

Chair: Tony K. 620-225-4280 **Co-Chair:** Alan B. 316-283-2033
Treasurer: Ted R.
RD 2: Debbie S. 785-227-4241 **RD:** John S. 785-594-2148
Secretary: Gidget B. 913-682-2369

We can use all the bodies that wish to become involved in Regional service work. I've heard it said that the Region doesn't do enough for the Areas or the Groups. The Regional committee consists of members of the Fellowship from our Groups and Areas. If more is to be done for the Individual Addict the Groups and the Areas at the Regional level, more addicts need to become involved at this level.

*Thanks,
KB*

NEXT RSC

4-H BLDG Woodside & Hickory Streets, McPherson, KS
SATURDAY & SUNDAY FEB 16-17, 2002

9:00 AM - 11:00 AM

(DOWN)

(UP)

STEERING
OUTREACH

11:00 AM - 1:00 AM

(DOWN)

(UP)

H&I
LITERATURE

1:00 PM - 2:00 PM

LUNCH BREAK

2:00 PM - 4:00 PM

(DOWN)

(UP)

CONVENTION
CAMPOUT

4:00 PM - 6:00 PM

(DOWN)

(UP)

ACTIVITIES
P I

7:00 PM - 8:00 PM

SPEAKER MTG.

8:00 PM - 12:00 PM

DJ DANCE - AUCTION - RAFFLE
\$3 Per Person - No Addict Turned Away
SUNDAY NOV 17, 2002

8:30 AM - 9:00 AM

RSC CHAIR/CO-CHAIR, SECRETARY & TREASURER RCM' S, ALT RCM' S
 SUB-COMMITTEE CHAIRS &
 CO-CHAIRS MOTIONS AND
 REQUESTS

9:00 AM UNTIL DONE

REGIONAL SERVICE COMMITTEE MEETS CHAIR/CO-CHAIRS MOTIONS &
 REQUESTS



Issue #19

PO Box 975
 Baldwin City KS 66006
 e-mail: klbertha@aol.com

December, 2002

"What is our message? The message is that an addict, any addict, can stop using drugs, lose the desire to use, and find a new way to live."

Pg. 65, 5th edition, Basic Text

Note: the opinions and views shared in this publication do not necessarily reflect those of The M.A.N. staff, or NA as a whole.

*Thank you,
The Staff*

This is a letter I wrote to a friend in recovery after a very harrowing experience. It exemplifies the powerful belief and knowledge that Narcotics Anonymous and my NA family and friends have and continue to keep me clean today. Only the person's name and identifying information have been removed, as suggested by the 12th Tradition of NA. Here is the letter.

Dear

I'm not even sure how to start this letter, so I think I'll just jump in and tell you what happened. To begin with, I am a member of a self-help recovery group, and attend these meetings on a

INSIDE:
Pages 1-8 Your poems and articles
Pages 9-12 Up coming events

regular basis. My clean time is deeply important to me, and I am not willing to do anything that will compromise it. I tell you this, as it is the basis of my story and I believe you'd understand my experience.

In August 2002 I purchased tickets to see Aerosmith at Sandstone in Bonner Springs, KS on October 6, 2002. It was my birthday present to myself and I was truly excited to be able to attend their concert. I arrived in Bonner Springs, KS about 3 hours before the concert, checked into my hotel, then drove out to Sandstone to check it out, as I had never been there before.

October 6, 2002 was cold and windy, and I had bundled up against the cold, and brought a blanket for more protection. I got more and more excited about the concert as the time grew near to enter the gates. As I walked up to the 'line' of people, I could see and smell the beer, pot and a variety of other chemicals. At this time I became a little uncomfortable, but blew it off because I really wanted to be at this concert. When I finally found my seat, I sat and watched the people and sounds & was fairly content at that time.

Kid Rock performed for over an hour, his music was good and loud, and the

weather became colder and colder. The people seated next to me were drinking heavily, and the folks behind me were smoking lots and lots of pot, so I was surrounded by the very things I had given up 10 years ago, and was struggling emotionally, physically and spiritually. I left the arena to go to the restroom, not to use it, but to pray. I asked Him for the strength and guidance to be able to stay and enjoy the concert I sooooo much wanted to see. After about 10 minutes I returned to my seat with a newfound strength. I was able to 'tolerate' the smells and behaviors of those around me.

When Aerosmith began playing, I stood on my chair to be able to see them. I'm about 5 feet tall, and I'd swear those around me were all 6 foot or taller. They were still drinking and smoking pot and as the crowd got higher and drunker, I found myself being 'squeezed' by those around me. I could not see, had beer spilled on me and pot smoke blown in my face. I was in absolute spiritual agony. I was scared, terrified of how I smelled and thought briefly of just giving up and having a beer.

As I struggled with all the emotion of a recovering addict, the fear, the guilt & shame, the anger at the situation, and the absolute panic, I literally ran from my seat to what I thought would be a safe place to watch the rest of the concert. Boy was I deluded! No where, absolutely no where was there a place where I could get away from the smells, the behaviors or the people who were using. I was devastated. I ran & ran. I went to the parking lot thinking I could listen to the concert there. Again, I was deluded. There were people everywhere, drinking, smoking pot and just down right raunchy. In tears, I got in

my car and left Sandstone.

I was scared, hurt, angry and truly sad that I did not have the strength to stay. After a while I became more and more grateful that I had the NA program and all the friends I know who are recovering to 'hold me up' in my time of true spiritual need. It is because of them that I am clean today, and for that I am truly grateful. When I got home I found out that Aerosmith is coming to Wichita on December 6, 2002. I have purchased tickets for this concert with the hope I will not have to experience the same thing that happened at Sandstone.

OK. I think I'm done. I don't want anything. Really, I don't. I just wanted someone to know that me, a person in recovery, always, always have options. The program I attend tells me that there are others out there who also struggle with this internal battle. I believe you are one of those people...and I thank you for that silent support.

Respectfully,
Pat B.

CAME TO MY SENSES

"Hey dude, where's the party?" That's all my friend could say as he drove by me standing on the street. All I could do is yell back, "you're on your own this time" not letting him know what I really wanted to do is just scream. When did it change? I can remember when partying was fun. I can remember the laughter, the house full of friends listening to music while passing the pipe. Now, all I can think about is running, with no where to go. The funny thing is I can't remember when it changed. I'm paranoid all the time, for the first time in my life I actually have enemies that are chasing after me (*at least I think they*



Your Web Page

www.marscna.net

What to expect

1. Forum - to share opinions, as well as experience, strength, and hope with others
2. Members list - Find out who else is getting involved.
3. Surveys - Vote and let us know what is important to you.
4. Events Calendar - Find out what is going on.
5. M.A.N. - Download the newsletter. (Must have acrobat reader)
6. Meeting list - Find a meeting any where in the region. (acrobat reader)
7. Statistics - See how the page is doing and how much it has grown.
8. Articles - Read what is being posted that is of interest to the fellowship.
9. Comments - Share what you think about an article or survey.
10. And much, much more...

What to expect

1. Go the web address above.
2. Register with your own nickname and private password.
3. Browse the site and share your comments
4. Most importantly - HA VE FUN!

We'll be watching for you!





The Wichita Metro Area of NA presents:

The Second Annual

Celebration of Recovery

January 25th, 2003

AT THE MACHINIST'S UNION HALL
235 SOUTH AND MERIDIAN, WICHITA, KS

WORKSHOPS FROM 1:00 - 4:00

FEAST FROM 4:30 - 6:30

**PANEL OF SPEAKERS
FROM 6:30 - 10:00 PM**

MORE TO COME.....



are). I better get off the street, I'm all of a sudden not feeling so good. I used to have big plans when I grew up, I was going to get all the things for my kids my parents couldn't get for me as a child. I couldn't even get in a relationship long enough to have children, at least I don't have any that I know of. It's starting to get cold, I'm really hungry. Where do I go from here? At least I still have my pride, *(who am I kidding?)* Reality sucks! I feel like crying, *(I can here Dad now "I'll give you something to cry about!" F**k him!)*. I've never felt so desperate in my life. Maybe I can sleep it off.

Next day: Let's see where a roach is hiding, I guess I can clean the pipe if I have to, I really need to mellow out. If I had some money I'd go to breakfast, all I need to do is find a fly to stick in it and it won't cost anything. Do I have enough gas to get me there, yea, I'll smoke this after I eat. Good there ain't many people here, now where's a dead fly. Hey, there's Jimmy. I haven't seen him in a while, heard he got righteous or something. Maybe he won't see me. Just what the Dr. ordered, one dead fly, I knew I could count on this place. Hey waitress, steak and eggs! Oh, hi Jimmy, where you been, I haven't seen you for awhile? I've been around, just not in the same neighborhood any more. You don't look so good, you OK? Life's been sucking lately, you look a lot different than last time I saw you, what happened? I cleaned up, came to my senses you might say. I found N.A. and changed my life around, we have a meeting in a couple of hours, why don't you come with me? Oh, I don't know, my brother tried that a long time ago and it didn't work for him. Don't you have to be court ordered to go to those anyway? Oh no, any one

can come, all you need is a desire to stop using. Tell you what, why don't you let me buy you breakfast and then hang out with me today, we can catch up on old (and new) times. OK, I ain't got anything else better to do. What I meant about "came to my senses" was, I was just like you not too very long ago. I had lost all feelings for people, I couldn't see the beauty in anything, and I basically sit in my "pity pot" as we call it in NA. After going to meetings for awhile and working the 12 steps that's part of NA, I regained my sense of touch, I could feel the softness of another person's skin or the heartbeat of a child. I regained my sense of taste, all of a sudden food started tasting great, I could taste the different spices and came to appreciate the simplest foods. I regained my sense of smell, I can smell the flowers, the fresh cut grass, and the perfume that my mother wore when she was alive. I regained my sense of hearing, I can hear the kids playing, the birds chirping, and yes the music that I've always listened to plus a much more expanded style of music. I regained my sense of sight, all of a sudden the world opened up to me. It doesn't matter what season it is, I see the beauty in it, the trees, the clouds, the flowers, even old run down buildings and people of all ages. I don't have the walls around me any more, I'm alive. And you know, I still don't have a great job, there are a lot of things I'd like to own but don't. The world isn't going to change to make your life better, YOU have to change, and open up your senses! Here we are, this meeting might help you understand, if you don't want what we have, than your misery is waiting for you outside. Take the first step and walk in....."My name's Jimmy and I'm an addict, please welcome my friend, I've brought him home."

Tim S
3

The following are letters submitted to the MAN – this is how much it means to an addict to hear recovery is alive in Narcotics Anonymous.

Dear MAN:

I am currently incarcerated at the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Twice a month members from the Leavenworth group come inside the walls of this prison to “carry the message”. I can not tell you how much it means to me to have these fellow addicts come and share. I grow stronger each and every time I get to meet these guys. As a result of their insistence that I “work the steps”...I have been able to stay clean for 23 months now. I still have 18 months to go on this sentence I received for dealing drugs...but I like the person I am today much better than the person I was before I came to now the fellowship of NA. Please put me on the mailing list for your Mid-America Newsletter. Enclosed is \$5.00 to pay for the postage. Taking it one day at a time.

Robert L.

Note: the M.A.N. does not have a subscription program and doesn't want to get into that kind of a mess. The newsletters are sent to the Regional Committee Members of each Area and they are responsible for getting it to the individual addicts.

Thank you,
Kirk B.
Editor

Dear Man:

Well hello there. Let me start off by introducing myself. My name is Joe, and I am a committee member for the NA fellowship in the United States Disciplin-

ary Barracks at Ft. Leavenworth, KS. Unfortunately, I didn't find NA until I hit the 1st step in our saying Jails, Institutions and Death. I am glad that I didn't get to be the last one before finding the right path. Recovery In Progress group come into our fellowship every other week to help spread the word of recovery. Last week, a nice lady named Gidget brought us in a newsletter which caught my attention. It sparked an idea in my mind. We have a group of more than 20 members who meet regularly to help each other stay clean. In this group are many different insights, along with different stories. I am wondering if you all would like to hear some of our stories and if possible let us publish some different writings that are based on our recovery. Also, we are trying to see if you can put us on your mailing list, and send use about 10-20 copies per issue. To be able to see our people's progress helps us in our recovery, and I believe that by hearing some of our stories, we can help other's progress through our sharing. Well I hope that we can begin to help each other out some way and also hope to begin to spread the word of recovery, so that we can all beat this horrible addiction.

Joseph R.

11/17/02

Dear Editor/Co-Editor:

Just a few words from a crazy lady in the land of Kakeland! What is going on in our fellowship? Again, we have something happening that is causing unrest. What is it, you ask? No names, no specifics, just the heartfelt feelings from this addict. It comes down to behavior. What is acceptable and what is unacceptable behavior? As a fellowship,

Cabin Fever Prevention Convention

February 7,8,9, 2003



Lodge of the Four Seasons Resort. (Deposit Required)
\$70.00 per night +9.725% tax 1 to 4 people per room.
Rate guaranteed to 1st 250 registered by Jan.7, 2003
2 Bedroom Condos \$140.00 per night + 9.725% tax
Make your reservation by calling the Lodge at
888/ 265- 5500 Reservation #.....

800/ THE- LAKE online
www.4seasonsresort.com
In an effort to keep the room rate as low as possible, we need to have more Banquet & Brunch Participation.
Everyone needs to eat, so please sign up for the meals.
For More Information & refund policy:
E-Mail : midmissourina@midmissourina.org



Ode to an Old Timer

Old timer, Old timer yes you may be
Respected and loved I do decree
Yet I remind you, dare it be me
The young still struggle with unity
We struggle with faith and willingness
Without you we are amiss
Those of you that came before
Please lead us through the doors
Guide us, Teach us and Show us the way
so this wonderful thing may go another
day
Some may think you've done your time
Ah, but have you shown those in line?
So this is the question I propose today,
Will you please lead the Way?

*An addict in
McPherson*

Staying clean along the way
we run into trouble
from day to day
a meeting a phone call
or a clean friend saying hi
always seems to brighten the sky
so when the times are at their worst
go to a meeting to get a quick burst
when you can't seem to brighten your
day
phone a clean friend, they'll show you
the way.

*An addict in
McPherson*

The Twelve Promises of NA *

1. Whatever pain we experience will pass.
2. We grow through pain in recovery and often find that such a crisis is a gift, an opportunity to experience growth by living clean.
3. We have learned to value the respect of others.

4. We can enjoy our families in a new way and may become a credit to them instead of an embarrassment or a burden.

5. Today we have the freedom of choice.

6. We find that we lead richer, happier and much fuller lives when we lose self-will.

7. We become able to make wise and loving decisions, based on principles and ideals that have real value in our lives.

8. We feel grateful for ongoing God-consciousness.

9. We experience a wider view of reality as we grow spiritually.

10. We find ourselves daring to care and love!

11. In time, through recovery, our dreams come true.

12. We become increasingly open-minded and open to new ideas in all areas of our lives.

Taken from the 5th edition Basic Text, Chapter 10 "More will be revealed" Pages 99-102

Please note: if you submitted material and it isn't in this issue, my apologies. This quarter has been an editors dream. I had more material than at any time in the past 3+ years. I will try to get all of the missed material in the next issue of the M.A.N. My thanks and congratulations to all of you. Keep up the great work.

Kirk B.

we have been condoning behavior because somebody has been around a long time, because we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, because we don't want to start anything, and on and on. Irregardless of feelings, clean time, whatever, I have to be responsible for my behavior, for my recovery. Are we a dating service? No! Are we a counseling service? No! We are a recovery fellowship for the new way of life we desire, a spiritual not religious organization, a 12 Step fellowship of complete abstinence from all drugs. What has happened to me in the last few weeks is that because of a situation, I have been able to look at my behavior. Is my behavior always acceptable? Are the words out of my mouth acceptable always? I have to answer no to both of these questions. What am I going to do about it? I've been praying and meditating, sharing with others about that. I have to work my Steps, go to meetings, call my sponsor (and talk about the issues in my life and the Steps I'm working/applying to my life), fulfill my service work commitments, guide my sponsees in the Steps they're working/applying to their lives as my part. Do we have to be rude and inconsiderate of others? No, be polite, mindful of the principles of the program and shine your light. I am the only one who can face my demons, change my behavior, work my Steps, make my choices. Is it about trying to outdo someone else w/how many sponsees I have, or about how much I can stir things up, or how much I am called on to speak? I think not! It's about making my life better, applying the Steps to my life, being there when someone needs me. The question that is difficult for me to answer is - when someone has relapsed, what am I supposed to

do? Pray for them, answer the phone when they decide to surrender, and yet, that's not enough for me. It hurts so bad to lose a friend to the disease of addiction! Some have died recently, some are still out there doing more research. The only thing besides prayer that fills the void is working w/someone who is alive, staying clean, working the Steps and wearing the cloak of willingness, surrender and acceptance. It's about a complete surrender to this 12 Step program of Narcotics Anonymous. Thanks for listening! I'm going to keep coming back, because I know that's HOW it works!

Love to all,
Sue W.,
Newton HOW

A friend of mine who is now incarcerated wrote this poem. He got out of prison a few years back. Everything was going well for him when he first got out. He had the big truck, the nice bike, decent house and incredible job. He even had got into gardening. He had friends in recovery and loved life. Then something happened. Things were so good, we stopped seeing him at meetings, the new garden had been overtaken with weeds, and every time we'd see him he would simply say things were great. Within a few months, he lost everything and is now back in prison. It never ceases to amaze me how powerful this disease is. It will take everything and only laugh. By the time you realize that you are getting away from recovery most often you are already gone. But this is what I've learned: I have never seen a person who is going to meetings, talking to their sponsor (honestly), praying on a regular basis, meditating, and working the steps, use. This poem for me was a sharp reminder of where addiction is waiting to take us, if we let it.

Amy
G
Emporia.

Wasted time
By Mickey W

The time that I've wasted is my
biggest regret
Spent in these places I'll never forget
Just sitting and thinking about the
things that I've
done
The crying, the laughing, the hurt, and
the fun
Now it's just me and my hard driven
guilt
Behind a wall of emptiness I allowed
to be built
I'm trapped in my body, just wanting
to run
Back to my youth, with its laughter
and fun
But the chase is over and there is no
place to hide
Everything is gone, including my pride
With reality suddenly right in my face
I'm scared, alone, and stuck in this
place
Now memories of the past flash
through my head
And the pain is obvious by the tears
that I shed
I ask myself why and where I went
wrong
I guess I was weak when I should have
been strong
Living for the drugs and the wings I
had grown
My feelings were lost afraid to be
shown
As I look at my past it is easy to see
The fear that I had afraid to be me
I'd pretend to be rugged, so fast, and
so cool
When actually I'm lost like a blind
fool
I'm getting too old for this tiresome
game

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Of acting real hard with no sense of
shame
It's time that I change and get on with
my life
Fulfilling my dreams for a family and
wife
What my future will hold I really don't
know
But the years that I've wasted are
starting to show
I just live for the day when I get a new
start
And the dreams I still hold so deep in
my heart
I hope I can make it, at least I have to
try
Because I am heading for death and I
don't want to
die.

Night Before Christmas Recovery Style

Twas the night before Christmas, and
all through the halls; not an addict was
drinking, or eating rumballs.

The children were happy, their folks
were serene, Asleep in their rooms,
dreaming Christmastime dreams.

The sponsees were nestled all snug by
their phones; Hoping their sponsors,
soon would be home.

Papa in his bathrobe, And I in my
gown; Were grateful to be home, not
stumbling 'round town!

When out in the driveway, I saw some
headlights; Who was coming to my
house, at this time of night?

Away to the window, I flew at great
speed; I wanted to see, what these
people would need.

The night it was late, didn't they know,
I would go downstairs quickly, and tell
them to go.

When what to my wondering eyes
should appear?
But a lawn full of addicts, and not one
cup of cheer!

With hope in their hearts, Anxious
looks on each face; They were scoping
the town, for their next meeting place.

I opened the door, To let my friends in;
The Christmas Eve meeting, Was
about to begin!

On coffeepot, Cups, and some sugar
and cream, Old-timers, newcomers,
and those in between.

"In my home you are safe!"
"Come on in!" hear my call Now clean
addicts, free addicts, recovering
addicts, all!

As non-recovering addicts before a
meeting do cry, when they meet with
the "obstacles selves" they deny; So
into the kitchen, the addicts they flew,
With a room full of feelings, some
joyous, some blue.

And then in a moment, the meeting did
start; A gratitude meeting, clean
living...and art!

As we went 'round the room, there
were stories of woe, Descriptions of
lives, only addicts would know.

Stories dressed all in substances, from
beginning to end, that "drug" was a
gut-wrenching, fair-weather friend.

A bundle of pain, Each addict carried
on their back; The Road was quite
bumpy!
The deck had been stacked!

Relationships, crumbled, Our finances,
weary, Our souls were like vacuums
Our eyes always teary.

Each addict bared their soul, and
shared through the hour; Of recovery
held dear, And a new "Higher Power"

The fellowship gave, new life to each
face; All the clean addicts, with
dignity and grace.

A desire to stop using, is all that's
required, A way out, a way up; New
lives to inspire!

It was time for the meeting, to come to
and end.
For all of the Addicts and all of their
friends.

THE Serenity PRAYER was then said
as we held hands and prayed, Electric-
ity, wonder and magic displayed.

We did "clean up" and chattered And
when saying good-bye Embraces, well
wishes, And not a dry eye.

I sprang to my bed, And thanked God
for this night.
I snuggled to Papa; And all felt so
right!

But I heard them exclaim, as they all
drove away, "Thank God for N. A.
and each clean day!"

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