

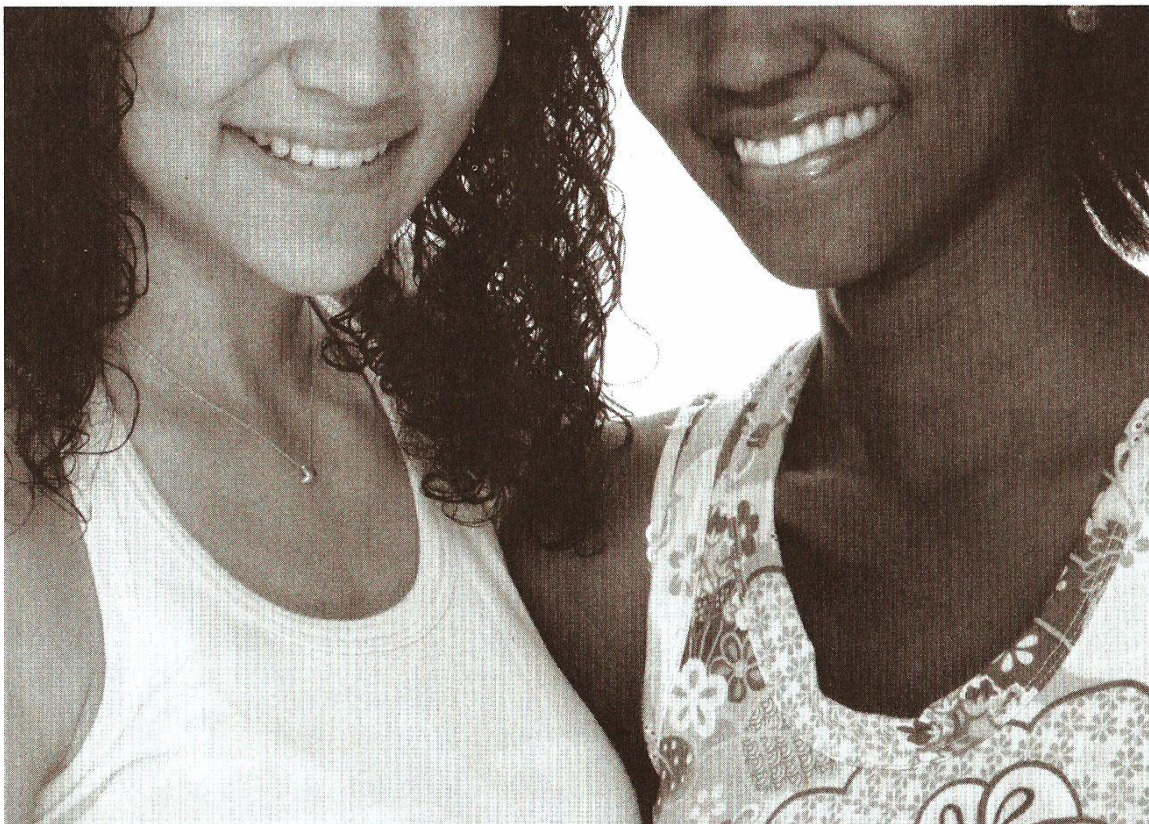
Pain has **NO** color

As an African-American female, entering Al-Anon was quite a challenge for me. I'm strong in some ways, but I was lost in the way of living and focusing on myself. At the first meeting, I felt uncomfortable because I was the only African-American in the group. I was not that trusting of Caucasians in an *all white* setting, and I wasn't sure how genuine or accepting their responses would be.

What I came to understand, at that first meeting, was that all

were hurting and were there to get strength and hope to make it through each day. We cried together. We laughed together. We accepted each other. There was no *color* line. As a result, I began honestly feeling and sharing because of the unconditional love and acceptance of those *white ladies* in my first group meeting. I kept coming back to get that experience, strength, hope, love, and encouragement.

By Anonymous



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