

Chair: Alan B. 316-283-2033 Co-Chair: John S. 785-594-2148
 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 RSC

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

Saturday November 19th, 2005

9:00 AM - 11:00 AM
 (Regency I) STEERING
 (Regency II) OUTREACH

11:00 AM - 1:00 AM.....
 (Regency I) HOSPITALS & INSTITUTIONS
 (Regency II) LITERATURE

1:00 PM - 2:00 PM.....
 LUNCHBREAK

2:00 PM - 4:00 PM.....
 (Regency I) CONVENTION
 (Regency II) CAMPOUT

4:00 PM - 6:00 PM.....
 (Regency I) PUBLIC INFORMATION
 (Regency II) ACTIVITIES

7:00 PM - 8:00 PM SPEAKER MEETING
8:00 PM - 11:00 PM
 D.J. DANCE - AUCTION - RAFFLE
 \$3.00 Per Person - No Addict Turned Away

Sunday November 20th, 2005

8:00 AM - 9:00 AM
 All officers and Sub-Committee Chairs or Co-Chairs turn in motions and requests for funds.
9:00 AM UNTIL DONE
 Regional Service Committee Business Meeting



Volume 22
Issue 3

365 W. Lindsborg St.
 Lindsborg, KS. 67456
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Fall 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.

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Welcome to another issue of your newsletter. This has been an eventful summer and the campout season is finally over. If you're reading this and haven't been to an N.A. campout before, keep coming back so next spring we can introduce you to this spiritual atmosphere. Camping has evolved over the years for many (count the R.V.s), but for some (myself included) camping still means pitching a tent and spending the waking moments fellowshiping camp site to camp site. My introduction to addicts going to any lengths to help other addicts came at the annual regional 4th of July campout 1989 (Webster Lake) and was definitely reinforced at yet another regional campout 1999 (Wilson Lake). Every year has very special moments at any given campout, and I always leave feeling spiritually sound. This year at the annual regional 4th of July campout we were fortunate enough to see a short lived tornado which unfortunately interrupted the speaker meeting. What's a regional campout without at least one storm though? By the way, this year marked our 27th year and is still the longest

running free campout in the world! The final campout for the year came Labor day weekend and hosted the World Unity Day phoneline hookup. What a treat for those that were there, it was definately the next best thing to being in Hawaii. Enough rambling! This issue brings the usual recovery in print, some short pieces and a some very long. What ever you like to write, don't be shy about sending them in to me. This is your newsletter, I just organize it and then add my two cents in where I can. In leau of stories, we also publish artwork, poems, cartoon strips, and appropriate photographs. If you have any questions please contact me at the above address. Unfortunately, we do not send copies to personal physical addresses, unless you are incarcerated and directly request one. We have allowed your R.C.M. or area contact to handle distribution, so if you have a hard time getting these copies, please contact your A.S.C. I do e-mail copies to personal addresses and if you would like your address added please send it to the above e-mail with "MAN Request" in the subject line. Now please do me a favor and read this newsletter.

Yand Editor
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The Long Road

The long road means a lot to me. Seeing people in my family go to prison over drugs has opened my eyes a lot, also losing a great job over drugs has made recovery a must for me. My father used to be a drug dealer making a lot of “easy money” as he called it. So I always had easy access to them. I started with the “gateway” drug, which also led me to a lot harder drugs. I always felt like a million dollars when I was using. I also felt untouchable by anyone or anything until the long arm of the law tapped me on the shoulder. I went to jail and came out still using. It took losing the best job I ever had to bring my drug use to a halt. Today, I have only been clean eight days*. You readers might not think that is a lot of time but it is for me. The road to recovery has to start with the person. You have to go one day at a time or you will fall on your face again. So in closing I will give a good bit of advice “one day at a time”.

Keith H.
McPherson, KS.

* written earlier this year



Hello, my name is Michael and I am an addict. I am 23 years old. I am living in Liberal, KS but I am originally from Meade, KS. I have lived in Ft Smith and Springdale, Arkansas and I also have lived in Kansas City, MO. My drug problems started in Ft. Smith. I got into using real bad. I started dealing on the side for a major dealer. By doing that it bought my dope. From there I moved to Springdale. I used a lot when I lived there. I would spend about \$250 a week to support my habit. After living in Springdale I moved to Kansas City. I was in the coke game hard when I lived there. It was to the point where it was jeopardizing my relationship. I was with this woman for six years and drugs was more important at that time so I left her. I am living in SKADAF in Liberal, KS. For those of you that don't know what it is, it is a halfway house and a treatment center to help you with your problems. I was placed here on my third DUI but was only charged with two. They didn't catch my first one when I was 18. My second two I got in two months. I spent 30 days in jail before I started my six months over here. At first I was just going to blow it off, but the first couple of weeks I was here I realized I had a problem and I should seek help. I am starting to work the program and I hope I can work it to the best of my ability. I have three months of clean time. I know that it is not a lot but it is better than none at all. I am lucky to have that woman back that I dumped for drugs. I think that I better hold onto her for the rest of my life since she gave me another shot. All I can do is take it 24 hours at a time, I hope I can stay that way for the rest of my life. I read a story in the NA book about a heroin addict. I think that heroin is the

Mid-America Region of N.A. Service Assembly

Red Coach Inn McPherson KS Oct 15th and 16th 2005

Red Coach Inn
2111 E. Kansas Ave
McPherson KS 67460
(620) 241-6961
Room rate of \$55.00
Ask for MARSCNA rate

The agenda will start Saturday with;

Sunday agenda will be;

Group Service Positions;

9:00 am to 10:15

Types of Meetings;

10:45 am to 12:00

Concept 6 and Group Conscience;

1:30 pm to 2:45

Meeting Etiquette;

3:00 pm to 5:00

Speaker; Anthony

from Sioux City, IA

7:00

DJ Dance;

8:00 pm to 11:00



Last years Assembly was a blast, fun and learning about Service was had by all who attended. Make this years Assembly a priority in you and your Sponsor/Sponsee recovery program.

Inside this Assembly you can learn

Group Service Positions; what are they, who can do them, and how to do them.

Types of Meetings; what kind of meetings are there, how do we lead them.

Concept 6 the Group Conscience; How do you invite a higher power in to it

Meeting etiquette; What the heck is that, how does it fit in to recovery, why do we do it.

Question and Answer panel; Ask it basket, any question that has not been answered in the other discussions, no question to silly to ask if you don't know ask it here, more will be revealed.

Please come share your experience, strength and hope with us in this two days of fun and learning. The cost of the dance will be \$3.00 a person with no addict turned away. Raffle and Auction items of NA only. The workshops will not cost anything to attend.

The Process of Becoming Whole

Growing up I had always felt ugly, awkward and fat. My best friend was skinny and all the guys wanted her. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. We would go party and she would get the cute guys and I would get the left overs. I tried to be what I thought guys wanted...actually I just wanted to be wanted. I had no respect for myself whatsoever, and if a man showed the slightest bit of interest in me I would do basically whatever he wanted me to. I tried to be the cool, uncaring girl pretending that nothing hurt me when inside everything hurt me. I remember one night having sex with this guy that was the drummer in a band simply because I thought that it proved I was worth something if the drummer in a band wanted to have sex with me. I remember this one incident specifically because he treated me as if I was not even there. There were no kisses, no eye contact, no words. We were at a hotel and while my friend went into another room with the guitarist (did I mention we had all been smoking dope) the drummer just kind of grabbed me pulling off my clothes and doing the deal. Inside I was screaming, no...stop...I really don't want to do this. But I never said a word. I just went along. After it was over we smoked some more dope and my friend came out of the room and we left. On the way home, she and I played it off like it was the coolest thing ever! Inside I had never felt more hollow. I was so empty inside that I tried to fill myself up with anything I could. Drugs, men, food, clothes...that list could go on forever. The more of everything I did the emptier I felt...I couldn't figure it out. I was so emotionally and spiritually bankrupt at one point I thought I would be better off just dy-

ing. However, I was too much of a coward to kill myself. One man often wasn't enough. I would have a "boyfriend" and a "lover" and a guy I slept with when the other two weren't available. He was usually the guy that was my friend and at the end of the night no one else was around so I would go home with him. If "he" happened to be someone else's boyfriend or husband I cared not. I didn't want to be alone. As a matter of fact, I used to play a sick little game called.."Let me see if I can get your man" That one I played when I was feeling exceptionally low. I figured if I could get your man to have sex with me that I was worth more than you were. Unfortunately, with this game I always ended up alone in the end and everyone would be angry with me. It didn't stop me though. The worse I felt the more I did it. My longevity in a relationship usually lasted 24 hrs and if it were really important 2 weeks. I would try to destroy a relationship if I thought **a.** they were going to break up with me or **b.** there was a new man on the horizon that looked more interesting or **c.** BOTH. I ruined many a relationship that had potential by cheating. I never "dated" in the typical sense. My idea of dating in a relationship was going to the liquor store or the connections house and "hooking up" There were no dinners, dancing, (unless on the top of a table at a kegger counts) or long moonlit walks. Towards the end of my addiction I had this BAD habit of stripping in inappropriate places and making a complete ass out of myself. It got the point that when my friends would say "Do you know what you did last night.." I just wanted to either pretend I didn't or if I actually didn't...I wanted to run away so they wouldn't tell me. I used to routinely

WORD SEARCH - see how many you can find!

F	O	B	N	W	P	I	H	S	W	O	L	L	E	F		
D	O	W	K	J	N	I	L	F	M	X	B	R	B	A	PUBLIC	
J	O	U	J	Y	E	X	Q	M	B	R	S	K	P	I	RECOVERY	
A	V	K	R	E	C	O	V	E	R	Y	T	U	J	T	CAMPOUT	
B	N	L	M	T	N	R	E	D	S	O	P	L	H	H	SPIRITUAL	
A	Z	A	M	P	H	J	G	E	R	T	Y	C	S	W	BASICTEXT	
S	V	N	M	V	R	S	H	M	V	O	P	E	K	L	RESPONSIBLE	
I	L	P	J	M	A	X	T	V	E	E	M	V	L	R	FELLOWSHIP	
C	A	M	P	O	U	T	O	E	N	M	I	O	N	U	DESIRE	
T	O	G	F	M	L	Q	H	O	P	E	D	L	Y	E	HONESTY	
E	X	H	N	O	P	M	J	D	V	N	B	I	E	L	FOURTHSTEP	
X	A	O	R	L	C	E	J	K	G	V	T	F	M	B	HUGS	
T	A	N	D	A	K	K	R	S	K	R	O	W	T	I	LOVE	
R	F	E	A	U	J	P	O	I	B	M	V	G	E	S	DANCES	
D	R	S	Q	T	L	O	H	N	S	S	B	D	R	N	BELIEVE	
S	T	T	E	I	M	B	V	F	G	E	L	I	J	O	FAITH	
G	P	Y	S	R	Q	X	V	N	T	C	D	K	Y	P	ITWORKS	
U	L	K	O	I	L	M	C	P	I	N	L	G	S	S	SURRENDER	
H	R	O	I	P	U	B	L	I	C	A	S	A	B	E	HOPE	
N	E	P	O	S	U	R	R	E	N	D	E	R	M	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 attending 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 (Kansas), O.R.C.N.A. I (Oklahoma), and S.M.R.C.N.A. I (Missouri).



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

today when I see a newcomer girl come in looking like a trollop playing the man game and hooking up all over the place simply to love her. It is so easy to judge, condemn, gossip and criticize, but if they would have done that to me where would I be now? So I give it my all to give away what was so freely to me and help those women learn that their true value is in being themselves... whole... worthy and capable of love.

Anonymous

Thinking About Finishing It?

Did you ever try to stop breathing?
Did you want that one last breath?
Were you contemplating suicide?
Did you dare to face your death?

Have you ever felt the sunshine
Bearing down upon your face?
Do you ever appreciate
The beauty of this place?

Do you really want to know
What it's like down six feet under?
Would you miss the rain
upon your face
Or the power of the thunder?

If you go alone and sit outside
And look around do you
See the glory given in life
And the glinting morning dew?

We all have reached a place in life
Before this time and place
Where everything was hopeless
We kept falling on our face.

Nothing really mattered.
Sometimes it never did.
We looked for ropes or guns or knives
To nail down our coffin lid.

If you've gotten to there
You really understand
How it had gotten to this point.
But we found a helping hand.

Now we're rediscovering
The majesty of life.
That without all these intoxicants
We can avoid the painful strife.

So brothers and sisters as we are
Family we'll work together
To bring back to life its beauty
And be alive and well forever.

Or at least until we make it
To the setting of the sun
Live life just like its meant to be
And take days one on one.

By Victor H.

Another Day

Thank you God for another day of life,
and another day of recovery.

Thank you God for another day,
surrounded by all you created and
provide.

Love, hope, faith, strength, and
another day
you have given me to enjoy.

After prayers to welcome you into first
light,
and later a gentle goodnight in prayers
of thanks before resting,

Thank you God for another day of life,
filled with your grace and serenity.

Thank you God for another day of life,
and another day of recovery.

Karen B.
Topeka, KS.

get myself in situations I didn't know how to handle with dangerous people. One night at a party (I was all of 16 by this time) I promised a guy I didn't know I would go to the bar with him if he won an arm wrestling match. This guy just got out prison and was twice my age, but the guy he was wrestling against was twice his size so I didn't worry. When he won I freaked out and ran into this room (We were partying in a classy roach infested doublewide I might add) there was a guy in that room cleaning out a shotgun and looked at me saying "What the f*** are you doing in my room." I said "Hide me" and he did. The rest is history. I married that man. Not once...but twice. In the beginning, I thought he was my salvation the one I had been searching for all along. He treated me like a lady at first (this is how it romanticized in my head at the time. Looking back I know it wasn't really the way I perceived it) He didn't appear to want to have sex with me at first and we became friends (drinking buddies) and that was very different for me. I didn't know how to be friends with a man. But he preferred to spend time with me over my best friend so that made him a God to me. I felt like I was worth something to him. We fought all of the time because we had absolutely nothing in common. We moved in together. He had no family and seemed broken somehow. So I decided I could be his *everything*. I had all of these expectations of how things were going to go once we moved in together and none of them were met. So I resented him for all of them. There is a passage in the Basic Text that can sum up our entire relationship. It says: "One of the biggest stumbling blocks to recovery seems to be placing unrealistic expectations on ourselves or others. Relationships can

be a terribly painful area. We tend to fantasize and project what will happen. We get angry and resentful if our fantasies are not fulfilled. We forget that we are powerless over other people." pg 78. I was getting into recovery at this time and started to give up the partying seen. This brought enormous conflict into our relationship. I was the only one working in our relationship. We lived in a one bedroom apartment that about ten people routinely slept on the floor of after a long night of partying. There was a constant scene of him and I fighting, me bailing him out of jail, picking him up from the scene of multiple car accidents after he had refused medical treatment, moving out, moving in, getting evicted, moving in the middle of the night before we were evicted...the insanity went on and on. My sponsor asked me at one point if I realized that the better I got in recovery the stormier our relationship got. I fired her over that one. I couldn't face the truth. He was my safety net. He "loved" me....didn't she know how long it took me to find someone to do that? Whenever people said things like that to me I became more determined to make our relationship work. They just didn't understand him like I did...blah...blah..blah...Looking back now I know that he didn't love me...he needed me and thanks to this fellowship I know the difference today. He asked me to marry him when we were in a hellacious fight and he was drunk. I had been ready to leave again. I initially said no...but the next day when he asked again I said yes. I thought that marriage would shape him up and get him to treat me right and act like a husband. (Have you noticed there is no accountability for my part in this mess as of yet).

You'll never guess what happened. (You should know I had 2 years clean at this point...eh...some are sicker than others) We got married and did NOT live happily ever after. He did NOT conform. I hid out in the rooms of Narcotics Anonymous working on myself and keeping him as far away from the fellowship as possible. I didn't invite him to anything. I kept our worlds entirely separate. I was so selfish. I didn't want him to ruin the happiness I had found in the rooms. There was that and I always managed to have a romantic interest inside the rooms..you know...one is too many.... The truth is I needed him. I did not love him not in the sense of love I know today. I needed someone to try to control because I felt so out of control. I needed someone to love me until I could love me (I sincerely doubted at this time that it was ever going to happen) at least he did that. He was my constant. There was nothing about that relationship that was really healthy, but it was at least *there* and I knew it always would be. I ignored women in the fellowship when they tried to get me to see the truth. I rationalized and justified our relationship to the very end. Not to mention how often I lied to me about it. He wanted a baby. I figured that would finally do the trick. He would surely be father of the year, morph into the husband of my dreams and make me okay. Of course, that turned into a nightmare. Then I just had more things to use against him in the stacking of resentments department. Then we had another baby.. then we moved out of state because things would be different there...then we moved back....still the same insanity... The whole time I had been staying clean and working the steps with a sponsor. Over the years

I began to change. I started feeling better and better about myself. The more I worked the steps and let the women in recovery get close to me the more I changed. The more I changed the worse my relationship got. I got a Higher Power. I knew by this time that my Higher Power wanted nothing by goodness for me. I gave up the punishing God after my first year clean. A friend taught me a prayer that went like this "God, please do your will in his life as well as mine, take our relationship and let it be what YOU want it to be, and show me the truth." (Don't use that prayer before you are ready for the truth because you will get it! I did.) I started seeing the relationship for what it was a sick codependent addictive mess. I started wanting more for myself. I wanted more for my boys. I wanted to be happy. The insanity really started to become apparent to me. I would be with my NA friends and have such a good time and come home to dark stormy cloud man. At some point I began to love and respect myself enough that I couldn't take it anymore so I divorced him at 7 yrs clean. Would you believe some of my old man behavior kicked right back into gear? Only this time it felt twice as bad because I couldn't hide behind the "I was drunk or high" excuse. It left me feeling just as empty as I did when I first got clean. Plus the fighting between him and I escalated to an unchecked degree. My kids were the ones who really felt it during this time. I blamed everything on him and took no responsibility. It was all because of his addiction. That was all I focused on. When he agreed to stop drinking I married him again. He joined the fellowship and I again had the rosy picture in my minds eye of how things were going to be. Even though he was clean he still

was just as angry but I overlooked that. I continued to work the steps with a sponsor and I was horrified when in a forth step I realized that I remarried him to regain control. I wanted my kids to have their dad. I wanted my kids to not be in addictive situations. I wanted for them to grow up in the "happy" family. I wanted to be that cool recovery couple everyone talked about. Above all, I wanted him to stop hurting himself. Guess what...every time I try to play God and fix people...those people, including myself get hurt. I prolonged our agony by insisting that we would be together and we would be HAPPY! As a matter of fact I remember telling someone that I was going to make that relationship work if it killed me. After twelve years, it almost did. I had been praying and working the steps. I learned with the help of my sponsor and other people in recovery what real love was. Because they all loved me that way. Unconditionally, with no expectations of who I needed to be. I did a forth step that helped me uncover what I wanted out of life and a relationship, what I was getting and what I needed to be happy. I realized I was doing my kids no favors by trapping them in a lie, I was also cheating him letting him believe I felt things and wanted things I totally didn't. The reason I was still holding on was selfish fear. I had built up so much resentment that I was turning into someone I didn't want to be. I had the whole Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde thing going on again. I was living a lie and couldn't do it for one more second. I had tried to talk to him over the years about how unhappy I was and he wouldn't hear of it. It was like if we didn't talk about it we could both pretend the relationship was something it clearly was not. I divorced

him again and this time it was totally different. I didn't do it because he had made me angry or because I wanted to get back at him. I didn't it so we could both be free to find happiness and my kids wouldn't get a distorted definition of love. I still care about what happens to him and pray for him daily. But I can't be involved in his life without that sick codependent side of me taking over. Plus, it is just too confusing for our kids. So I have listened to my sponsor and others in the fellowship. I am taking direction, admitting that I don't have all of the answers and trying to move forward with my life. I don't regret that relationship. I have two beautiful sons and learned countless lessons along the way. I also learned who I am and who I am not. I am a worthwhile human being. My physical appearance matters naught because the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous has helped me repair the broken *spirit* of a little girl who thought she was worth nothing. The unconditional love of the fellowship has transformed me into a fairly confident, self sufficient, emotionally capable person. I can give and receive love freely today without strings attached. I owe tremendous amends to this man for the years of lying I did. For my part in keeping up both in a situation that it would have been impossible for either of us to be happy in. I don't know how I will make those amends but I know my sponsor will help me figure it out. Thank you to all of you women in recovery who taught me I don't have to use men to be happy. Thank you to all of the men in recovery who have taught me to be friends with you and not expect anything in return. Most of all thank you to everyone who has just loved me even when my behavior was most unlovable. I try very hard