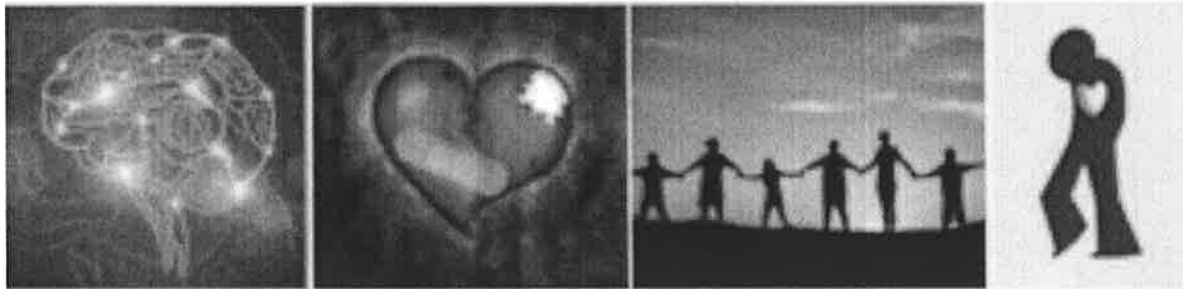


# **WE THIRST: Lessons in Mercy**

**Christian Reflections on Addiction**



**February 12, 13, 15, 16, 2018**

**Saint Aloysius**  
**CHURCH & SCHOOL**

935 Bennetts Mills Road, Jackson, New Jersey 08527

# About the Presenter

## Nina Marie Corona, M.A., C.R.S.

Nina is passionate about guiding individuals and communities towards peace, fulfillment, self-awareness, and personal and societal transformation through educational and inspirational courses, presentations, programs, and retreats for people of all ages, faiths, and professions. Currently pursuing a Doctorate of Ministry at Fordham University, Nina possesses a Master of Arts in Spirituality from Loyola University Chicago. She is an adjunct instructor at Villanova University where she teaches theology and spirituality.

Prior to her recent studies, Nina also studied graduate theology at St. Charles Borromeo Seminary and LaSalle University. She graduated with a Bachelor of Arts in studio arts from Muhlenberg College. A trained and experienced artist, when not teaching, presenting, or writing, Nina utilizes her artistic gifts in painting, drawing, and sculpting to express herself and the experiences that have brought both joy and pain to her life.



Because of her desire to contribute to a solution to the national overdose epidemic, Nina also obtained education certification in Alcohol & Drug Counseling from Villanova University and is a Pennsylvania Board Certified Recovery Specialist.

Nina is a member of the Association of Spiritual, Ethical, and Religious Values in Counseling (ASERVIC), the Society for the Study of Christian Spirituality, and the Parliament of the World's Religions. Nina is a member of NAADAC (The Association for Addiction Professionals) and was a panelist for the association's webinar series on The Spirituality of Addiction. Nina resides in Bethlehem Pennsylvania with her husband Mark and has two adult daughters and one grandson.

To learn more about Nina and to view her artwork, reflections, and videos, please visit her website at [www.ninamariecorona.com](http://www.ninamariecorona.com).

The Time Machine  
by Collin Raye

He circled and stared Nervous and scared  
He knew both the thrill and the cost But he didn't  
think twice  
This amazing device  
Was his last chance to see what he'd lost If time is  
really a river  
And upstream's where he needed to be He set his  
sights on the past  
Finished his glass And went back in history

To the casual eye it's a bar stool But it's really  
much more than it seems  
A few drinks and then She'll be with him again  
As he sits on the time machine

Like all pioneers He swallowed his fears  
And watched the whole room fade to black He's  
dying to go  
But he's no fool, he knows How hard it will be to  
come back But tonight he's tired of the lonely And  
tomorrow will not be the cure  
So he'll just slip away Find yesterday  
And spend one more night with her

Now as far as these customers can tell He's just  
one more fool who talks to himself But every man  
in this place would line up  
If they knew what that seat really was (but)

To the casual eye it's a bar stool But it's really  
much more than it seems  
A few drinks and then She'll be with him again  
As he sits on the time machine

Just a few drinks and then She'll be with him  
again  
As he sits on the time machine.

Does Anybody Hear Her?  
by Casting Crowns

She is running  
A hundred miles an hour in the wrong direction

She is trying  
But the canyon's ever widening In the depths of  
her cold heart

So she sets out on another misadventure just to  
find  
She's another two years older  
And she's three more steps behind

Does anybody hear her? Can anybody see?  
Or does anybody even know she's going down  
today Under the shadow of our steeple  
With all the lost and lonely people  
Searching for the hope that's tucked away in you  
and me Does anybody hear her? Can anybody  
see?

She is yearning  
for shelter and affection that she never found at  
home.

She is searching  
for a hero to ride in  
To ride in and save the day  
And in walks her prince charming  
And he knows just what to say  
Momentary lapse of reason  
And she gives herself away

If judgement looms under every steeple If lofty  
glances from lofty people Can't see past her  
scarlet letter

And we never even met her

He is running  
A hundred miles an hour in the wrong direction.

I Am A Rock  
by Paul Simon

A winters day  
In a deep and dark December; I am alone,  
Gazing from my window to the streets below On a  
freshly fallen silent shroud of snow.

I am a rock, I am an island.

I've built walls,  
A fortress deep and mighty, That none may  
penetrate.  
I have no need of friendship; friendship causes  
pain.  
It's laughter and it's loving I disdain.

I am a rock, I am an island.

Don't talk of love,  
But I've heard the words before; It's sleeping in  
my memory.  
I won't disturb the slumber of feelings that have  
died.

If I never loved I never would have cried.

I am a rock, I am an island.

I have my books  
And my poetry to protect me; I am shielded in my  
armor,  
Hiding in my room, safe within my womb. I touch  
no one and no one touches me.

I am a rock, I am an island.

And a rock feels no pain; And an island never  
cries.

Books:

The Thirst for Wholeness: Attachment, Addiction & the  
Spiritual Path by Christina Grow

Living An Authentic Life, by Thomas E. Legere, Ph.D.

The Stormy Search for the Self

The Real Me  
by Natalie Grant

Foolish heart looks like we're here again  
Same old game of plastic smile  
Don't let anybody in  
Hiding my heartache, will this glass house break?  
How much will they take before I'm empty?  
Do I let it show, does anybody know?

But you see the real me  
Hiding in my skin, broken from within  
Unveil me completely  
I'm loosening my grasp  
There's no need to mask my frailty  
Cause you see the real me

Painted on, life is behind a mask  
Self-inflicted circus clown  
I'm tired of the song and dance  
Living a charade, always on parade  
What a mess I've made of my existence  
But you love me even now  
And still I see somehow

But you see the real me  
Hiding in my skin, broken from within  
Unveil me completely  
I'm loosening my grasp  
There's no need to mask my frailty  
Cause you see the real me

Wonderful, beautiful is what you see  
When you look at me  
You're turning the tattered fabric of my life  
into a perfect tapestry

I just wanna be me

But you see the real me  
Hiding in my skin, broken from within  
Unveil me completely  
I'm loosening my grasp  
There's no need to mask my frailty  
Cause you see the real me  
And you love me just as I am  
Wonderful, beautiful is what you see  
When you look at me

Empathy  
by Alanis Morissette

There are so many parts  
that I have hidden and denied and lost  
There are so many ways  
that I have cut off my nose to spite my face

There are so many colors  
that I still try to hide while I paint  
And there are so many tunes  
that I secretly sing as I wait

You come along  
and invite these parts out of hiding  
This invitation  
is the one that I've stopped fighting....

Thank you for seeing me  
I feel so less lonely  
Thank you for getting me  
I'm healed by your empathy  
Oh this intimacy

There were so many times,  
I thought I'd die not being truly known  
There've been so many moments:  
forever lonely in my vocation

You come along  
and celebrate each feeling  
And there you are  
all honor and inquiring.....

Thank you for seeing me  
I feel so less lonely  
Thank you for getting me  
I'm healed by your empathy  
Oh this intimacy

There was a day  
where the trust that was being asked of me  
Required too much you see  
To accept your generosity  
And to know myself  
enough to let you help me

Thank you for seeing me  
I feel so less lonely  
Thank you for getting me  
I'm healed by your empathy  
Oh this intimacy

The Velveteen Rabbit

"What is REAL?" asked the Rabbit one day, when they were lying side by side near the nursery fender, before Nana came to tidy the room. "Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?"

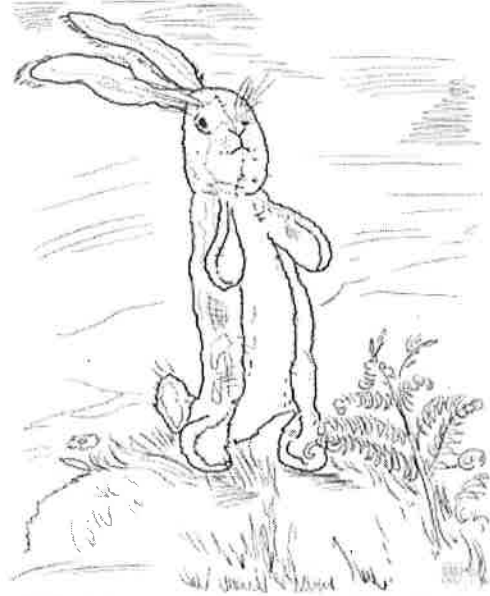
"Real isn't how you are made," said the Skin Horse. "It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real."

"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.

"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. "When you are Real you don't mind being hurt."

"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up," he asked, "or bit by bit?"

"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. "You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."



Unlovable  
by Plumb

I make you uncomfortable when I'm around You  
always find a reason to shut me out  
You don't understand me so you push me away  
And you claim Jesus lets you live that way. Tell me

Why me?  
Why am I not welcome in your company? Why do  
you treat me like an enemy?  
If you believe the way you say you do Oh, then  
why am I unlovable to you? Oh, why am I  
unlovable to you?

She's got a child and no place to live But all we  
can think about is our politics Where is the love  
now?  
Oh, that we talk so much about that we shout  
Cause I don't think she sees it She's saying

Why me?  
Why am I not welcome in your company? Why do  
you treat me like an enemy?  
If you believe the way you say you do Oh, then  
why am I unlovable to you? Oh, why am I  
unlovable to you?

So we say we love Jesus but didn't we kill Him?  
Cause we thought He was different . . . what was  
He thinking What was He feeling I bet He was  
saying . . .

Why me?  
Why am I not welcome in your company? Why do  
you treat me like an enemy?  
If you believe the way you say you do

Tell me, why me?  
Why am I not welcome in your company? Why do  
you treat me like an enemy?  
If you believe the way you say you do Oh, then  
why am I unlovable to you?  
Oh, why am I unlovable to you? Oh, why am I  
unlovable?

You Don't Know Jack  
by Luke Bryan

He asked me for a dollar, I said "Go get a job"  
I turned up my collar and started walkin' off  
He said "I don't blame you, I know what you think.  
I'd just spend your money, to buy another drink"

But you don't know Jack,  
Double shot, eighty proof, on the rocks,  
Until you've lost it all. And you can't go back  
To your life, and your kids, and your ex-wife  
With just a telephone call.  
If you think it's just a bottle, In an old brown paper  
sack You don't know Jack.

He showed me a picture, of two little girls  
Wearin' Easter dresses, hair done up in curls  
He said "God bless their mamma, She said I  
couldn't stay.  
And buddy if you're wonderin', How could I throw  
it all away"

You don't know Jack,  
Double shot, eighty proof, on the rocks,  
Until you've lost it all. And you can't go back  
To your life, and your kids, and your ex-wife  
With just a telephone call.  
If you think it's just a bottle, In an old brown paper  
sack You don't know Jack.

If you never felt the fire, Running through your  
veins, If you've never seen the devil, Face to  
face...

You don't know Jack,  
Double shot, eighty proof, on the rocks,  
Until you've lost it all.  
So brother just be glad, and tonight Hold your  
kids, kiss your wife  
And when you talk to God, Count up all your  
blessings And thank the good Lord that You don't  
know Jack.  
You don't know Jack.

Prodigal Song  
by Laura Story

Henry loves the ballpark  
But lately he ain't coming round Things have been  
so different Since his youngest boy left town

Fighting seem so harmless Families sometimes  
disagree It's hard to know the reason Why he  
finally chose to leave But he's gone away  
And his father waits

[Chorus:]

And he is watching and he is hoping Though his  
eyes are weary, his arms are still open  
And his prayer, so softly spoken Please come  
home

Now Henry sits and wonders  
In that front porch rocking chair Does his boy  
remember  
All the love the family shared And is he cold  
Out there alone

[Chorus:]

And he is watching and he is hoping Though his  
eyes are weary, his arms are still open  
And his prayer, so softly spoken Please come  
home

To your seat at the table To your father who weeps  
Every night in sleepless dreams He longs to see  
His face in younger skin  
Running down the driveway again.

If We Are The Body  
by Casting Crowns

It's crowded in worship today  
As she slips in trying to fade into the faces  
The girl's teasing laughter is carrying farther than  
they know Farther than they know

But if we are the body  
Why aren't His arms reaching? Why aren't His  
hands healing? Why aren't His words teaching?

And if we are the body  
Why aren't His feet going?  
Why is His love not showing them there is a way?  
There is a way

A traveler is far away from home He sheds his  
coat and quietly sinks into the back row  
The weight of their judgmental glances  
Tells him that his chances are better out on the  
road

Jesus paid much too high a price For us to pick  
and choose who should come  
And we are the body of Christ Jesus is the way

**Links to video prayers from weeks one and two:**

1. Prayer for Hope and Strength: <https://youtu.be/AZzWUNmjXIY>
2. A Prayer for When I Feel Rejected: <https://youtu.be/wjdQYN1FWI4>

### We Drank . . .

We drank for happiness and became unhappy.  
We drank for joy and became miserable.  
We drank to be outgoing and became self-centered.  
We drank for sociability and became argumentative.  
We drank for sophistication and became crude and obnoxious.  
We drank for friendship and made enemies.  
We drank to soften sorrow and wallowed in self-pity.  
We drank for sleep and awakened without rest.  
We drank to make conversation easier and slurred our speech.  
We drank for warmth and lost our cool.  
We drank for coolness and lost our warmth.  
We drank to feel heavenly and knew hell.  
We drank to forget and were forever haunted.  
We drank for freedom and became slaves.  
We drank for power and were powerless.  
We drank for strength and felt weak.  
We drank for sex and lost our potency.  
We drank "medicinally" and acquired health problems.  
We drank because the job called for it and lost the job.  
We drank for relaxation and got the shakes.  
We drank for confidence and became uncertain.  
We drank for bravery and were afraid.  
We drank for certainty and became doubtful.  
We drank to stimulate thought and blacked out.  
We drank to erase problems and saw them multiply.  
We drank to cope with life and invited death.

### Wine Into Water by T. Graham Brown

You've heard a multitude of prayers on my behalf  
I pray one more is not too much to ask  
I've tried to fight this battle by myself  
But it's a war that I can't win without Your help

Tonight, I'm as low as any man can go  
I'm down and I can't fall much farther  
And once upon a time,  
You turned the water into wine  
An' now, on my knees, I'm turning to You, Father  
Could You help me turn the wine back into water?

So many times I've hurt the ones I love  
I pushed them to the edge of giving up  
They've stood by me but how much  
can they stand  
If I don't put this bottle in Your hands?

Tonight, I'm as low as any man can go  
I'm down and I can't fall much farther  
And once upon a time,  
You turned the water into wine  
An' now, on my knees, I'm turning to You, Father  
Could You help me turn the wine back into water?

I shook my fist at heaven for all the hell that I've  
been through  
Now I'm begging for forgiveness  
and a miracle from You '  
Cause tonight, I'm as low  
as any man can go  
I'm down and I can't fall much farther  
And once upon a time,  
You turned the water into wine  
An' now, on my knees, I'm turning to You, Father  
Could You help me turn the wine back into water?

Could You help me turn this wine back into water?



No Longer Slaves  
by Bethel Music

You unravel me with a melody  
You surround me with a song  
Of deliverance from my enemies  
'Til all my fears are gone

[2x]

I'm no longer a slave to fear I am a child of God

From my mother's womb  
You have chosen me  
Love has called my name  
I've been born again into your family  
Your blood flows through my veins

[4x]

I'm no longer a slave to fear I am a child of God

I am surrounded  
By the arms of the father  
I am surrounded  
By songs of deliverance

We've been liberated From our bondage  
We're the sons and the daughters  
Let us sing our freedom

[2x]

You split the sea  
So I could walk right through it  
My fears were drowned in perfect love  
You rescued me And I will stand and sing  
I am a child of God.

Yes, I am  
I am a child of God I am a child of God  
Yes, I am  
I am a child of God Full of faith  
Yes, I am a child of God I am a child of God

[3x]

I'm no longer a slave to fear I am a child of God

The Hidden Spirit

"Where shall we hide the spirit from humans?"  
The gods all cried when they were made

"How can we guard our secret now?"  
They asked each other so afraid

Hide it in the earth and they will mine it  
Hide it on a mountain and they will climb it  
Even in the sea and they will find it  
Where shall we hide the spirit from humans?

Quite beside themselves they cried  
These upstarts will take our throne  
We have made them far too smart  
Not to claim our heaven as their home.

They thought of stars in outer space  
Or in the nature of a tree.  
But they knew that humans could solve  
Each and every mystery.

Hide it in matter, they'll analyze it  
Hide it in water, they'll crystallize it  
Even in hell, and they'll surmise it  
Where shall we hide the spirit from humans?

Then they solved the mystery  
Of how the frightened gods should win.  
The wisest said let's take the spirit  
And hide it deep inside of them.

Hide it in their hearts, and they will doubt it  
Hide it in their minds, and they will live without it  
Even if we reveal and shout it  
They will never believe —

that the spirit is deep inside of them.

Nina's reflections contain some of the topics from this series. To read, visit her website at:  
[www.ninamariecorona.com](http://www.ninamariecorona.com).

Any videos created by Nina that were shown in the series can be viewed on her YouTube channel:  
[www.youtube.com/ninamariecorona](http://www.youtube.com/ninamariecorona).

## I STAND BY THE DOOR

I neither go too far in, nor stay too far out.  
The door is the most important door in the world -  
It is the door through which men walk when they find God.

There is no use my going way inside and staying there,  
When so many are still outside and they, as much as I, Crave to know where the door is.  
And all that so many ever find  
Is only the wall where the door ought to be. They creep along the wall like blind men, With outstretched, groping  
hands,

Feeling for a door, knowing there must be a door, Yet they never find it.  
So I stand by the door.

The most tremendous thing in the world  
Is for men to find that door - the door to God. The most important thing that any man can do  
Is to take hold of one of those blind, groping hands And put it on the latch - the latch that only clicks And opens to  
the man's own touch.

Men die outside the door, as starving beggars die On cold nights in cruel cities in the dead of winter.  
Die for want of what is within their grasp.

They live on the other side of it -  
Live there because they have not found it.  
Nothing else matters compared to helping them find it, And open it, and walk in, and find Him.  
So I stand by the door.

Go in great saints; go all the way in - Go way down into the cavernous cellars,  
And way up into the spacious attics.  
It is a vast, roomy house, this house where God is.  
Go into the deepest of hidden casements, Of withdrawal, of silence, of sainthood. Some must Inhabit those Inner rooms And know the depths and heights of God,  
And call outside to the rest of us how wonderful it is.

Sometimes I take a deeper look in, Sometimes venture in a little farther,  
But my place seems closer to the opening.  
So I stand by the door

There is another reason why I stand there.  
Some people get part way in and become afraid  
Lest God and the zeal of His house devour them; For God is so very great and asks all of us.

And these people feel a cosmic claustrophobia And want to get out. 'Let me out!' they cry.  
And the people way inside only terrify them more.  
Somebody must be by the door to tell them that they are spoiled.

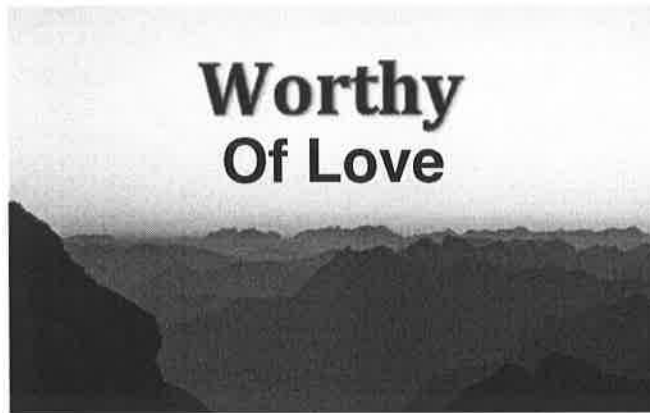
For the old life they have seen too much:  
One taste of God and nothing but God will do any more.  
Somebody must be watching for the frightened Who seek to sneak out just where they came in, To tell them how much better it is inside.  
The people too far in do not see how near these are to leaving - preoccupied with the wonder of it all.  
Somebody must watch for those who have entered the door But would like to run away.  
So for them too, I stand by the door.

I admire the people who go way in.  
But I wish they would not forget how it was before they got in.  
Then they would be able to help  
the people who have not yet even found the door.  
Or the people who want to run away again from God. You can go in too deeply and stay in too long  
And forget the people outside the door.

As for me, I shall take my old accustomed place, Near enough to God to hear Him and know He is there,  
But not so far from men as not to hear them, And remember they are there too.

Where? Outside the door - Thousands of them. Millions of them.  
But - more important for me - One of them, two of them, ten of them.  
Whose hands I am intended to put on the latch.

So I shall stand by the door and wait for those who seek it.  
I had rather be a doorkeeper.  
So I stand by the door.



I met with a young woman in the hospital recently. She is a beautiful, young, intelligent person — a loving mother, and a beloved daughter. Like tens of thousands of others in America, she is caught in the grips of the opioid epidemic and was briefly hospitalized after an overdose. We talked for a bit, discussed the hardships of recovery and the treatment industry. Her family groped for help from the hospital and others who might be able to guide them to a safe place for healing and hope. Several days later she was found unconscious (OD) in a parking lot after being released prematurely from the hospital to a recovery house, where she was forced to wander the streets daily looking for work. The injustices are too many to list in this brief reflection.

She is unreachable these days, but I sent her a private message encouraging her to never give up. Among other things, I wrote: “you are worthy.” Afterward, I thought about the implications of the word “worthy,” so I looked up the definition. It is defined as “deserving effort, attention, or respect -- good enough.” I wonder, who is it that judges if someone is good enough? Who decides which people are deserving of attention or respect? How and why could anyone suffering from an affliction feel less than deserving of love, attention, hope, and healing? What is our obligation to others in making them feel worthy? It’s not something we can give to ourselves, because we see our reflections, as in a mirror, through the eyes of others.

I believe that we are all innately good people who often become misguided. We might make judgments because we truly believe that we know what is right for another, or what is best for the world. These human tendencies have been occurring since the beginning of the church (and surely since the beginning of time). St. Paul’s letters to the community in Corinth reveal similar propensities as people judged each other and were divided by their ethical and religious beliefs, education, and even by their feelings of spiritual superiority. It was bedlam in the name of Christ.

Paul reminds the community that anything they have in life is a gift that has been given to them by the Spirit, and that gift is to be used for the service of others — never to exalt themselves in holiness. If they don’t use their gifts to serve others, the gifts are useless. He reminds the community (and us) that we are all connected, and everything we do affects someone. He tells them to “pursue love.”

Let’s pursue love. Let’s use our gifts for the service of others. Let’s let our eyes be mirrors radiating love so that all who see their reflection in our eyes may feel worthy, because they are.

## The Vortex



Addiction in a loved one has a way of completely paralyzing family and friends. Otherwise intelligent, loving, and naturally connected people become confused, and previously held thoughts, values, and beliefs can go completely awry along with any relationship and communication skills one once had. Cognition becomes ruled by emotion, and it can be extremely difficult to reorder those behavioral systems which seem to have been caught in a rotating cycle of fear, guilt, shame, blame, anger, and grief that results in a powerful and blinding vortex in the mind of the beholder. This vortex can gain destructive momentum by a simple thought, conversation, visit, or speculation, and it is not easily calmed. It's a whirlwind; however, that must be stilled. The clarity that is essential for wise decision-making cannot be found amidst the turbulent and blinding nature of a cyclone.

I've never been physically caught in anything similar to a tornado, but hey, I've seen the Wizard of Oz! I know it can carry houses like the toy homes from the Monopoly game. It's a deadly, unpredictable, and uncontrollable force, and although our minds often feel the same way, they do not in fact have those same scientific characteristics. We have the ability to subdue the mental storm. It's not easy, and it seems to fly against every natural instinct, but it is possible. Detachment is a popular concept that is often advised to family and friends in such a crisis mode. The idea itself is not a bad one, but I believe that message has been distorted to become a very unhealthy one.

If you look up the definition of the word, you might understand where the confusion originates.

Dictionary.com lists words such as "aloofness, indifference, and unconcern" as synonyms, and unfortunately that is the meaning that many attribute to the concept of detachment in addiction. Another definition is: "lack of emotion or of personal interest." That's just inhumane and not based in the reality of a loving relationship. A more accurate and plausible definition of detachment in this context is: "a condition in which something has become separated from something else." That separation has to occur within ourselves. It's a separation of our out-of-control emotions from the chaos in the mind. It's a disconnection from the fear and future based thinking that drives the ferocious spiral. It's a calming of the storm to see clearly what needs to be done.

It's not easy. The other day my daughter called to ask me how to help a friend who is actively using right now and potentially in great danger of an overdose. As hard as I tried to detach emotionally, I could not (for the life of me) come up with a rational thought. Fear began swirling in my mind like a dust devil acting completely independent of my intellect and will. My brain scanned from thought to thought, but the darn emotional swirling would not settle. It was like Robot from Lost in Space (God I'm revealing my age here), short-circuiting and blurting out: "WARNING! WARNING!" All I could think and say out loud was, "stay away from him." Years of reading, analyzing, consulting, and training, and all I could say was, "stay away from him." I did exactly what I know I should not have done. I reacted from inside the blinding force of the vortex. It took a few moments for me to regain control of my senses, and I was able to then recommend a person whom I thought might be able to help.

None of this is simple, but an understanding of what's happening and awareness amidst the turmoil is a good start. The rest is practice, patience, and more practice until we can hopefully calm the emotional storm and act reasonably, lovingly, and always in line with our personal values. It's a tedious but necessary reordering of the behavioral systems stuck in the whirlwind. Never stop trying and keep learning all you can about that which is such a destructive force in your life. Knowledge is pretty powerful too.

## Criteria for Diagnosing Substance Use Disorders

Diagnostic Criteria for Substance Use Disorders
Using in larger amounts or for longer than intended
Wanting to cut down or stop using, but not managing to
Spending a lot of time to get, use, or recover from use
Craving
Inability to manage commitments due to use
Continuing to use, even when it causes problems in relationships
Giving up important activities because of use
Continuing to use, even when it puts you in danger
Continuing to use, even when physical or psychological problems may be made worse by use
Increasing tolerance
Withdrawal symptoms

Notes: Fewer than 2 symptoms = no disorder; 2-3 = mild disorder; 4-5 = moderate disorder; 6 or more = severe disorder.

Source: American Psychiatric Association, (2013).<sup>30</sup>

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### SOME RESOURCES FROM THE BIOLOGY PRESENTATION

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF ADDICTION MEDICINE (ASAM)	<a href="http://www.asam.org">www.asam.org</a>
NATIONAL INSTITUTE ON DRUG ABUSE (NIDA)	<a href="http://www.drugabuse.gov">www.drugabuse.gov</a>
SAM (SMART APPROACHES TO MARIJUANA)	<a href="http://www.learnaboutsam.org">www.learnaboutsam.org</a>
FACING ADDICTION IN AMERICA -SURGEON GENERAL'S REPORT	<a href="http://www.addiction.surgeongeneral.gov">www.addiction.surgeongeneral.gov</a>
INTERVENTION INFORMATION	<a href="http://www.lovefirst.net">www.lovefirst.net</a>
CRAFT (COMMUNITY REINFORCEMENT & FAMILY TRAINING)	<a href="http://www.hbo.com/addiction/treatment/371_alternative_to_intervention.html">www.hbo.com/addiction/treatment/371_alternative_to_intervention.html</a>
ALLIES IN RECOVERY (FOR FAMILY & FRIENDS)	<a href="http://www.alliesinrecovery.net">www.alliesinrecovery.net</a>
BOOK: BEYOND ADDICTION (HOW SCIENCE & KINDNESS HELP PEOPLE CHANGE)	By Jeffrey Foote, Carrie Wilkens, Nicole Kosanke and Stephanie Higgs
SMART RECOVERY (AND SMART RECOVERY FAMILY & FRIENDS)	<a href="http://www.smartrecovery.org">www.smartrecovery.org</a>
SAMHSA and SAMHSA NATIONAL REGISTRY OF EVIDENCED-BASED PROGRAMS	<a href="http://www.samhsa.gov">www.samhsa.gov</a> <a href="http://www.nrepp.samhsa.gov">www.nrepp.samhsa.gov</a>
MODERATION MANAGEMENT	<a href="http://www.moderation.org">www.moderation.org</a>
NARCAN	<a href="http://www.getnaloxonenow.org">www.getnaloxonenow.org</a>
MUTUAL AID RESOURCES (support groups)	<a href="http://www.facesandvoicesofrecovery.org">www.facesandvoicesofrecovery.org</a>

#### CHRISTIAN RECOVERY RESOURCES

Free N One (Faith-based with Cognitive Behavior Therapy)	<a href="http://www.free-n-one.org">www.free-n-one.org</a>
The Calix Society (Catholic)	<a href="http://www.calixsociety.org">www.calixsociety.org</a>
Lion Tamers Anonymous	
Overcomers for Christ	<a href="http://www.overcomersforchrist.org">www.overcomersforchrist.org</a>
Teen Challenge	<a href="http://www.teenchallengeusa.com">www.teenchallengeusa.com</a>

WE THIRST: LESSONS IN MERCY

Some of the Resources Listed in Evening Three's Presentation (NEW JERSEY)

National Helpline (SAMHSA - Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration)	1-800-662-HELP (4357)
Adult Children of Alcoholics	<a href="http://www.adultchildren.org">www.adultchildren.org</a>
Association of Recovery Schools	<a href="https://recoveryschools.org">https://recoveryschools.org</a>
Movie: Generation Found	<a href="https://gathr.us/films/generation-found">https://gathr.us/films/generation-found</a>
Movie: Anonymous People	<a href="http://manyfaces1voice.org">http://manyfaces1voice.org</a>
Track legislation being debated	<a href="http://www.govtrack.us">www.govtrack.us</a>
Addiction Policy	<a href="http://www.addictionpolicy.org">www.addictionpolicy.org</a>
State of NJ Facing Addiction Taskforce	<a href="http://reachnj.gov">http://reachnj.gov</a>
NJ Helpline 24/7	1-844-Reach NJ (1-844-732-2465)
NJ Department of Human Services	<a href="http://www.nj.gov/humanservices/dmhas/home/hotlines/">http://www.nj.gov/humanservices/dmhas/home/hotlines/</a>
Prescription Monitoring Program	<a href="http://www.cdc.gov/drugoverdose/pdmp">www.cdc.gov/drugoverdose/pdmp</a>
The Phoenix	<a href="http://www.thephoenix.org">www.thephoenix.org</a>
The Examen Prayer (there are many websites, books, and several apps). This is just one of many.	<a href="http://www.ignatianspirituality.com/ignatian-prayer/the-examen">www.ignatianspirituality.com/ignatian-prayer/the-examen</a>

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