
REACHING OUT

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World Service Office, Inc., PO Box 9999, Van Nuys, CA 91409-9999

Welcome

We would like to welcome all of you to the WSC H&I newsletter. We hope that the contents of this newsletter will assist you in your recovery or H&I efforts in the Fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous.

FROM THE INSIDE

Dear *Reaching Out*,

My name is S_____ and I'm an addict. I was introduced to twelve-step recovery when I was eighteen years old. By this age, I was a full-fledged addict and did not realize it.

As a young adult, I hid my abuse of drugs from my family, until I acquired two DUI's in less than two months. It was then I figured out something was wrong.

I checked myself into a treatment center to avoid incarceration. At this treatment center I learned a lot about myself, but I still played their game to complete the program. Deep down I knew I was going to use again.

After completing my twenty-one-day program, I went to court for my DUI's where I was placed on two years probation and fined heavily. As a probation stipulation, I was ordered to go to outpatient follow-up and attend NA meetings.

After two weeks out of treatment, I dropped by an old friend's house and relapsed. Several weeks later, I quit outpatient follow-up. Nevertheless, I continued to attend NA meetings, even though I was still using.

It was at these meetings that I met my future wife. We began using together, had a beautiful daughter, and got married, all within a two-year period. Six months before our wedding and completion of my probation, my probation officer strongly advised me to get back into outpatient treatment and attend NA meetings.

I followed his request, again, to avoid incarceration. I stayed clean for six months, but I didn't work a program. I guess you could say I was on an emotional relapse.

After staying clean for six months, I gained a little confidence and started thinking that I could handle drugs. A few weeks after completion of my probation, I relapsed again. During the next year and a half, my wife and I got clean and relapsed several times.

Our last attempt at recovery lasted five and a half months. We relapsed once again, and six months later I was arrested on numerous trafficking charges. I was convicted and sentenced to five to twenty-five years in prison; my wife was sentenced for complicity. This was my bottom; I lost everything due to my addiction.

Once inside the walls it was hard to find recovery due to the environment, but I knew I had to because recovery is life or death now. Today I know I am an addict and if I continue to use I will continue to come back to prison for the rest of my life. This is my first bit, and I want it to be my last.

I never worked a program on the street, even though I went to a lot of meetings. I feel that this is one of the reasons why I relapsed so many times.

Today the best way I've found to stay clean behind the walls and deal with the reality of my situation is to take my life "just for today," go to meetings, and work the twelve-step spiritual program of Narcotics Anonymous.

If you want recovery and a little serenity in your life, and want to stay clean for any length of time, work the Twelve Steps, keep a sponsor, and attend meetings. Five years ago I thought this was a joke. Today I know it's true. This program

is working for me, just for today. I am twenty-three years old now, and I am very grateful my Higher Power stopped the insanity of my drug abuse.

I know I can't keep what I have today if I can't give it away. Thank you for listening.

Grateful recovering addict,
SB

Dear *Reaching Out*,

First, I would like to thank the World Service Office for responding to my request for information about holding an NA meeting here at the prison.

I was introduced to NA fifteen years ago and got clean in 1987. Since that time I have been to six NA conventions, started two NA groups, and have had the privilege of sponsoring five other addicts before turning myself over to the authorities for a crime I committed while using.

This was probably the hardest decision I have ever had to make. I knew I would be facing at least seventeen years, but I also knew I needed to do it to stay clean. After surrendering myself to a Higher Power, the authorities were talking about twenty-five years to life in prison. Through it all I kept my faith in my Higher Power and ended up with an eight-year sentence.

Since being incarcerated I have continued to practice the Twelve Steps of Narcotics Anonymous and have served as NA chairman at another facility. Since I transferred from that institution to this one I have been attempting to get an NA meeting going. It has been difficult, but with the materials and information I have, hopefully we'll have an NA meeting here in the very near future. Thanks for everything.

F, California

Dear *Reaching Out*,

My name is K and I'm a grateful recovering addict. My story is rather long so I'll try to keep it to a minimum.

When I was introduced to Narcotics Anonymous in 1984, I wanted to stop using drugs to get a man to marry me; he didn't use drugs. I went to meetings for nine months while trying to get on the methadone program.

After I picked up my nine-month key chain, I stopped going

to meetings. I didn't have the desire to use drugs, so I thought I was okay. I ended up with five years of abstinence from any mind-or mood-altering chemical. There was one problem: I didn't change, nor did I feel the need to. I made no self-discovery.

When I was four years and eight months clean, I decided to sell drugs. I didn't use them, but I wanted to support my addiction as it manifested in other areas of my life: things, houses, cars, clothes, jewelry, you name it. I substituted one for another; I thought it was about just not using drugs. Today, I know it involves so much more, and I'm grateful for that.

Needless to say, I was busted after a ninety-day involvement in a drug conspiracy. I just couldn't handle the thought of going to prison for the first time. I wanted to die. I had nothing to live for, and I had neither a fellowship nor a God to help me. I returned to using drugs for eight months, and the disease progressed rapidly.

I went back to prostituting and hanging around on corners, neglecting my two young children and my responsibilities to myself and others.

I decided to go into a treatment center because I wanted the drugs out of my system. I just couldn't stand it anymore.

Well, I'm sitting here at a prison for women serving a seven-year, three-month sentence. I knew there was nothing I could do about my sentence: it was a federal mandatory minimum.

I was left on the outside for two and a half years before I had to commit myself to prison. In that time, I found the true meaning of recovery. I got out of treatment and ran to NA meetings like I was on fire. I was scared of using and very confused; I knew I needed serious help.

I left my pride, ego, and know-it-all attitude outside of the meetings and opened my mind to the best of my ability. I thought that just maybe I could find a new way of life. I went to over eight hundred meetings my first year. I was amazed when I counted them. It was a chore at first, but then something happened: I loved it and couldn't wait to go.

Somewhere along the line I began to be truly grateful for the rooms of Narcotics Anonymous; it was giving me a brand new hope for life. I knew there wasn't anything I could do to change

my prison sentence; it was and is the wreckage of my past.

I continued to work the steps with the guidance of a sponsor and asked other recovering people what it was like for them.

I always made myself available for the newcomer by just showing up at a meeting, sharing my experience, strength, and hope. That's where it's at—helping another addict find recovery.

I had two and a half years clean the day I turned myself in, needing every meeting I got before coming here. I came to believe in a power greater than myself, and how grateful I am for that. I've become more aware of myself than I ever thought possible.

I have my ups and downs. I got a taste of this new way of life for two and a half years before incarceration; the fellowship loved me, cared about me, and accepted me for exactly who I was. I've never had that in my life. What a tremendous feeling. I felt like I was home at last. It was great!

I have served eight months on this seven-year, three-month sentence. The fellowship, the program, and the Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions are still continuing to help me through this period of my life. I believed that God was gonna meet me at the level of my needs, not my wants, and he did.

My second week here I was asked to facilitate a Narcotics Anonymous meeting. What a blessing. I know I can only keep what I have by giving it away, and I am able to continue to carry the message of hope here. That has become real important to me inside prison and out. It is a blessing that I am able to carry the message of freedom from active addiction plus a whole lot more.

If you are in an institution, you can recover and remain in a life-changing process. There are women here who had never heard this message until the God of my understanding chose to use me to carry it to them. They are so excited about this thing called recovery and hopeful for the first time in years. If you are anything like us you'll know that having hope today is a true gift.

Sorry for the long story; I tried to keep it short. I have so much more to give and could write on and on about all the gifts of recovery. I believe I'm right where I'm supposed to be and I trust the God of my understanding knows more than I do

about what's best for me. I surrender every day I wake up by praying, "Your will, not mine."

I love Narcotics Anonymous and believe it's a God-given program—the Twelve Steps, the traditions, the fellowship, and the people. You know, early on people told me I was on a pink cloud because I had a desire in my heart to carry this message of hope everywhere and to anyone. After three years I still have a heart filled with desire to help another recovering addict. I know the tremendous pain and have a lot of empathy for the still-suffering. See, I was that person for many years, but I'm not today. You can recover and live a life you never thought possible, and you can do it anywhere—prisons, institutions, anywhere. How do I know? It's happened in my life and still is happening today.

With sincere thanks and
gratitude,
KP, Maryland

Dear *Reaching Out*,

Hi. I am an addict named I_____. I'm writing this letter with the hope that it can be of help to someone somewhere and to show my gratitude to God and NA.

In February 1987 I started serving a six-year sentence for selling drugs. As a dealer I had anything material I desired. As my addiction progressed I found my drug of choice and fell in love with it. As you can imagine I could afford to have quite a large habit.

I went to jail and detoxed there. For the most part I remained clean, but nothing changed. I told myself that drugs were the problem, not me. I vowed I would never get addicted to my drug of choice again, but I saw nothing wrong with taking other drugs or using my favorite drug once in a while.

After serving four years, I was released. I had gone back to college in prison and got straight A's. I was accepted to a good university in New York City. I got a job, an apartment, and a car. I really had a lot going for me, but I started to use again, first once a week, then twice a week. I don't even know when, but the next thing I knew I had a full-blown habit again.

I was getting to work and school late because I had to cop. Soon the money I was earning at my job wasn't enough to pay my bills and support my habit. I started borrowing from

friends and family and then began stealing from them.

Strung out, I met a guy in Harlem one night who had a scam to sell drugs. I went with him and got busted. I detoured in a county jail for eight days before being bailed out. I went back to dope harder than ever. I got to the point where I didn't care if I died and kind of hoped the next dose would do it. My federal probation officer didn't violate me while I was going to court in Jersey, but I was getting worse and worse and giving dirty urine tests. He told me I had to go into a rehab. I went in for three weeks, but the day I got out I started all over again.

I got even worse and, out of fear of death, I got myself into another rehab. There I finally surrendered. I had been going to NA meetings off and on and saw people there who were happy and living productive lives. I decided if they could do it, so could I.

I started going to three or more meetings a day and called my sponsor every day. I got a support group and used it. I just kept asking people for help and people kept giving it. It wasn't easy, but I just did what I was told and got a little better every day.

Everything was going good and then my federal PO violated me for wreckage of my past. I have been back in prison for six and a half months.

The good news is that I didn't go crazy and use. I accepted my fate as the will of my HP. I put my trust in Him to see me through this, and I have to say that I am happier now than ever before. I have learned through NA to be content with having my needs met.

When I had all the money and everything that went with it, I was never satisfied; I always wanted more. Today, I am content knowing that God loves me for who I am and if I do His will, not mine, all will be well. I take great joy in helping others here that have our disease. I've even decided to change my major when I get out to be able to work in rehabilitation.

Thank you to all the H&I people who bring us meetings. Thank you NA for doing for me what I could not do for myself. Thank you God for watching over me and seeing that I lived to be able to hear the message. We do recover. And to everyone who reads this: remember God loves you and so do I.

Your brother in recovery,
IN, Connecticut

Dear *Reaching Out*,

My name is G_____ and I'm a recovering addict. I've been clean for over fourteen months. Even though I am serving seven years in prison, I have come to realize finally that there is a better way to live. A lot of people think I'm straight only because I'm locked up. Even though at times this bothers me, I don't let it get the best of me. These people don't realize drugs can be obtained here as easily as on the street. Yes, I am proud. I have been an addict since way before the hippie Woodstock era.

During the Woodstock days I became addicted to my drug of choice. I remember telling myself I would stop using on my twenty-first birthday. I tried to stop my way, moved many times, substituted other drugs, went in and out of thirty-plus programs, all with the same results: I wanted to use.

I am now forty-two years old. Sitting in prison, I've come to realize that you have to have a desire to stop. Programs can educate you about what using does to you physically and mentally, but if you don't have the desire to stop, you will struggle in and out of recovery.

I now have that desire. Since I have been locked up, family members and friends have died, including my childhood friend T____, who died of heart failure. I know why his heart failed.

On a daily basis, I put up with prison-life attitudes. My wife and I are going to get a divorce. She says she doesn't know if she loves me anymore. My children say she has a boyfriend who is there at all times of the day and night.

Yes, these things are painful. I know what I would have done to kill the pain in the past. Why don't I now? Because I have a desire to stop using. Drugs played a part in creating all this pain. I will experience this pain and work through it. I can only become a better person by handling things differently than I would have in the past.

G, Virginia

Dear *Reaching Out*,

I would like to tell you just a little about my life. I'm thirty-five years old, and I started using when I was fourteen. I've been in two state hospitals, three detox centers, was sent off to prison four times, and now I'm lying here behind bars, waiting for number five.

I had been to NA meetings and they really seemed to help until I got out and I stopped going to them. I really thought I could stop on my own, but I was scared to death. It seemed like everywhere I went there was something to get high on. I know now I should have gone to a meeting.

I even died one time on an overdose, but I was brought back to life. As I read your booklet I can relate to just about every one of your stories; I see myself in them. I hurt a lot of people I cared for. I have found my Higher Power, and that is God.

Right now it just seems like my life is falling apart. I had plea bargained for a sentence reduction, but the judge turned that down. I've been locked up in this county jail for sixteen months. I got in trouble while doing my original sentence.

I know I need help. I talk to my Higher Power, which I call God, all the time. This jail I'm doing time at doesn't believe in NA, so I'm asking somebody out there to help me.

Yours truly,

ER

Dear *Reaching Out*,

My name is J____ and I'm an addict. I've been an addict for about twelve years and, by the grace of God, I was introduced to NA in October 1989.

My story isn't much different from most others. I was introduced to drugs when I was fourteen and that's when my addiction really took control of my life. Everything I did was centered on getting and using and finding ways and means to get more. I wasn't in control of my life anymore. I was put into the prison of active addiction. I started using for the same reasons as many others did. I wanted to be with the "in crowd," but it soon turned into a way for me to cope with everyday life. When I was using, it was like I was locked inside a house and nobody could get in to see who or what I was or what I felt. I didn't care about anybody, and I was the only one that mattered. I didn't care who was hurt by my actions as long as it wasn't me.

In 1985 I was sentenced to twenty years in prison, but that didn't stop me. I continued using drugs and abusing others until 1989, when I was transferred to another facility. When I got here I wasn't able to find any drugs and I had to start

dealing with life on its own terms; I was real scared and hurting pretty bad. Two weeks later, four guys from NA brought an H&I meeting in here. I knew I needed help so I attended that first meeting. These guys talked about love and God and living life without drugs, which I didn't think was possible. They spoke of a Higher Power, and that God thing scared me pretty bad. They also said that if I kept coming back it would get better, so I came back. That was almost three years ago, and I'm still coming back. They were right, it does get better. I'm released from that prison known as active addiction and I have a working relationship with a Higher Power that I choose to call God. I've made NA a part of my daily life and I practice the principles of the program in my everyday life. There are still times when I really hurt, but with the program and the free-world sponsors, I'm able to get through the pain without using. That is truly the grace of God.

This institution is scheduled to close in about four weeks. When that happens, I will have to transfer to another prison where I will be up against the hardest obstacle a recovering addict can face: there are no NA meetings there. However, I have faith in my Higher Power and the power of the program, and I know that as long as I work my steps, practice the principles of the program, and seek out other addicts, I will be okay. This also gives me the chance to carry the message of recovery to other addicts by getting a meeting set up there.

Thanks to God, NA, and the H&I subcommittee, I'm clean today. I have some kind of life and hope for a brighter tomorrow as long as I take it just for today. I know that I will die *with* this disease, but by the grace of God I won't die *from* this disease. Thank you family.

Carrying the message,
JD, Tennessee

Dear *Reaching Out*,

Hi. My name is L_____. I can honestly say today I'm a grateful recovering addict, presently doing time. I'm a constant relapser who has been in and out of the rooms for three years. I was in total denial. I wasn't being honest with myself, and I wanted control. Nobody could tell me anything.

Coming to jail, as wild as it may sound, was the best thing that could have happened to me, because I have a disease that

tells me I don't have a disease and that rationalizes the insanity in my life. I was slowly committing suicide. I was hopeless. I didn't want anybody to know me and I couldn't accept life on life's terms. I was in total denial.

Today through the meetings and finally admitting in my First Step that I'm powerless, there is a certain kind of serenity in my life. I'm three months clean and couldn't feel better. I have patience today. I've turned my will over to God and in doing that, things are being revealed to me; I don't have to know it all. I don't have to do it alone, and the principles of the program—honesty, open-mindedness, and willingness—make it much easier for me to accept life on life's terms. I know that I not only have an addiction to drugs, I had an addiction even before I ever picked up a drug. The temporary sponsor I have here tells me on a constant basis that I'm not responsible for my addiction but I am responsible for my recovery.

On a day-to-day basis I work the Twelve Steps to the best of my ability. When things are on shaky ground, I say the Serenity Prayer.

Today, my life is full of hope. I have true friends in the program who care, and I never have to feel I'm alone. I know that with a sponsor and my meetings, just for today, I never have to feel the way I felt ever again. Thanks for being there and loving me until I could love myself. It's all through NA. I have a program in my life today and I choose to live life to the fullest, just for today, caring and sharing with other recovering addicts.

Gratitude,
LB

Dear *Reaching Out*,

My name is J____. I am a grateful recovering addict, and I am currently serving my fifth prison term due to drugs. I have survived nine bullet wounds, numerous ODs, and twenty-five years of continuous drug abuse.

In November 1990 I decided that I would attend the NA meeting at the prison, for all the wrong reasons of course but, no matter, it got me there. I had attended NA meetings in and out of prisons, in programs, and in hospitals, again for the wrong reasons. But this meeting was to change my life.

After coming to the meeting, I realized that one of the H&I people was a guy I had taught to shoot dope, ridden with, partied with, and actually liked. I had seen D____ a few years before, and he had told me about being clean and his involvement with the program. I had refused to believe he had stopped using then and still had my doubts, but with H&I's patience, faith, strength, and hope over the next twenty months, I came to believe in a power greater than myself. I got a sponsor and became an inside sponsor, worked the steps, received literature, attended meetings regularly, and realized that I could stay clean with our NA program.

It has not been easy at times. I used twice and lied about it, but finally admitted it in one of the meetings. I had been a full-blown, using, selling, manufacturing, hope-to-die (literally), I-don't-need-anyone-for-anything fool. I had access to almost unlimited drugs in nearly all my prison time; this time was no different, but I didn't use.

The year 1991 was a pretty good one for me, thanks to H&I and all who helped me grow with the program. I was sent to camp, although I previously had been told by prison staff on numerous occasions I would never be sent there because of prior violence and drugs. I continued attending meetings at camp. H&I members helped me through some tough spots there, too. However, due to a difference between what I wanted and what my Higher Power wanted, I am three hundred miles away from everything and everyone I know, except users, slammed down. Even so, I am right where I'm supposed to be; I have not used, and just for today I will not use.

NA has not forgotten me. I write and receive mail from outside members. I recently hooked up with *Reaching Out* and *Behind the Walls*, publications for which I am very grateful.

There is so much I could say about our program but it would take many pages. Just let it be enough for other addicts to hear this. I want them to know it's true and perhaps give the NA way a try.

For the newcomers, I hope this letter will give you the strength and hope to continue our program. If it can work for me, it can certainly work for you. You can keep what you have only by giving it away. I truly believe this; stick with our program and you too will come to understand. For those of

you still out there using, I will pray for you and help you if I can. I hope you will get to a program before you hit jails, institutions, or death (the bottom line).

I would like to thank my Higher Power, H&I, all the newcomers, and the other brothers and sisters who have helped me change from an aggravated, self-centered, selfish drug user into a clean, halfway decent guy. I love you all.

Gratefully,
JP, Nevada

FROM THE OUTSIDE

Editor's Note: This section is dedicated to helping H&I subcommittees gain a worldwide perspective on H&I activity. It reflects input received from H&I subcommittees and may address specific issues of interest to members in their H&I efforts as well as personal experiences obtained through carrying the NA message of recovery to addicts who are unable to attend regular meetings. Members and H&I subcommittees should send their input to the WSO H&I Coordinator, PO Box 9999, Van Nuys, CA 91409-9999, USA.

Dear *Reaching Out*,

My experience with H&I service brings up a great many feelings and memories. My first H&I commitment was at a state lock-down facility where some residents had no access to outside meetings.

During active addiction I had spent too many nights with my freedom restricted, so this commitment brought back feelings of resentment and paranoia. As I continued to carry the message of recovery into this facility, I was able to walk through these feelings. I started to develop a good feeling about being trusted by society to come and go to this facility while I brought in speakers and shared my own experience, strength, and hope. I was never questioned or under surveillance when I was with the facility residents, and it was clear that the facility supervisor both trusted me and appreciated my dedication to the NA program.

Perhaps my biggest joy connected to this facility was when one of the residents, after completing a six-month program, showed up at an H&I subcommittee meeting to work in our service structure.

H&I continues to be a growing experience and I am grateful to be in service with this subcommittee.

JF

Dear *Reaching Out*,

I would like to share my experience. I used on a daily basis for seventeen years and I didn't think I had a problem until the last four years of my using. I OD'd many times. I tried to stop time and time again, but nothing worked. I really wanted to stop; I was a walking madman. Finally, I heard of a fellowship. I tried it, but I couldn't get its message. I was a lost drug addict. After another year of using I hit one more bottom, my worst. My heart stopped beating. I found myself in treatment the next day.

I had been in treatment for thirty days when they said I had to go to an in-house meeting. I said, "Great." Listening to some people from H&I really hit home. It was then I knew I had found it. They said they didn't use, had jobs, and they went to work. They slowly tore my heart apart one after another. I started to cry because they had been where I was. I haven't used since.

I'm going on three years clean. I'm so grateful to NA for showing me a new way of life. I can never give back what NA has given me. It has given me back my life.

In my area we do H&I in treatment centers four times a month. Now I serve as chair at the area level. That is my way of showing it really works if you want it.

In loving service,
MDV, Michigan

Dear *Reaching Out*,

My story is like those of many others who got clean in prison. I was sick and tired; sick from the drugs and tired of going to jail.

It all started for me in late 1986 in prison. An old friend of mine kept on me about going to an H&I meeting. He said, "Come with me, even if it's just for the coffee." Well I finally did,

and it was probably the best thing I ever did. This is why I believe today that it doesn't matter why you come or how you get to an NA meeting, just that you get there.

I went and listened to the speaker. I thought he was talking about me. I heard things like, "You never have to come back here again." I sure was tired of jail and loved the sound of that; I wanted to know more.

I continued to go to meetings and heard things like, "If you don't get it, keep coming and it will get you." I was in such a fog I couldn't get anything, so I kept coming and it got me; I've been clean ever since. Nine months later I was free and doing meetings on the outside. Thank you H&I.

I was real grateful and wanted to go right back. I was living life without the use of drugs, including alcohol, and I wanted others to know how great it was. I wanted to go back and carry the message.

I went back to where I heard the message, and felt good when I shared. I left there on a cloud praying I had reached someone. People thanked me for sharing and told me how good it was to hear from me. This made me want to do it even more. I always got so much out of going back in and sharing.

The sponsor I have today is very active in H&I work. I met him when he shared at my third meeting in jail. He had something I wanted, and today I'm getting it.

I am so grateful to H&I for giving me so much. Although I haven't been able to give back all that I feel that I owe, God willing, I'll soon be able to. Today I drive again after quite some time. "Have license, will travel." It's time to serve.

No one ever told me it was going to be easy, everything would be wonderful, or made all kinds of promises. They told me, "Keep coming back, take commitments, get phone numbers, get a sponsor, pray, do good things and good things will happen."

I have been given a gift called life. Today I live my life on life's terms, and it is beyond my wildest dreams. This fellowship and the people in it are the best thing that ever happened in my life. I am forever grateful. Thank you H&I. Thank you Narcotics Anonymous.

My gratitude speaks when I care and when I share with others the NA way.

JG, Connecticut

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR: If you are a recovering addict who is housed in a correctional or treatment setting, let us hear how Narcotics Anonymous has helped you in your life. Many times the articles that we receive cannot be used because they concentrate on using and not on how NA has helped addicts to recover. Please keep this in mind when you write to us.

If you are a member of an H&I subcommittee, let others hear how you or your subcommittee have carried the NA message of recovery.

We would like to thank all of the members who have sent in articles and other written contributions to the newsletter. We all have a responsibility to the suffering addict and to ourselves as recovering addicts to do our best in carrying the Narcotics Anonymous message of recovery—to participate by sharing with others what we have been freely given.

**GET INVOLVED AND HELP US CARRY OUT OUR
FELLOWSHIP'S PRIMARY PURPOSE!!**



H&I Learning & Awareness Days Coming Up

Pacific Cascade Regional H&I Learning Day

November 7, 1993

Central Point Grange--Central Point, Oregon

for information contact:

Pacific Cascade RSC

2259 12th Street SE #8

Salem, OR 97302

Note: If your area or region is holding an H&I learning or awareness day and wishes to have it listed in *Reaching Out*, please mail a flyer or notice to the H&I coordinator at the WSO.



**MY GRATITUDE SPEAKS
WHEN I CARE AND WHEN I SHARE
WITH OTHERS
THE NA WAY**

