

Deadline For Next Issue Is May 31, 2009

Chair: *Russel P.* 785-383-2257 Co-Chair: *Mike T.* 785-493-8308  
Treasurer: *Janet W.* 785-827-8635 R.D.: *Tim S.* 785-819-4806  
R.D. Alt: *Misty K.* 785-819-6482 Secretary: *Suzie E.* 316-361-0300

*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.*

MID AMERICA REGIONAL SERVICE COMMITTEE  
2009 MAY QUARTERLY MEETING New Location  
122 E. Marlin St. McPherson, Kansas

\*\*\*Reminder\*\*\*

Elections will be held at this RSC

#### SUBCOMMITTEE MEETINGS

Saturday, May 16

9:00 am-11:00am  
Campout Convention

11:00am - 1:00 pm  
Public Information  
Activities

1:00 pm - 2:00 pm  
Lunch

2:00 pm - 4:00 pm  
Outreach  
Steering

4:00 pm - 6:00 pm  
Literature  
Hospital & Institutions

7:30 pm - 9:00 pm  
Speaker Meeting

9:00 pm - 11:00 pm  
Public Information Fundraiser  
DJ Dance - Auction & Raffle  
\$3.00 per person ... \$5.00 per couple  
No addict turned away

#### NA AUCTION / RAFFLE ITEMS NEEDED

#### REGIONAL SERVICE COMMITTEE MEETING

Sunday, May 17

General business, elections, motions, request for funds.  
MEETING STARTS AT 8:00 a.m. and finishes when done.

Just For Today



Volume 27  
Issue 1

2328 Lydia  
wichita, ks. 67213  
suzie.q.e@gmail.com

Spring 2009

*"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. 68, 6th edition, Basic Text*

Hello Family,

It has been such a busy winter. With the holiday season behind us I am really looking forward to the upcoming MARCNA Convention. We will try to have some "roving reporters" bringing in articles on how members enjoyed the convention, we are going to be sending some reporters to the Regional Campout this summer to cover that event as well. If you or someone you know is interested in reporting for the M.A.N. please join us at the next RSC on May 16, 2009 in McPherson. We will be meeting at 4:pm hope to see you all there.

I wish to thank all of you who sent in your stories about "Dreams" from the last request from the Editor. I am looking forward to reading more wonderful stories of experience, strength and hope. The "Dreams" request was very special to me as my own dreams have been coming to fruition through working the steps and doing service work on various levels. Just 3 years ago I couldn't even send an email, let alone make a flier. Today I am the editor of this wonderful newsletter. I would not be doing this if it were not for NA. So if you are one who thinks you can't, I'm here to tell you "Yes You Can!! All you have to do is try.

Our region just voted to perform a much needed inventory on our regional subcommittees and service body members. This is a great opportunity if you haven't been involved in region to get involved. Inventories are a great time to bring about new ideas on how we as a body can better serve the still suffering addict. That is why we are here, to serve the members but we need everyone to be involved in the process. I am personally excited to see some fresh ideas and set new goals to better help our fellowship. I know the Literature committee is looking for new direction and if that is something you are interested in, or any of the subcommittees please come out and sit in on a meeting. We can come up with all kinds of great ideas on how to better serve the still suffering addict, but without the manpower to put those ideas into action, then they are only ideas. I hope to see more members stepping up for service soon.

Suz



Just For Today

The past three months went by fast; it's been very cool working with Bill now that he is going to meetings. Tonight's birthday night and we are both celebrating, Bill with three months and me a year! I'm so excited! "Breathe Sam" I thought to myself. So much has happened! I called my sponsor, Joe, up and asked if he was going to the meeting tonight, after a loud laughter, he said "of course". "I wouldn't miss this night". I smiled even though on the phone he couldn't see it. "Come earlier if you can" he said. I didn't think much about it but just said "sure, I'll pick Bill up on the way".

I rushed off to work and let Bill know the plan, he was just as excited as I was. The day went by smooth and both of us were like little kids by the time quitting time came around. Walking out, I told Bill I would pick him up in a little while, he nodded and headed out. Getting home, I sat down and grabbed my Basic Text. I began to read the chapter "Living the Program", I feel like I am working the steps to the best of my ability and something must be going right because I can feel it, the serenity and peacefulness, wow! Goosebumps went up my arms and I shivered a little Bill was still struggling and I helped him where I can but he hasn't gone too far in the steps yet. He is trying though, and staying clean. I became real comfortable in the chair and somehow dozed off. I don't know how long I was there but the phone rang once again and it was Bill, "where are you?" he said. I looked at the clock and said a choice cuss word, "be right there Bill!" I jumped up and forced myself to quickly wake myself up. It had turned out I was only 30 minutes later than I said but I don't like to feel rushed and I managed to do that to myself. I picked Bill up and spent the rest of the drive apologizing.

He laughed and said a quote he had heard from me a few times, "you're only late for your very first meeting". I laughed, realizing I didn't need to get stressed over the small stuff. It took a person new in recovery to remind me of that.

We pulled up and parked, I was surprised to see so many cars there already. When we walked in I was greeted by Julie and several others from up the road. I was excited, we had had phone conversations since attending her group after the convention, but hadn't dated or anything yet, which was strange, I was attracted to her but I was so set on my own recovery I avoided her. She gave Bill and me a big hug before going inside. There were so many recovering addicts there, we both became nervous. Bill hadn't been to a convention or any large meeting at all, so he was especially nervous. Jim led the meeting and when keytags were handed out, I was all smiles when it came to 1 year! My first medallion and moon glow keytag, I felt like I waited a long time for that glow-in-the-dark keytag. Then they hit me up, "tell your story!" everyone chanted. I went from excited to scared, instantly! "I don't know about that" I said. "you can do it, you share all the time anyway?" Jim said. Julie was smiling too. "okay", I said shakily. I took a very deep breath, and started with that night I was walking the street feeling like I needed to just scream, that was the night before my first meeting, and during my bottom. I started out very slow and stumbled all over the place, but when I just told myself to just calm down, it seemed to flow better. It seemed to last forever, but was only about 20 minutes after looking at the clock. Everyone applauded and chanted "glad you're here!" after I was done, and Bill smiled at me, I could see his genuine gratitude and hope for himself after that.



*31st Annual Mid-America Regional Campout  
of Narcotics Anonymous  
The Longest Running Free Campout*



*An Addict Alone is in  
Bad Company*

*July 3-5 2009*

*Lucas Park at Wilson Lake, Kansas*

*Speakers!  
Spot Meetings!  
Games!  
Fellowship!  
No Pets!*

*Fires in Fire Rings only!!*

*Limited Electrical Hook-ups Available*

*Contact a Committee Member and make your Reservations Early*

*Wayne M.-(785)820-7150  
Wayne S.-(620)664-1860*



*West of Salina on I-70 follow directions on website*





*How to Take a Trip  
through Hell Clean  
Featuring the NA  
Square Dance*

The names in this story have been changed to protect the "sick"; I do not wish to harm anyone with this story. I just want to share my experience, strength and hope so that if you are taking this trip, contemplating the trip or recovering from it, you will know you are not alone. Also, if you are engaging in the NA "square dance" you can dosey doe your happy a\*\* out and get with your sponsor before the disease takes you under. \*\*\*

So there I was.... I had 10+ years clean, a college graduate, a professional counselor, owned my own home, had a slew of friends, a thriving side business, a couple kids and was married to my best friend... sounds ideal doesn't it? The NA dream.... What I wasn't prepared for was the trip through hell I was about to take...

It all started when I decided to not live in reality. I live in this little world I like to call fantasy land. Where my house is a castle, I am a princess and everyone loves me... Oh wait... I think this is actually called the Land of Denial.... Where I see only what I want, ignoring all my sponsor has to offer and deciding you are all full of sh\*\* because I have been clean awhile and after all I am a Counselor!!

This is where my story really begins...It was a year through hell and I was lucky to survive with my life. My disease was running rampant and I did not even use. I shutter to think about how close to using I must have been.

My husband at the time, we will call him "Joe" had cheated on me before we got married. I thought I could change him. I thought I could love him into health. I thought love would conquer all. I did a 4th step before I got married and my sponsor said to me, "'Jill' All of this has already happened, you feel this way and you still want to get married?" I looked at

her the same way I always do when I am in denial and convinced I am right and she just 'does not understand me.' "It will all be okay.... All of that is behind us now, I forgive him and he is my soul mate I truly believe..." I responded. Now that I am back in the land of the sane the truth that I was incapable of seeing due to close-mindedness and spiritual bankruptcy was: I didn't really forgive him, I wanted to, I really wanted to, but I couldn't. I did not trust him farther than I could throw him, but it hurt too much to leave him and I really believed it was "Love". I did not think I would ever find such an intense connection with anyone else. In hindsight, I now know that the relationship was based mostly on sex, which oddly my disease infested mind twisted into 'soul mate'. So here is the abbreviated readers digest version of what transpired: I had been previously married for multiple years. Joe was my best friend when I was married to "Nick" (I know it gets a little confusing, however the details are important in this little dance so keep up!) Before I divorced Nick I did a 4th and 5th step, in which I had to develop a list of the qualities I wanted in a mate. I showed the list to Joe, not thinking anything of it because as I said he was my "best friend." Later, I realized I gave him all the ammunition to play me like a fiddle as he transformed and became everything on the list.... For awhile.... I have learned no one can keep up an act forever. Hint: If you have a male best friend, you are a woman and married..... THERE IS A PROBLEM! Moving on, Joe was a con-artist, I knew it. I knew that before, he was living with two women, seeing three others and played both sides of the fence. Details, I tell you...they really are important, however in the afterglow of sex they cease to matter eh?

**Word Search - See how many you can find**

**Coming to Believe**

f t r u s t u e i g o k s o q  
o s i n t i m a c y r p a g b  
v h s t e p w o r k c i r q t  
q u s r p o w e r l e s s n x  
y n h a c s k y s z f y m e e  
t l a c a s r t p s r t s p u  
s m r c f e e i o u i i s o y  
e k i e a n d n n u e l e y q  
n w n p i g n e s q n i n p z  
o l g t t n e r o u d m d e p  
h t l a h i r e r x s u e a z  
i p g n s l r s s u h h d c k  
v u f c r l u c h b i q n e z  
t z p e e i s a i i p g i s y  
j e j y c w r o p y s p m d h

**acceptance \* honesty \* humility  
open\* mindedness \* intimacy  
friendship\* faith \* peace  
powerless \* serenity  
sharing \* sponsorship  
stepwork \* surrender  
trust \* willingness**



### "I Didn't"

I didn't have any experience except getting high, what strength I had was fading fast after thirty-plus years of active addiction, and all hope in the future was gone. That was the condition I was in three and a half years ago, just another addict heading for his bottom, wherever that was. I thought I had hit bottom before but could never admit I was powerless over my addiction. I thought I had to do it myself, by myself. I had been to NA meetings before, on and off, for years. I'd stay just long enough to clean up a little bit, then hit the streets again with a new plan for controlling, not stopping, my drug use. Then I'd end up in some kind of trouble again, usually with my wife, and feeling and looking like hell. Promising to do something about my drug problem, might see a therapist for awhile. Funny thing was they'd tell me to start going to NA meetings. Which I would, till I started to feel better then...well you know the rest. Finally, I screwed up on the job bad enough that they forced me to take a drug test. I failed the test of course. That started a chain of events that led me to surrender to my addiction. My employer suspended me without pay for ninety-days, I was lucky I wasn't fired out-right. My children let me know that unless I got serious help and stuck to it I wouldn't be allowed to see my grandchildren. At that time my wife said that she would stay by my side, but time was probably running out with her too. Anyway, I thought of NA, again. Back through those doors, again. Addicts in recovery hugging me, welcoming me back, again, sharing their message of experience, strength and hope. Nothing different here except me. I surrendered to my addiction; I realized that I was powerless against it, that my life was unmanageable, that I needed to believe in something greater than myself. I bought a basic text, read that book,

found myself on almost every page. Then found myself a sponsor to guide me through the steps and listen when I need someone to talk things over with make suggestions that help keep my ass from falling off. Did my best to make ninety meetings in ninety days.

By the time my suspension from work was over I had something of a foundation for my recovery. I passed my re-entry drug test, and was ready to start making a living again. My family has stuck by me through this time, coming to meetings with me occasionally to see what they're like. My family believes that it's NA that's saved my life, and kept our family together, and I agree with that. Today I have experience with living without drugs. Today I have the strength to make the decision not to take drugs. Today I have hope for a future I couldn't dream of years ago. Thank God for NA. Don L.



I am who I am today, blessed, grateful that I am not what I once was. It took some time for me to decide if my life was what I decided, or if it happened with me standing aside. I am so grateful I have another chance to decide. To walk with people who love me or to live with people who lied, who could really care less if we lived or died. My hearts been broken too many times for me to live a life full of lies!! Thank you **God** for giving me another chance to truly **DECIDE** if I am living the life that makes **me** happy inside. Heather S.



### "How to Take a Trip" Cont.'

On with the story, so during my divorce, Joe was 'there for me'. He comforted me, took care of my kids and basically made himself indispensable. He was the answer to all of my prayers, took the edge off my pain and appeared to be my answer.

Two weeks after my 1st husband and I split, Me, several of my friends and Joe went to convention. Joe and I were dancing and my hormones engaged. I got back from convention, called my sponsor hanging my head as I said... "I...uh.... kinda hooked up...." to which she responded, "Tell me it was anyone, but don't tell me it was Joe." I get really offended when I am truthed on, so I went into defense mode. Which for me sounds a lot like this: "I am right, everyone else is wrong, and YOU don't understand." I was so far in denial I couldn't see straight.

Joe moves in ONE week later. I convinced my kids this would be fine.... And so it begins..... lies..... cheating..... insanity..... so we got married in our home group. "Ahhhhh....." That will fix it....

Then it REALLY got crazy. He cheated again with a much younger girl, not in the program. I found out about it via text message. Then I turned into a monster, lying, controlling, violent, and manipulative.... I became Magnum P.I.... constantly checking cell phone bills, emails, computer history.... Etc... etc.... I hit him, condemned him, criticized him and blamed everything on him. I did not have the self respect to just leave. I did not feel like I could share with my home group because I was a counselor..... I did not feel like I could get real honest with my sponsor...because she warned me.... Etc...etc... So in my silence I got really sick... things got even more insane.... I made a new male best friend in my home group.... We started having an affair and it all started with a comment followed by a text message....

A word about cell phones my friends, it has been my experience that we cannot handle the kind of instant gratification they provide and texting, calling etc... etc... can easily become an addiction. It is easier to text something and start the whole ball rolling than if you had to actually say it to the person. I would text things I would NEVER say until the stage was properly set.... if you know what I mean....I had to get rid of mine when this whole fiasco was over....because it was a primary factor that set up my little trip through hell....

I decided Joe needed to 'pay' for all of his misdeeds and I had an affair with my new male best friend...'Jim'.... While starting marriage counseling with Joe. (This is what I call the NA square dance where you and multiple members of your home group start the dosey doe... and who we will end up with nobody knows..yehaw!!) Things went from crazy to f\*\*\*\*\* insane in the blink of an eye. I was lying to everyone about everything.... My behavior spiraled completely out of control....I was bent on torturing Joe for all he had done.... I was mean spirited, egotistical and completely in over my head with a sexual addiction and codependent crap because of course 'Jim' needed my help, where Joe the husband...was now a lost cause....

Like addiction always does... it went from bad to worse.... I began to care deeply for Jim, which became a problem..... so enter the picture a newcomer man who 'really' needed someone to love him and I was on a roll....

Long story short, I end up one weekend in another state, with newcomer man, leaving the kids with the husband, running from the lover and dodging phone calls from my sponsor, best friend, sponsees etc...etc...

This is the height of the insanity....so there I was in another state with newcomer man and he was engaging in a drug deal....."WHAT?!?" That was my moment of clarity.

**“How To Take a Trip  
Cont.”**

I came back to Kansas and called my sponsor, some weeks later.... I did a 4th and 5th step got totally honest and the obsession eased.... I gave up the husband, the best friend and the newcomer man.... My obsession with the lover was hard to break. I even had to lock my cell phone in the trunk of my car to avoid calling him, we dubbed this extreme willingness, I got divorced and swore off relationships for awhile....it was hard, both my former husband and my lover were in my home group and I had to see them both all of the time..... talk about uncomfortable.... I was told that was no excuse for not going to meetings. I had to get honest, stay honest and be honest if I wanted to recover...I contemplated suicide and had to get honest about that too... the damage I had done to some of my close relationships with women in the fellowship was severe and I am still trying to mend those relationships...the women are who God sent to save me. Six months later, I was on the road-back to recovery.... I was at work and got a call from the State Health Department informing me that a former sexual partner of mine was HIV positive and I now had to be tested.... This scared me to death.... STD's was a nightmare I escaped in active addiction, yet here I was in recovery having to face the same things....Thanks to recovery I have had limited sexual partners so it wasn't that hard to figure out.... I called my sponsor, prayed, did service work while awaiting my test results and by the grace of God I am negative....I just had my 6 month retest and am still negative....thank you GOD!!

My life is much different now and so am I. It took multiple trips through the steps, NA meetings, other 12 step meetings, professional counseling for me and a new relationship with God to heal. It has been a long process and not an easy one.. if I have any parting words of experience, strength and hope to share it would be this....

1. Secrets will kill you; it is the NUMBER 1 way addiction will use to take you back to the nightmare.
2. The likelihood of you finding your 'soul mate' in your home group is next to 'nil. Sex is not love and Condoms are essential!
3. Focus on getting you better and let God pick your mate. To be sure it was God and not yourself doing the picking because a lot of us suffer from broken picker syndrome ask your sponsor and other members of recovery who love you enough to be honest..... and LISTEN TO THEM.
4. If you are not right with God, your sponsor and members of the SAME sex in your homegroup, any relationship you have will turn into a disaster and be something you have to recover from later.
5. You don't have the answers and neither do I. Whew.... This one allows me to make mistakes and recover from them.
6. Self sponsorship is a joke and will kill you.
7. Honesty is where it is at and the steps REGARDLESS of how long you have been clean are still the solution!!
8. Regardless of your profession, you are still allowed to f\*\*\* up big time and still be a NA member.... We will love you through it.....
9. No member of the opposite sex, no matter how fine, amazing and wonderful they appear to be.... Is the answer.....
10. God is..... look up..... shame looks down and will kill people like us IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO START AGAIN YOU NEVER HAVE TO USE AGAIN REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU HAVE DONE....Look up, reach out.... take one step and your HP will take ten...The lie is dead...we do recover....I love you all....and I survived.... You will too and may the grace of God lift you up while you are on the journey through....

**Recovery vs. Life**

***“Once we find the NA way, boredom and complacency have no place in our new life. By staying clean, we begin to practice spiritual principles such as hope, surrender, acceptance, honesty, open-mindedness, willingness, faith, tolerance, patience, humility, unconditional love, sharing and caring. As our recovery progresses, spiritual principles touch every area of our lives, because we simply try to live this program in the here and now.”Basic Text pg 51-52***

In the years since I got clean I have noticed a definite trend in how recovery and life have an intertwined relationship. In the beginning it was all about the service work, sponsorship, meetings, coffee afterwards, functions, road trips and conventions. My entire life was NA when I got clean and it was like that for a few years. Slowly life on life's terms weren't so bad anymore. I let a little piece of recovery life go and in turn would add a little piece of outside recovery life. This was my dance for the next few years. Now I have been here for over a decade and the dance continues. As I have aged things that God has put in my life have changed me and the person I have become. The eternal balance between the “real world” and the “recovery world” is now the wording I use. Narcotics Anonymous was my whole world when I got clean. As I did all those “suggestions” and days went by, recovery was teaching me how to live life on life's terms. I learned that patience and tolerance go a long way when you have a co-worker who drives you crazy; that faith is an eternal friend in any difficult situation; and that unconditional love when practiced is a beautiful gift. Each challenge or situation that I face in the “real world” had a spiritual principle attached to it that I could use. I was becoming more aware of this and started slowly implementing more “real world” into my schedule and less “recovery world”.

The balancing act was not an easy one. I had been tilted so far to one side that I thought it would be easy to make adjustments by subtracting one item and then adding a new one. Low and behold that is when I found out it is just not that simple.

I had become an NA junkie and because I had focused my whole life around NA, I didn't realize that every commitment was so time consuming until I tried to balance it all with life outside NA. I have had many experiences that have landed me in a tough situation because I could not find that balance. Slowly I have learned how to schedule my time more wisely, talk to my sponsor about commitments and the time they take and pray about what would be best, not only for me but for the fellowship as a whole. Because NA has given me a new lease on life, I am driven to give back what was so freely given to me. But I also want to be able to balance that with my family at home, work, school and any other outside life details.

I have to come to finally balance all my “real world” and “recovery world” details to the best of my ability. Sometimes I fall short, or life throws me a curve ball. But through it all I remember the commitments that I have made and never make excuses for not doing what I promised I would do. If I find that I can't do it alone, I ask a fellow addict for help. If there is something that is on my plate and I have no idea where to start or even how to do it, I ask for help. I would much rather be humble in asking for help than let my family or the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous down.