

Chair: John S. (785) 865-9999

Co-Chair: Russ P. (785) 589-0116

Treasurer:

Secretary: Carla D. (620) 343-3149

Regional Delegate: Rod D. (620) 343-3149

Alt. Delegate: Tim S. (785) 819-4806

We can use all the bodies that wish to become involved in regional service. 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. (Treasurer)*

NEXT R.S.C.

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

All meetings are held in the Regency Rooms

Saturday May 19th, 2007

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 9:00 - 11:00 A.M. | Campout
Convention |
| 11:00 A.M. - 1:00 P.M. | Activities / Soul to Soul
Public Information |
| 1:00 - 2:00 P.M. | Lunch (open) |
| 2:00 - 4:00 P.M. | Outreach
Steering |
| 4:00 - 6:00 P.M. | Literature
Hospitals and Institutions |
| 7:00 P.M. | Speaker Meeting |
| 8:00 - 11:00 P.M. | Dance (Auction and Raffle included)
\$3.00 person - no addict turned away |

Sunday May 20th, 2007

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 8:00 A.M. - ??? | Regional Service Committee Meeting |
|------------------------|---|



MID AMERICA NEWSLETTER

**Volume 24
Issue 1**

P.O. Box 684
McPherson, KS. 67460
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Spring 2007

“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.



Hello family

Well, here it is, the latest edition of the MAN and just in time for spring. Not snow, nor ice, nor spinal microdiscectomy surgery could prevent this issue from being finished. This issue represents the start of a new year, the end of a harsh winter, and is the issue that makes it in to M.A.R.C.N.A. registration packets from year to year. It also represents another year clean for myself, as service keeps me in the forefront of Narcotics Anonymous which leaves little room for isolation. I celebrated my 18th year on March 1st. and am now considered “legal”. I have to joke about that since my addiction gave me every indication I wouldn't live long enough to see multiple years of recovery. As always, this issue contains stories and words of wisdom from members just like yourself, the reader. I did notice a recurring theme of reflection over the last year, for myself, I was taught the importance of inventories very early in recovery and don't quite understand how members can go 3 months, sometimes 3 years without doing one! I was

also taught that every member recovers at their own pace though too. Also in this issue is the continuing saga of Sam and Jimmy in “Came to my Senses”, which I hope to extend over several more issues. If you have a desire to write something for this newsletter, don't wait any longer. Even though we only produce four issues a year, I will gladly rearrange the issues to fit your articles, poems, artwork, or 4th step if you want. There is always room for you.

There is a surprise in the word search puzzle, since miracles are everywhere, I have added that word four times in this puzzle. Have fun and good luck!

As always I look forward to seeing you at any of the regional events coming up this year, and wherever our path may also cross. Now please turn the page and continue reading.

Tim Editor



Came To My Senses

Pt. 3

Going home after spending the day with Jimmy and going to that meeting was hard, so far I had gone all day without using anything. I can't seem to remember going through a whole day without smoking something since I was a little kid. I'm goin' to have to crash early or I will find something. At least at work I can keep my mind off it for awhile. Sleeping wasn't easy though, I had so much anxiety I just tossed and turned. The next morning I looked in the fridge to find the usual, rotten stuff. At least I get paid today, no more looking for roaches, what the hell am I thinking? I can't waste it all away on dope again. Work was pretty uneventful, things looked some how different there, I guess I am going on two days without getting high, talk about a trip. Crap, there's Bill, what excuse can I make up? "Hey Sam, you going over to Joes after work? I hear he has some good s**t." Naw, I said, maybe tomorrow, I have some stuff I have to take care of. Really I couldn't think of anything good to say. "well, OK, hey if you find something better you will let me know won't you?" Oh, sure. I thought back to the meeting last night, if it is better maybe I'll tell Bill about that. Now comes the hard part, hitting the streets. I still had the same fear and insane feelings inside, and I was getting really jittery, like I was really starting to freak out. Getting to my car I felt a little better but not much. "Hey Sam, what's you doing this evening?" The voice came from a few cars over, I looked up and felt instant relief, it was Jimmy. I don't know Jimmy, I'm not doing to well. "Well how about we hang together and hit another meeting later." That would be alright, I really need to go cash my

check and take care of some stuff that I seem to always forget about, like rent and food. "Tell ya what, I'll follow you home than we can take care of some of that with my car." On the way home I passed by several liquor stores and the turn to Joe's house, it wasn't easy but I made it, having Jimmy right behind me helped, but what about tomorrow, or the next day? Spending another evening with Jimmy was cool, he told me more about the life he was living before he found NA, stuff I didn't even know when we partied together. He also told me about the 12 steps and how if I didn't start the process of working them I probably wouldn't make it. It all sounds foreign to me. But I do know that my feelings of wanting to scream inside are starting to calm down, you know, it's like finally seeing a little light at the end of the tunnel. After stopping by the landlord's house, loading up on groceries, and eating dinner we went back to that meeting. Only this time I felt a little more at ease. Deep down inside though I still wanted to get high, oh how I wanted to get high. Everyone at the meeting seemed excited to see me again, they even remembered my name, of course I don't remember any of theirs. The same guy was in charge. "Hey Jimmy" I asked, "Is this guy the President or leader?" "No Sam, we all volunteer to do service and Joe is just doing his. You'll be doing the same soon." I was still confused about all this but when the meeting started and that basket went around the room I had a gleam in my eye as I was able to put my own money in, at that moment I felt like I was a part of the group. I also bought the book they call the Basic Text, Joe told me that all the answers were there, just open it and start reading. I slept sound that night, with 2 days clean.



Mid-America Region

of

Narcotics Anonymous

29th Annual Campout

SIMPLY BASIC

Friday June 29 to Sunday July 1st, 2007

Pomona Lake

Wolf Creek Group Park

(RVs & Campers only)



&

E-Loop

(Tents will be set up in this area)



On Saturday Night Burgers and Hotdogs will be provided; please bring a side dish.

Absolutely NO Pets will be permitted on the campgrounds.

AROUND THE REGION

Gracing the inside back cover is the flyer for the longest running free campout in the world. We're getting "Simply Basic" for the 29th annual campout and as always will be a great time. See ya there.

Since some of you are reading this for the 1st time at M.A.R.C.N.A. I won't discuss this convention. Instead, I want to invite you to M.A.R.C.N.A. XXV in Lawrence, KS. I would give the dates but after looking in past regional minutes (3 quarters) no dates are mentioned.

Hospitals and Institutions has a new chairperson, congrats Lorna S. Their focus is on getting literature into facilities and working with area H&I to get more meetings established.

Harsh weather this past quarter has slowed travel down for Outreach but the "steal the banner" and "pass the rock" programs are still very effective in getting group's members visiting other groups.

Public Information is compiling this year's list of State events where tables can be set up as well as getting our website www.marscna.com and meeting lists up to date and maintained.

"Soul Power" is the theme for our annual Soul to Soul Spiritual Retreat. I don't have the dates for this event either but is typically in the fall months. The \$60.00 registration will get you a coffee cup, t-shirt, and a full weekend including food. A flyer will possibly appear in the summer or fall edition of the MAN. This is a smaller event which helps maintain the "spiritual" aspect it is intended.

The Steering Committee is wrapped up in the "much needed" regional policy revamping, but is also looking into ways to incorporate a new logo and more importantly, new insurance for the region.

The regional Literature Committee's main purpose is this publication and keeping a small stockpile of service handbooks. We are also in the process of compiling information for a coffee table book portraying the Mid-America Region and it's history. This is where you, the reader comes in. Mid-America Region started in 1979 and eventually combined areas from several states, somewhat similar to the current Plain's States Zonal Forum of today. Currently, we have no records dating prior to 1983 other than a card catalog of addresses for mailing this publication in 1980. If you have anything: minutes, flyers, newsletters, etc. ranging from the 70's to 1989 that might apply to the formation or early years of the Mid-America Region PLEASE send copies (or originals) to me at the address on the front. If you have access to scanning your documents in to PDF then just e-mail them. We feel that our history should be put back together and shared. Thank You!!!

Speaking of the Plain's States Zonal Forum, our next meeting is scheduled right along with the upcoming Worldwide Workshop May 11-13, 2007 in Lincoln, NE. What a treat! If you are interested in going contact Rod D. (Regional Delegate) listed on the back page. I'll be there as well, not as the Editor of this publication, but as the Alt. Delegate and Zonal Secretary.

My N.A. Family:

I left my home state about five years ago* due to my family disowning me for my actions. I was on my way up to Montana and got stranded here in Kansas. I had no family or friends in Kansas. I started to run with the type of people I did back in Arkansas. At that time I thought this was my family for the longest time. It was not long until my Higher Power intervened in my life, and I ended up in jail, and then probation. One of the terms of my probation was to attend N.A. meetings. When I attended my first N.A. meeting I saw a lot of members caring and sharing with one another. They told me to "keep coming back" and that "it works if you work it". Today I have 21 months clean* due to my N.A. family. They were there for me each day of those 21 months, during the good times (when I had no family there for my graduation from probation), and during the hard times (when I was going through the loss of a relative and when I had the urge to just give up on myself and start using again). So through it all, good and bad, they were there for me. I have a lot of gratitude for my N.A. family today. I know that I have family all over the world today in the N.A. program. So when you think your family gave up on you just remember you have a family in N.A. They will love you until you are able to love yourself no matter what. So I love you all (my N.A. family).

Pioneer Group

Joe D.

** - written Oct. 2006*



Withstanding the Storm

A few months ago, my sponsor and I discussed doing a year in review for the close of 2006. As I prepared to begin writing, I noticed the extreme highs and lows during the year. 2006 began like any other year in recovery for me. I went to meetings, sponsorship; I did service work, and family, job, and everyday life. In February, I had my third heart attack and found out that I also had an abnormality in my left lung. I was diagnosed with a rare enzyme deficiency of the lung and due to the extent of damage; I would have to eventually have surgery to remove the upper third of it. "Okay God...uhmm, what do I do now?" I decide this one. I go to work more, do more service work, go to fewer meetings because I work more, and work on "fixing" my husband's (who is also in recovery) disability litigation problems. And I pretend life is grand. I carry on through the spring and into the heat of summer, doing nothing about myself. Maybe attend a few more meetings, meet with my sponsor, service work, and step work. By the end of summer, I am miserable. I am stressed, run down and physically ill. My health is shot. I take myself back to the doctor; who politely informs me to lower my stress and tells me to quit carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders. He puts me on different medication for my heart and blood pressure. As I leave his office, he warns me that if I don't slow down my heart will require surgery as well as my lung and a lot sooner too. Am I hearing my Higher Power's warnings here? I finally leave the office and of course, I head to work. That evening, I take a break outside; I sit and cry out loud, "Oh God, what am I going to do? We have medical bills piling up, finances in trouble, I need

help.” I had to surrender my will once again and let my Higher Power do his will. Two days later, I was accepted to one of the highest ranking colleges in the US for a Bachelor’s Degree in Criminal Justice with a small scholarship. Once again, my life takes a turn for the good. I breeze through the rest of summer and into the fall with a 4.0 GPA and two jobs, meetings, service work and supporting a family. I have found meaning and purpose in life. During this time, I begin to spend more time with my sponsor, sharing the ups and downs. My life is good. I have a great job in a mental facility, a home, a wonderful son and fantastic husband. Everything we all dream of. Or so I thought. Until November rolls around... since I work evenings into the nights, my husband attends different meetings. I come home and he is so excited. For the first time since his disability he is really excited. He informs me that “an old friend” (of the female persuasion), from the first time in recovery has moved in down the street from us and has one week clean. I am happy for him, “Honey, that’s great. So, did you give her a meeting list and some women’s numbers?” His reply was, “No, but we walked for two hours and talked about recovery, oh and so and so thinks she was my girlfriend.” And life goes on... I began to attend the out of town meetings with him, his “old friend”, and a fellow addict. As I sat in back with her, I noticed how clingy she acted towards my husband. I blew it off, but she seemed fearful of me. I take a quick inventory on this 30 minute trip, hmmm, no, I have offered rides, phone numbers, gave her a Basic Text, and a welcome tag. She politely informs me that my husband already helped her so much over the past week and a half, and she really does not

trust women. Do any of us? Over Thanksgiving break, I sit with my homework and my husband as he talks on the phone for 2 hours with this young lady (who is visiting family out of town) for a week. I continue to go to work and meetings, spend time with my sponsor and begin my yearly review... and life goes on. December 13 comes around and my wonderful, loving husband informs me over coffee that he had an affair with this young lady a week before Thanksgiving! In my home no less! Happy Thanksgiving and Merry Christmas! My beautiful world was shattered. Everything we had gone through for 10 years together (both good and bad) was lost. I was devastated and shocked. But most of all I felt like my world had ended. Immediately I called my sponsor who was in class. I could not reach her. I went straight to the women in recovery on my list. I sent an urgent email to the women for support and help. My girlfriend (who was unaware) called and asked what was wrong. Oh God, how did she know? She had a feeling. She told me to get to a meeting and keep going to the women, and I would be ok, no matter what happens. How did she know this? She is not in the program. One thing she said, “No matter what, do not pick up.” What? I had no desire to pick up. Believe it or not, the urge to use was NOT there. I felt like I died that morning. But the women whom I had emailed were there that night. The women I love dearly helped this weathered woman withstand the storm. They held my hand and slowly and walked me inside; they held me as I released my pain and made me feel safe. They comforted me, and loved me and shared their strength with me. That night I received a keychain as a Christmas gift from

WORD SEARCH - see how many you can find!

W	R	Q	X	U	O	G	E	S	H	S	W	I	O	K		
F	E	D	W	V	M	T	U	T	N	P	O	N	V	R	HOMEGROUP	
X	W	L	V	E	M	P	L	E	M	I	Y	V	K	Y	MEETINGS	
E	M	R	C	V	N	K	O	S	M	R	D	E	V	T	SPIRITUAL	
F	B	I	C	O	M	P	A	S	S	I	O	N	L	I	CONVENTION	
R	Y	C	R	W	M	C	F	A	I	T	H	T	I	N	WORKSHOPS	
E	U	L	V	A	R	E	S	M	O	U	K	O	N	A	HOPE	
E	N	L	W	C	C	Y	U	V	N	A	U	R	N	S	FREEDOM	
D	M	I	P	V	C	L	O	K	M	L	Y	Y	I	S	GOODWILL	
O	E	W	C	A	Q	N	E	M	Y	T	M	B	I	E	INVENTORY	
M	F	D	S	K	I	C	U	S	H	C	O	E	M	L	MIRACLES	
I	W	O	R	K	S	H	O	P	S	C	N	W	B	C	AUTONOMY	
R	C	O	M	F	W	V	U	M	W	F	O	L	K	A	COMPASSION	
A	W	G	D	S	V	O	N	S	B	I	T	G	B	R	DEFECTS	
C	P	E	K	B	R	G	W	F	M	K	U	P	K	I	FAITH	
L	W	C	W	G	N	T	O	V	W	O	A	N	R	M	ASSETS	
E	E	D	E	W	B	K	U	S	T	C	E	F	E	D	LOVE	
S	V	M	E	E	T	I	N	G	S	O	B	S	Q	L	SANITY	
H	O	P	E	S	F	L	P	O	C	W	G	V	I	M	WELCOME	
H	L	G	W	L	N	O	I	T	N	E	V	N	O	C		

On Sale Now!

82 past issues of the Mid-America Newsletter have been assembled in PDF format on one CD with an extra bonus booklet, 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, held in 1983. Also see flyers from Oklahoma (OK Region) and Show Me Region’s 1st convention.



Mail to:
M.A.N. Archives
P.O. Box 684
McPherson, KS. 67460

get ya! Regardless of clean time, profession, marital status, etc. However, no matter what happens, how you feel, what you have done or are doing... You don't have to use....ever again....Just for today....No matter what.....Call your sponsor....Get honest....Get back to the basics and all will be well.....We can all weather any storm together. What we cannot do alone...We can do together....Why do you think the steps start with we?

I love you....and I truly mean that.....
Anonymous

One's Message

From time to time I stop to think of people in the street I'm sure you know cause most of us experienced it's defeat. Out there in some forgotten town, or in a darkened room, we realized that we were standing face to face with doom.

Remembering the life I lived where selfishness deceived, A time when I loved nothing more than powder or a leaf. Returns me to reality when everything seems lost, reminds me that I almost paid the nearly fatal loss.

So here and now I'd like to state my feelings on this page, I'm grateful for what's come to me at such an early age. Through ever guiding patience your love helps me with today, I thank you for the gift that you so freely give away.

Then let me always greet the souls who wander through the door, and let them know they have a chance to die or live once more. To leave or stay - to use or not - surrender to defeat. And share my faith so they won't have to suffer in the street.

Anonymous - Topeka, KS.

"Reprinted from the May 1983 M.A.N."

Reflections

My name is Shawn and I'm a recovering addict. I'm a member of the Hole In The Wall Group at the Oregon State Penitentiary. I'm writing to share with you my experience, strength and hope as it relates to what it was like, what happened and what it's like now.

I started my life of using and misery at age five or six with my older brother and the weed dealer who lived in our camper in the backyard. Since age eleven, I've been raised in boy's homes and cages as addiction took it's natural progression from weed right on up to the extremes. I can't remember really having fun or finding enjoyment in being high, it was just an escape, a numbing of the reality that was my life. Anything to change the feelings or shut them off, even for just a few miserable hours. But no matter how fast or how far I ran I couldn't get away from me! Because no matter where I went there I was. Today I've chosen to live my life clean facing my problems and feelings head on, and what a relief that has turned out to be. I know God didn't design me to be high and disengaged from this life. It's important to me that I grow and be all I was intended to be, all that I can. My full potential can never be realized being high. It's time we all make a stand for our loved ones and ourselves and grow beyond desperate, selfish, hopeless addiction. I'm always here and ready to help anyone of you and support you and your choice to remain clean.

*Shawn F.
O.S.P.*

Reprinted from April/May 2006 issue of the Hole In The Group Newsletter. Oregon State Pen.

another woman in recovery (That she picked up before all of this mess). It states: God never shuts one door without opening another. When that part of my life was shut, I walked through another open door. I had decided to listen to my Higher Power and work on myself and let his will guide me. Since that storm, I have accelerated in college and will be graduating early with a double major in Criminal Justice, I have received 2 scholarships and been accepted into an Honor Society as well as the American Criminal Justice Association. After deciding in the past two weeks to find another place to live, I have been blessed with better health, 3 recommendations for 3 separate internships and have found the courage to continue with life. Thanking my Higher Power for every moment I have been blessed with over the past year. During the darkest part of the year, I had forgotten that my Higher Power was holding my hand through each and every storm, and I have endured all of it clean. Today, I no longer feel alone. I am not afraid to start a new chapter in my life... with or without a man. My life is moving forward with my Higher Power leading the way by placing the very special women in my life to walk beside me. Thank you SW, DM, AW, MM, SG, KA, TMC, TR, and AH, and my co-worker who claims she knows nothing about recovery...Stephanie. The angels have held my hand and helped to fly once again. I love you all. I hope that someday I too can share the same strength you have given me so freely.

*Sharon B
Cottonwood Falls*

"JUST FOR TODAY"

RECOVERY

In recovery now I see the light
Walking through life is now a constant fight

It's worth it you know, seeing life
through clear eyes

No longer having to run and hide from
my blue skies

To relapse is no longer an option now
Things are different how, I do not
know

Yet to feel alive and to be happy is a
miracle in itself, just take it slow

Day by day and step by step, only a
little at a time, easy does it on that
even keel

The fear has doubled and the pain is
real only time can heal what has now
been revealed

So, now I will stay clean for that is the
real dream in recovery now

Samantha H.

Recovery 101

"A spiritual awakening is an ongoing process. We experience a wider view of reality as we grow spiritually. An opening of our minds to new spiritual and physical experiences is the key to better awareness. As we grow spiritually we become attuned to our feelings and our purpose in life. By loving ourselves, we become able to truly love others. This is a spiritual awakening that comes as a result of living this program."

Basic Text pg. 101

"Being open-minded to the suggestions of our sponsor and our NA friends, paying attention to what our conscience is telling us, spending some quiet time with the God of our understanding-all these things will lead us to greater clarity."

It Works-How and Why pg. 101

Weathering the Storm

So..... I have been clean for several years. You would think that would mean that all is well in my world and I am just walking around smelling the roses...right? Not so much. By all outward appearances I am sure most people would think so. I mean I have come from nothing, received an education, been clean awhile, sponsor several women, have beautiful children and had multiple people tell me how wonderful it must be to have a marriage like mine. Plus, I am blessed enough to have a job I get to carry the message daily.....what more could a person want.....? Here's the problem. I am a chameleon. Always have been. I have been working very hard for years to stop being '*who you want me to be*' and trying to be more of myself (whoever that is). I have relentlessly struggled (key word) to make my actions and my words match, to be genuine and real regardless of what '*you*' think about it. Sometimes I have been successful at that goal...other times I have failed horribly. This last year has not been so successful. Only few people know it. And now that I am writing this EVERYONE WILL!! Yeah...growing up in public...such fun....but as the Basic Text says...you can't save your face and your ass at the same time. Here is the truth (like how long it takes me to get to the truth). Everything is *not* well in my life. Things got so '*well*' that I slacked off. I started focusing a lot of my time and energy on what other people in my life were doing/not doing. Arrogance took over. Because I '*knew*' what they '*needed*' to be doing. I started working everyone else's program and not my own. I became angry, indignant, self righteous, self centered, resentful,

self-pitying, etc. etc (just insert all applicable character defects here...they all kicked my butt). However, I was not sharing *any* of that. I began once again to engage in '*selective truth*' telling. In other words, lying by omission. In meetings, I was still '*carrying the message*' like I was supposed to being the person with the most time clean. So, basically I was lying because I wasn't sharing the real message which at that time for me would have been 'You can weather any storm in recovery and stay clean so long as you DON'T USE NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS OR HOW YOU FEEL!' Before I even seen it coming, I began to act out on one of my sickest behaviors with out ever having to use drugs. It felt exactly the same as if I had been using however. I was caught in the grip of an obsession and I was really beginning to worry if I was going to make it through clean... For the first time in years...I didn't know what I was going to do next. It was total insanity. I was crazed, obsessed, acting compulsively and couldn't stop. I was fueled by fear, resentment, and self pity. (Hmmm....sounds like the triangle of self obsession) No matter how much I would '*think*' about it and how to solve it, I couldn't get out of it. It got worse and worse and I was really starting to think about using. I was completely out of control. I was lying to *everyone* about my obsession. I stopped praying entirely. I just couldn't face my HP because I knew HE knew what I was up to. Through it all I kept going to meetings. I stopped sharing however, because I just couldn't be a liar there and didn't have it in me to continue sharing the '*message*' that I knew I didn't have. I was NOT talking to my sponsor. She lived in another town and I used that as

a good excuse. The obsession got so bad that I really thought I was loosing my mind. I was neglecting my kids, my job, abusing my husband emotionally, everything. I became totally spiritually bankrupt and began to once again feel the desperation; I felt when I first crawled through the doors of Narcotics Anonymous. I had a sponsee that I would talk to about what was going on. I was so ashamed of myself and my behavior I was lying to her too and I hated that. Over the years I have known this woman, she has become very important to me and lying is generally not a part of any of my relationships today. But here I was, with multiple years clean and AGAIN addiction turned me into someone I didn't want to be. It was like it says in the Basic Text on page 83: "Using addicts are self-centered, angry, frightened and lonely people." I became that person again *without ever having to use drugs*. I was so very scared and on the verge of loosing everything I worked so hard for. Addiction had me. It sucked! Then one day, the sponsee I had been sharing all of this mess with, loved me enough to tell me the truth. Throughout this whole mess I had practically been begging her to fire me as a sponsor. She finally did. Not because I '*told*' her too, but because she knew she had to take care of herself. With tears in her eyes she sat on my couch and told me she was scared for me. It was this simple action and those simple words that FINALLY broke through my addictive/obsessive haze and reached me. I cried and told her no one was more scared for me than me. I began talking to my sponsor again. This time honestly. I began to get honest in the women's meeting. And I mean HONEST. Not selectively, but completely. I '*let it all*

hang out'. I began to get honest with my girlfriends who mean the world to me and have seen me through so many storms. I began to pray again. I began to read the literature. I worked the steps like my life again depended on it and I believe that it did. I became willing to do *whatever it took* to save my own ass and get healthy again. I knew me sharing so honestly could have some pretty ugly consequences. However, if there is one thing that the program has taught me it is I must be accountable for my actions. Period. I can't do that if I don't get honest. Today, I am back in the solution. Don't get me wrong. I am still dealing with the wreckage of the whole mess. Hurricane '*Self*' doesn't get cleaned up quickly. My husband and I are no longer together. For the first time in my life I am living alone (with my kids...but without a man...you know what I mean) this is something that has always terrified me. I have NEVER done that. I AM doing it however. I didn't die...like my fear told me I would. I am actually kind of enjoying it. I am working my OWN program and no one else's. (Which is a great relief.) I am keeping it simple, doing the basics and being honest. I will share a tidbit with you. I have been married more than once. I figured out that if you switch husbands and have some of the same problems it MAY NOT BE THE HUSBAND! HA! I crack myself up. Anyhow, my whole purpose in sharing all of this is that hopefully there is someone out there who is in a similar situation that may not feel like they can't *share* because they have been clean awhile and should be '*farther along than this*' (The ultimate complacency death sentence for an old-timer.) My message today is that addiction can