicA group (Mohonk Support Group in New Paltz, NY) I attend has been blessed the last few months with many anniversaries. In preparation for them, I went through all of the group's anniversary chips discovering we have thirteen of the two year chips but few of the others.

I thought maybe NicA could have a "Chip Swap" whereby groups could post an "offer" of chips they have too many of and groups in need could post "wanted" for chips needed. I'm not sure how to logistically create a "Chip Swap". If you have any ideas and suggestions or would like to participate, please email me at [justsaynotodrag@yahoo.com](mailto:justsaynotodrag@yahoo.com).

Misha F.  
New Paltz, NY



### Cindy reaches out for help...

In the last year, I've been feeling really bad physically and know cigarettes are destroying my body, consuming my waking thoughts and disturbing my sleep. Yet, I am paralyzed by the fear of living without cigarettes and at the same time, afraid to continue.

Every time I light up, some twenty times a day, I think, this is killing me! I've failed twice, in the past, when I tried to quit and was unable to get past the all important day three.

I've got another quit date in mind but everyone I know who has successfully quit tells me they just stopped. They didn't obsess about quitting. There was no quit date, no cutting down, no patches, etc. Could I be one of those people who's just unable to quit.

I've seen these people, the ones lung cancer hasn't killed, in their sixties and seventies with skin, teeth and lungs destroyed by nicotine, they cough and gag. I just can't wrap my mind around this anymore.

# SAVE THE DATE!!!!

## Nicotine Anonymous World Services Conference - *April 28 - 30, 2006*

Greetings all and Happy New Year!

As your host for the 2006 Nicotine Anonymous World Services Conference, the Chicagoland Intergroup of Nicotine Anonymous I would like to encourage you all to attend this year's annual conference, located at the **Hickory Ridge Marriot Conference Center in Lisle, Illinois (just west of Chicago)**.

The **cut-off date** for the guaranteed room rate and early registration fee is **fast approaching** (4/14/06) - before you know it, the day will be here and we would hate for you to have missed out on this wonderful opportunity.

Call the hotel now and reserve your room - there is no cost associated with doing so! **The number for Marriott is (800) 228-9290.**

The registration form is included in this issue for your convenience. Please print it, share it with your groups/fellow recovering addicts, and send it back in.

When making your travel plans, please consider joining us for our after-conference activity, a guided tour of the Morton Arboretum, which should be really beautiful this spring. The tour begins at 3PM and we'll be back at the hotel between 4:30 - 5PM, so a late evening flight home would be doable.

If you registered for the 2006 conference at last year's conference, you will want to review the attachment and send it back in as an addendum so that you can have the opportunity to purchase your very own conference T-Shirt, and to participate in the after-conference activity.

***Don't wait!!! Register now, and join us in a fabulous weekend!***

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to email me at [conferencechair@nicotine-anonymous.org](mailto:conferencechair@nicotine-anonymous.org).

Thanks, and in grateful service,

Jennifer M.,

### NAWS Profit & Loss January through December, 2005 Annette A., Hillsborough, NJ

Ordinary Income / Expense	Expenses		
<b>Income</b>			
4000 Donations	5,817.34	6000 Office Expenses	24,537.26
4100 Literature Sales	54,808.46	6600 WSO Expenses	<u>11,205.33</u>
4290 Shipping & Handling	6,847.64	<b>Total Expenses</b>	35,742.59
4299 Conference Profit (Loss)	<u>-1,936.43</u>		
<b>Total Income</b>	69,409.87	<b>Net Ordinary Income</b>	4,158.83
<b>Cost of Goods Sold</b>		<b>Other Income / Expense</b>	
5000 COGS	29,508.45	Other Income	
Total COGS	<u>29,508.45</u>	8000 Interest Income	444.87
		Total Other Income	<u>444.87</u>
<b>Gross Profit</b>	39,901.42	Net Other Income	444.87
		<b>Net Income</b>	<b>4,603.70</b>

### Service is the Key...

Only You can tell your story.

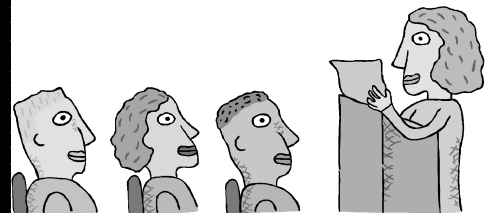
What was your life like as an active addict?

What happened to get you in the door?

What were your breakthroughs?

Personal stories, articles, poems, art, jokes or adds pertaining to nicotine, nicotine recovery and Nicotine Anonymous can be sent to Susan K. at [SevenMinutesEditor@nicotine-anonymous.org](mailto:SevenMinutesEditor@nicotine-anonymous.org) or snail mail to

*Seven Minutes* c/o NAWSO  
419 Main St., PMB #370  
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I quit smoking once for six days. And then they untied me.

Submitted by Gary M.

### Getting the word out...

**UK meetings...**

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Nicotine Anonymous

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LONDON

SW1H 9WT

## Newcomer's Corner...

### Bob H. shares his grief...

My father-in-law gave me a gift and I'm passing it on to all of you. At one thirty-two AM on Monday, December nineteen, 2005, he died of congestive heart failure and emphysema. He was seventy-two and he smoked most of his life.

For years the doctors warned him to give up the smokes, but Jim wouldn't, he said he enjoyed them and a cigarette relaxed him.

His funeral is tomorrow, just a few days before Christmas.

My wife knew for years that her dad's life would end like this, but that does not minimize her pain and sorrow.

The family was in the CCU, where Jim had been for the last week after his heart attack, when he passed on.

We were holding hands, my wife had her father's left hand in hers and my younger son, Tom, was holding Grandpa's right hand. When the monitors made that hideous sound and Jim left this world, I felt the pain jolt through my family as it passed like electricity from their hands to mine, and I heard them cry out, they sobbed uncontrollably and broke down with the weight of their loss.

Every one of us loved Jim and he didn't want to leave us, but there was no way to stop it. His heart and lungs were dead. Jim loved his daughter, my wife, but had to leave her, sobbing in that room of the CCU. There was nothing else he could do.

The part of his life that I think Jim loved the most were his three grand kids; Jerry, Tom and Britny, yeah it's Britny, that's how she spells it. Jerry is twenty-six, Tom's twenty-two and Brit is sixteen. He loved them so much, but Jim had to leave them Tuesday morning. He left us all alone in the cold CCU room, hurting and crying. My two sons are big strong boys but they were wailing, shoulders heaving up and down, like small children, tears running down their faces. Britny actually became physically sick. I know Jim would never have hurt those grand kids for anything, but Jim had to leave them you see, his heart and lungs were dead.

I've been smober two weeks and four

days now. I quit cold turkey the night my wife came home from taking Jim to the doctor. She was so upset by what they had heard. She was angry and she was hurt and she was powerless to stop what she knew was about to happen. The look from her eyes made me quit that day.

And so, James H. Poole passed away. He was a great guy, loving father and grandfather; and was liked and loved by all who knew him. Jim gave me something very special. His death is a lesson to me, seeing first hand what the nicodemone has planned for guys like me if we pick up another smoke and take that ride with the Marlboro man. He gave me a lesson in what not to do that I'll never forget, and so, I'm passing it on to you. They tell us we can't keep it unless we give it away.

Bob H.

### Margie comforts Bob H.

I didn't catch your name. I didn't know Jim, but I knew many like Jim Poole. He didn't die in vain of emphysema and heart failure. Neither did all the others. I cried while reading this beautiful salute to your precious father-in-law, Jim Poole. Your heart spoke to us as you were conveying the pain, the helplessness and yet the hope for you and even for your children. They will never forget that either.

The miracle is that you identified with him. That's the miracle for addicts. We have a fully developed place inside of us that when we are watching someone we love die of lung cancer, stroke, heart failure, emphysema, or any smoke related disease we can go outside and smoke. There is no connection in our psyche's that that is what can happen for us if we smoke one more cigarette, we're bullet proof, and unique.

Then, God, my Higher Power broke through and showed me through the eyes of loved ones, and those eyes said "please admit you are powerless over nicotine, and your life is unmanageable, and that you cannot

quit. Please let me take this from you so you can have quality time left with those you love, and to do my will, what I've sent you here for," and that's the miracle. I really see that look, in my soul.

Denial and then it's the miracle when the denial goes away. I am just like Jim. I've listened to Nicodemone and heard that voice a lot louder than I've heard my Higher Power. The miracle is finally my Higher Power broke through.

Thank you for sharing this with me. I heard you.

Love you,  
Margie

### From David M.C...

This morning I woke up wanting a cigarette bad. Got up with eyes that don't keep their gaze fixed on anything too long and my fingers and hands constantly moving.

I've read that those who start an active exercise program upon quitting nicotine are two times more likely to succeed. I've already been running but had a bad cold last week and skipped Sunday's mountain run, whittling it down to long walks.

"Let's do this thing." I muttered, pulling on my sweats and dirty New Balances. I ran the heck out of it doing the one and a half hour walk in thirty-six minutes and pushing my heart to 188 beats per minute.

The sun was blasting and the dust powdering soft beneath my feet.

"You're free now, sweet lungs," I said, "Now earn your keep. Make me fly again."

I sat down beneath a large indifferent oak, digging my spine against his years and roots. Just sat there and my eyes became still, as still as my breathing.

Didn't talk to myself. Didn't think 'bout much of anything. Just sat there in silence, my eyes fixated on the distant branches that forked out and away from each other. Just sat there. It's where I've been wanting to be for the longest time. No sound. No lights. Nothing to say. Nothing to do.

Breathing free...learning to be still.

With love and hope to you all.

David M. C.





## Newcomer's Corner continued ...

### New Year's Eve

#### A fiction by David C.

Ed pulled back the cover on his TV dinner, cozied back into the worn and threadbare cushion of his recliner, and prepared for another lonely New Year's Eve in front of the television. Fifty-two years old, his kids grown, he had become accustomed to being alone.

He reminisced about the good times he had shared with his wife and to this day still could not figure out what had gone wrong. They'd been married twenty-two years. Their marriage was not a cakewalk but it was supposed to be for better or worst. and he knew she knew that.

She'd been gone for three years now and he wondered where she was, what she was doing, and whether she was happy.

This was a very painful time of year for him. They had quit smoking together on a whim seven years ago on New Year's Eve. Neither of them expected to make it. And at first it was touch and go. Many times he remembered wanting to throw in the towel and kill his wife. He recollected several times where she acted the same way towards him. But he survived the quit up until this date. She relapsed after two years. He remembered the time they spent getting smober as the greatest bonding of their marriage.

It was also the undoing of their marriage. With the exposure to Nicotine Anonymous and the Twelve-Steps they used to stay smober, he grew in ways she could not foresee. He changed into a different person, the one that he always wanted to be. But this new person grew apart from her as a result of her return to smoking. At first he was frustrated by the situation and his lack of the ability to cope. It cost him his marriage, in his eyes.

So he ate his beanie weanies, mashed potatoes and hot fried apples in silence in front of the idiot tube. This time of year really made him sad.

He knew he could not stay home and sulk tonight, he might get so de-

pressed he could not even get out of bed tomorrow. His face-to-face group was holding a New Year's Eve dance and although dancing with a member of the opposite sex was the last thing he felt inclined to do right now, he decided to go just for the company.

He donned his overcoat, picked up his keys, and departed in his Ford pickup truck. He navigated the icy Boston streets to the meeting hall, and immediately felt the camaraderie of other addicts. Although a quiet member of his group in general, he felt accepted enough through his long standing to feel at ease. He went to the coffee pot, poured himself a cup of joe in a small styrofoam cup and sat down at a table in the back of the room without a word to anybody.

Soft rock was the dance music for the few couples taking advantage of the holiday to dance. The mood was slow and romantic, only adding to Ed's melancholia. Men and women formed groups at the tables socializing or playing cards. Often the talk was loud and boisterous, but for the most part it was a serene environment. Ed just kept to himself.

As the night progressed he found himself absentmindedly staring at the dance floor. A couple of women came up and asked him to dance but he turned them down. He was a good-looking man but he hurt himself by wearing old clothes with patches and stains.

Near midnight a commotion broke out near the door. He turned and looked. It was his wife with a party of revelers. What she was doing here he could not imagine. But his heart dropped through his feet, as he felt riveted to the floor. She looked around and he felt her looking for him. This had been their hangout after that first New Year's Eve.

Her eyes found his and she walked towards him. Panicking he began to hyperventilate and feared he couldn't breathe.

She reached his table and said, "Hi Ed, can I sit down?"

Pulling himself together he nodded. "I just wanted to stop by," she said.

"To see you. To see how you're doing."

He muttered, "I'm surviving. How are you?"

"Honestly, Ed, it's been good and bad. Up and down. Life on life's terms you know, just like they promised us."

"But you're happy?" He said.

"I'm not happy all the time Ed, but I feel fulfilled."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Ed would you like to dance?" she asked.

"Sure," he mumbled. He stood, grasped her left forearm with his right, and led her to the dance floor. A slow song played, giving him the chance to cozy up to the body of the woman who had both filled and then shattered his life's dreams. He felt like it was a surreal experience. He didn't know what to make of it.

When the dance was over, they returned to his table. "Well, I have to leave now Ed."

She looked over her shoulders as she walked out the door, "I love you honey," she said.

"I love you too," he cried.

He lowered his head and shed buckets of tears. He cried until his eye sockets could leak no more.

One of his few buddies noticed him and came over and put an arm around him. "Ed, it's really okay. Was it her again?"

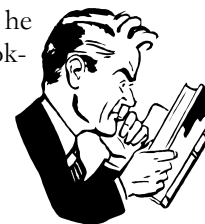
"Yes," said Ed.

"You're going to have to accept it Ed, she's dead, you quit, and she didn't. She died of lung cancer three years ago and she's not coming back."

Ed remembered what his wife said as he put on his jacket and headed for the door. "Life on life's terms." His smobriety gave him the ability to feel these emotions and he knew he would get through this eventually. This was the gift his Higher Power gave him, the gift to feel.

---

I have every sympathy with the American who was so horrified by what he had read of the effects of smoking that he gave up reading. -- Henry G. Strauss, 1892-1974  
Submitted by Susan K.



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**Friday, 4/28**

- Fantastic Gratitude Meeting

**Saturday, 4/29**

- Business meetings
- Nominations of Officers and location of the 2008 Conference
- Marathon meetings
- After-dinner speakers

**Sunday, 4/30**

- Awesome Sunrise Meeting
- Delegate voting
- Inspirational spirituality speaker
- After-Conference guided tour of the Morton Arboretum (<http://www.mortonarb.org>)

For each person registering to attend the conference, please complete a registration form, detach, and send with payment to:  
Steve M., 2006 Conference Registration / 923 Lathrop Ave. / Forest Park, IL / 60130 Make checks payable to: **Nicotine Anonymous**

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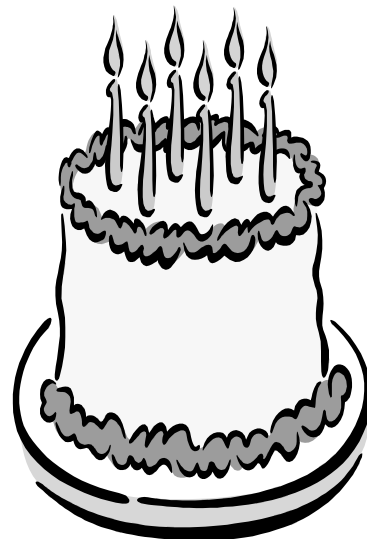
STEPHANIE D. OCT.13, 2003—BOYERTOWN,PA.

MIKE H. JAN. 27, 2004—BARTO, PA.

MIKE B. MAY 6, 1990—BARTO, PA.

PATRICK L. MAY 5, 1997—PORTLAND, OREGON

DON W. who has 8 years on 01/07/06.—WINSTED, CT



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**March 15      February 1**  
**June 15        May 1**  
**September 15      August 1**  
**December 15      November 1**

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