

THE NA Way MAGAZINE®

October 1994 US \$1.75, Canada \$2.25



The Twelve Steps of Narcotics Anonymous

1. We admitted that we were powerless over our addiction, that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. We came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God *as we understood Him*.
4. We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. We admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. We were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. We humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. We made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. We made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. We continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. We sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God *as we understood Him*, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as a result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to addicts, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

Twelve Steps reprinted for adaptation by permission of Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc.

THE NA Way

MAGAZINE®

Box 9999
Van Nuys, CA 91409-9999
(818) 780-3951

volume twelve, number ten

from the editor	2
meeting in print	
Dreaming	3
A brush with death	5
God's will: loud and clear	7
On Step Three: practicing the principles	10
Happy to be an H&I kind of guy	12
A tongue-in-cheek talk	13
home group	14
newsletters	
Too afraid to get the results	15
Reaching out, reaching in	16
Staying clean has to come first	18
forum	
A fellowship forum on Motion #39	19
viewpoint	
Editorial reply	22
Group business	23
Our diversity is our strength	24
from our readers	
A collection of letters and short articles	27
comin'up	
NA calendar of upcoming events	29

The NA Way Magazine welcomes the participation of its readers. You are invited to share with the entire NA Fellowship in our monthly international journal. Send us your experience in recovery, your views on NA matters, and feature items. All manuscripts submitted become the property of World Service Office, Inc.

The NA Way Magazine presents the experiences and opinions of individual members of Narcotics Anonymous. The opinions expressed are not to be attributed to Narcotics Anonymous as a whole, nor does publication of any article imply endorsement by Narcotics Anonymous, *The NA Way Magazine*, or World Service Office, Inc.

Subscription rates, 1 yr. \$15, 2 yrs. \$28, 3 yrs. \$39, single copies \$1.75. Canada 1 yr. \$20, 2 yrs. \$37, 3 yrs. \$52, single copies \$2.25. Please inquire about bulk rates.

The NA Way Magazine (ISSN 1046-5421) copyright © 1994, World Service Office, Inc. Permission to reprint from this publication is granted to all Narcotics Anonymous service boards and committees, provided they cite the source. All other rights reserved. The NA Way and Narcotics Anonymous are registered trademarks of World Service Office, Inc.

The NA Way Magazine is published monthly by World Service Office, Inc., 16155 Wyandotte Street, Van Nuys, CA 91406. Second class postage paid at Van Nuys, CA and other points. **POSTMASTER:** Please send address changes to *The NA Way Magazine*, PO Box 9999, Van Nuys, CA 91409-9999.

From the editor



Did you know?

The NA Way Magazine is the international journal of the NA Fellowship. We who are responsible for publishing the magazine believe the emphasis should be on fellowship—in other words, this is *your* magazine.

We have, over the years, made efforts to seek out and report news from local NA communities. However, we've met with limited success. We're only able to report news from the fellowship if we happen, by sheerest chance, to hear about it. As yet, we haven't found any way to keep track of newsworthy events, creative service delivery, etc., other than hoping people will call us if something happens in their area or region.

Please help us by reporting events and information in your area. You don't even have to write an article. Just call the World Service Office and ask for the *NA Way* editor. We'll take down the pertinent information and develop a report for you. We believe that providing a forum for groups, areas, and regions to share with one another will help the fellowship as a whole, but we need you to make this happen. Please call. We're counting on you.

NA Way networkers

The *NA Way* networker program was set up approximately three years ago to help members who wanted to be advocates for the magazine. *NA Way* networkers set up and chair workshops at NA functions, help members in their local NA communities write for the magazine, and generally support the growth and development of *The NA Way*.

It's easy to become a networker. All you have to do is let us know you're interested and we will provide you with all the support you need to get started. Please drop us a line or call us at the World Service Office.

Letters to the editor

Got a gripe about editorial content? Or maybe you loved a particular piece of art? Tell us about it. Anything goes except profanity or inaccuracies presented as truth. We'll print your comments in this column. Write us at:

The NA Way Magazine

Mail Box 9999, Van Nuys,
CA 91409 USA

Fax (818) 785-0923

Internet zoom@cerf.net

Compuserve 70700,2647

CS, Associate Editor

Dreaming

Before I began my recovery, I had no appreciation for my dreams. I thought they were nothing more than periodic escapes from the pain of being me. How many times when I was high did we sit around spending countless hours in the land of "Hey man, wouldn't it be great if . . . ?" Then there were those other dreams—the ones in which I would avenge the wrongs I thought someone or something had done to me. Only then would justice be restored to the universe. Though I felt omnipotent and magnificent in my dreams, I still failed to catch on to their real power.

The progression of my disease was hard for me to miss. After only a few years of drug use, my pattern was to get up in the morning, go to the bathroom, open a can of pop, and get high. Then it changed. I would get up, go to the bathroom, get high, then open a can of pop. Later still I would get up, get high, go to the bathroom, and open a can of pop. Finally it got to the point where I had to get high before I could get out of bed.

But what about my dreams? Although never well-defined, I had always had a vision of the man I wanted to become. However, it became obvious that if I couldn't get out of bed

without drugs, I would never have that dream come true. Putting my drug use first, I saw my hopes and dreams slipping away. Instead, I had become one of those men I didn't want to be: a loser.

It was the desperation of contemplating my joyless future that caused me to reach out my hand for help. Unexpectedly, when I surrendered, help came from many sources: my employer, my family, a treatment center, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Narcotics Anonymous. I was taught that if I forged a program for living based on the Twelve Steps, I could live a life free from active addiction. While this seemed too much to hope for, I went along with the many suggestions because I was assured that if I didn't like what happened, my pain and misery would be cheerfully returned to me. For some reason, I found comfort and warmth in this thought. No one was going to run my life, no one was going to tell me what to say or what to call myself. This was between me and my Higher Power. I learned that the most important thing was to keep coming back. They didn't try to mold me into the perfect recovering addict with all of the correct lingo. They simply celebrated the miracle of my continuing recovery.

But what about my dreams? The dreams I brought into the program (or was it the dreams that brought me?) were pretty ordinary. I wanted to move from rural Minnesota to Minneapolis, switch careers from working in the iron mines to business, go back to school and get a master's degree in business administration.

Like recovery itself, achieving these dreams took time. I couldn't even begin working on my master's degree until I had five years clean. Nearing graduation, I found myself in the unfamiliar and uncomfortable position of having had most of my dreams come true. HP was beckoning me on, inviting me to dream new dreams. I felt frightened at once again being asked to take responsibility for my own future direction and happiness. Higher Power, always encouraging, was there watching over my shoulder as we began writing my new script.

With more than a little trepidation, I decided to join the Peace Corps and use my education and experience to help in Eastern Europe. Living in Poland was incredible! My friends and I traveled to Venice, Vienna, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. We hiked in the tundra four hours north of the Arctic Circle in Finland and took part in the Tenth Annual European Convention and Conference of Narcotics Anonymous in Stockholm, where I met many remarkable people.

While there, we held Sweden's first-ever lesbian and gay NA meeting. This was a powerful meeting because it was also the first such assembly for many of the addicts attending. Gay NA meetings are not widespread in Europe.

Now I am back in the States, dreaming new dreams. One company is offering me a position in Poland. I'm talking with another about relocating to New Orleans. Higher Power is looking on with a broad smile, eager for more adventures.

Before I came to NA ten years ago, I never would have believed that my future would be so full. Had anyone tried to tell me these things, I would have known for sure they were trying to sell me a piece of goods. Fortunately, all the NA Fellowship offered me was a way out of my personal hell, no promises of rose gardens, no strings attached. They kept it simple, focused on what recovering addicts have to offer one another, and left the rest up to me and my HP. For that I am grateful.

CE, Minnesota



A brush with death

If someone were to ask me how I am just now, I could only say "I'm alive." I'm still terribly frightened. I'm incredibly grateful. I have a clear understanding of my powerlessness. I'm not being terribly patient. My brain is still foggy. I'm shaking and slightly ill, but I'm alive and clean. I keep finding myself with tears running down my face and needing a great deal of reassurance that I'm okay. The voices of my sponsorship family members and anybody else in NA are extremely precious to me right this moment, because I nearly lost them. I realize that God has been right next to me all the time; otherwise my home group would be presenting my family with an eternity medallion in a few weeks instead of giving me one with a four on it.

Two days ago I noticed I was having an allergic reaction to something. For a few minutes it just seemed like a normal "got too close to the cat" type reaction, but then my heart started pounding. I had trouble breathing and my skin started to burn. I told my husband that something was not normal. Within five minutes we were

at the emergency room. Within forty-five minutes I had three seizures, during which I could not control the motion of my arms, legs, or neck. I couldn't speak, and it took all the strength and determination I had just to remain conscious, although I was aware of everything that was happening—totally powerless. I kept telling myself that I could move or talk if I wanted to badly enough, but I couldn't. My body turned bright red and swelled to about one and a half times its normal size. I was being pumped full of adrenaline, Benadryl, and some kind of steroid. The emergency room staff were trying to determine what it was that had triggered the reaction. It wasn't until a couple of hours later, when the drugs had taken effect and the swelling was down some, that I found an insect bite of some kind above my right eye.

After three hours I was released from the hospital with strict instructions to my husband to wake up frequently during the night to check on my breathing and pulse rate, and to make sure I rested for a few days. Then they told me that I had been in shock and had almost died, and that I must take the medications they prescribed to avoid a relapse into shock.

The God parts—my husband works nights and would normally have been asleep at that time of day, which means I try not to disturb him except for an emergency. Since it seemed to be just an allergic reaction, I would have just lain down, or taken an antihistamine and waited for it to go away. My husband was a medic in Vietnam and knew what was hap-



pening, so he got treatment for me immediately. Without immediate treatment I would surely have died. Between seizures I reverted to my typical "everything is cool, let's show the doctor how witty and clever we can be" behavior (no way was I going to let some outsider know I was afraid!), but this time that little voice in my head told me it was too serious to play with, so I got honest and told him I was putting on my cool act because I was terribly frightened. All of the emergency room staff know my husband and know that we are both in recovery, and made sure I knew what drugs they were giving me. They let him stay in the treatment area to help keep me as calm as possible and to explain their procedures to me while they were working to keep me alive, even when I couldn't respond in any way except by moving my eyes.

It didn't really hit me until yesterday that I had come so close to death, even though I was told that by medical personnel, including one in recov-

ery. I still feel that I could do more than I am, but that little voice keeps saying to take it easy, stay home, take the pills, and follow instructions. My husband and sponsor keep telling me I'm doing what I'm supposed to and ask me to please keep it up because they don't want to lose me. I want to go to a meeting, but instead I'm using the phone constantly for contact with other addicts.

A few days ago I was worried because I haven't been able to find a job in three months and the bills are piling up; today, that's not very important. I've been shown just how important each day is, and just how powerless I am. I've been shown how fragile this thing called life is. A little insect that I didn't even notice nearly took me out of it. "Just for today" is for real! The principles I have learned in NA—including trust, honesty, and surrender—saved my life. Thanks for teaching me how to live.

Anonymous

God's will: loud and clear

I've finally succumbed to one of the suggestions you have been offering during my tenure as an *NA Way* networker. Which one? Oh, the one about telling part of your story of recovery in writing. I guess I can't avoid this any longer, though it's not that I'm being forced to do this by anything other than HP. I have long been a firm believer that my HP has had direct, hands-on influence in my life, and the following story is but one example of when that was validated.

Like a great many addicts, after I entered recovery some of my earlier dreams and aspirations returned. I had for many years talked about getting a degree from the university in my hometown. I had lived there almost my entire life except for a brief geographic escape to western Oklahoma (but that's an entirely different story). I applied for admission to the university and began working on my "new life." It only took me three years to complete the requirements for my degree, so I found out that even though I didn't remember much about it, my earlier efforts at higher education hadn't been without some credit as far as the school was concerned.

As I was finishing up the next to last semester I began to wonder what I was supposed to do after I graduated. Boy, the real world looked very scary to me. I was gratified to discover that I was a good student and very capable of learning and even of helping others to learn. The answer then became so obvious that even a hard-headed addict like myself could see that I should stay in school. The prospect of a few more years of the academic life looked okay to me. So I started looking for a school to attend where I could pursue a master's degree since my local university did not offer any graduate courses in my chosen field.

I was very thorough in my search and put to very good use some of the skills of analysis and evaluation that I had been taught. I looked through many, many different catalogs trying to find that "right" combination of educational opportunities and diversity in the local community. I had been raised in southwest Missouri and felt that the local scene was lacking in variety. I was interested in schools that were accredited, which narrowed my search a great deal.

Well, what eventually happened was that I had ended up with a list of four schools: Rutgers in New Jersey; Michigan State University in East Lansing, Michigan; the University of Wisconsin in Madison, Wisconsin; and Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri. These four institutions all offered a degree in my field and were in locations that were very different than where I was living at the time. I spent hours poring over the catalogs

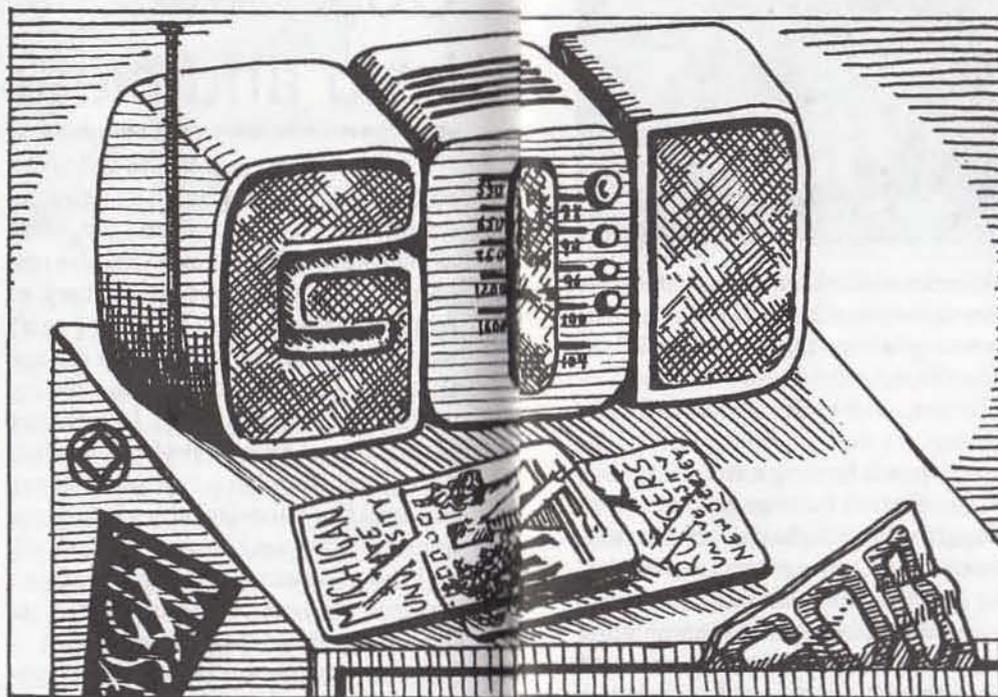
I received from each of the schools when I requested an application. I was so familiar with the catalogs that I could almost quote from them about the local population, courses offered, and local housing costs. I was so knowledgeable that I had no earthly idea how to start.

One Saturday morning, while I sat having coffee and reviewing my options with the catalogs, I became so frustrated about not being able to make a decision about where to try first that I said, "Okay God, where do I go?" I reached over and turned on my radio. The first words out of the radio were: "... is produced at the University of Wisconsin in Madison."

Well, I sat there dumbfounded. After all, I had just asked HP to help me, but I couldn't seem to accept that maybe God had "spoken" to me in a way that I could hear with my ears. I had, by that time in my recovery, had several experiences when it seemed that HP had direct, hands-on impact on my life. But I couldn't seem to get around the idea that I had somehow "dope fiended" the process because I had for several months listened to that particular radio show but never paid attention to where it was broadcast from. My thinking said that I subconsciously had the information and was playing a head trip on myself. So I refused to accept that HP had delivered a message in response to my question "Okay God, where do I go?"

Three days later I was cleaning out my two-drawer file cabinet (which was clear diagnostic indication of an affliction called "service junkyitis"). I had reached in to remove a stack of

loose papers—they were wedged in the drawer somehow—and when I pulled a little harder all I got was a single piece of paper. I knew instantly that HP had entered the day because I was completely at peace and filled with the knowledge that



my question was being answered. I turned to look at what was in my hand and was shocked to discover a meeting schedule for the Badgerland Area of Narcotics Anonymous in Madison, Wisconsin. Since I had never been to Wisconsin in my life, I knew that a miracle was taking place. I could no longer deny that I had been given specific direction by HP as to where I should go.

I took the applications for the other schools to my academic advisor and suggested that he give them to some-

one who might use them because I was headed for the University of Wisconsin. He asked how I had arrived at that decision and since we had already shared about my recovery through NA I told him about my experience. He said nothing but did

was just getting better and better. After I got back to Missouri I was shocked to discover that UW Madison was rated among the top three schools in the field I planned to study. There were thousands of applications for the program every year, but I had no doubt, HP wanted me to go to school at UW Madison.

Three weeks before I graduated, I received a letter from UW Madison which informed me that I met the qualifications for entry into their program. Three weeks after I graduated I moved lock, stock, and barrel to Madison, Wisconsin. That was exactly three years ago today. As I sit here and write this I am filled with gratitude to know that a loving, caring power greater than myself is interested enough in my life to get my attention by whatever means necessary. My life has been enriched beyond belief, and my recovery has been similarly affected. I have a bumper sticker on my car that says "Expect a Miracle," and today I can because I know that they occur every day. It has even been my experience that sometimes God tries a variety of ways to let me know what the answer is. When I ask for "knowledge of God's will for me and the power to carry that out," I pray for the ability to recognize the answer, in whatever form it is delivered, and I know that the miracle of the Eleventh Step is real.

BJ, Wisconsin

take the unneeded catalogs and wished me well. I filled out the application and sent it off without a second thought. After all, the God of my understanding had sent a radio message and followed it up with "hard copy" just to break through my denial.

I managed to go visit Madison a few weeks before I graduated. I was there for Earth Day weekend of 1990. The weather was gorgeous! The city was fantastic, the people were varied, and I felt at home. Man, my life

On Step Three: practicing the principles

Turning my will and my life over to the G-d of my understanding and letting go and letting G-d both mean having faith. As my sponsor says, "Having faith that a loving G-d will take care of me." My G-d is not masculine or feminine, has no shape or form, and isn't a burning bush. My G-d is a warm comforting light, surrounding me, caring for me, and loving me. My G-d works through the people in the program. When they share with me, offering their experience, strength, and hope, their love and support, my G-d is speaking to me, sharing with me, and loving me.

In order for me to be doing G-d's will and not mine, I must listen and stop being in charge! I must hear what is being asked of me. I must stop controlling and let go. I must come from a loving place, and try to put myself in someone else's position. Doing G-d's will and not mine means for me to pray and ask a loving G-d what I should do. It also means that I must be patient; G-d doesn't always



answer immediately. Sometimes, the answer may not be to my liking, so I have to practice the principle of acceptance in order to do G-d's will.

To me, surrender means to stop fighting, to let go. Surrender has come to mean having a sense of peace and comfort. It feels so good not to be struggling and fighting. Surrender doesn't mean giving up; it means letting go. It means allowing myself to make mistakes. And it means being okay with that. Surrender means allowing me to be me and not always who you want me to be. Surrender is comfortable. It has a relaxing component to it. Surrender is also listening, taking suggestions, and doing something other than what I've always done. Surrender is learning new ways and giving up some of the old.

Before I go on to the spiritual principles in the first Three Steps, I need to address the action aspect of the Third Step. In this step I am taking action. I make a decision. I am no longer fighting. I am listening and

surrendering. I am not giving up. I am taking the action of trying a new and different way. I feel like I am moving forward.

The spiritual principles in all the steps are intertwined like a garment I've knitted. As an addict who practiced dishonesty as a way of life, honesty must be the first spiritual principle. If I cannot get honest with the G-d of my understanding and another human being, progress will not occur. Honesty means truth. It means believing, having faith. Change cannot occur without honesty. Since the old ways no longer work, and since I must change in order to live a healthy, productive life, I must be as completely honest as I can. I must examine my actions and admit half-truths and dishonesty when I am cognizant of it.

Once I start being honest, hope becomes a reality. I am able to discern that a G-d of my understanding wants for me what I want for myself. I can hope for a life free of pain, pain from fear related to addiction. I can hope for a life filled again with trust and love. I can hope for unknown gifts as a result of following the principles of the program and remaining clean.

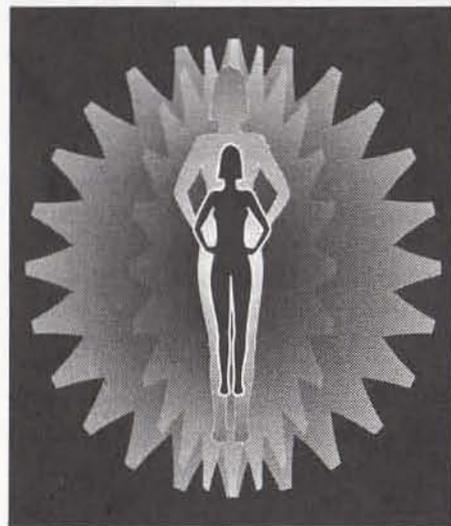
Along with hope, I have faith that a G-d of my understanding loves me and wants for me what I want for myself: freedom from addiction and pain. My G-d wants me to learn patience, tolerance, and love of others for their attempts to apply the principles of the program. Faith means that time will heal. Faith means that as I progress as a person,

my life will improve. That improvement will manifest itself in my being happier and healthier, more loving and understanding.

Control works only as long as I am willing to give it up. I've been in control for a long time, and look where it's gotten me! I have to be honest. That means giving up control, manipulation, and white lies. It means telling the whole truth and suffering the consequences. Having hope and faith and also means relying on another and a higher power. It works positively once I let go of it!

RC, California

Editor's note: It is our policy to print references to a higher power or the God of one's understanding exactly as the contributor wrote. In the above story as well as many others, spelling, capitalization, etc. reflect the individual's understanding of a higher power. We at The NA Way have the utmost respect for that and we'll continue to show it.



Happy to be an H&I kind of guy

All of a sudden I found myself leaving a regional service meeting with no service commitments.

A guy from my home area stopped me at the door and asked me what I was going to do next. I told him that I would probably go back to doing group stuff or take a break. He said that H&I could use a guy like me, that there were some institutions open and I would fit right in. I told him that I wasn't much into H&I stuff and that it didn't do anything for me (although I hadn't tried it in a long time). I had plenty of friends who were doing it and I had been leaving it to them. He said, "Just stop by. The meeting is this Friday before the NA meeting." So I went.

When I got there, I had no intention of doing anything but listening. I saw a lot of the same service faces I had seen for a long time, doing the same great things they always do for NA and service. The meeting started. I sat back and listened. Then, when they asked if anyone would be inter-

ested in taking on the commitment at such-and-such prison, I found my hand going up, almost by itself.

I've been going to this prison for more than a year now. Sometimes I bring a speaker. Sometimes I just listen to the guys share. It's the most amazing prison meeting I've ever gone to. These guys elect their own chairperson and secretary. They chair their own meeting. They bring their own coffee pot. There's a Basic Text in front of every seat. Even on the rare occasion when I can't make the meeting, these guys will put it together themselves. They've asked that their group be a part of the ASC rather than an H&I meeting. They've sent information to the WSO. Their GSR gets a pass to attend the H&I subcommittee meeting.

That's all coming very slowly. But, I've never felt anything like the gratitude I feel when I get there and I talk to these guys and know that I'm doing the right thing for the right reasons. If ever you need to remember what it was like, or want to know what it could be like, or just want to give back a little of what was so freely given to you, try H&I. I have, and I'm damned glad I did. I'm alive and clean and free, and I love this program!

BB, North Carolina

A tongue-in-cheek talk

Goodness! I've been asked to give a talk at an NA convention. It took them long enough to pop the question, seeing as how I've been polishing my speech for years.

"I stay clean just for today by going to meetings, emptying ashtrays, and helping others," I'll say for openers. "I ain't here nibbling on recovery; I'm here for the full-meal deal. I ain't snacking on the steps; I want the whole enchilada." Hee hee. I like that. Then I'll kick into high gear by recalling the debacles of my using.

"I used drugs until I couldn't use anymore. Then I used some more." Oh yeah. That's good stuff. "I lost friends, jobs, and my self-respect. I thought I was unique and unlovable." There won't be a dry eye in the house.

"I lived to use and used to live." That's from approved literature, ya know. Then I'll say what happened—my moment of clarity. "I was sitting in a drugged-out stupor, eating a chili dog, and all of a sudden a big glob of chili escaped from the bun and landed on my white T-shirt. As the errant chili bounded down my chest, across my stomach, and into my lap, I flashed back to the time I'd seen the same happen to my father, an addict who

never asked for help. I recalled saying that if I ever got that bad I would reach out for help. As I looked at the chili's trail, I saw its path reaching back to my father and I knew I was an addict—I was powerless."

Next, I'll talk about my beginning in NA. "I knew I was home when I received warm hugs from recovering addicts at my first NA meeting. They were just like me. The fellow I related to the most became my sponsor. He is clean (and has sworn off chili dogs). My sponsor said that my best thinking had gotten me into a lot of trouble. He was right. Today I don't think."

Next, I'll talk about recovery. "Today, I have a job and friends. I can laugh," I'll say as I adjust my expensive wrist watch and mentally recall my savings account balance. "I owe it all to you, my sponsor, and a God of my understanding." Then, I'll pepper the butts of the slackers and the thirteenth steppers. "Keep up your pants and give the newcomer a chance." That'll get them. Then, I'll review the steps, the traditions, the concepts, the intellectual property trust, and the meaning of life. "I know I'm a little over on time," I'll interject. But the audience's enthrallment should negate this minor time problem.

I'll conclude with a call for NA unity and a reminder to the newcomer. "Don't quit five minutes before your miracle happens." It's a snappy closer. Oh my! It's going to be a glorious speech if I can just remember all this. I wonder if I should check this stuff out with my sponsor first?

OG, Oklahoma

Home Group

So Timmy... How's it going?
Have you been going to lots
of meetings?



Yes... and I got a sponsor!!
I'm so excited- now I can
start working the steps and
everything!!



Timmy, that's wonderful...
who is he?

You might know him... he's
been clean a while- his name
is Slugg...



Golly... another one...

Newsletters



Too afraid to get the results

From *The NA Post*, the Manhattan, New York City area newsletter: After my first month clean, I got emotionally involved (one suggestion that I didn't take). Everything was going okay for me. I was clean and I felt good about myself.

Someone suggested that I get a physical exam because I had done damage to my body while I was using. In the course of getting a physical, my boyfriend and I went to get an AIDS test. My test came out negative, and he told me that his was also negative. We stopped using condoms.

Later on I found out that my boyfriend's test had been indecisive. He went to get retested and the results were positive. All I could do was cry. I knew that I was hurting, but I couldn't identify any other feelings. I went into deep denial.

While visiting the clinic again, the counselor suggested that I get retested. I did, but was too afraid to get the results. I didn't know how I would handle things if the results came back positive. I guess it was God's will for me to find out the results. During another visit to the doctor, she left the papers on the desk knowing that I would look at them. The results were indecisive.

I called my sponsor, and I cried. She gave me strength and hope. I wasn't sure that I was positive, but she helped me become sure that if I was I could live with this second disease. She told me that I wasn't unique, that there were others living clean with this. My sponsor also told me to pray for acceptance.

I bitched and moaned. I started projecting; I just knew I was going to use behind this. I asked myself, "Why me?" Then again I said, "Why not me?" I started to pray on a regular basis.

I was still in denial about this, and I acted as if this problem didn't exist. I said to my partner, okay, we have this problem, but we'll get through this together. I proceeded to try and make this relationship work. At the same time I was trying to create a bond between my Higher Power and myself. I knew that I could not do this

without Him. As a result I started to feel a little better about my situation. Things were going well—so I thought.

I continued to make meetings and talked to my sponsor. Now it was time to get into the steps. Steps One, Two, and Three must be incorporated into my life. I did this to the best of my ability.

Then my relationship ended. I was devastated. I had become dependent on this person. I thought we were going to get through this together. How dare he give me this and then desert me!

I couldn't understand what was happening. All I knew was that I started feeling like I was alone. I had created yet another problem, because I didn't accept personal responsibility for myself. I told myself that I was going to be all right, but I didn't feel that way. I prayed and asked God to lessen the pain. I asked that His will be done, and I prayed for the courage and the strength to get through this with His guidance.

I would go to meetings and be around lots of addicts, but I still felt alone. I didn't want to be around people. I started to feel as if I didn't belong. I stopped making meetings regularly, and I started to isolate. I was going into a mental relapse, and the next step was picking up the drugs.

I know that the worthless and hopeless feelings that I'm having are feelings over which I've used in the past. With almost a year in this fellowship, I don't want to use. If I use, my problems will only be magnified. I know that you don't have to want to

use, to use. I must hold on to every ounce of faith that I have and remember what I've heard time and time again in meetings—no matter what happens and no matter what doesn't happen, I must not use.

I know that my Higher Power is carrying me. With that and the experience, strength, and hope that I get from my sponsor and other recovering addicts, I'm going to be all right. Even if it doesn't feel like it this moment, there is hope.

I must remember that, first things first, I must not use. I must make meetings, and I must get a Higher Power in my life and use Him.

Anonymous, New York

Reaching out, reaching in

From *Inside Connection*, the American River, California area newsletter: Remembering what those first few days in recovery were like moved me to reach out to a newcomer.

These last few weeks before my third birthday have been hell. My character defects are in my face in a big way. "The committee" reigns in my head, lying to me, telling me it's okay to use, okay to throw away al-

most three years of my life in order to avoid dealing with my feelings. "Just one beer, it's s-o-o-o hot outside; just a shot, there's no one else home today so no one will ever know," my disease whispers to me. It tells me it's okay to commit suicide rather than be where I am, feeling the pain of losing friends to the disease. On top of this, my sponsor has been very busy.

It was with humility and gratitude that I recognized a great teacher—

someone who could help me heal and who could give me the strength to live—in the guise of a newcomer. She dragged in one night and sat there frozen to her seat, too scared to move. She seemed likely to bolt at any moment. During the meeting, wet spots appeared one by

one on her T-shirt as she wept silently, her head bowed low and her body shaking. During the smoke break, she just sat in that chair and sobbed. She reminded me of my first meeting.

I remembered how scared I had been to be in that room when I was very new to recovery. I was so sick that it was impossible for me to feel the love. I remembered the overwhelming sense of shame and guilt I carried to that first meeting and the unexplainable sense of acceptance I experienced from the people in that room.

With compassion and empathy, I reached out. I had to do for this sad lady what others had done for me; I put my arms around her and held her while she cried. I cried too. I had to honor her courage in showing up, in just being able to walk through the door. When I talked with this newcomer woman, I realized that I have come a long way—despite what the committee says. I have almost 1,100 days strung together where I haven't used! That's a miracle for someone

who believed eight hours with no drugs was an eternity! The program has taught me how to recognize the voice of the committee and has given me the tools to deal effectively with its lies. I may not yet understand how to apply all those tools, but there are many

people I can watch to see how they do it. There are people in the room with a lot of clean time, and they're willing to listen and share. There is a wealth of experience, strength, and hope in NA. Each of us can rely on that wealth to help us live drug-free lives.

To you, my friend (you know who you are), thanks for showing up that night and teaching me about recovery. Keep coming back, kid!

RE

*During the meeting
she wept silently,
her head bowed
low and her
body shaking*

Staying clean has to come first

From the *Mid-America Regional Newsletter*: I have been clean awhile and involved in service since I got clean. At a recent area service committee meeting, someone complained that we haven't had any planned activities in our area in some time. This person claimed that people were not coming to meetings or getting involved in NA because they had nothing to do.

I guess that would be true if our primary purpose was to dance, but as we all know, or should know, our primary purpose is to help the addict who still suffers. Besides, there are countless things to do in NA that have real meaning: twelfth-step calls, leading meetings, talking to your sponsor or sponsees, going out for coffee, volunteering for one of the many service positions that lay vacant, or how about H&I and PI work.

I don't think this quest for entertainment is exclusive to NA. The whole country is consumed by a search for mindless bliss. Children and wives

will be neglected by fathers and husbands on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday night when football games dominate the airwaves. Thousands of children will blow off their homework, not to mention the rest of the world, playing video games.

We all seem to be bent on entertaining ourselves no matter what. Perhaps the reason why is that while pursuing a good time, we do not have to look at ourselves or the people around us. I don't want you to think that I am against having a good time. I just feel that more time could be spent on things that really matter, things like the love I feel in meetings, the help I received when I first walked through the doors, and the feeling I get when I help someone else.

Things were not all bad at the area meeting. A newcomer was there and wanted to know how he could be of service to NA. It is true that we can learn from the newcomer. It is a good thing that our primary purpose is not entertainment. If it were, we all might be entertained, but we might not all be clean.

Anonymous



Forum



News about Motion #39

The discussion of Motion #39 has been one of the liveliest the NA Fellowship has ever known. Those of you who have been following this column are well aware that the discussion has become downright divisive at times.

At the beginning of this year's WSC, the conference chairperson appointed a working group to review last year's recommendation. After some discussion, the group reached consensus on a new plan for dealing with the issue of God and gender in the English-language version of our steps and traditions. The plan was approved by an overwhelming majority of conference participants.

The new plan calls for the creation of a trustee ad hoc committee made up of two WSC Literature Committee members, two trustees, two RSRs, and one World Services Translation Committee member. The committee will meet to put together a paper explaining the issue, offering pros and cons from fellowship input al-

ready received at the WSO. This paper will be part of a guide that groups, ASCs, and RSCs will be able to use in running their own Motion #39 discussion forums. The schedule calls for this package to be made available as of 11 October 1994 to anyone requesting it.

An open forum will be held at the 1995 WSC in two stages. First, WSC participants will discuss the issues related to Motion #39. Then they will discuss the process that will be used to register the fellowship's decision on the proposal to change NA's steps and traditions.

The RSRs will be expected to compile a tally of all the groups in their regions. Following the 1995 conference they will have about five months to mail those tallies in. Group ballots will be mailed to all ASCs in late 1995. The RSRs will be responsible to collect those ballots and bring them to WSC'96, where they will be counted. Motion #39 must be approved by two-thirds of those groups responding to pass.

This column will continue to run until April 1995. After that, any articles received concerning the issue of God and gender in NA literature will be run in the "Viewpoint" column as space permits.

It's about time!

I am a woman who has been a member of Narcotics Anonymous since 18 May 1984. The woman I am today is much different than the shy and quiet person who walked into her first meeting scared to death. At that time in my life I had no idea what an opinion was. Today, I have lots of opinions.

I have not closed a meeting with the Lord's Prayer for years. In very early recovery I decided that I did not want to end my recovery meeting praying to "our Father." I would (and still do when that prayer is used) stand in the circle and silently pray to a God of my own understanding.

A good friend of mine, who is a lesbian, told me that she struggled with praying to a god who was designated as "Him." I had decided that my higher power was female, so I shared my feelings and spiritual beliefs with her. She thanked me and told me that she had never before thought of having a female higher power. She had been locked into thinking that she had to follow the steps and traditions exactly as written.

Today, my spiritual beliefs and faith in a higher power have gone beyond gender. I am glad that most of our meetings end with the Serenity Prayer.

Another thing that I have been changing for years is how I read the steps. I have gotten a few laughs and uncomfortable chuckles in meetings when I change all the "Hims" in the steps and traditions. I seem to be unable to get that "Him" to come out of my mouth, because it offends me.

Since I got into recovery, my life has been about going forward with faith. That usually involves change, and I have learned to welcome it. Change is what keeps my life interesting and fulfilling. Change is what keeps our program alive. Think about what we would be like if we didn't change, if we stayed the same.

Change brings on controversy because it hides a bigger thing: fear. I have been in enough service meetings to know what the reaction is when we talk about changing something. People tend to be content to leave things the way they are because it is familiar. The results of change are unknown. The old adage "If it works, don't fix it" could just be a way of avoiding feelings.

I believe in change because it can bring about improvement. I believe that taking the gender out of our steps and traditions is a great and long-overdue improvement. It is time to bring our program of Narcotics Anonymous into the present and ahead of the other programs. I am proud to be a member of a program that constantly seeks to change and improve itself.

I look forward to this motion passing.

TN, California

Untitled

This is in regard to Motion 39. I hope that this will help in some way. The good of NA comes first. Some of us should try to remember how we reacted when we were using and someone approached us using the word "God." We immediately tuned them out or, in my case, threatened

them with bodily harm. Today "God" is just a word to me. However, when the word "God" is assigned the male gender, it still offends me. In this light, let's put personal feelings aside and look at how NA can grow.

To me, the statement, "If it is not broken then don't fix it" reflects that some of us want to expound our religious views, not the spiritual views of the program. It is broken. If we lose one newcomer, then it is time for a change to something that will work.

When I have to read the steps and traditions, it is very hard for me to read them as they are. They are confusing to the newcomer. We as a fellowship say we are a spiritual organization, not a religious one. Then we use religious, male-dominated terminology. This is a mixed message if I've ever heard one. Thank you, Australia, for opening up my eyes to the world-view of a fellowship called Narcotics Anonymous

DS, California

Wake me up when it's all over

I am writing to express my opinion on Motion #39. The truth is, I don't have much of an opinion at all. In general, I'm a rather opinionated person, holding many views on a lot of different issues both in and out of NA. This one, however, just doesn't seem like a big deal.

I have nine years clean. I think back to 1983 when I first read the Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions of NA (yeah, I know that doesn't add up to nine years). There were big blue wooden cards hanging on the wall of the meeting place. The steps

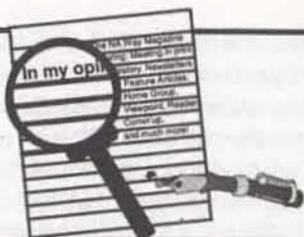
and traditions were printed in silver colored paint on these blue boards. I try to imagine what it would have been like, reading them for the first time, with the proposed changes. You know what? I don't think I'd have noticed a difference at all. And now, years later, I figure it would be the same way. It's no big deal either way. The steps are not some sacred words written in a book or on a wall. They are a way of life. And my problem does not lie in working the steps. My problem is that too often I unworked them! Twelve, Eleven, Ten, Nine . . .

I quit doing service work, quit praying, quit making amends, forgot about my character defects, and before long, I found it ridiculous to believe in a God. There I am, back to the First Step. Anyway, I've gotten off the topic here.

On the other hand, "If it isn't broke, don't fix it" doesn't seem like a valid argument not to change the steps and traditions. I feel that my conscious contact with my HP is okay, but I still seek to improve it with Step Eleven. I guess all I really have to say is this: Whether the wording in the steps and traditions is changed or not, I will still work them. And later on down the road, when and if we change our name (Narcotics Anonymous is rather drug-specific, you know), I will still attend this fellowship! It works. Keep coming back.

DJ, North Carolina

Viewpoint



Editorial reply

This is in response to a letter to the editor by Shelly M in the February 1994 *NA Way*.

I have a hard time believing that someone who claims membership in Narcotics Anonymous would believe that not saying that one is an "and a" would eliminate one's ability to "share anything of real substance." I have a lot of substance when I share. I speak of feelings and problems, solutions and recovery. I've been clean since my first and only white chip exclusively through the Twelve Steps and Traditions of Narcotics Anonymous.

If this lady knew something about the background of the fellowship she states her love for, she would realize that it was that very fellowship that asked us to not affiliate our program with theirs. It was that fellowship who told our founders that they could

stand on their own. We learned by being told to leave their meetings that we were addicts, not alcoholics. Many of their groups ask that those in attendance use their terminology.

I find no need to go to any other fellowship to find recovery. However, if I were invited for a specific reason to attend and was called on to speak for some reason, I feel that I would have to identify myself as they do, but add that since I sustain my recovery solely in NA that I wouldn't be able to share experience with their program.

I have one disease: addiction. I identify myself in accordance with NA's First Step. Contrary to Shelly M's belief, identifying myself only as an addict reflects our First Step. It does not say, "We admitted we were powerless over drugs and alcohol . . ."

If I admit I use drugs—and alcohol is a drug—I have no business confusing the membership by listing every drug and every symptom of my disease when I identify myself. If I try to find a difference, like Shelly may be doing, I could look around and conclude, "Well, maybe you can do it, but I'm not a junkie, I'm an alcoholic; or, I'm not a pill-head, I'm a speed freak, so I'm different and NA probably won't work for me." These "differences" contribute to the reservations that have led so many out the doors. I find

that when I identify with people who identify the same way as I do, then if they can do it, I can, and I will stay clean.

The Twelfth Step does not say "we tried to carry this message to addicts and alcoholics." Our Fifth Tradition does not say, "Each group has but one primary purpose—to carry the message to the addict and alcoholic who still suffer." Our First Tradition does not tell us that our personal recovery depends on the unification of NA with other twelve-step fellowships.

Each of these other twelve-step fellowships has specific wording to further their respective purposes. We've been given a purpose and have consequently developed specific wording. We need to stick to our purpose and adhere to our traditions.

I think my message has substance. I think my letter does, too. I am an addict, recovering exclusively through the Twelve Steps of Narcotics Anonymous. I am a grateful member of Narcotics Anonymous. I live by the concept of "one disease, one program." I believe deeply that if we are not vigilant, we cannot keep what we have. Thanks for letting me share. I love this program.

LR, North Carolina

Group business: not something to be ignored

If your group's business meeting lasts more than five minutes, good for you. Mine doesn't. In the insanity of trying to get everything done in too little time, something gets shoved aside. Usually it's the GSR report. Apparently, our only vital business is allocating funds and arranging anniversary celebrations.

Our service structure requires active participation by the groups in order to function effectively. The essay on our Second Concept states: "Because the groups have created the service structure, they have final authority over all its affairs. By the same token, the groups also have the final responsibility for the support of all of its activities." Not bothering to hear how our area's H&I committee is doing or whether the phoneline needs volunteers isn't giving support. If a significant number of groups ignore the committees' work, it affects NA as a whole.

Our *Temporary Working Guide* says: "A group should stay in contact with other groups in its local area and with the rest of NA, so it can find out

about... what's happening in NA." It goes on to tell us that "a GSR is first in line of communication between a group and Narcotics Anonymous as a whole. [GSRs] are the links that bind the groups together in the performance of our primary purpose. It is their responsibility to keep a group informed and to express a group's conscience in all matters... Electing GSRs who will take an active part in the business of NA is probably the most important thing we can do to improve the unity of the fellowship. Active representation, more than any other thing, can strengthen the ties that bind us together and promote our common welfare."

While each group has the autonomy to give its GSR input on some or all of the matters that come up at an area meeting, refusing to listen to what came up denies our common welfare and violates our First Tradition.

The Group Booklet specifies that "At group business meetings, the GSR report provides a summary of area committee activities, often sparking discussions among group members that provide the GSR with a feel for how the area can better serve the group's needs... At area committee meetings, GSR reports provide perspectives on group growth vital to the committee's work. If a group is having problems, the GSRs can share those problems... If any helpful solutions arise, the GSR can report back to the group." This is how our service structure is set up to work. If a group waives or rushes through its GSR report, it affects NA as a whole and violates our Fourth Tradition.

But how does the hurry-up tempo of many business meetings affect the individual member? We encourage newcomers to get involved in service. We tell them that service helps keep us clean. It can also build self-esteem, make us more reliable, and allow us to feel "a part of." Often our first trusted servant position is that of a GSR. How does it make us feel when our group won't take the few minutes to hear our report? What message does that give someone trying to take a commitment seriously, trying to learn how to be responsible? Is the most important piece of business at our group's business meeting to finish quickly and get home? Page 98 of the Basic Text reminds us that "we need to stay open-minded and willing to do that one extra thing, go to one extra meeting, stay on the phone one extra minute, and help a newcomer stay clean one extra day."

PO, New York

Our diversity is our strength

After just leaving a rancorous, mean-spirited service meeting during which five people resigned due to personal reasons (related, I'm sure, to their character defects), I decided to write down something about my NA family.

Individualism: a theory that the interests, values, rights, and duties

of a single human being are paramount and stresses that thought or action be independent; existing as a distinct entity. (*Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, Tenth Edition.)

After searching for myself for years and years in the self-destructive despair and confusion of drug use, in a quest to find freedom—thinking that truth and freedom were achieved by the force of my will—I have at last found a way to live life in this world by joining a group with whom I can identify.

My search, in large part, was an unconscious and agonizing quest, but it was necessary for me to undertake it in order to get to where I am today.

I am so very happy not to be alone. Others are rebelling and fighting against their families, society, themselves, and everyone else. I am happily sharing my sometimes uncomfortable life with people just like me. I am affecting and being affected by people with whom I share a common bond.

Please don't misunderstand. I have never been one to fall in line behind others, to be just like anyone else. I'm no follower; in fact, I'm something of a nonconformist. When I go to my home group I see a family—one as diverse and different as you would find when you mix a bunch of people together. We are people who care

From the ordinary individuals in this motley mix comes a group of extraordinary people.

very much about why we're in Narcotics Anonymous. We're people who define ourselves in relation to each other. Rarely, if ever, do I find two people who think alike or are in agreement on the best way to proceed on a service issue or anything else. From the ordinary individuals in this motley mix comes a group of extraordinary people.

You know, this particular mix of people is a worldwide thing. People come to meetings for all sorts of different reasons: first, and most importantly, to get clean; to work the steps; and to straighten out their sad, sordid lives. People stay for diverse reasons, usually because they become committed to the principles that have saved their lives.

And, of course, there are the disputes. Traditionalists, innovators, conservatives, liberals, academics, anti-intellectuals, factions of others who form cliques, and on and on. To those on the outside or to the newcomer, we might appear to be fighters who seek out controversy, thrive on disagreement, and get very little accomplished. Not true! Not true! I have observed and experienced over time in the service structure that the more people have in common, the more they tend to disagree. Unity is a gift as surely as a day clean is. It is no minor miracle that NA as a whole

has developed and grown for more than forty years through the grace of a loving God who brings order and consensus to a group of opinionated people. It is only from the inside that a member such as myself can best see the startling contrasts, the sharp differences, the harmony, and the beauty.

When we get together in a meeting, we are reminded of who an addict is, why we're here, what the NA program is, and how the program works. We know, without having to think about it too much, what we're about. We can't be classified or explained. We are characterized by diversity. Different, yet the same; unique, yet alike. We belong to something much larger than ourselves that makes us collectively better than we would be if left to our own best thinking. The resignations at the service meeting today were only an intense, willful effort to be heard as individuals.

I am at home. Narcotics Anonymous is home. Meetings feel like my living room. I'm closer to the people in NA than I am to my own family members. I do not have to make decisions based on my best thinking (which is inherently flawed) anymore. I don't have to use. I never have to be alone. Best of all, I can be of service to someone less fortunate than myself who wants what this program has to offer. NA is not for the weak-willed, those who have not made a decision, those who want to hide out or find a temporary solution to their living problems. It's for the addict—the one who is independent, has strong passions, and is distinct from others.

I found my home. Thanks to all the members who came before me and gave me a family.

EK, Iowa

We need articles!

Remember that *The NA Way Magazine* is your meeting in print. Like any other meeting of which you're a part, you'll get the most out of this one by participating. Let your voice be part of the message that gets carried during the meeting. Write! We are in need of material right now, so don't wait.

Who writes these articles?

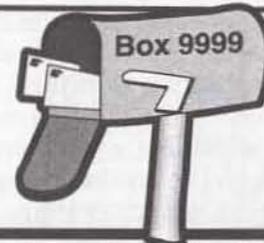
You do!

The articles you see in this magazine are written by NA members like yourself. You need not consider yourself a skilled writer. You don't have to know all the rules of grammar. We have an editorial team whose job it is to take care of those details. What we need is your unique perspective on the NA program. Without it, we don't have a message to carry.

What should I write about?

Write about any topic related to recovery in Narcotics Anonymous. Share with our readers the same way you would share with other addicts at any other NA meeting. Is there a topic you've enjoyed hearing or sharing about lately? Are you working a particular step, and having some eye-opening experiences? Has there been a turning point in your recovery? Tell us about it. We'd love to hear from you.

From our readers



Pulling together in Florida

Pulling together after a natural disaster is important.

I live in the Florida Keys, a chain of islands south of the Florida mainland. When Hurricane Andrew hit the mainland, we did not suffer directly from the destructive winds, but all of our electricity was cut off, and water and food were hard to come by for a number of days.

Without electricity everyone was forced to rise at dawn and prepare for sleep by sunset. The only thing we could do was wait out the days. With all of the upset, getting to meetings became a priority.

Fortunately, there was a radio station that had a generator to stay on the air. The radio station had put together a clever thing called "The Coconut Telegraph." Since phones were down, people called in on marine radios asking questions (such as where to get ice, water, etc.) and the answers were broadcast. This became the only way to pass messages.

One of the members of Clean Conchs NA group called the Coconut Telegraph and gave locations of NA meetings, most put together in temporary shelters. As the message got out, a group of us met daily. The theme of gratitude was a recurring topic. We were grateful that our tiny

island did not take a direct hit. We were thankful that in our area, looting was not a problem. We were grateful to be having a meeting and grateful to be alive. We supported each other through the nightmare of such a powerful natural disaster.

Although we were not the direct target of Hurricane Andrew, it was a very traumatic experience to see our neighbors destroyed.

I needed meetings and I got them, thanks to the member who cared enough to make sure the word got out.

MK, Florida

Believing in the process

Everything I do is a process. The good things I've received so far in my journey of recovery have come to me gradually. If I am receptive to the process, I enjoy things for their own sake, and I'm not focused only on the end result. I enjoy the steps along the way.

Each day's events can be thought of as smaller processes. The train ride to work, a task within the work day, the ride home—these things can either be enjoyed and built upon, or loathed as mundane repetitive acts.

When I was clean for one week, I wrote a Fourth Step. Until then, I had been living my life seeking in-

stant results and immediate gratification. I saw the Twelve Steps written for the first time, and thought I could work them in one night. I had no concept of the process. Now I understand that things take time to evolve and take shape. This includes negative things.

A relapse doesn't just happen all of a sudden. I had a reservation for four months after I put down drugs. I didn't trust the process of recovery, so the process of relapse was under way. By the grace of my Higher Power, I did not use, and my faith in the process of recovery was strengthened. If everything happened at once, there would be nothing to experience. My experience is what makes me who I am. Believing in the process of recovery has given me my life back. I am grateful for this understanding.

LF, New York

Nothing to fear

Very soon I will be celebrating five years clean. Early on in my recovery I found a friend through living the NA program. I have made a friend of someone I wish everyone could know. This friend is always there to listen to me with my anger, my pain, and my joy. He gives me strength and courage to face life without fear. The help I receive is always good. This friend can be trusted. He is patient and loving.

Sometimes I don't listen to his messages on how to do things differently. Regardless of the mistakes I make, my friend is there day or night to share with. The solutions to my

situations, no matter how insane those situations are, are given his full attention. I feel, deep inside, as if my friend is holding my hand and leading me toward the right paths in recovery. When I don't listen to my friend, when I distrust him, I believe he is hurt but never angry. My friend is with me now and has been by my side for forty-four years. I'm fortunate to have the NA program combined with hope and faith in a constant companion. My Higher Power is my friend. He is the God I know.

What I have found through the steps and my personal relationship with the God of my understanding has kept me warm and alive, with feelings I thought were dead.

NN, Georgia

Comin' up

Calendar						
	1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



AUSTRALIA

New South Wales: 30 Sep. - 2 Oct. 1994; Sydney Combined Areas Convention; info 61-2-552-4354 or 61-2-365-3652; SCACNA, 72 Darghan St, Glebe, NSW 2037, AUSTRALIA

CANADA

British Columbia: 28-30 Oct. 1994; 17th Pacific Northwest Convention; Vancouver; rsvns. (604) 689-9211; info. (604) 876-4055; PNWCNA-17, PO Box 43066, Burnaby, British Columbia, V6G 4S2

Quebec: 7-9 Oct. 1994; 7th Quebec Regional Convention; rsvns. (819) 822-1989; info (819) 563-7809; QRCNA-7, CP 463, Sherbrooke, Quebec J1H 5J7, CANADA

CARIBBEAN

Bahamas: 4-6 Nov. 1994; 7th Bahamas Area Convention; Cable Beach; rsvns. (809) 327-8231; info; Celebration 7, PO Box CB 13549, Nassau, Bahamas

INDIA

Bombay: 27-29 Jan. 1995; 3rd Bombay Area Convention; Khandala; fax 0091-492 26 87; info; BACNA-3, PO Box 16489, Bombay, India 400 016

IRELAND

Dublin: 11-13 Nov. 1994; 10th Irish Convention; Hotel Kilkenny; Irish Convention, c/o Service Office, 4/5 Eustace Street, Dublin 2, Ireland

MEXICO

Baja California Norte: 14-16 Oct. 1994; 2nd Baja California Convention; Tijuana; rsvns. (800) 333-3333; info US 011-52 (66) 80-90-80 or in Mexico (66) 80-90-80; CBCNA-11, 1329 3rd Ave #116, Chula Vista, CA 91911

UNITED STATES

Alabama: 20-23 Oct. 1994; Surrender '94 Spiritual Retreat; Cheaha State Park; info (205) 320-8836; Surrender '94, PO Box 381734, Birmingham, AL 35238

California: 10-12 Mar. 1995; 1st Western States Literature Convention; Huntington Beach; info (818) 359-0084;

Connecticut: 6-8 Jan. 1995; 10th Connecticut Regional Convention; CTCNA-10, PO Box 2121, Middletown, CT 06457

Florida: 30 Sep. - 3 Oct. 1994; 10th Year Anniversary; Tampa; helpline (813) 875-4357; rsvns. (813) 623-6363; info. (813) 265-2694; Anniversary, PO Box 9730, Tampa, FL 33674-9730

2) 6-9 Oct. 1994; 2nd South Florida Regional Convention; Fort Myers; info (813) 575-7751 or (305) 445-4606; SFRCA-2, PO Box 70155, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307

3) 3-6 Nov. 1994; 13th Serenity in the Sun Convention; info (407) 547-0590; PCNA-13, 314 Plymouth Rd, W Palm Beach, FL 33405

4) 10-12 Mar. 1995; 6th Florida Spring Service Break; Miami Beach; rsvns. (800) 327-6363; FSSBNA-6, c/o JM, 5122 NW 79 Ave #108, Miami, FL 33166

Georgia: 13-15 Jan. 1995; 7th Peace in Recovery; Augusta; info (706) 860-8784 or (706) 650-9111; rsvns. (706) 855-8100; Peace in Recovery, PO Box 15863, Augusta, GA 30909

Hawaii: 27-30 Oct. 1994; 3rd Hawaii Regional Convention; Maui; info (808) 878-3444; Hawaii Convention, 190 Ali'iolani Street, Pukalani, HI 96768

Kentucky: 14-16 Apr. 1995; 9th Kentucky Regional Convention; rsvns. (502) 443-8000; info; KRCNA-9, PO Box 1584, Paducah, KY 42002-1584

Louisiana: 21-23 Oct. 1994; 2nd New Orleans Area Convention; New Orleans; rsvns. (504) 523-0376; info (800) 824-3859; NOACNA-2, PO Box 52212, New Orleans, LA 70152-2212

Massachusetts: 30 Sep. - 2 Oct. 1994; 2nd Cape Cod Area Convention; info (508) 255-1822; CCACNA-2, PO Box 684, Hyannis, MA 02601

2) 15 Oct. 1994; Central Massachusetts Area H&I Learning Day; Worcester; info (508) 791-3855 or (508) 792-1621

Michigan: 13-16 Apr. 1995; 3rd Detroit Area Convention; Detroit; info (313) 361-4214; hotel info (313) 899-0023; rsvns. (800) 228-3000; speaker tapes requested, 5 yrs. minimum clean time; DACNA-3, Program Committee, PO Box 241221, Detroit, MI 48224

Missouri: 11-13 Nov. 1994; Show-Me Regional PI Learning Days; St. Louis; info (314) 381-5965 or (314) 832-5935; rsvns. (314) 821-6600

New Jersey: 30 Dec. - 1 Jan. 1995; Bergen County Area Convention; rsvns. (800) 832-6663; info (201) 458-1805; BASCNA, PO Box 118, Lodi, NJ 07644

North Carolina: 30 Sep. - 2 Oct. 1994; 3rd Central Piedmont Area Convention; Salisbury; rsvns. (704) 637-3100; info (704) 892-7233; CPACNA-3, PO Box 282, Landis, NC 28088

2) 7-9 Oct. 1994; 6th Campvention; Kings Mountain State Park; info (704) 379-0440; Activities Committee, PO Box 32262, Charlotte, NC 28232

3) 13-15 Jan. 1995; Western North Carolina Convention; Asheville; rsvns. (800) HOLIDAY; info (704) 298-9562

Oregon: 11-13 Nov. 1994; 8th Western States Public Information Learning Days; Portland; info. (503) 224-8345 or (503) 947-4959; PIC-8, PO Box 262, Eugene, OR 97440

Pennsylvania: 18-20 Nov. 1994; 12th Tri-State Area Convention; info. (412) 322-5337 (call collect); TSRSO, 24 Woodville Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15220

2) 25-27 Nov. 1994; 5th Annual Bee-Hive Area Birthday Convention; info (717) 825-6695; BHABCNA-5, PO Box 291, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18703

South Carolina: 13-15 Feb. 1995; 6th Central Carolina Area Convention; Hilton Head Island; info (800) 922-6587 or (803) 254-6262

Tennessee: 24-27 Nov. 1994; 12th Volunteer Regional Convention; Knoxville; info (615) 483-9427; helpline (800) 233-1234; VRC-12, PO Box 53244, Knoxville, TN 37950-3244

2) 11-12 Feb. 1995; 3rd Anniversary Upper Cumberland Area; Cookeville; info (615) 498-2885; Anniversary, Cumberland Area, PO Box 164, Rickman, TN 38580

Virginia: 8 Oct. 1994; Annual Virginia Convention Golf Fundraiser; Richmond; info (804) 756-7000; rsvns. (804) 273-1611; AVCNA Golf Fundraiser, PO Box 25244, Richmond, VA 23260-5244

West Virginia: 28-30 Oct. 1994; West Virginia Convention; Ripley-Cedar Lake; rsvns. (304) 372-7860; info (800) 766-4442; Mountaineer RSC, PO Box 2381, Morgantown, WV 26502-2381

Wisconsin: 14-16 Oct. 1994; 11th Wisconsin State Convention; rsvns. (800) EMBASSY; info (414) 437-5664; WSNAC-11, PO Box 12503, Green Bay, WI 54303

COPYRIGHT RELEASE FORM

Please fill out the following form and include it along with any article you submit to The NA Way Magazine.

AGREEMENT between WORLD SERVICE OFFICE, INC., dba THE NA WAY MAGAZINE, hereinafter referred to as "assignee," and (author's name):

hereinafter referred to as "assignor." Assignor is the owner of attached material described as the following (title of work):

The assignee is the publishing arm of the Fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous. The assignor hereby grants and transfers to assignee as a gift, without exception and without limitation, any and all of the assignor's interests and copyrights and rights to copyright and rights to publish, together with rights to secure renewals and extensions of such copyright, of said material.

Assignor hereby covenants, warrants, and represents to assignee, and this agreement is made in reliance thereof, that assignor is sole owner and has the exclusive right to use of said material, and that the material is free and clear of any liens, encumbrances, and claims which are in conflict with this agreement.

This agreement is binding on assignor's heirs, assigns, administrators, trustees, executors, and successors in interest, and such are directed to make and execute any instrument assignee may require to protect copyright for assignee.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties have executed this agreement at the assignor's address:

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE/PROVINCE _____

ZIP CODE, COUNTRY _____ PHONE _____

Assignor's signature _____ Date _____

Assignor's spouse's signature _____ Date _____

for World Service Office, Inc. _____ Date _____

Subscriber Services
Box 15665
No. Hollywood, CA 91615-5665
(818) 760-8983

Subscription

_____ one year \$15 US or \$20 Canadian
_____ two years \$28 US or \$37 Canadian
_____ three years \$39 US or \$52 Canadian

Payment

_____ enclosed
_____ not enclosed—bill me

Multiple orders

Bulk sales
Subscription

Contact our office for details
_____ 10 or more 1-year subscriptions to
single address @ \$12 US or \$16 Canadian each.
Minimum order \$120 US or \$160 Canadian.
Prepaid only.

California subscribers

Add 8.25% Sales Tax

Canadian subscribers

Add 7% for Goods and Services Tax

Name

Address

ALLOW FOUR TO SIX WEEKS FOR YOUR FIRST ISSUE TO ARRIVE CMBT
MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO NA WAY

World Service Office

Box 9999
Van Nuys, CA 91409-9999
(818) 780-3951

NA Way
P R O D U C T S[®]

Slugg Mugg

_____ @ \$ 5.00 = \$ _____
QUANTITY TOTAL

NA Way Mug

_____ @ \$ 5.00 = \$ _____
QUANTITY TOTAL

Home Group Calendar

_____ @ \$ 5.95 = \$ _____
QUANTITY TOTAL

Calif. residents add 8.25% sales tax _____
Shipping and handling fee (see schedule) _____
TOTAL _____

Name
Address

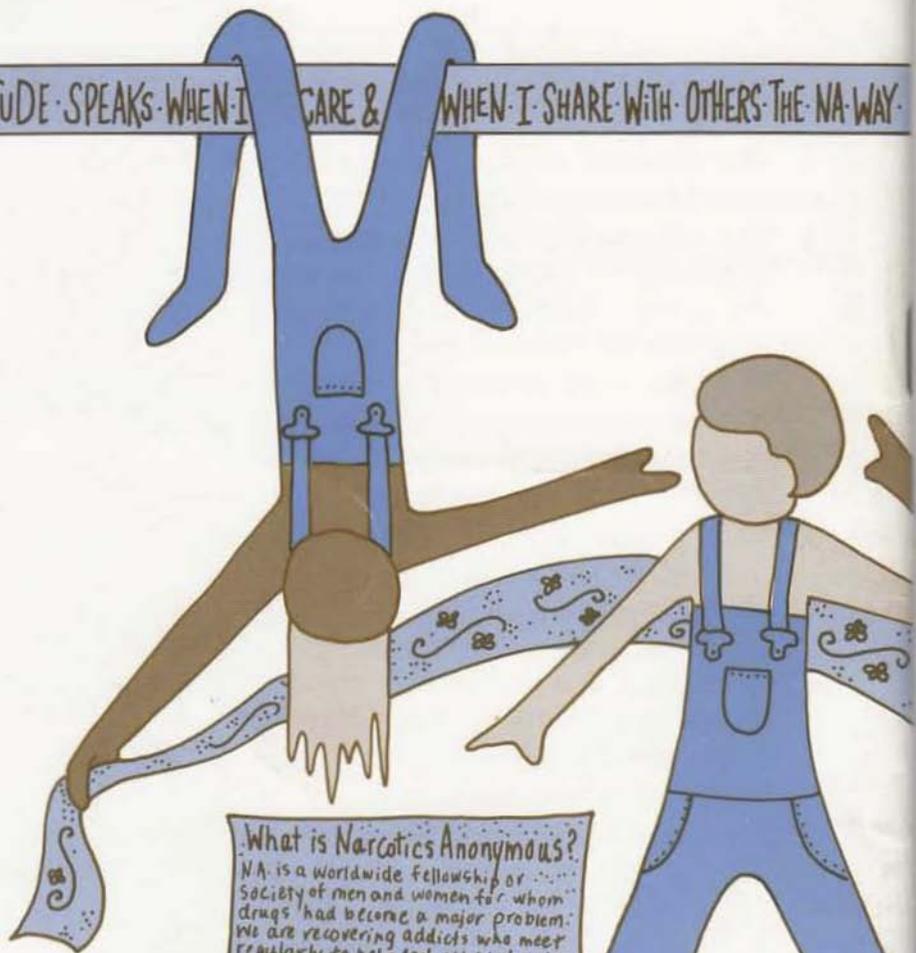
SHIPPING FEES \$.01-\$25.00 ADD \$2.50, \$25.01-\$50.00 ADD \$3.50, \$50.01-\$
150.00 ADD 8%, \$150.01-\$500.00 ADD 7%, \$500.01-AND UP ADD 6%.

The Twelve Traditions of Narcotics Anonymous

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends on N.A. unity.
2. For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority—a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.
3. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using.
4. Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or N.A. as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose—to carry the message to the addict who still suffers.
6. An N.A. group ought never endorse, finance, or lend the N.A. name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property or prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every N.A. group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
8. Narcotics Anonymous should remain forever nonprofessional, but our service centers may employ special workers.
9. N.A., as such, ought never be organized, but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.
10. Narcotics Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the N.A. name ought never be drawn into public controversy.
11. Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, and films.
12. Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities.

Twelve Traditions reprinted for adaptation by permission of Alcoholics Anonymous World Services, Inc.

MY GRATITUDE SPEAKS WHEN I CARE & WHEN I SHARE WITH OTHERS THE NA WAY.



What is Narcotics Anonymous?

N.A. is a worldwide fellowship or society of men and women for whom drugs had become a major problem. We are recovering addicts who meet regularly to help each other stay clean. It doesn't matter which drugs you used, or what you have done in the past. We are concerned only with how we can help addicts recover. It costs nothing to belong to N.A. - there are no dues or fees. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using drugs. Our program is a set of principles written so simply that we can follow them in our daily lives. The most important thing about them is that they work. For more information about N.A. see your local phone directory, or write us at the address inside.

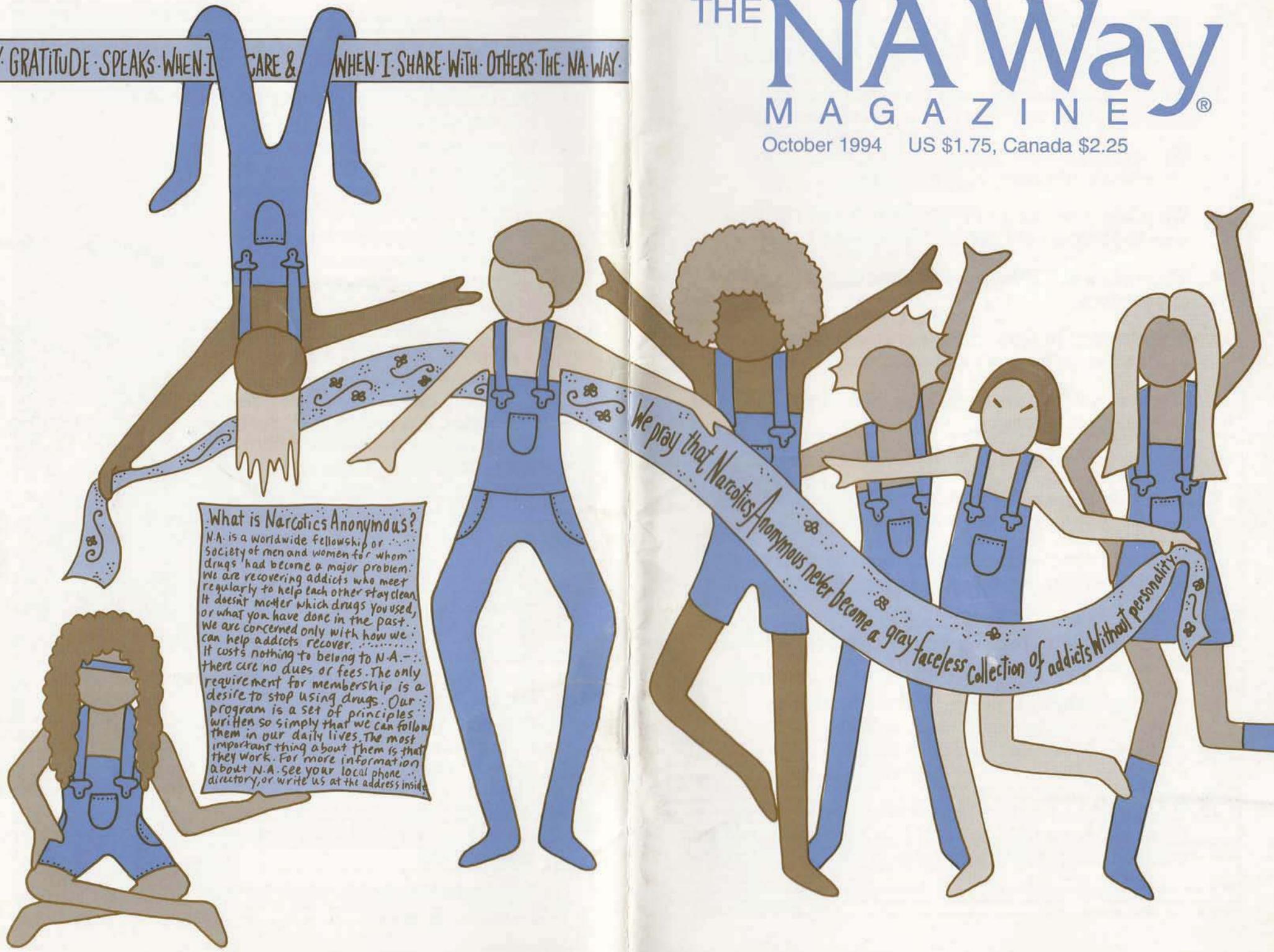


MY GRATITUDE SPEAKS WHEN I CARE & WHEN I SHARE WITH OTHERS THE NA WAY.

THE NA Way

MAGAZINE®

October 1994 US \$1.75, Canada \$2.25



What is Narcotics Anonymous?
N.A. is a worldwide fellowship or society of men and women for whom drugs had become a major problem. We are recovering addicts who meet regularly to help each other stay clean. It doesn't matter which drugs you used, or what you have done in the past. We are concerned only with how we can help addicts recover. ... It costs nothing to belong to N.A. ... there are no dues or fees. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using drugs. Our program is a set of principles written so simply that we can follow them in our daily lives. The most important thing about them is that they work. For more information about N.A. see your local phone directory, or write us at the address inside.