



# MID AMERICA NEWSLETTER



Volume 22  
Issue 1

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Spring 2005

***“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*

Wow, another issue has made it to your hands. Here it is a new year and Spring is in the air. Some very exciting news is in this issue concerning Mid-America Regional history and the MAN! Starting in mid March, CDs containing 82 issues of the MAN spanning from 1983 to 2004 will be for sale! 22 years of the M.A.N., what a treat! Be looking for them on the literature table at M.A.R.C.N.A. XXII. They will be available through the mail as well, just follow the instructions listed in this issue. Cost is just \$5.00 each. Some really great articles made their way into this issue, including an inmate's story from behind the walls. This is your newsletter and I think you have done a wonderful job filling it with your experience, strength, and hope. KEEP THE LETTERS COMING! Is that loud enough for you? I didn't see the usual amount of contributions for this issue and hope the "consistent" writers I have continue to enhance the MAN with their stories. I've always enjoyed reading the MAN, but as Editor, I REALLY get to read it, and trust me, the tears flow quite regularly as I'm trying to type or arrange the

articles. Thank You! As far as the committee goes, I'm having trouble finding a "home" for the Co-Editor, which is Keith B. This is a "we" fellowship and also should be a "we" newsletter. It's also a process and will someday work out. In the meantime, the four quarterly issues a year will continue to be produced and hopefully in your hands. Some of you are reading this issue because you attended M.A.R.C.N.A. XXII and found it in your registration bag. This is my second year doing this and I hope it becomes a tradition. At this point there are no subscriptions so you must rely on your area or group to get it to you, or...I also e-mail it out and you can actually print one yourself. The Literature committee's goal is to make it available, consistently, and free to all members. One more thing concerning literature, are you ready for a sixth edition Basic Text? One of the changes in it will be the personal stories. Guidelines, or tips about writing your story is available on N.A.W.S. website and has been distributed via the N.A. Way. Be a part of and submit yours. The deadline for stories is December 2005. Now read this newsletter and enjoy!

Editor

Hello...My name is Mike and I'm an addict. I'm writing this with just under 11 months clean\*, just for today. I've spent the last several years under the grips of active addiction since my relapse in 1998. This is the first time I've acquired more than 5 months clean in that time span. I spent my first 9 months craving everyday and wanted to give up, telling myself many times that if I don't feel any better after a year, I'll use again. Yes, I was attending meetings regularly, calling my sponsor, reading the literature, and doing service work for my home group. It wasn't until I honestly sought the help of a Higher Power and truly gave up on self will, did I start to experience some change. No, my life didn't radically get better, or were all of my problems solved, however something inside felt different. Those closest to me noticed a drastic change in my attitudes immediately and the obsession to use was lifted. Just like in my active addiction, the change was motivated by pain. My life was extremely unmanageable and the insanity was running wild. As my backside was preparing to fall off, I dropped to my knees and began pursuing a relationship with my Higher Power (out loud)! Not begging or asking Him to bail me out, just simply giving up the fight. I started honestly my Higher Power to take over the battle, asking for guidance and direction, and to help me stay clean for 24 hours, and then thanking Him for each 24 hours received. Am I floating on a pink cloud? I don't think so. Do I have hope in the future and that my life can get better? Yes! Do I try to take back control? Yes. Does the outcome in a positive solution? No! Today, I am at least aware of when I'm trying to run the show, and I try to

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relinquish control A.S.A.P. Just for today, I believe my Higher Power wants to help me, and today I will let Him. I pray that the addict reading this will let the H.P., of their understanding, do the same.

Love,

Mike A. – Topeka, KS.

(\* - written 2/19/2005)

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Hi, I'm an addict named Yvonne, I was in a dark place, yet there was a dim light... I was in a lot of pain, things kept poking me and biting me, kicking me, invading places of my body that only I should say. I was fighting night and day, even though I never saw the light of day. It was a deep pit, with no return. Their angry faces haunted me. These were my thoughts and dreams as I laid in a coma for two weeks, with a suicide drug overdose attempt. I wanted to die, but I fought off death in the depths of darkness. I had walked the streets for days getting high, very active in my addiction, looking for that next hit that would take me there. I couldn't find it; I became tired, broken, and discouraged. I decided I just wanted out and knew no other way. I thought I was in charge. My children looked down on my lifeless body as my stomach was being pumped with charcoal. My heart finally stopped, but some machine kept it going (*I think now it was my Higher Power, even then...*). That was a dark time in my life. My son sent for me after my survival and I relocated to Kansas. That's where I found N.A., even though I started using again after my near death experience. I don't really remember my first meeting; I just remember a red door that I know quite well now. What I do remember is a sign that said "New Way", that's what I wanted, a new way.

*"Just For Today"*

I felt broken, afraid and sick. I remember people saying, "I'm glad you're here". At the end of the meeting people began to hug me, and tell me to come back. I thought to myself, if they only knew, they wouldn't want me to come back, they wouldn't even hug me. However, I kept coming back, I drew strength from them. I listened to their stories; I began to read the literature. As I read it I thought somebody must have already told them about me, because my story was in the book. How did they know? They talked about a Higher Power greater than. I really wanted to believe, I found myself almost 30 days clean and for some reason I was out there again. There was no joy or peace in going back out, I felt sick again. I had gotten a sponsor, a lady that today I have great respect and love for. I told her what had happened and she told to keep going to meetings. I felt hurt and shame when I told the group I had went back out. However they just said "glad you're back" and then there were those hugs again. Now my life is better, I am six months clean; I go to meetings almost every day, and functions, dances, and campfire meetings. I have new friends, I am giving hugs now! I am involved in a local church with lots of activities. I just love my "new way" of life thanks to N.A.

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### **The Disease Of My Addiction**

For me to realize that my drug addiction was actually a disease with no known cure, I had to take a long deep look within myself, and my reality. At that certain point, my addiction could be arrested and recovery was then possible. Following, are the four stages I had to go through to get where I am today on my road to recovery with God by my side. For 28 years I had been in denial of

having a drug problem. The stage of denial allowed me from actually seeing the reality of my addiction. The second stage of my addiction would be that I had to hit my bottom, by loosing everything that was ever important to me, but for me at the end I had lost my sanity and was not sure what reality was. Despair and isolation set in, my addiction brought me to a place where I could no longer deny the nature of my problem. I realized I had been living without hope for such a long time. The third stage was being powerless of my disease and that I could no longer moderate or control my drugs. Then, there was a point in my life that everything was unmanageable. This was the stage my disease had actually caused me to be addicted to misery. It was the only life I had ever known since I started doing drugs at the age of fourteen. I had lost myself through a drug addiction, not being the mother I should have been, or to even be a friend. At the end I was spiritually, physically, and emotionally drained. Today after having 21 months of abstinence from all drugs, I no longer live the life of active addiction and I know I cannot change the past nor will I forget where I have come from. God is doing for me what I could not do for myself. My family is being reunited, my dreams are being fulfilled and I can actually say, that I too can be a success. I am a grateful recovering addict who is loved.

*Kay*

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**"Recovery Begins  
With ME!"**



**In the memory of  
Kim R.**

She was a lady of ladies. She walked through this world with her head held high and happy most of her life. She faced life on life's terms. She lost her fight last November 23, 2004.

Her H.P. blessed her with 4 years clean time when she passed away. She was one of my good friends. Jimmy K. has one more "good" member upstairs to run meetings and to help with conventions. Her home group was HUGS, in the Fellowship For Freedom Area, they will miss her a lot. She did a lot of good service work in that area. If you had a problem, she had a cup of coffee and a good ear to listen to you. She'd help you in any way she could. If you were really hurting, she would make you something to eat and lend you her couch to get some sleep. She made you feel at home. She liked taking in mutts like me and you. Kim left behind a little two year old girl, with big blue eyes and a husband with multiple years of clean time, that's very dear to my heart. They both need a lot of prayers at this time. Kim loved the fellowship with all of her heart. She loved NA and being a part of it. I just want to say good-bye to her, she was a friend, a sister, an addict and a member of NA. She will always have a place in our hearts. I love you and I will miss you forever.

From an addict named Dave R.

My name's Tim and I'm an addict. I want to talk about a gift. That gift is the ability to feel, and my H.P. gave me lot's to "feel" about. One of those feelings was grief. I know some of you are probably thinking: "grief comes from pain and loss, how is that a gift?" For me it means that I care, something that I didn't have in active addiction. It also means that I have friends and family, something else I didn't have in active addiction. But I was surprised at the first real grieving in my life, it came from a musician dying who I didn't even know. That would be known as compassion, once again, something I didn't have in active addiction. In recovery, I've lost both remaining Grandparents, my Mother, and too many friends to mention. I was able to visit with my family prior to their passing so grieving came easier. With friends it was too sudden. The real test came, though, when I, myself was in a position to "see the end", to my relief, I was OK with whatever the outcome was going to be, that reassured the 3rd step was incorporated in my life. I don't take my life for granted, nor anyone else's. I also don't understand the reasoning for some of my friend's actions. I can only accept the situation and pray they found whatever they were looking for. For me, *Carpe Diem (Seize the day!)* Life is made of moments and even though I have wasted a few, I cherish them all. I have many beautiful people in my life today and know there is always room for many more. If we haven't met in person at some meeting or function, we have met in spirit, and if for some chance our paths do cross in the future, I'll give you a hug and thank my H.P. for putting you into my life. I'm just an addict with a very large gratitude list and the "gift".

### **The Legacy of Silence**

“You do what you need to do here to take care of your problem but don’t you dare talk about our family. What happens in our family is our business no one else’s.” This is what I remember hearing from my mother as I got out of the car and headed into treatment when I was 14. Now that I am 30 and have some recovery under my belt, I thought I had dealt with my past and recovered from the unhealthy ideas I had been raised with. However, when my eight-year-old son came to me crying and said he didn’t know what was wrong I quickly found out how mistaken I was. He told me he knew something was going on but no one would tell him what it was. He told me that his dad told him to how important it was to share his feelings but his dad wasn’t sharing his. He told me that his whole life he felt like there was something going on but no one would tell him what. He then said, “But I figure it out eventually after worrying about it for so long and still end up upset.” I told my son that sometimes grown ups don’t tell him things because he is 8 and they want to protect him. He told me “Don’t you see, I figure it out anyway but worry about it until I do. How is that protecting me?” That hit me like a brick and I realized that I was raising my son EXACTLY the same way that I was raised. Teaching him through silence that we don’t talk about our problems we hide them from other people so they don’t think anything bad about us. I was teaching him how to take on shame instead of learning how to cope. Fortunately, the steps, traditions and people in Narcotics Anonymous have taught me that the past is the past and all we can do is change what we are

doing today. I apologized to my son and told him how wrong I had been. I then came “clean” about what was going on in our family and we talked about ways to deal with situations and problems. We also discussed how important it is to share your feelings with others to find the solution and that at no time should you feel ashamed to do that. We are all human, and we all have problems. No one family is better than the next and we have to share honestly about situations if we are to receive help. When I got to treatment I had virtually no life skills. Through the fellowship I have grown up and learned how to deal with my problems head on. My higher power blessed me with this child to help me understand I am the one who has to break this cycle. I am the one who he is going to learn how to deal with problems from. I am the one who has been granted the responsibility of teaching this kid right from wrong. I was raised the way I was raised. I do NOT blame my mother for this. She did the best with what she had been taught. She raised me the way her mom raised her and so on. I promised my son it would go on no longer. The truth sometimes hurts. Life isn’t always pleasant. The choices we make and the way we choose to deal with situations determines our level of happiness. My son helped me understand that it is always better to be honest and to confront issues rather than pretend they don’t exist or are not “that bad”. He knew something was “up.” So the next time I am not being honest with my son about what is going on in our family in the guise of “protecting” him. I will do my best to remember that I am actually causing him harm by continuing the legacy of silence. *Amy G Emporia*



**The Path**

When we come to the end of the road, looking down a new path to recovery, it seems to dark and unfamiliar. We look back at the road and we know it is filled with burnt bridges, law enforcement stops, hospital detours, unemployment signs, wrong turns, and a host of breakdowns. Looking at the new path is uncertain and frightening but we want a new route to travel. To some it is too new and unfamiliar, with sadness they go back the old road, the ones on the new path are enjoying a new way to travel, it is not easy there, hills to overcome, rocks to scale, and STEPS TO CLIMB.

Doug K.

Hi all, I'm Jessica W. and I am an addict. I would have never thought that I would say those words, growing up around the program and all. I can remember my first time at a meeting as an addict. It was my 30 day birthday. I was so nervous to stand up and get that key tag. I had known most of these people for 10 years or more. I thought I was a disappointment! I fought with myself for a moment then decided to stand up and walk to the front of the room and get my hug and key tag. I think after I gave a shaky how I did it speech was when I realized that they were glad I was in the room to get my key tag and not running the streets. It was a relief to say the least. Sometimes I wonder what I could have done differently and then I remember I did! I found hope! I found NA. I thank my dad for that. If not for him finding hope I don't think I would have. Narcotics Anonymous has been such a blessing. Every time I notice the little things in life I thank my HP! With that said I'll take another 24 please.

My name is Chris F. and I am an addict. After 25 years of drug abuse I am finally starting a new life. Drugs were a way of life for me. I didn't know any other way. I guess you can say it was the family business. After several institutions I have found new friends and a better way of life in N.A. I have 90 days clean and am proud of myself for the first time. I owe it all to N.A. I am still having a hard time with the whole Higher Power thing. I am starting my first step. Still kinda scared but with help I know I can do it. Thanks to all for the welcome I've received.



## Behind The Walls

*Due to the length of this story, it is split into two parts. Part one is on the following two pages, part two will appear in the next issue. It came from a member incarcerated in Lansing Correctional Facility. If you wish to write this member, please contact the editor of this newsletter listed on the front page and I will pass his mailing address to you.*

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Hi, my name is Mike and I'm an addict. My story is not unlike many of yours. I grew up in a dysfunctional addicted family in the mountains in southern California, in a communal type life. I was the oldest of 4 boys. We were your average poor hippy family. I can remember feeling out of place and different from the other kids at school that I was bussed to in the suburbs. I felt so embarrassed for the way my parents lived and for having to wear old dirty clothes to school, that I just wanted to run away and find a new family with cool parents. Sometimes during the year when I was 12 years old I started getting high, It made me feel like a whole new person and I felt that I could fit in with my new found friends. I also focused my whole life on finding every way I could to get and use drugs. Just like it says in one of our readings before we start our meetings, I lived to use and used to live. By the middle of 3rd grade in middle school I decided that I should quit school, because I knew that all I wanted to be was a drug dealer and then some day I was sure to become a big time drug smuggler. So I thought I didn't need school anymore. Well I never became a drug dealer or smuggler, but I still lived to use and used to live for the better part of 32 years, and I only got sicker and sicker emotionally, mentally, spiritually and physically as my addiction progressed. I decided to leave home

when I was 14 years old. Our house was where all the drunks and dope fiends hung out every day and night with my Mom, so I thought it was a smart move to leave home. Everywhere I went I took my addiction with me, drugs were not my problem yet, or at least that was what I thought. I thought if I could just get everything in my life just right, then everything would be all right. Everything about my life revolved around getting and using more drugs. I started hitch hiking all over California and the all over the country, always looking for a just the right situation that would make my life perfect, but always using drugs and never finding that perfect place or person or Institution that would make my life better. This life style went on until I was 18 and that's the first time I thought that I had some kind of problem with my life, so I put myself in alcohol treatment. They called the place A.T.U. I wasn't there for more than 3 or 4 days when the staff came to me and told that they could not help me, that I should try some other place to get help for my drug problem and I ended up in a long term treatment center in an old building that was falling apart. It didn't take me long to see how all the people in this center really needed to be there, but since I had never used needles before and never been to prison, I didn't think I was as bad as them. So I walked out and hit the streets looking for some way to get high, never putting two and two together. I thought I was different, that I just got bad breaks in life, but I was not an addict, not yet anyway. I finally got a chance to use needles in a motel room in Oklahoma City where I stopped for the night on a trip from L.A. California. I instantly loved shooting dope and only thought of how much

time I had wasted using other ways. From that time on, my disease progressed for another 25 years. Dozens of treatment centers, in and out of NA groups, 5 Marriages and 3 kids, over 25 jobs in 8 different states, I finally hit bottom. I was in the D.O.C. system, looking at doing from 66 months to 247 months in prison for armed robbery (*I ripped off my drug dealer*). I got 3 years probation and all I had to do was stay clean, go to meetings, and not get into anymore trouble. Well I ended up using within days of being released from the county jail. I didn't want to end up going to prison so I talked my P.O. into letting me go to treatment, so she got the judge to give me one more chance. I went through this 15 day program that included getting one of my favorite drugs prescribed to me for 10 of the 15 days. I left there (Tulsa OK.) and drove myself back to Wichita, KS. but by the time I reached Wichita I had talked myself into using again. I took all my savings and went straight to the dope house. I scored enough dope to get back to Tulsa OK, so I drove myself back to find someone I had met in treatment, who would know where to get dope for me, and so again I was on another bender. I came down 2 or 3 days later, broke, in trouble with the courts again and scared to death. I checked myself into a mental hospital for one night, but they kicked me out the next morning, so I went back to the person's place where I had been using for 3 days. I used their phone to call my parents back in Kansas and they called my lawyer who later called me back. We all decided that I should go back to the 15 day program and wait, while my lawyer was trying to get me another chance from the judge and my probation

officer again. I stayed there for about 10 days before I left for Wichita again. This time I went and checked myself into another mental hospital until my lawyer had gotten everything worked out for me so I wouldn't go to jail once again. One of the conditions was that I had to go to this out patient treatment center for 4 days a week, for 8 or 9 weeks. I really got more out of this program than any other that I had tried before. One thing was that my counselor was the one I had 25 years earlier at A.T.U. He knew me well and had tried to help me about 3 or 4 years before. This guy really cared about me and wanted to see me make it for once. I was doing great; I did all my assignments and worked hard for my recovery. I went to NA meetings every day after I left treatment each day. Well in treatment I met Mrs. Right! We really liked each other and it wasn't long before one thing lead to another and we were in a relationship. We both were real excited about our recovery, got sponsors, went to meetings everyday and I even began to get into service work by leading some meetings. It wasn't long before we decided to live together. Life was so sweet and I just knew that I had finally found that perfect situation and that God was finally giving me the life that I always wanted. I mean this woman was incredible. She was perfect in every way, we were both so crazy about each other, and life was finally good to me...

*(Continued in Vol. 22 - Issue #2  
aka the Summer issue)*

# Word Search - See how many you can find

F	D	X	S	N	O	I	T	I	D	A	R	T	Q	L	
S	A	T	T	I	T	U	D	E	S	B	N	M	U	S	CAMPOUT
A	Z	I	V	E	B	M	L	K	I	L	S	Q	P	C	UNITY
U	N	I	T	Y	R	B	A	V	Y	U	P	I	L	K	RELATIONSHIPS
Q	C	M	L	H	P	U	U	R	W	S	H	Q	R	X	SPIRITUAL
K	U	R	X	A	J	B	T	P	M	S	I	O	N	Q	SURRENDER
M	W	A	I	G	N	L	I	E	N	D	W	G	L	T	FAITH
E	C	I	V	R	E	S	R	O	P	P	M	J	R	R	FEAR
I	M	G	R	O	M	S	I	F	E	P	N	Q	D	U	GRIEF
A	N	Z	B	L	Y	T	P	T	D	J	I	S	E	S	GRATITUDE
Q	O	L	T	D	A	J	S	P	O	N	S	O	R	T	EXPERIENCE
A	I	H	E	L	C	L	C	M	T	E	A	L	P	H	ACTION
C	T	A	E	X	P	E	R	I	E	N	C	E	A	U	ATTITUDES
T	N	R	M	B	D	I	F	K	L	P	M	U	H	Q	TRUST
I	E	W	J	I	P	E	L	M	N	A	T	U	V	B	SERVICE
O	V	X	U	C	I	E	D	U	T	I	T	A	R	G	TRADITIONS
N	N	A	L	R	N	J	S	Q	M	R	F	J	E	O	CONVENTION
L	O	H	G	P	S	D	W	M	G	D	J	E	P	K	STEPWORK
A	C	A	M	P	O	U	T	R	V	M	S	C	A	Q	SPONSOR
A	K	C	Q	P	J	S	U	R	R	E	N	D	E	R	

## On Sale Now!

82 past issues of the Mid-America Newsletter have been assembled on one CD with an extra bonus booklet of the history of the groups within Mid-America Region. You can own this amazing piece of history for only \$5.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling. Avoid the shipping by stopping by the literature table while at M.A.R.C.N.A. XXII or attend any one of the regional service committee meetings in McPherson, KS. You will enjoy many hours of reading our history plus look at flyers from such events as M.A.R.C.N.A. I, held in 1983.



**Mail to:**  
**M.A.N. Archives**  
**365 W. Lindsborg St.**  
**Lindsborg, KS. 67456**

## AROUND THE REGION

Activities has been busy relocating the regional events. No, they haven't left McPherson, but are now held at the Red Coach Inn. That includes all 4 regional service committee meetings and the upcoming Service Assembly, which is scheduled for Oct. 15th & 16th, 2005.

This issue includes the regional 4th of July campout flyer on the inside back cover. Some exciting highlights this year are a fishing tournament (adults will need a license) throughout the weekend, washer toss - both adult and children on Friday, horseshoes on Saturday, and volleyball on Sunday. All have a 9:00 a.m. signup on their respective days. The new location offers shade trees so meetings under them are offered as well. This year ice will be for sale from the committee on location. This will help everybody out. Be sure to take advantage of this and help make it work.

M.A.R.C.N.A. XXIII will be held April 7th - 9th, 2006 in Hays, KS. Be looking for pre-flyers out soon.

Hospitals and Institutions are currently traveling the region holding workshops, it is their intent to hit all 8 areas by late Fall of this year. Get in touch with your R.C.M. if your group or area would like to host one.

They're here! Of course I'm talking about the M.A.N. Archives on CD. For just \$5.00 you can have 82 issues ranging from 1983 to 2004 at your disposal, but wait! That's not all, we'll throw in the group history booklet produced in 2003 by Outreach and Literature for free! All on 1 CD in PDF format. I've also included Adobe Reader right on the CD so if you don't have it and don't have internet access, you can still install it. Details are inside this issue for ordering.

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Outreach and Public Information are working together on a project that will help define the counties within each of the 8 areas. They are also actively looking for bilingual members who can be utilized in our Spanish speaking communities. You can contact one of the officers listed on the back cover or myself, the editor of this publication if you or someone you know can help with this.

The Steering Committee is working on more thorough guidelines for the new position of Archivist and also taking bids for MARCNA XXIV 2007. They will be meeting April 24th, 2005 at the Day by day group, 1145 S. Pattie in Wichita. Meeting time is set for Noon.

Our region made an exceptional turnout at the Plains States Zonal Forum in Stillwater, OK—thank you to all that attended. The workshops were very informative, and with world participation there, it really enhanced the learning. Our Zonal meeting was great—and I mean that. For sometime now, I have felt that the zone was “stuck” with no direction and I personally felt that it was going nowhere. Thanks to the RD from Oklahoma, Keith, his report hit the nail on the head and set the ball in motion. Boy did we accomplish a lot of things! It is exciting—now it feels there is more structure. It is my hope that we do get back to the basics of the Zonal, pay attention to the Purpose and Mission Statements and evolve from there. A person from another Zone was present and outlined what their Zone did—which is in direct line of our Purpose Statement: “Zonal Forums are service oriented sharing sessions that provide means by which N.A. communities can communicate, share, and grow with each other.”  
Debby S. - R.D.

*“Just For Today”*

**NO FIREWORKS** **Mid-America Annual Regional Campout**



**When: Thurs., June 30th-Mon., July 4th**  
**Gates Open at 6:00PM**

**mark your  
calendars  
now**

**Where: Pamona Lake**  
**Wolf Creek Group Camp**  
**Theme: Accepting Change**  
**Equals Growth in Recovery**

**join  
in the  
FUN**



**Exciting Speakers**  
**Campfire Meetings**  
**Shadetree Meetings**  
**Volleyball Tournament**



**Horseshoe Tournament**  
**Washer Toss Tournament**



**Fishing Tournament**



**Poker Run**  
**Tug of War**  
**Kids Games**

**trophies  
awarded  
for all  
tournaments**

**ABSOLUTELY NO PETS**

**Chair:** Alan B.. 316-283-2033    **Co-Chair:** OPEN  
**Treasurer:** Greg B. 620-653-4516  
**R.D. Alt:** Rod D. 620-757-6212    **R.D.:** Debby S. 785-819-0268  
**Secretary:** Carla D. 620-757-6212

*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,  
Kirk B.*

NEXT R.S.C.

*Red Coach Inn - 2211 E. Kansas Ave., McPherson, KS*

**SATURDAY MAY 14, 2005**

**9:00 AM - 11:00 AM**

(Regency I)

CONVENTION

(Regency II)

CAMPOUT

**11:00 AM - 1:00 PM**

(Regency I)

PUBLIC INFORMATION

(Regency II)

ACTIVITIES

**1:00 PM - 2:00 PM**

LUNCH BREAK

**2:00 PM - 4:00 PM**

(Regency I)

STEERING

(Regency II)

OUTREACH

**4:00 PM - 6:00 PM**

(Regency I)

HOSPITALS & INSTITUTIONS

(Regency II)

LITERATURE

**7:00 PM - 8:00 PM**

SPEAKER MTG.

**8:00 PM - 11:00 PM**

DJ DANCE - AUCTION - RAFFLE (for Soul To Soul)

\$3 Per Person - No Addict Turned Away

**SUNDAY MAY 15, 2005**

**8:00 AM - 9:00 AM**

*ALL OFFICERS AND SUB COMMITTEE CHAIRS OR COCHAIRS TURN IN  
MOTIONS AND REQUESTS FOR FUNDS*

**9:00 AM - UNTIL DONE**

*REGIONAL SERVICE COMMITTEE CONDUCTS MEETING*