



conventions
Recovery in
direct speech



FROM NORTHERN PORTUGAL TO ASIA

... and many + inventories

4 WOMEN = 4 INSPIRING STORIES

SERENIDADE^{2.0}



SERVICE EDITORS

NEW BEGINNINGS

Alexandra T. - GRATEFUL ADDICT

It was my love of writing that led me to accept this challenge of coordinating Serenidade.

Well, that and the immense appreciation I have for those who believed in me and sponsored me.

It's a huge responsibility, but aren't we in recovery to better ourselves every day?

This first issue of mine, No. 5, will feature life stories, a feature on "Doing Service," and some news about events that took place in foreign fellowships. Of course, there will be no shortage of Joe Fix and Steppin' Mary's good humor, and the usual (and excellent) graphic design.

We have a top-notch team! We had also hoped to give you a report on the first convention held in Morocco, but unfortunately we weren't able to compile everything by the time of going to press.

I hope you enjoy this issue; we had a blast putting it together!

If you'd like to see your story published, or send in feedback, ideas, or even drawings, just contact us at "serenidade@na-pt.org."



WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU

AREA CORRESPONDENTS

- *Being in recovery*
- *Attending meetings*
- *Ability to listen and plead*
- *Knowledge of what's going on in your area (excluding gossip)*

CONTACT:

serenidade@na-pt.org



Freedom such a little rascal

Taking time out of my day to talk about myself with a friend, with my sponsor, or at a meeting has become a normal and necessary part of managing my well-being and my recovery, and one of the ways I nurture my spirituality.

It was very easy to recount facts, tell stories, and weave plots, as if it were a tragicomedy, where I navigated as a character and learned to decipher the script I had created myself.

Transposing these accounts into the world of emotions and feelings, healing deep wounds, was something magical, painful, and embarrassing, but above all, transformative.

The person who helped me the most and still walks by my side has been with me since 1997, one day at a time. We had the privilege of entering recovery in the same place where we had spent several months, and all we knew of that area were the streets surrounding our home and the NA meeting rooms we attended.

The little we saw and knew fueled the longing to one day “return to the place where we were happy.” Yes, despite the pain and the purging, in that time and space we were reborn, and that was and continues to be wonderful.

So, we decided to go back there! Deep down, it was a journey into the past, with someone who understands my true self and truly sees the person I’ve become—the mistakes I made along the way, but which I had to experience. Of the steps taken back, which were essentially creations of my subconscious to retrace the path, of the magic of living clean and sober and being in the same place where it all began, yet being a different person, with a cleansed soul and the certainty that as long as I follow this path, I will have nothing to fear.

We remembered the times we’d go to the laundrette for an hour and how much we loved those 60 minutes, savoring the pleasure of living in freedom.

I bought a candy bar, which back then was the biggest treat of the week, and which today—and just for today—I can buy whenever I want, but back then it tasted different, a good kind of nostalgia.

Someone once said that “freedom is a little rascal,” and it really is; it can easily lead us astray, but when used with care and moderation, it becomes invincible.

The pleasure of choosing, of enjoying my day and the moments, are among the greatest achievements of my recovery.

Every year, I have the pleasure of doing something I’ve never done before and I invite someone from my inner circle to join me.

This year, I got an early start, and by February I had already made plans with my hiking buddy to visit a place we’d been promising to see for years—a place where it only made sense to experience those moments with her.

No one else would understand the magic of buying that chocolate there and jumping out onto the street, without worrying about going over 60 minutes!

No one else would understand the curiosity to visit certain places that lingered in our memories.

My batteries are fully charged, and I’m grateful and happy to be alive!



Ana J.



I want to write about service

Not long ago, I was asked to write for the magazin. To me, that's the same as being asked to share. Even so, I found myself spending days trying to figure out what to write.

Today I figured it out. I want to write about service. About our structure of service. About what I feel and what I see. And also about what I often see being misinterpreted, judged, and even slandered—when suspicions are raised and bad intentions are attributed to those who serve.

I have some difficulty accepting negative opinions from those who do not do service and are completely unaware of the personal investment that servants make in Narcotics Anonymous.

I have little time in recovery and service. I am, without a doubt, curious. I like to understand how everything works. And I continue to be amazed when I see what a group of addicts, with all their flaws (plenty) and qualities (in equal measure), can make happen.

I do service in my home group. I believe that without a home group—just as without sponsorship—I will hardly be able to prevent my ego from growing to the point of undermining our primary purpose.

I'm part of a unit that, in my opinion, is the best place to serve. Going to the ASC every two months isn't a nightmare, as I keep hearing here and there. Our facilities aren't very big, and we're packed in tight for three hours. Tempers sometimes flare—and I confess I still have a lot to learn about staying calm when I get ticked off. 😊

We're in the first quarter of the year. We have only three positions to fill and an average of 84% of groups represented. We have people with immense service experience, and what I often see is that they remain as observers. (I swear I'll get there!) And, quite often, at the end they say: "The rules say otherwise." 😊

There is love. I assure you there is love. I feel welcome—and I'm a real pain. Between what I need to understand and what I think is fair, my hand is almost always in the air. The coordinator sometimes gives me a sideways glance... but in the end, he comes over to give me a hug. And in that hug, I feel a mix of warmth and gratitude for being part of this.

I've been attending the Portuguese RSC as a visitor for a year now. I have to remain silent—which is a fantastic

exercise for me! I've learned so much. And what I see isn't "them" or "us." Individually, we aren't perfect—far from it. But when we're in service, when the collective consciousness—through which God manifests—kicks in, it's wonderful to watch how the "work" unfolds.

All those "WE" are doing their best, taking time away from their families and personal lives, far more out of gratitude and love for Narcotics Anonymous than because of any character flaws. I choose to see service this way, just like the song "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life."

Come and attend the next Regional Meeting. Feel what I'm trying to convey to you. The dates are on the website—nothing is hidden, as I've heard so many times before.

This year I was invited to do service at APNA (Portuguese association of NA, our legal face). It's wonderful to be a part of it. To truly appreciate the individual work of all those servants who keep our website, literature, helpline, and the magazin you're reading running—and, of course, the entire structure that allows us to remain a nonprofit, public-benefit association.

I could go on. I could tell you that I'm close to the staff members and see how much time they spend in online meetings with the rest of Narcotics Anonymous, at the European and global levels. Or locked away for three days in a meeting (EDM), while I walk around and attend the European Convention.

I see all of this. I feel it. I admire it. I respect it.

I choose to look at the light and not at the shadow of my own character defects, too. I don't get into ego competitions with anyone. Just for Today, I stand up for those who do service. I'm a fan of my Area and our Convention. I learn from those with more service experience, and I learn from the newcomer who joins my home group.

Above all, I love Narcotics Anonymous.

And I try to act on that love and with love.



Answering a haunting question

There's a question that's been haunting me for years—sometimes whispered, other times screamed inside: Why does an addict who's truly in recovery want to give their best? Is it just willpower? Is it fear of relapsing? Or is it, deep down, an overwhelming will to live?

I know my answer. And maybe you'll recognize yours in it.

I don't want to give my best to prove anything to anyone. I've spent too much time lying, hiding, pretending I was okay when I was sinking. Today, when I try to be better, it's not a performance—it's survival with dignity.

I give my best because I've already seen my worst. And my worst almost killed me.

There was a time when I didn't want to live; I just wanted not to feel. Not to feel the guilt, the shame, the emptiness, the noise in my head that never stopped. Substances weren't pleasure; they were anesthesia. They were the emergency pause in a life I didn't know how to live.

Today is different. Today I want to be present. Especially when it hurts.

And you know what I'm talking about. Because when you're truly in recovery—not just clean on the outside, but digging into the foundations on the inside—you start to realize something strange: life stops being something you endure and becomes something you want to nurture.

You want to give your best because, for the first time, you feel that your life has weight. That your choices matter. That your words can hurt or heal. That your presence makes a difference in a room.

Before, you lived in "whatever" mode. Now, you live in "it matters" mode.

I do my best because I've been in places where no one expects anything from us—not even ourselves.

And when someone trusts us again, when a family opens its door to us once more, when a newcomer looks to me for hope... I don't want to waste that. Not out of obligation. But out of gratitude.

And you feel that too. That beautiful responsibility of someone who knows they've been given a second chance that many never had.

It's not perfection. Far from it. I still fail, I still have bad days, I'm still human to the core. But the difference is that today I get up. I ask for help. I admit it. I correct it. I try again.

That's giving my best. It's not about being flawless; it's about being honest.

And deep down, yes... it's a will to live. But not that dramatic will you see in movies. It's a simple, stubborn will: wanting to wake up tomorrow without shame for what I did today. Wanting to lay my head on the pillow with a lighter conscience. Wanting to look people in the eye without looking away. Wanting to be someone who can be trusted—including by myself.

You don't want to give your best because you're a good person now. You want to because you know the price of not doing so.

Because you've been in the dark. And now that you know the light—even if it's sometimes faint—you don't want to close your eyes again.

Giving your best is your daily way of saying: "I choose to live. Not just to exist; to live."





I'm already able to walk, talk, and even form sentences

Hello, friends. My name is Maria, and I've been a recovering addict (some days) for about 13 months. I'm already able to walk, talk, and even form sentences—something that wasn't possible before I discovered NA.

I found NA because - fortunately - I was backed into a corner. For nearly 25 years, I ran from my emotions, repressed them, exacerbated them, longed for the future, and ruminated on the past. I felt like a stranger in my own home, and the last few years of my addiction boiled down to being found unconscious, senseless, every other day—sometimes on the toilet, sometimes on the bathroom floor, sometimes with my head in a bowl of rice and beans during a family lunch with the kids. Yet, I thought I was in control of it all. I was completely empty, disillusioned, never knowing if I would wake up the next day.

It took me a long time to accept that I had an illness. A person is never ready. Being ready isn't a feeling; it's a decision. When I decided to stop casting myself in the role of a victim of circumstances, when I began to feel again and started to realize and see the trail of destruction I had left behind and how self-centered, immature, and oblivious I was—after I had “flipped the switch” and processed that “dramatic information” (which was new to me)—I stopped.

I stopped thinking I was sicker, more addicted, or more degenerate than others, and I began, little by little, for the first time, to take responsibility for my own existence.

It was a very strange feeling when, after a month or two of not using, it “hit” me that until then I hadn't been living in reality or anything like it. I was living in a bubble of my own making, which was nothing more than a harrowing theater: always searching for the right mask - the mask that could hide and protect my drug use and my feelings, that would make me pass as “normal,” that wouldn't make me feel like a mistake. And I tell you: sustaining a theater with a cotton-candy ceiling and a stage propped up by elaborate lies and all sorts of schemes and subterfuges that I tried, at all costs, to keep standing and sweep under the rug, was exhausting as hell. And there was no more room for trash under the rug. I could no longer sustain my unreality.

But it was around that time that I was taken to my first meeting, feeling like a raisin full of nerves, that I was not only welcomed and cherished but also surprised to feel like I was part of something, there were other

people there who felt the same way I did; even when they shared, it felt as if they were listening to me. And as if that weren't enough, all those hugs at the end. I wasn't alone anymore.

That was when I made the decision to commit myself to NA and to start, with great difficulty, following suggestions and doing things for myself rather than for my dear parents, from whom I had always sought validation (unsuccessfully, since the intention wasn't honest), and I began to feel that perhaps it was possible to break free from that endless cycle of fear and pain that kept me trapped. I could finally breathe a sigh of relief and start taking off the masks.

The unmanageability went far beyond the obvious insanities and stories—only God knows how I'm here today to write to you: it was the total loss of my own identity, dignity, and humanity; it was the denial of my own powerlessness not only with drugs, but with anything that could provide me with a sense of well-being and immediate pleasure.

It was really crazy to get that into my head. The denial of one's own powerlessness is the insanity of the addict. Refusing to face the reality of the situation and admit it.

If it weren't for NA, that distorted view - which looked like a tangled ball of 349 earphones, all knotted together - would have kept climbing to 350. Today, reality is different: I have people, I have a seat at every meeting, I have the steps, I do the work, and, even if I'm still hesitant, after accepting help, the ball of yarn began to get smaller; the knots began to come undone.

I realized that this same inability to manage my emotions and allowing them to control me - was a dirty, cunning, and very subtle game played by this little addicted mind to validate the idea that I needed to depend on whatever it was to resolve any anxiety or frustration that I MYSELF had created.

How sickening. It should be illegal! Here, the arrogant smart-aleck wasn't at all prepared to face the fact that this clever little mind of mine not only had this side and Machiavellian prowess that I couldn't control - and that it wasn't all just a suicidal delusion - but also a decision, now that I had this awareness.

The final twist in what had been this soap opera of ghostly madness and a roller coaster of confusion, guilt, exhaustion from competition and struggle, fear



I'm already able to walk, talk, and even form sentences

of losing, fear that they would discover I was worthless after all, of dysfunctional “ramblings,” frantic moments of possession, and flashes of excitement, of desire without feeling and hangovers of emptiness that hurt - in which I had lived for years - was when - after 25 years of never wanting anything for myself, of thinking that life was meant to be “endured” or dominated - of all this difficulty in giving and receiving love, of the constant search for paternal pats on the back, of the shame and isolation that only prevented me from enjoying the people I have - it happened sometime after seeing my brother (my favorite person), for the first time in my life, crying in front of me, as he said he had never felt such ingratitude and selfishness as when he learned that I had taken advantage of him at his home for months, after he had taken me in during a time of crisis. I only knew how to take and use. Everything and everyone owed me.

Shortly after that, I could no longer resent my family the way I used to. I began to trust instead of controlling, to forgive instead of resenting, to believe in a Higher Power rather than in the illness, to gradually emerge from self-obsession, and to be attentive to others.

The emptiness began to feel less empty, and somehow, the Maria I'd built up over the years—the poor little thing, the crazy girl, the one with no will to live, no self-esteem, who couldn't speak and surely needed speech therapy (I believed this wholeheartedly)—turned out to be nothing more than beliefs that needed to be deconstructed.

I wasn't some poor, helpless, invalid creature, and I was definitely not a character in a movie that romanticized decay and illness as something cool. I had to let go of the fantasies and grow up. Do things differently.

I got angry. And thank goodness I did. Before I met NA, I didn't know there was another way. I believed that my personality was just that—that I was nothing, that I was miserable, and I had already resigned myself to the fact that I would die using because the fear of stopping haunted me far more than the fear of having to use until I died.

What's certain is that—just for today—I don't want to be miserable! I want more for myself. Being at peace with myself means being at peace with others. Replacing guilt with responsibility, challenging myself every day, ending both good and not-so-good days with gratitude, making an active effort to be better than yesterday—or at least trying.

Committing to myself and renewing that relationship every day. I reaffirm this whenever I think about what I have if I stay in recovery - the people, the work, my newly discovered ability to accomplish everything I set out to do, and all the achievements I've made in such a short time. Steadfastness, discipline, honesty, an open mind, and goodwill. And if I can't manage it just for today, then just for now.

I never thought I'd get out of this; I never even thought it was possible for brushing my teeth every day to be a reality, much less putting lotion on my body after a shower. And here I am. If I'm managing to do this, it's because miracles happen. I am one of them. I'm on the path; I have a path; I have sources of strength that until today I had refused, and most important of all - I'm not alone. I don't have to be alone anymore. I'm only alone if I want to be.

It hasn't been a bed of roses, but it's definitely been an adventure. After all, I only started living a very short time ago. I still feel angry at myself and the things I feel, but I try to share instead of letting myself simmer in the pot of unease. Then I take a deep breath and remind myself that I'm human, and I end the day feeling good about myself, knowing I left nothing unsaid or undone—even though I procrastinated until the very last minute to write this, like the good addict that I am.

I've learned that character comes before comfort, and that comfort is different from happiness. To challenge and simplify, to ask for help, to take a deep breath, to eat pistachio and hazelnut cream by the spoonful, to trust, to tolerate, to be grateful, to listen more, to speak less.

Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of my life. In recovery, every day is the first day of the rest of my life. I hope that makes some sense. Together, we've achieved what I alone was never and will never be capable of. You're not alone.

A big hug from an addict who never thought that brushing my teeth daily and putting on lotion after a shower would be a reality.

Life is beautiful. +24



Experiencing Belmonte

I invited my sponsor, who was part of the Sintra area at the time and had experience in PI - now PR - to accompany me and explain things to the woman.

Information boards were set up in that support office, and the team of professionals even attended the 12th convention in the Lisbon area. In the end, I didn't need to verify my attendance at the meetings.

Service makes me feel like I'm part of this program. I read and reread our literature. I try to serve while respecting our guidelines, though I'm not a scholar of them. It's often intuitive. Above all, I've learned how to conduct myself.

I've been invited to attend a meeting, and I've also been threatened. I've had to walk out of some rooms and seek recovery in others. There hasn't yet been a reason for me to give up on NA and my recovery.

I need NA, and NA needs me. Reciprocity. Balance. That's what I'm looking for, and I'm finding it again.

I currently live in my husband's hometown. I'm in a long-term relationship, always with new projects and ambitions.

I'm the mother of a wonderful and spirited teenager. I'm a devoted daughter, family member, and friend.

I've been specializing in my professional field and work for myself. I'm the master of my own time.

I attend meetings and serve in the Greater Porto area.

My sponsor is from Lisbon.

My sponsee is from the newly opened Beiras Area; I visit the Belmonte group whenever I go back home and... MORE IS YET TO COME.

With gratitude.





Relapse as Source of Wisdom

Hello, my name is Cristiano and I am a recovering addict. I'm clean today thanks to Narcotics Anonymous, and that's a very real part of my life. Through my ups and downs within the fellowship, one of the most important things I've learned is that I can't do it alone. Usually, when I share, I prefer to talk much more about my recovery than about my history of substance use. But I think it's important to provide a little context for my story, because that helps people better understand the path I've taken.

Today I recognize that there was already something different about me even before I started using drugs. As a child, I carried feelings that I would only come to identify many years later as symptoms—or perhaps sources—of addiction: low self-esteem, deep shame about myself, paralyzing shyness, and extreme emotional sensitivity.

I grew up in an emotionally turbulent family environment. My parents had a difficult and complex relationship; while there was always a lot of love, there was also a lot of conflict. Because of this, from a very early age I ended up being very alone with my own feelings. I didn't know how to express what I felt, I couldn't find a space for it, and I closed myself off more and more.

I became a very isolated child, who preferred to be alone most of the time, living in an imaginary world, curled up in my own fantasy world. Today I realize that this emotional loneliness was very fertile ground for addiction to grow within me.

I started using drugs when I was 14, mostly in social settings: school, friends, my peer group. But for someone with my emotional history, drugs and alcohol seemed, at the time, like the perfect solution. Suddenly I could talk more, let loose, socialize, get closer to people, to girls, to friends. It seemed to resolve something inside me. But that illusion didn't last long.

Around age 22, already in college, my use had clearly become compulsive. It was different from my friends' use: more intense, more frequent, more out of control. It was also around this time that I found my drug of choice, and then it became clear to me that there was a serious problem.

Even so, I couldn't stop. I tried several times on my own and never succeeded. That's when, at age 25, I went through my first treatment - a 30-day detox, with AA and NA meetings inside the clinic. That's where I first encountered Narcotics Anonymous. I wasn't able to stay clean after that attempt. I relapsed about three months after leaving treatment. But something important happened: the seed of NA had been planted within me.

After that, I was never able to use drugs with a clear conscience again. In many moments of despair, when I could no longer stand the life I was leading, the memory of NA would come back to me.

A few years later, I found out I was going to be a father. That discovery was a turning point in my life. I knew I couldn't be the father I wanted to be if I kept using drugs the way I was.

That's when I decided to seek help again, this time more seriously. I went through a second, longer treatment, and there I truly reconnected with Narcotics Anonymous. I was about 30 years old at the time. And then I began what I consider to have been my true journey within the fellowship.

The years that followed were, without a doubt, the best years of my adult life.

I served in groups, starting in the coffee station, then moving on to the office, literature, and coordination. Later, I also served as a Group Sponsor. I was deeply involved in the fellowship and in recovery.

I worked the steps with a sponsor, studied the program, and began applying those principles to my life. In just a few years, I managed to rebuild my entire life in a functional way. I had an initial period of recovery with more than five years clean. After that, I had a brief relapse one summer, but I came back quickly - in less than a month - terrified by what had happened. I resumed my recovery and remained clean for another three years. But then life started to happen.

Family, kids, relationships, work... everything was going well. For the first time in my life, I was experiencing professional and financial stability over a long period of time. It was the kind of life I'd always dreamed of having. And it was precisely at that moment that something began to change. As my responsibilities and commitments increased, I started to feel that I no longer had as much time for Narcotics Anonymous.

First, I stopped serving. Then I kept going to meetings, but less often. Over time, I cut back to one meeting every two weeks.

At that time, I didn't feel like using drugs. Life seemed to be working out. But today I realize that, slowly, I was drifting away from the program and the fellowship and unconsciously setting the stage for a future relapse. Little by little, subtly, I began to believe that perhaps my problem with addiction had been resolved.

More than two years after that gradual withdrawal, I relapsed into alcohol.



Relapse as Source of Wisdom

It took me about another year before I returned to my drug of choice. Today I can look back and see things I couldn't see at the time.

One of them is that, during my first cycle of recovery, I kept some aspects of my lifestyle active. I managed to stop using drugs, but I couldn't fully admit that I had lost control of my life in other areas.

The second part of the first step - admitting that our lives had become unmanageable - I wasn't able to work through deeply during that period. In practice, this manifested itself in certain behaviors: continuing to maintain a nightlife and seeking personal satisfaction in superficial, often selfish relationships.

I kept my addiction active in other areas of life, even without using drugs. Another factor that I now realize was very important was my difficulty in truly working the steps. I even went through two cycles of the steps with a sponsor. In the first, I got as far as the fourth step. In the second, I managed to reach the seventh. But in both cases, there was a lot of resistance.

It took me a long time to do what was suggested; I procrastinated on my reflections, I was lazy, and I avoided looking deeply into myself. Working the steps was always a sacrifice, never a relief. Today I realize that this resistance prevented me from delving deeper into essential issues of acceptance, honesty, and self-knowledge. And that contributed directly to the process that ultimately led me to relapse.

This entire journey has led me to reflect deeply on my path within Narcotics Anonymous over the course of nearly two decades. Today, I have been clean for one year. I marked one year of sobriety on March 1, 2026. And I have been using this new opportunity to honestly examine what was missing from my first cycle of recovery.

My commitment today is to turn the mistakes of the past into a source of wisdom. I don't want to repeat the same mistakes while expecting different results. Today, service has once again become a priority for me. I am serving in two in-person groups and plan to expand this service in the coming months, perhaps also getting involved at the area level.

I am also looking for a sponsor, because today I have a much clearer awareness of the importance of working the steps. I still feel some resistance, but now there is something that didn't exist before: a true awareness of the importance of effectively practicing the steps. I also no longer compromise on my meeting attendance.

Today I attend three to four meetings a week, because I know that's what I need to maintain my emotional and mental well-being. When I cut back too much on that frequency, I quickly notice the impact on my balance.

I have also been cultivating a daily practice of reading the daily meditation, reflecting on my attitudes through personal inventory, and engaging more honestly with difficult feelings such as fear, guilt, and shame. Instead of running away from these feelings, I have been learning to be with them without judging or running away. Especially without running away.

And, in this process, I have been increasingly practicing surrender to my Higher Power, humbly asking Him to remove what I still cannot remove on my own.

Today I feel that these practices are happening more naturally, more fluidly, and also more consciously in my recovery.

Relapse is no longer a source of shame or self-punishment for me. Today I can look at my relapse as a teacher. It revealed blind spots I couldn't see before. It showed where my recovery was still superficial and where I needed to grow. And that also brought me something very important: compassion. Today I can look at the relapses of other members with much more understanding. Every addict has a unique journey, and the true path to recovery isn't always linear.

For some of us, learning comes through more difficult paths. That was my experience, but I no longer see myself as a victim because of it. And that is why today I view my relapse not as a failure, but as a source of learning.

If it can serve as a guiding light for other members to see their own blind spots and find the strength to return to the program, then it will have served its purpose.

I want to thank Paulo for inviting me to share this. I feel very honored to be able to share my experience with you. I hope that something of what has been said here makes sense to you, just as it has for me.

I wish all of us another 24 hours clean and serene, with much love and peace in our hearts.

CPNA



XXXIICPNA.NA-PT.ORG

UM DIA DE
CADA VEZ
ARCOS DE
WALDEVEZ

XXXII
CPNA
29 30 31
MAIO
2026

PRÉ-REGISTO
até 30 ABRIL

<https://xxxiiicpna.na-pt.org/>

All the information is available on the convention's website.
English available



JOIN THE XXXII CPNA!

CALL FOR
Artistic Submissions

PRE-REGISTER until APRIL 30



We invite **all addicts** to present artistic or creative performances

MAY 29, 30, 31 - ARCOS DE VALDEVEZ
"One day at a time"

 MUSIC	 POETRY	 DANCE	 LIVE PAINTING	 SHORT THEATER	 CREATIVE TESTIMONIES
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Criteria:

-  Respect for **NA Traditions**
-  Content aligned with the recovery message
-  Maximum duration: **10 to 15 minutes per performance**

Share this poster in your groups and spread the word to all recovering addicts!

FOR MORE INFORMATION & REGISTRATION:

 atividadescpna26@gmail.com

 Pedro - 914322630

 Eduardo - 967634531



XXXII CPNA
29, 30, 31 May
ARCOS DE VALDEVEZ



PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

PRÉ-REGISTO until APRIL 30



Theme: *One Day at a Time*

Proposed Rules:



Open to all NA members



1 photograph per addict



Digital format



Submission deadline: May 15, 2026

Objective:

To engage members before the Convention and create, during the event, an inspiring visual space that reflects recovery in NA.



COC – Activity Submissions for the 32nd CPNA – Portuguese Region of NA

✉ atividadecpna@gmail.com

☎ Pedro - 914322630

☎ Eduardo - 967634531



XXXII CPNA

29, 30, 31 May

ARCOS DE VALDEVEZ

"One day at a time"

André T



ABOUT THERE From Malaysia to Thailand

Anyone who's getting to know me knows that I'm very grateful and have a deep love for this fellowship that saved my life. I'm interested in its history and in getting to know it in different parts of the world.

This time I traveled through Asia, where I was invited to share my Experience, Strength, Faith, and Hope on the topic taken from the book Living Clean, "Connection with the World Around Us."

It was the celebration of NA's 40th anniversary in Malaysia, its first-ever convention, and the Asian Pacific Forum (APF), where Regional Service Representatives (RD) from different Asian regions also gathered for a conference.

It was a convention with a great spirit of unity, with 334 members from 46 different countries. It is a small, developing fellowship, but one with a lot of support from more experienced fellowships and members, thanks in large part to the explosion of online meetings following the pandemic.

There were several sharing sessions by members with many decades of sobriety (58 years clean, for example) and even by a member who was involved in writing our Basic Text. What I've been seeing quite a bit all over the world—and this Convention was no exception—is a message focused on working the steps. Almost all the shares mentioned this work and the (spiritual) gains achieved through it.

It was also interesting to see how, in a city (Kuala Lumpur) with four well-established religions, the message wasn't directed toward a religious God, but toward the NA program. It's always amazing to feel at home anywhere in the world when I hear the message of Narcotics Anonymous and hear my story told by members from countries I didn't even know existed.

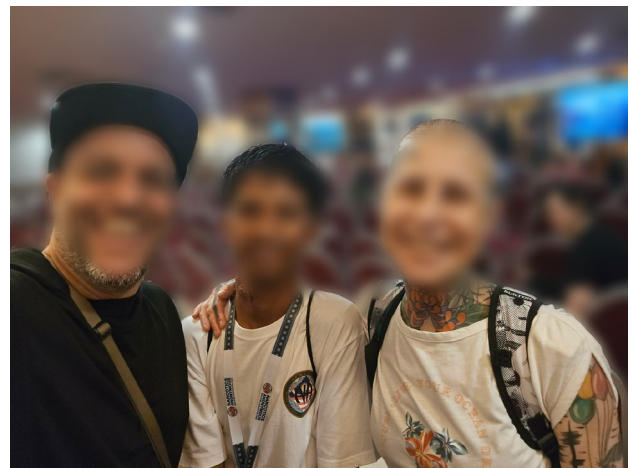
After the Convention, I went to a local meeting at a treatment center, and it filled my heart to see the hope and motivation of those newcomers who had been at the Convention and who, through our message, now believed in a life without drugs if they surrendered to our Narcotics Anonymous program.

After these fantastic days in Kuala Lumpur, we traveled to Chiang Mai, where the 16th Narcotics Anonymous Convention in Thailand was held. It was attended by 550 members from 40 different countries.

It's a convention with fewer local Thai members, but many members who now live there from various countries where NA has a long history (USA, Canada, UK, Russia) and others who stayed there to live after treatment at a center. Some Thai women are the result of H&I work at the women's prison in Thailand.

I had been to Thailand before, both for a convention and just to attend meetings. It's always a joy to reunite with old friends and make new ones.

As we often say: "NA is like the Mafia - wherever we go in the world, we have family; if we leave, we might die!!! +24



Anniversaries



AROUND HERE From Viana, in Barca to Feira

Sexta-feira Limpa e Sôbria - Santa Maria da Feira

The 31st-anniversary celebration featured two main shares and a turnout that felt like a mini-convention, attended by both members and their families. At the end, there was a banquet, perfect for those who hadn't had dinner yet.



Sol por Hoje - Viana do Castelo

The second-oldest meeting in Minho celebrated its 30th anniversary, with a large turnout of family members and friends, as well as the parish priest in charge of the venue where the meeting is held. There was plenty of food on the table, along with deep emotion and gratitude for the lives in recovery.



Minholimpo - Ponte da Barca

Welcome to fabulous Ponte da Barca, where the hottest group of the European Forum just keeps growing... in calories - over 90 old-timers and newcomers mingled, with many visitors added to the exciting celebration. With simple yet hearty dishes, crowned by the serenity of caldo verde, we celebrated the 28 years of steadfast dedication of this small, unyielding group to saving the lives of addicts, one day at a time.





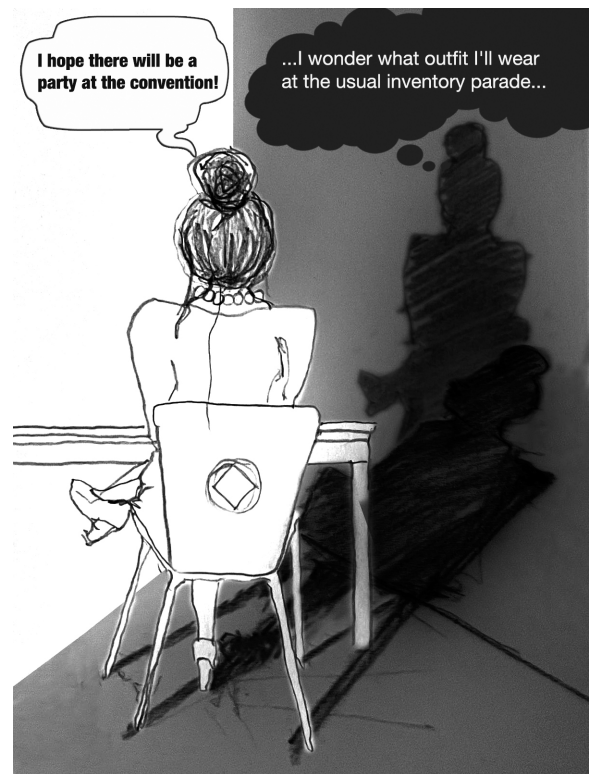
MOCKING THE RECOVERING

INVENTORIES À LA CARTE

JOE FIX



STEPPIN' MARY



As the meeting was about to begin, behind the chapel, a man approached the attendants and asked:

"Is this where Joe is?
"Joe isn't coming today.
"... Isn't this the funeral chapel?"

The meeting had already begun when a woman enters and sits down in one of the available chairs. After the five preambles are read, the woman raises her hand and asks:

- Excuse me, but this isn't the Boy Scouts meeting, is it?

SO I HEAR

Q: How many addicts does it take to change a light bulb?

A: One. He just holds the light bulb, and the world spins around him.

- Have you heard that they've found a cure for addiction with just one pill?

- Hmm, I wonder what would happen if I took a handful of them...!?!?

I was supposed to pick up the meeting key half an hour early and go see an old sacristan to get it from him.

"Good afternoon, I'm here to get the key for the 6:00 p.m. meeting."
"That's the junkies' meeting, right?"

Newcomer: What can I do to stay clean?

Oldtimer: One thing we recommend is that you avoid any intimate relationships for a year.

Newcomer: What? Does that help?
Oldtimer: I can't say. I think nobody has ever followed that suggestion before...

Check Out

LAST SHARE



Serenidade 2.0 magazine is published in Portuguese and English and is available in digital format.

Its contents are a way of contributing to the recovery of NA members by publishing information on recovery, activities and services related to recovery.

The magazine also seeks to introduce a component of entertainment and debate on issues relevant to its recipients.

All NA members can and should suggest topics to be covered, simply by contacting us by e-mail.

The magazine is also open to other forms of collaboration from NA members. All contributions are welcome.

The Chairs reserve the right to evaluate the conformity of texts and other contributions with the 12 traditions of NA.

All material must be original and, once published, is the property of the journal, implying permission to publish.

The articles published represent the experience and opinion of individual NA members and do not necessarily express the principles and philosophy of NA as a whole.

YOUR SERENE TEAM

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