



VOL. 44
ISSUE 2

PO Box 3534
Salina, KS. 67402
newsletter@marscna.net

SUMMER
2019

“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. Our message is hope and the promise of freedom.”
Basic Text page 68

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, and welcome to your summer edition newsletter! First things first, I want to thank Michelle L. for keeping this publication going these past two years. There were times this publication has been questioned whether it still serves a purpose at the region, Michelle made it clear that it does. Thank you!

My very first service workshop that I stumbled into at just a few months clean was a Mid-America Newsletter work-

shop. Not the type of workshop where members shared about how to put one together, but members walking in to the room with boxes of papers, heavy typewriters, scissors, and yes, glue. It was 1989 and the goal was to write articles, find filler out of old issues, and make it all look good for the zerox machine. One of our home group members was a good artist so she sit down and drew what would become the cover. Needless to say I was star-struck at what I was witnessing, it seemed like everyone worked in unison and what came out of it was an

issue of the MAN, full of recovery, service, and even a little controversy.

It was at that moment that I knew where my service passion, or fire lied. That certainly didn't keep me from expanding it, there are many ways to serve Narcotics Anonymous. Technology has evolved, making it easier to write, so who of you out there will seek out your "fire" and help put these newsletters together? *Tim S., MAN Editor*



Writings From Members Past:

Over the years, many articles have been written by members whose life ran too short. Two of these that are locked away in our hearts and memories are featured in this issue.

Dear Mid America Newsletter,

I would like to say thank you for being there when I came in, I've been here since 3/16/1992. When I came in I couldn't read or write. I didn't know how to live without drugs, I was out there in left field.

I got clean and hooked up with NA at the VA Hospital. It started a new way of life for me, I was going to meetings in Emporia. I got honest about not being able to read and write at the book study meeting at Pioneer Group. I just knew I was going to get kicked out of there, but all they said was to keep coming back.

Well from that time on, I knew I was at home. An addict named Pat M. was the RCM for the area at that time. He had something that changed my life forever...it was called the LARGE PRINT BASIC TEXT! It was made up at the regional literature committee and Western Area. The WSO said it couldn't be done, but we did it! It was the first book that I ever read in my life, so don't try to tell me that it doesn't work. I know through unity and placing principles before personalities that it does work. If I can do it, then so can you. Thank you

for my life back.

Dave R. FFF Area

1957-2015 ∞

Dave stood up and slowly read a reading at MARCNA X 1993 in McPherson, there wasn't a dry eye in the room. This article was written in 1997.

I Want To Thank You

As I sit here tonight, thinking back on today

I give thanks for the many blessings that have come my way

My family, my friends, my job and my wife

Freedom from active addiction, a new lease on life

And I want to thank you.

Things are so different from six short long years back

No longer does every day seem way out of whack

I've changed my careers, with faith I took a huge leap

And with help from my Higher Power I landed on my feet

I want to thank you.

Even though I've ended up so very far away from home

I meet more of my NA family no matter where I roam

From meetings in Casper Wyoming to Sidney Montana too

And some towns in North Dakota, well I've been to a few

I just want to thank you.

I've even made friends in the chat room, of a meeting on the internet

To talk with recovering addicts worldwide gives a great feeling you bet

But just like little Dorothy said, "There's no place like home!"

Since I'm not there, I know your love's with me,

Wherever I may roam.

And I really want to thank you!

Dedicated to all my family back home in the Mid-America Region

Peace and Love to you all, Scott K. (written 6/26/2006)

1963—2011 ∞



Angels in the Surf – Remembered

My name is Tim and I am an addict. The power of the 12 Steps has given me a great life, 30 years so far, but if there ever was a time where “if” I might have been looking for a relapse, or had reservations about being an addict, the year 1999 gave ample opportunity for it. I know 20 years ago is quite a long time, for some of you a lifetime, but for me it still seems like yesterday. I had celebrated 10 years March 1st, was on the regional convention committee and was region chairperson. My mom’s emphysema escalated to being put on hospice later that month and during MARCNA early in April, received the call that she might not make it through the day. I was told by committee members to go to her that Sunday morning, but she had made a promise to me that she would still be here until after the convention, so I stayed to the end. Several members helped me clear out the hospitality room to make it go quicker. My mom did

make it through the day; in fact she made it another 10 days, with my wife Debby and I at her side. My mom had just celebrated her 60th birthday six days prior. Before passing, she sought spiritual guidance from me, asking questions that I couldn’t answer. I could only comfort her the best way I could. The sorrow from losing my mom was balanced from the joy of gaining trust and respect that a decade earlier didn’t exist.

Later that month I attended my fifth consecutive WSC, making it Debby’s first, she would later go back as the Delegate with John S. (RIP). At the time I also held a position on the zonal committee.

Jump forward to June, I was invited to attend a regional campout committee meeting. One of the campout coffee pots was used at MARCNA in the hospitality room, and didn’t get cleaned out. It had grown moldy since it wasn’t checked after being returned to the chairperson of campout, and my purpose being invited there (*once I arrived anyway*) was to clean it

out. I was told by at least two committee members that my negligence was a problem. In all my years of NA service I had never felt so belittled and hurt. Debby on the other hand displayed it a little differently, as rage, but that's another story. We weren't allowed to take it home to clean; it had to be done on location at an outside water outlet. We did the best we could, then left. It was at that moment I felt the desire to quit NA service all together, but on the drive home, changed my thinking to the opposite. I fully understand why members drop out of service after several years of serving, but I made the choice to stay.

At the July 4th region campout (*yes, I attended even after being shunned by the committee putting it on*), a true miracle happened. Like any typical Kansas NA campout, this one had high winds. The beach was full of members at Wilson Lake and many of us were body surfing out passed the swimming area. On my way back to shore I saw a child flapping his arms, quickly

seeing the panic in his eyes I swam over and grabbed him. As I was getting closer to the swimming buoys my foot ran across the face of another child at the bottom of the lake. I instantly grabbed what turned out to be the first child's brother and attempted to bring both toward shore. The more I swam, the further we went out, as the under tow was carrying us the wrong direction. I made a decision that the only possible way to save these kids was to make them visible, so I pushed them up while me down to the floor of the lake. The water was over my head but shallow enough for my arms and two kids to be above water. One member, Don M.s daughter finally saw this from the beach and called out for help.

The beach full of NA members quickly became a rescue squad, everyone playing a vital role, yet no one knowing what the other was doing. The two kids with me belonged to a family who wasn't part of our fellowship, and their father was very much a part of their rescue. The first

child brought back to shore was the unconscious boy that had been under water, Don M. provided CPR as ambulances were arriving. The other child was shaken up but ok. I was pushed to a boat warning buoy so I could cling on to something to keep me above water while the kids were attended to. Everyone then formed a human chain starting at the swimming buoys to reach me. This included Debby, who was quite shaken but determined to help get me in. After reaching shore and attended to by paramedics both the oldest boy and I were ambulated to the nearest hospital 30 miles away. I spent the night there, continually asking about the boy's condition. He spent a week in the hospital, and became healthy.

I truly believe there were angels on that beach, guiding everyone to do their part during this frantic moment. My Higher Power was present and in charge. No one died that day, in that lake or on that beach.

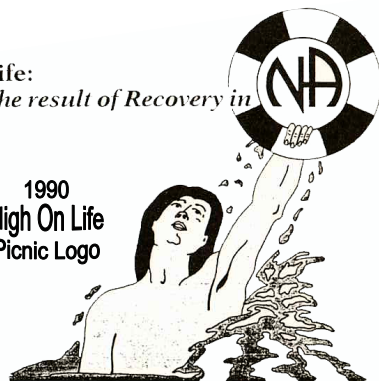
My program includes taking risks, and I had just been hired at a radio station doing a profession that I had no experience and didn't know much about. I was scheduled to start the Monday after the holiday weekend, which I did. My first day on the job was surreal, especially when newspaper reporters came to "get my story", which was featured on the front page the next day.

So within that first half of 1999 I had experienced extreme highs and lows, and I didn't have to use! That November five of us were awarded metals for heroism, and so many others deserved to. This truly is a "we" program.

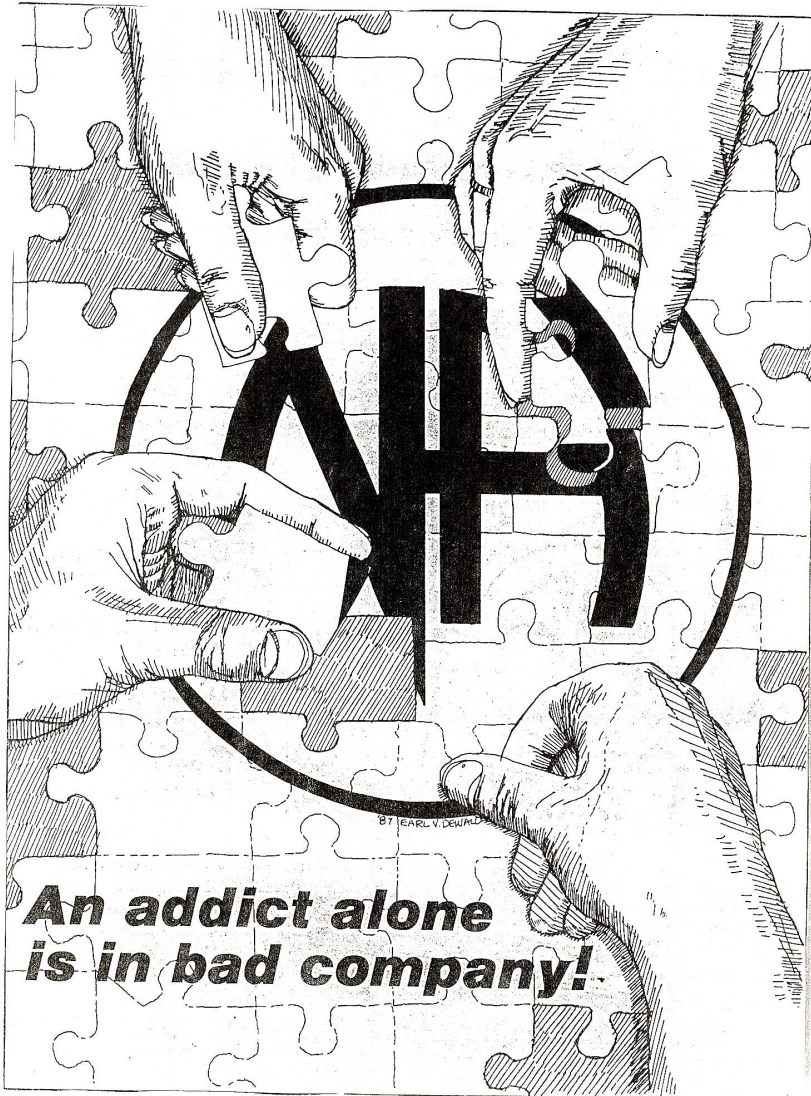
Just For Today, I will be the best person I can be.

Life:
The result of Recovery in

1990
High On Life
Picnic Logo



LIFE IN RECOVERY



A sparrow taped up and bandaged.

I took 1 step when a set of foot prints carried me through these doors.

I took 2 steps and believed that those set of foot prints could restore my bird brain.

I took 3 steps and decided to let that set of foot prints take care of me.

Unafraid, searched, learning about myself, taking 4 steps, I told my set of foot prints, myself and another sparrow the exact reason I made mistakes during 5 more steps.

I walk 6 more steps and was ready to have those set of foot prints take all my defects away.

I bowed my head and prayed taking 7 steps and asked those set of foot prints to remove my short comings.

I took 8 more steps and sat down.

At 9 steps I made a list of all birds I had harmed and became willing to make amends to them when I could, only when I wouldn't hurt them or other birds.

During my next 10 steps I kept taking a personal inventory and when I was wrong, I

promptly admitted it.

On my 11th step I prayed to improve my friendship with the same set of foot prints, praying for his will and the power to go on.

Needing to take 12 more steps, I'm being held in the palm of the hands of a set of foot prints on the porch at 8th and Chestnut Street (First Things First NA House). He lets go and tosses me into the air. I fly over what would be 12 more steps to another broken down sparrow and tell him about how a set of foot prints can carry him while his broken wings are being mended.

*From a member in Ark City—
reprinted from a previous
MAN.*

Wounds

Lines in the mirror,
echoes of pain,
tormenting screams,
searching in vain.

Laughter far,
Tears close by,
Wounds growing deeper,
While her soul slowly dies.

Michelle L.

U C E E Y J Y P
 S U O R C G P I Y P I K S
 T E A G I I J S R F N T Z O I K J W K S P
 E F R Z S F V R N R F N T Z O I K J W K S P
 P A P K H P P R O A Z Y I L W V C G N Y T C P T M
 S B O R M K I R E Q E L U S L L W V C G N Y T C P T M
 B K B I Z D R A S S Y C E Y N W Z U X U E J B A O F T S Y I
 R C W N E K I C S S C R E F O H O W W A A T T I O N S
 S X E C C E T K S C R E F O H O W W A A T T I O N S
 N Q K I D V U S E C R E F O H O W W A A T T I O N S
 Q Y M P Z W A Y N V E V H O O G R D J I T I O N S
 K D L G Q L A D J C D O C V I C A I K K S F E
 T S S S A X X I J L R L S G A I K K S F E
 S S S A X X I J L R L S G A I K K S F E
 D B P O W K E K U H A B N R S P N B F E
 M X E Q K E K U H A B N R S P N B F E
 D H A R K P T Z K O E Y G Z
 P R S C H Q V M N U P
 M N U P

CAMPING
 SPEAKER
 TRADITIONS
 STEPS
 CONCEPTS
 SPIRITUAL
 TRUST
 HOPE
 FIRE
 CLEAN
 SERENE
 JFT
 BALANCE
 JOURNAL
 RECOVERY
 GRATEFUL
 PRINCIPLES
 KINDNESS
 WILLING
 SERVICE
 HONESTY
 CELEBRATION
 CAMPFIRE



Let's Go Camping!

What's Going On

For full details visit www.marscna.net events calendar

May

24th—27th: Newton HOW 39th Pre-Campout Campout - Harvey Co. East Park

June

3rd—9th: *Public Relations Week (not in events listing)*

7th—9th: Freebirds Group 21st annual Recovery Fest—Elk City State Park

7th—9th: Gift of Life Group Spring Campout—Lake Afton

15th: Living Clean Group 6th Anniversary Potluck/Dance-Wichita

21st—23rd: Phoenix Group Campout—Kanopolis Lake

22nd: Living Miracles Group Potluck—Atchison

29th: Miracle Area Day in the Park H&I Fundraiser—Lawrence

29th: Living By Faith Group Day in the Park—Great Bend

29th: Soul to Soul Fundraiser Picnic in the Park - Emporia

July

4th—7th: MAR 41st annual “Free” Campout—Chautauqua Park Beloit

20th—21st: 1st Annual Central Kansas Area Men’s Campout—Harvey Co. West Park

27th: Living Miracles Group Potluck/Speaker—Atchison

August

1st—*Deadline for regional motions to be placed in Conference Agenda Report (not in events listing)*

17th—18th: Regional Service Committee Meeting—Marquette

Mid-America Region celebrates 40 years!

July 7th, 1979 members from Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska joined together at Camp Hawk near Newton, KS. to create an official region. There were 50-60 members at this historic 1st Mid-America Region 4th of July campout, which was held July 6th – 8th for the weekend.



Happy Birthday Mid-America Region of Narcotics Anonymous!!

**Mid-America Region
Narcotics Anonymous**



**Mid-America Regional Service Committee
August 2019 Quarterly Meeting**

**Marquette Elementary School
310 Swedonia St.
Marquette, KS**

*tentative schedule only -
please check with ASC or MARSCNA Officer*

**Subcommittee Meetings
Saturday August 17th, 2019**

9:00 - 9:30 am	Fellowship Development
9:30 - 11:00 am	FD breakout (<i>MAN, Soul to Soul, Events, etc.</i>)
11:00 - 11:30 am	FD Wrap-up
11:30 am - 1:00 pm	Lunch
1:00 - 3:00 pm	Convention/Campout
3:30 - 4:00 pm	Public Relations
4:00 - 5:30 pm	PR breakout (<i>H&I, Web, Phone- line, Communications, etc.</i>)
5:30 - 6:00 pm	PR Wrap-up

Evening activities vary, possible speaker meeting, dance, dinner, etc.

**Regional Service Committee Meeting
Sunday August 18th, 2019**

9:00 am - 6ish pm	Reports, Open Forum, General Business, Funds
-------------------	---