



MID AMERICA NEWSLETTER



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“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*

Here it is, summertime! Campout season is in full swing and this issue is your reading material for those early mornings or late evenings by the campfire. Remember, our Regional 4th of July campout is just around the corner and yes, a flyer is included again in this issue.

Also in this issue is information about both the biannual World Service Conference held in California, and M.A.R.C.N.A. XXI, held in Wichita. Both events were a success. Changes are happening with Narcotics Anonymous, some good, some questionable. The main focus will still be your experience, strength, and hope. As you are reading this, please think about the next issue which will be published in September. Remember, this is your newsletter so keep sending your stories, poems, and words of wisdom to the address above.

Tim S.
Editor

Recently* I attended an event for someone who is very special to me. The invitation was given to me by someone very special who thinks that someone in her life is very special. I knew that I was going to attend because that is what you do when special things happen for people who are special in your life. What I didn't realize was just how special other people thought this particular special person in my life was or how many people would think the same way I did and show up. It started like so many things do, slowly. People were trickling in and gathering in groups or sitting in clusters chatting away about something or nothing, enjoying refreshments and good company and the whole time there was no sign of that special someone. Finally someone said, "they're here!" The lights went out and everyone got quiet, the door opened and two figures walked in. That's when it all broke loose. The lights came on and we all hollered "surprise!" and yelled and cheered and laughed and cried and hugged and kissed and smiled a whole bunch and then we did all that stuff a couple more times. I didn't think that much

* - written Sept./Oct. 2003

more could be done at a surprise party no matter how special someone was but boy was I wrong. After we all calmed down and finished eating too much the person who invited me announced that they wanted to do something extra special for that special someone in their life. It sounded kind of cheesy to me but it wasn't my party so who was I to say anything. So when they said "if this special person has affected your life in any way you should go stand behind a curtain and say how". Well the reason this person is so special to me is because she has affected my life, but it in so many ways so how could I express that in just a few minutes? Then I saw the line that I had to stand in just to get in the microphone, I had a little bit of time to think about what I was going to say. I didn't recognize some of the people in line and I hadn't seen a few others for awhile but it seems that they were affected by this person just as much as I was if not more. I tried to gather my thoughts and some of the events that had occurred over the last three years or so that included this person and there were a lot, some of the folks in line had known this person for 20 yrs. or more. I thought about when I first got clean, about who I saw at meetings, who I saw at functions, who I saw at coffee and who I saw at those same places when I tried to get clean 5 years before. Her face was there. I thought about the night I got scared and couldn't get anyone on the phone, she was home and talked to me. I thought about the things she shared, the trials she has been through, the life she had to live, the boss she has to work for and the decisions she made for all of them. I thought about the addicts I see

her with, the invites to her house for holidays, the fire she made it through and the family difficulties that she has dealt with and through it all she stayed clean. Then I listened to others speak, the letters read from the girls in an institution that she brought a meeting to, friends who she has stood by in good and in bad, people who's lives she has affected just by living the way she has learned being in recovery. I am still new enough to be jealous and I listen to my sponsor enough to know that is a pretty self-centered way to feel, but any way I look at it I know without a doubt that this lady had something I want. The love that poured out for this woman was overwhelming and it came from every part of the room and she gave it back just as well as she received it. I'm not sure what it is that makes this lady so special but I'm pretty sure, whatever it is, she found it in the rooms and amongst the people of Narcotics Anonymous. She got herself a program and worked it to the best of her ability and she keeps on working it with everyone she comes in contact with. I hope and pray that one day I will have a fraction of the love she has received from recovery and I know, without a doubt, as long as I follow her lead and do what I know I am supposed to do; stay clean, go to meetings, get/use a sponsor and work the steps, that I will. I love you Jeanie, happy birthday.

Dave S. Salina/Hutch



“A Parable”

Picture this. A suffering addict stumbles down the sidewalk on a rainy and windy night. He is really hurting. This guy just hit town and he is hurting bad and he is needing to shoot up real bad. The rain is really coming down and all he has to protect him from the rain is an old blanket. Up ahead, on the corner is a dealer. Mr. Dealer has just what this guy needs. Gonna get him some stuff to shoot and the shaking will stop, the desperation, the anguish, the suffering, the voices in his head and his heartache will go away. But before he can get to the dealer, there is a ray of hope on this dark and stormy night. A kind woman from the rooms of NA steps out of the brightly lit doorway and says to him, “There’s a better way of life.” He looks up at her. “I know there is. But you see, I have this medical condition that when my skin is touched by fluorescent light, it starts to blister, and crack and bleed. It is horribly painful. So I cannot go into those rooms for recovery. Better to stay out here and keep slamming dope.” The NA lady says, “That is OK, we will turn off the lights for you.” “Naw,” says the junkie, “They tried at another group and the people complained about not being able to see. So I had to leave before my skin started to blister and crack and bleed.” The NA lady says, “Look buddy, here is the deal. We can turn out the lights to help a suffering addict. What kind of people would we be if we expected you to sit there with your skin blistering, cracking and bleeding for your recovery just so we can see?”

The point is this. Why should a suffering addict be forced away from a meeting just because you won’t put your cigarette out for one hour. You might

say, “Yeah, well, that addict should be willing to put up with the smoke to get recovery.” Look at it this way. Maybe you should be willing to not smoke for one hour so that another suffering addict can get a meeting when he really needs it. Is not the very nature of the disease self-centeredness? What could be more self-centered than to demand that you be able to smoke and another suffering addict should be forced to go without recovery? Which viewpoint is kinder? Which viewpoint shows more compassion? I am not asking anybody to quit smoking. Light ‘em if you got ‘em, I say. All I am saying is this, is it more important to you to be able to smoke or is it more important that you help another suffering addict? After all, we can only keep what we have (recovery) by giving it away (recovery shared with another addict).

This is not directed at any one person. Nobody needs to respond to this. I am only suggesting that maybe you should think about it. This is only my opinion. With much love and respect,
Mike L.

Not mine to save.....

A year ago I started feeling like everything I had was not enough. I had everything I had ever wanted: a loving husband, two beautiful sons, all the friends a person could ask for. But I felt like I was missing something. I decided what I was missing was a girl.

I started praying diligently for God to figure out some way to let me have a girl. Every day for two weeks I prayed, pleaded, and begged. The following week we got a call that my niece “K”

was in foster care due to her mother's addiction. My other niece (K's sister) passed away a few years earlier and I was left with this feeling that somehow we didn't do enough to help her.

I became driven to get custody of K. I decided that another child wasn't going to die due to this disease if there was anything I could do about it. I jumped through all the hoops with SRS, the Farm, and Mental Health to make it possible for her to be a part of our family. It never occurred to me to ask my sons, my family, or anyone else how they felt about it because I was on a mission. I plowed through and basically demanded that everyone in my life just accepted it.

I didn't realize at the time that my self-will was running amuck. When I am in the midst of an obsession I rarely do. My sponsor and my previous sponsor inquired about my motivations several times, but I wasn't listening. I made a decision, dug my heels in, and was determined that K was going to live with us and despite her mental issues we were going to be "happy." Of course, like any self-willed situation, this was not the way it turned out.

What happened was for the next 356 days I put my family through hell, my sponsor through endless hours of me whining, a good dose of denial about K's mental illness, and I gained an unparalleled resentment against K's mother.

Resentment, I no longer have a place for in my heart. I have worked years to get rid of my resentments so that I could be free. Yet, I willingly took this particular resentment on with a vengeance. My home turned back into a war zone, its previous state before my husband and I were both clean.

My sons were hit, kicked, spit on, and verbally attacked. The four year old began to model all of K's behaviors. The six year old became a dictator. My husband started isolating and I became a screaming demon mommy.

I used to take a lot of pride in the fact that I wasn't a screamer when it came to my kids. I have learned in recovery that pride kills people and I was well on my way. Behavior in other areas of my life started spinning out of control. I didn't use during this year but I got to see my addiction branch out in all other areas of my life, missing none.

In spite of all of the evidence present, I continued to tell myself and everyone else that things were getting better. I chanted it like a mantra to anyone who would listen. My old sponsor taught me about the difference between attraction and promotion.

Whenever I am promoting something, I don't have it. When I have it, I don't have to promote it and it is naturally attractive. Well, I was promoting all over the place about how much better things were.

Enough of the problem, on with the solution, one night I got so frustrated I said to my husband "What if I don't want to do this anymore?"

My husband looked at me and said, "I don't."

Freaked, it was off to my sponsor's house I went. I knew what she was going to say and I didn't want to hear it, but I went anyway. I have learned in recovery that when I don't want to hear it is exactly when I need to. As predicted, she told me to check my motivations and do a pro and con list. I had already done this in my head and didn't like the way it looked.

But I wrote it this time and in black and white I could no longer deny the reality of the situation.

The truth was, my husband had told me before that he no longer wanted to adopt. He had told me he wanted our home to be peaceful again but I hadn't been listening. It was amazing to me that when I surrendered everything to my higher power I was not only able to listen but finally hear what was being said to me.

Through surrender I found clarity and peace. I had been determined that this child was not going to die like her sister. My higher informed me that life and death was not my decision and I needed to put my ego in check.

I listened to what my husband and my children had to say. I heard my higher power tell me that K was really his to take care of and he would be more than happy to do so if I would get the hell out of the way. I was terrified that if we let K go she would be victim to the foster care system and be abused worse than she had been already. Again, HP said "Trust me."

Faith, I have found is a beautiful thing until you have to use it. Then it feels a lot like shaky ground. However, I knew that I could either continue to live in fear or walk in faith. After taking step one, two, and three faith was the only option.

My newly acquired faith had to be followed by action. I dreaded making that call. I had left a message for the person I needed to talk to and headed for meeting. At meeting I shared my pain and cried my eyes out. My cell phone rang and I witnessed the miracle of recovery.

I was scared, hurt, and about to say the words that would remove

this child who I loved from our home. On my left was my old sponsor who I love, on my right was one of my closest friends, they both gave me the encouragement I needed to do what I knew had to be done.

I went outside to take the call and was shaking. Sitting in my car I tried to get the words out. I choked up instantly and my car door opened and my current sponsor who hadn't been at the meeting, sat down and held my hand. For days, these wonderful people in the fellowship held on to me and reached out to my husband. They listened to our pain and shared their experiences.

In the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous, I have found the unconditional love that I have always craved. I didn't have to use during this whole thing and neither did my husband. Thanks to you people and my higher power loving me I was able to feel the pain instead of stuffing it and deal with the situation instead of running.

It's been a couple weeks since K left our home and peace has been restored. After my surrender possibilities arose that I wouldn't have believed possible. K was placed in a home that there were no younger children and the appropriate mental health supports were available.

Through surrender I have learned once again: 1. My way is NOT always the right way. 2. HP's way is! 3. I need to let HP do his job and get the hell out of the way. 4. If I follow the first three, I can have the freedom in my heart and my head that I need to be happy.

Amy G
Emporia

Poetry and Prose

I Took One Step

I took one step, began to moan
I can't do this one on my own.
I took two steps, began to pray
Restore me God, please now, today.

I took three steps, gave up my will
Maybe God loves me still.
I took a fourth, I looked inside
Nothing more would I hide.

And on the fifth, I said aloud
I've done some wrong, and I'm not
proud.
I took six steps, and got prepared
To lose the defects, I was scared.

Now I'm at seven, take them away
My God, for this I do pray.
And on eight, the list was long
Amends to make for all the wrong.

I took nine steps, put down my pride
Amends made, I will not hide.
Ten steps I take, each day I pray
I make amends along the way.

And on eleven I pray to know
Each day His will, which way to go.
I took twelve steps, I'm like a bird
To others now, I spread the word.....
(Author anonymous)

My Life - My Addiction

falling into my despair
I was born with it I swear
Life as dysfunction was always rough
This past year I've tried to be tough
Losing my first love, my house, my car
my children is the worst loss by far
At 12 it started with tequila and weed
to block out what daddy did indeed
I grew being a mother and wife
at 16 I thought it was a better life
2 more babies and age 20 all in 1 year
being a mother I never did fear
Friday the 13th my oldest got sick and
died
1998 the last 2 months all I did was cried
16 months later divorced I became
Life for me was never the same
Custody battles in and out of court
This life I chose for me a sort
3 years after I smoked some meth
3 hours later the needle I wanted till death
My kids ripped and torn from me
course dirty I decided to pee
Doing anything for that shot
Things I'd regret I did a lot
8 months later I finally quit
feeling like a 2 year old throwing a fit
This life I live today
I don't find it not hard to say
I wouldn't trade, things that need
change
My life is separate in its own range
It took jail for me to see
that this life it just can't be
Doing things different trying not to hide
behind that wall I must confide
Walking through my s**t I hate
being an addict is my fate
Another addiction I found in pain
Life's hard lessons I sure did gain
Anonymous



Acronym for RECOVERY

By Tia R.

R—Respect——Learning to respect yourself and others through recovery.

E—Escape——To break free from the confinement of our addiction.

C—Change——Willing to become a better person through our recovery.

O—Optimisms——To have faith, trust, confidence and hope in our recovery.

V—Vital——Be willing to make recovery very essential to our daily lives.

E—Encourage——Encourage yourself with hope, faith, and willingness.

R—Rational——Becoming of a sound mind through our recovery.

Y—Yearn——To feel a very strong craving for our recovery.

Top Ten Reasons To Go To a Meeting Naked...

1. Your Sponsor is always yelling, "I want to see your ass in the meeting by 8:00!"
2. Can take advantage of Beach meetings to work on your tan.
3. "I can't put a dollar in the basket I left my wallet in my pants."
4. To stop those creepy addicts from looking down your blouse.
5. You no longer need to share "intellectually" to be noticed
6. So that with a little help you can add "Exotic Dancer" to your exaggerated story.

7. People stop asking to borrow your pens after they've seen where you keep them.

8. Diverts attention from the fact that you also came to the meeting loaded.

9. Gives "bad hair day" a whole new meaning.

10. No one steals your chair
NOW GET TO A MEETING!!!



What I found

In my shot I found that rush
inside and out it made me blush
feeling that poke I loved the pain
made me want to dance in the rain
Through a pen I tried to smoke
Every which way I became broke
Men made it easier to get
The dirty bastards I fell into their pit
Trusting every one without a doubt
Their quest in me I found out
So many have gone and come
friends I found in some
for others pity I do not feel
using me and making that deal
Sorrow for those we've lost
Getting high they paid the cost
driving lovers so far apart
forever a scar upon the heart
I wish I'd never heard of meth
Always remembering the hurt till death

Jennifer

12/02

In Memory Of Shelley W. (1961 - 2004)

Shelley W. (06/04/93)(05/20/61): Shelley was one of my sponsees and best friend. She had been involved in service work most of her recovery. At her home group in Newton (HOW), she had been involved as Alternate GSR and then had some health issues and had resigned for awhile. She was an avid member of our fellowship, so some health problems did not keep her down for long. No matter what happened in her life, she always reverted back to the basics of the program. When she regained some of her health back, she got more involved w/service in our group (Secretary was her best position); she attended H&I meetings; she went to the Region and got involved w/PI (she had just been voted in as Chair for that subcommittee, correct me if I am wrong) and was so excited about that position. She would bring back news of what was going on at the Regional level. Her service work gave her more of a purpose filled life. When confronted by an addict in need of help, she would always tell them to go to meetings, read the Basic Text, work the Steps. She had a belief in a God of her understanding that was just like mine, so we had more than just recovery in common. I remember when she first came back here and was looking for a sponsor. We didn't like each other in the beginning, but somewhere along the way we became friends. We fellowshiped together a lot; we went to meetings together; we talked on the phone a lot; we worked the Steps together; we spent time together as married couples; we rode together; we told each other our secrets; we prayed together; we argued, then kissed and made up; we yelled at each other; we cried together; we laughed together; we shopped together;

we crocheted and had a great time together. We were planning a long trip together on our bikes this summer to the Run for Fun. When my life was a mess, she would be there for me. When I was down w/my back, she would bring me a flower and something else to help make me smile and feel better. Us girls had a falling out and that was one of the things she kept harping on, was all of us getting along again. God is working through this tragedy to aid us in our relationships. We had just been to a sleep over in Grand Island, NE, where she introduced me as the main speaker. She had me crying before I ever got up there to speak. Those of us who went on that trip will never ever forget it. Every morning at that sleep over she would get up and sing 'Amazing Grace' softly so we would wake up. Some would get up, others would say 'we're still sleeping'. She taught me to sing happy birthday while I washed my hands because that's how long it takes to kill the germs. The last week we spent together, she came by and I showed her how to pack stuff on her bike. We rode to the noon meeting together on our bikes; had lunch afterwards, like we always do and she went off to Hutch to spend time w/Sam and other friends there. She called me Thursday w/a crocheting problem. On Friday she stopped back by w/the receipt from the park for our campout. We sat on the porch and chatted awhile. We discussed what she was going to talk about in Omaha, what she was going to read out of the Basic Text as part of that; she was so excited about that first long trip on her bike w/Sam. Her love for her God, her family, her friends, her fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous will

"Just For Today"

live on w/in us. All of us who knew Shelley will not forget hearing her above the crowd, knowing she was having a good time. After listening to the news that she had been hurt on her bike, I called everyone I could think of to start the prayer chain. Then when they called me back and said she was out of surgery, I called some more. The last call from Omaha that told me she was gone, I could not believe what I was hearing. My first thought was that 'she beat me to heaven'. We will all miss Shelley. She left an impression on everyone she met. Hopefully, you met my friend, Shelley, before she left to be an angel. Hopefully, I didn't write anything that will offend anyone and if it did, look at what it is and see it through the eyes of a loving friend. Thank you for loving my friend, Sue Waller (HOW Group, Newton, KS) dated 5/26/04



Once again it works

Once again the Program has worked in my life. The support the people in NA has given me, my friends, my NA Family and loved ones. The rooms are always there - all I have to do is walk in and say I need help, I need to talk and there will be people there. I have been taught to use the Steps, Rooms, People and my Sponsor and my Higher Power. I have made it through the death of my father. I was lucky to have some time with him before he passed. I watched my father suffer bad his last two weeks, but I realized what I had to do for myself to stay clean and I did so. I could not have done it without the help I got in NA my teaching, sharing, and caring. It's shown me I can get through bad things and not have to pick up. The program showed me how to deal with things, if I can't, we can! So I am glad to have some time behind me and everything I have been taught, the Program to depend on, people to help. I can trust in N.A. to be there for me, good or bad it will be there. So once again, THANK YOU N.A. for being there. Hope you can give your life a break, trust in N.A. It works if you work it.

Just for today, pick up the phone and
ask for help.
Bryan H.

God,
Grant me the serenity
to accept the things I cannot change;
Courage to change the things I can;
and
Wisdom to know the difference.

"Just For Today"

The Journey From the Bottom of the Hill

Remembering this is something I must never forget. It was two years ago I was alone in a motel room and terrified. I was fearing for my life. A life I once embraced was gone, as if forever. No longer could I see the beauty of the golden sunshine through my eyes. After the sun went down there was no laughter in my heart and my soul was quiet. I waited to be murdered. Murdered by the only friend I had. The smell of death was so near I could taste it. It was a vicious fight and my only friend could not help me any longer. My friend was cocaine. I didn't know what to do to stop this insidious power that had succumbed my very being. This is how my life was not so long ago. In desperation I went to a safe place that I had heard of. This place was called Narcotics Anonymous. This is where I began the journey from the bottom of the hill.

The program of Narcotics Anonymous saved my life. I look back now and know I would have died if I would have continued on the road I was on. Narcotics Anonymous offers a twelve step program that in time will change a persons life. It is a process and one of the keys is trusting that process. Working and applying the twelve steps has helped me to learn a new way to live. It is inevitable when working the steps that change will occur for the better. Another very important part of this program is obtaining a sponsor. I have found a wonderful and inspiring woman for my sponsor on this journey. She knows all my secrets and my frailties and yet she still loves me. Having her in my life is like walking through a dark tunnel while she holds the lamp for me to see.

If I fall she helps pick me up and the special ness of our relationship is that we are helping each other.

See, she's been at the bottom of the hill too. She's proof for me that the program of Narcotics Anonymous works for those who want it. It hasn't been easy, there are books to read and meetings to attend, but it's healing and best of all it's free. At one of our meetings we will see tears, but you will also hear laughter. There is love present and I am accepted in spite of all my character defects. The group told me "keep coming back". They will not turn me away when I disclose information about myself. Some people would shutter at the thoughts of living in such turmoil. The friends I have are blooming into meaningful relationships and I cherish those friendships. Problems do occur at times, but the ties that keep us striving together are stronger than anything that can tear us apart. I feel that people without the disease of addiction could benefit by applying the twelve steps to their lives. Especially, through the earth shattering events that we all face.

I was petrified and I still am at times. The fear hasn't stopped me and there has been a gentle spirit with me on this climb. The first step was surrendering and accepting that I am powerless and my life had become unmanageable. This doesn't mean that I can float along through life without a care. I am accountable for my life today. Powerlessness means to me that; I am only a small piece of the puzzle of life and that there is a power greater than myself. I call Him God. The surrendering part means that I don't have to fight anymore. What a relief for me it was to come to that understanding. I am learning to take only one day at a time and to

treasure the beauty life has to offer. Some days are better than others, but the good days are becoming closer together. I have learned to have fun. We have camp outs and dances that there is a spiritual presence and inner peace present that I have never known. On December 9, 2003 I gratefully had 2 years free from the horror I lived at one time. I always thought a mistake was a failure. Now I believe it is not. I have since learned that they are not mistakes, they are absolutely necessary to learn and grow. As long as the same mistakes are not needlessly repeated. Life still isn't without trials and the bumps on the hill are still there. Plateaus and peaks are yet to come, but with this new way of living life I'm learning how to climb a little higher each day. Without that last day in December 2001 I would not be enjoying life as I am today. I can finally say that I am grateful for the bottom of the hill.

Susan D.

Sponsorship

A man in a hot air balloon realizes he is lost. He reduces altitude and spots a man below. He goes closer and yells out, "Excuse me, can you help me? I promised a friend I'd meet him half an hour ago, but I don't know where I am!" The man below says, "Yes. You are in a hot air balloon, hovering about thirty feet above ground. You are at latitude forty-two degrees North and longitude eighty degrees West." "You must be a Sponsor," says the balloonist. "I am" replies the man, "How did you know?" "Well" says the lost man, "everything you told me is technically correct, but I have no idea what to make of your information, and the fact is I am still lost." The ground man says, "You must be a

Sponsee." The reply: "yes, how did you know?" "Well," says the man on the ground, "You don't know where you are or where you are going. You have made a promise which you have no idea how to keep, and you expect me to solve your problem. The fact is that you are in the same position you were before we met, but now it is somehow my fault."

Valerie J. from California

You've been Served!

I know it sounds like a phrase out of a teen flick, or a visit from the local authorities, but I find it appropriate for this article. I've visited several area service committee meetings throughout the past, and one thing I keep hearing, or being reminded, is the area is here to serve the groups. True, it states in our Ninth Tradition, "N.A., as such, ought never be organized, but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve." I've come to believe that the "those they serve" meant me, it's all about me! In reality, if all group representatives came to the area to see what's in it for them, the area would soon fold. Tradition 1 states, "personal recovery depends on N.A. unity", that applies to area service committees as well. What makes a strong A.S.C. is group representatives showing up to participate, as a team, to serve the needs of the fellowship. The area is labeled "the workhorse of N.A." because this is where groups combine to create helplines, meeting lists, hospital and institution meetings, hold presentations for the professional fields, etc. My group has one responsibility, spreading the message of Narcotics Anonymous by welcoming newcomers, scheduling meetings, and placing "Principles before personalities". It's all about WE. T.S.

Word Search - See how many you can find

A	C	S	M	E	E	T	I	N	G	S	W	C	A	I	
M	D	B	Y	R	E	V	O	C	E	R	T	L	D	T	ADDICT
J	K	D	Y	M	K	F	A	W	R	H	U	E	J	W	CAMPOUT
L	M	V	I	N	V	E	N	T	O	R	Y	A	S	O	CHANGE
Y	A	S	H	C	E	V	T	X	J	I	O	N	H	R	CLEAN TIME
J	N	G	R	Y	T	W	J	A	M	P	H	T	E	K	FELLOWSHIP
D	E	O	H	N	S	P	O	N	S	O	R	I	M	S	FIRST STEP
H	O	N	E	S	T	Y	J	T	H	R	M	M	L	P	GROWTH
I	S	M	W	H	R	T	B	K	O	E	P	E	H	O	HONESTY
G	Y	C	H	A	N	G	E	S	P	F	A	S	L	M	HOPE
B	F	C	S	M	O	E	U	K	E	M	T	C	B	T	INVENTORY
T	I	E	V	C	M	N	W	L	H	U	I	T	D	E	IT WORKS
U	R	S	A	E	H	N	L	C	P	O	E	D	R	G	MEETINGS
N	S	K	D	F	I	O	T	N	O	H	N	U	S	R	MIRACLE
E	T	U	N	G	W	X	U	J	M	M	C	Z	A	O	NEWCOMER
S	S	K	L	S	P	K	O	N	H	U	E	T	C	W	PATIENCE
W	T	T	H	R	W	B	P	M	N	Y	N	R	J	T	RECOVERY
U	E	I	T	F	U	G	M	V	P	M	O	I	K	H	SPONSOR
H	P	A	Q	C	U	R	A	B	H	L	J	N	T	J	UNITY
H	G	D	M	I	R	A	C	L	E	H	S	T	Y	Y	

OPEN 24 HOURS



News from the 2004 World Service Conference

Hello NA Family:

The following is an overview of what transpired at WSC 2004. There were 19 motions in the Conference Agenda Report which you voted on. Our region voted EXACTLY as the conference voted. The first 6 motions passed and the remaining 13 failed. This is true to history for the Mid-America Region. As a rule, we are considered a "level headed" region. In New Business we were given a few more motions which brought the total to more than 58. For a complete overview of the motions, please log on to www.na.org and access the Draft Summary of Decisions for WSC2004. The Sponsorship book will be published and we should be available soon. I think this will be by the end of 2004. There will be a revised IP#11, Sponsorship, a revision to An Introductory Guide to Narcotics Anonymous, and in Just for Today there will be revisions to three of the days readings(February 8, March 13 and March 26) Our anniversary medallions will take on a new look. Instead of the Roman numerals used for the "years", they are changing it to Arabic numbers (*as pictured*). This change is largely due to the fellowship seeing members with longer clean time and the Roman numerals are hard to read in such a small space. The back has also changed. Reprinting will begin shortly on years 1-12 as these supplies are used faster. There will be a 6th Edition Basic Text. No changes will be made to chapters one thru ten, only with the prefaces and personal stories. This will take two conference cycles from 2004 to 2008, including a six-month review and input period. The approval form of the Sixth Edition Basic Text will be in the 2008 Conference Agenda Report for a minimum of 150 days. Go to www.na.org to

to get updated information on this project. Also, information will be printed in the NAWS News. At this time, they are not collecting a mailing list for this project as it is too far from the review and input period for the project (2006-2008 conference cycle). Review and input will be open to all who sign up. "We Do Recover" will be added to the reading cards which will give us 7 to open meetings with. On the Third Step Prayer poster, these words will be added to the beginning "Many of us have said..." As a whole, the fellowship is encouraged to have our groups' and members share their thoughts and experiences on the Fellowship Issue Discussions. The two discussion topics that are up for discussion are: Infrastructure and Public Image. I learned at the conference that Public Image was a very strong point to bring home to our members, we should always be aware of our image as we do represent the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous. Think about these topics, discuss amongst yourselves, workshop them, periodically I will want input from you on these items. On a final note, please contact me at anytime. I do have two e-mail addresses:

timandeb@cox.net
debbys@alliance.kscoxmail.com

I welcome any comments or questions that you may have. We are a worldwide fellowship, not just a statewide, or city-wide, or group-wide fellowship!

In loving service,

Debby S.

Regional Delegate



Around The region

M.A.R.C.N.A. XXI was a grand success. 385 members registered with more than 500 in attendance. Apr. 100 newcomers either in treatment or not were admitted at no cost, some made small donations and many helped by doing service during the weekend. All said and done, over \$3,500.00 made it's way into the regional treasury. Thanks for all who attended! M.A.R.C.N.A. XXII is under way with Jeanie M. elected in the Chair position. Other elections were: Pat B. - Co-Chair; Kirk B. - Registration; Tim S. - Secretary; Wendee K. - Treasurer; Janet W. - Hotel and Hospitality; and Mike T. - Merchandising. The remaining positions will be held June 20th, 2004 at 139 N. Santa Fe Salina, KS. 1:00 P.M. M.A.R.C.N.A. XXII will be held at the Holiday Inn, Salina, KS. April 1st, 2nd, and 3rd 2005

The Campout committee has put the final touches on the 26th annual Mid-America regional 4th of July campout. Once again, the flyer is displayed in this issue. Hope to see you all there!

Hospitals and Institutions (H&I) is working on formulating a presentation to the Sheriff's Association and is still in the process of communicating with the Governor. Public image (dress, appearance, hygiene) was a big discussion at the committee's last meeting.

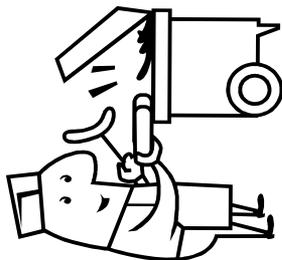
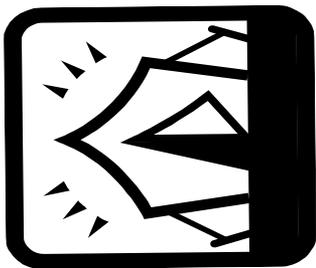
Public Information (P.I.) put much discussion into what the future holds for the regional meeting lists. Also, a motion has been sent back pertaining to the "NAWS web contact person" and it's guidelines. Due to the untimely death of Shelley W.- P.I. Chair, the position is once again open. Congratulations go out to Misty K. on P.I. Co-Chair.

In Literature, preserving and sharing the archival newsletters came into discussion. A brainstorm led to the project of copying, scanning, and converting all newsletters from our past into PDF format and offering them for sale on cd or dvd. As of this printing, the project is coming along quicker than expected. Tim S. has been copying and Kirk B. has been scanning and converting. Even with the mass quantity of newsletters, we are still missing some issues from the early 1980's. If you have any in your personal collection, we would love to have a copy. E-mail your questions or newsletter lists to timandeb@cox.net Tim S. was elected as the Editor of this publication, Literature Chair is currently vacant until next R.S.C.

We have a new P.O. Box Chair, congratulations Dewayne K.! Mid-America Regions address is still: P.O. Box 8732 Wichita, KS 67202-8732

Steering Committee will have 2 open positions at the next R.S.C. Also, A motion has been submitted for group discussion pertaining to a "conceptual budget". The site for M.A.R.C.N.A. XXIII is yet undetermined, if you happen to have a bid laying around, please give it to them at their interim meeting during the 4th of July campout.

A very special thanks to our "outgoing" Delegate, John S. III! Congratulations to the new Delegate, Debby S. and Alt. Delegate, Rod D. Debby has submitted a report on page 13 to let you know what changes to expect as a result of the events that happened at the World Service Conference.



26th Annual

Mid-America Regional Campout
"Going 4th in Recovery"

When: June 30th-July 5th, 2004 **Where:** Wilson Lake, Lucas Park Group Camp
(gates open Wed. at 2:00pm) No Dogs (follow the NA signs)

ACTIVITIES	No moving fire rings	Fri., Sat., Sun., Evening Meal Provided
Shade Tree meetings	No fires outside fire rings	Followed By,
Campfire Meetings	Don't tear up the grass	Speaker Meeting, Dance
Men & Women Horseshoe Tournaments	Obey one-way signs	Auction & Raffle
Co-Ed Volleyball Tournament	No blocking roads	Pre-campout Committees
Washer Toss Tournaments	No fireworks	Meeting Thurs. 8:00pm
Ed's Games	Fireworks display provided by the Corp of Engineers	Post-campout Committee Meeting Mon. 12 noon

Consent Numbers:
 Matt C. 432-339-5526 / Ed Dodge City
 Scott K. 785-313-0829 / Manhattan
 Mike & Russ P. 785-433-4215 / Jeff 785-565-0118 / Topeka

Bring firewood for campfires to Wilson Lake

Chair: Alan B.. 316-283-2033 **Co-Chair:** Michael S. 785-832-9613
Treasurer: Greg B. 620-653-4516
RDAlt: Rod D. 620-343-3149 **RD:** Debby S. 785-819-0268
Secretary: Kirk B. 785-594-2148

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 R.S.C

4-H BLDG Woodside & Hickory Streets, McPherson, KS

SATURDAY AUG. 14, 2004

9:00 AM - 11:00 AM

(UP)

H&I

(DOWN)

LITERATURE

11:00 AM - 1:00 AM

(UP)

CONVENTION

(DOWN)

CAMPOUT

1:00 PM - 2:00 PM

LUNCH BREAK

2:00 PM - 4:00 PM

(UP)

P.I.

(DOWN)

ACTIVITIES

4:00 PM - 6:00 PM

(UP)

STEERING

(DOWN)

OUTREACH

7:00 PM - 8:00 PM

SPEAKER MTG.

8:00 PM - 12:00 AM

DJ DANCE - AUCTION - RAFFLE
 \$3 Per Person - No Addict Turned Away

SUNDAY AUG. 15, 2004

8:30 AM - 9:00 AM

*R.S.C. 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*