

THE N.A. Way[®]

M A G A Z I N E

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HISTORY



JUNE
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A Spiritual Fortress



THE
N.A.
WAY



THE
N.A. Way
MAGAZINE



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.

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THE N.A. Way[®] M A G A Z I N E

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volume eight, number five

meeting in print

Processing the pain	2
The antidote for our isolation	5
Please, let me be me	6
Expressing love and gratitude	7
Keys for the keychain	9
Living in recovery with AIDS	10
A miracle in recovery	12
Who is an addict?	14
We made a decision	17

feature

History of the N.A. Way	19
The N.A. Way Today,	22
And Tomorrow	24

viewpoint

Institutional meeting	
feature response	25
On outside sponsors	27
Support for N.A. parents	28

from our readers

Letters and short articles	29
----------------------------	----

comin' up

A worldwide N.A. calendar	34
---------------------------	----

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Processing the pain

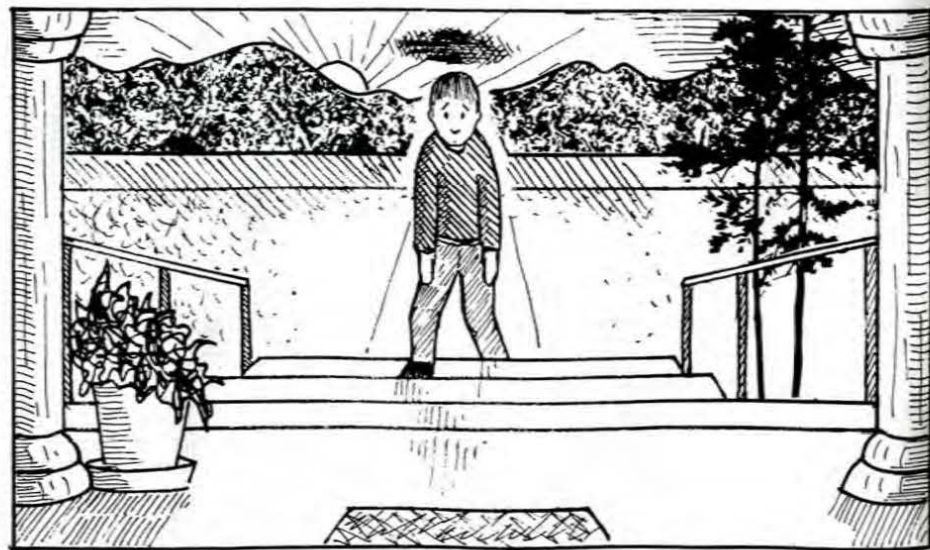
When I was a child the words I remember hearing the most were "you're just like your father, you're no damn good; don't do that, that reminds me of your father," and, "what's the matter with you anyway?"

I used to go to school with stripes across my face where the belt hit me when I didn't duck fast enough. I used to have to stand in front of my mother and listen to her lectures for hours. At times her face looked all fuzzy and dots appeared before my eyes. All I

wanted was to go to bed and get some sleep, but after I did finally get to bed, I couldn't get to sleep. All I could do was lay there and ask myself the same questions: "What's the matter with me? Why am I no good? Why can't I be like my sister?" I hated my mother but much more than that, oh, how I hated myself.

I had a speech defect and had to go to special classes. I had asthma much of the time. I was short for my age and underdeveloped. At the ripe old age of seven I already wished I were dead.

For the next six years I suffered the beatings, both physical and emotional, and then I found an answer. Drugs. Drugs were not my problem, they were my answer. Drugs gave me a way to cope. Drugs made that scared, hurt, angry, little boy inside forget about all the pain. When I was high, I didn't feel angry anymore. When I was high, I didn't feel fear anymore. When I was high, I didn't *feel* anymore. I stayed high every waking moment.



When I was fifteen years old, I ran away and I never went back. For the next few years I lived on the streets of L.A. and did what I had to do to survive. I panhandled, hustled, stole and conned, and always, always, stayed high. I would break into cars and houses and steal what I could use. I would sneak into people's garages to find a place to sleep. I even found many of my meals in the dumpsters behind supermarkets. None of these things were enough to bring me into N.A.

What finally brought me in was the drugs stopped working. They no longer quieted the madness inside. I just couldn't shut it off anymore. That knot in my gut grew so big and so strong that I couldn't get high enough to make it go away. When there was no way to get away from me and I couldn't get high enough to turn off the pain, then I was ready to try another way. Then I was ready to try N.A.

For the next year and a half I tried to get what you people had, but I just couldn't get it. I went to meetings every day and read all the literature and learned to talk the talk, but I was dying inside, and I couldn't let anyone know. Whenever I saw my reflection in the mirror, I would spit at it, but I never let anyone know. I thought about using every single day, but I never let anyone know. My disease almost killed me because I never let anyone know. I was afraid of what you'd think if you really knew what I was like inside.

Eventually, even my sponsor said that he couldn't help me. I didn't know what to do, I didn't know where to go.

I found myself sitting on my front porch steps at 2 a.m. I never felt so alone in all my life. I did not believe N.A. would work for me. I had tried it, and it just didn't work. I seriously considered suicide. I was never so close to death.

I cried for the first time in years, and tried to talk to God. I didn't know if there was a God listening, but I hoped against hope that there was. I said, "God, if you're listening, please help me, please. I'll do anything that you say, if you just show me how to live. Please, I'll take anything you want to give me."

It has been said that no prayer of despair ever goes unanswered and I have to believe that it's true, because God answered my prayer that night and something happened deep inside of me.

In the days to follow I learned that it was okay not to have to have any answers. For the first time in my life I didn't have to know anything; it was okay to just be an addict relying on God to show me what to do. That awful weight fell off my shoulders, the fears left, the anger and self-hatred left. I came to see that it was okay to be powerless, that it was okay to be me. At last the battle was over. The obsession to use left me that night and never returned. I found out that

I am never alone anymore. I found a God of my very own and wherever I am, He is. I came to believe that we are all God's kids and that he loves us because of who we are.

For seventeen and a half years I have been clean in N.A., and I have been given so many things; but there is one thing that I'd like to share with you because it means so much to me.

I reached a point in my recovery where I had to take an inventory about my mom. I had to write and write about my anger and hurt, and I had to share it with someone to get past the pain. I had to realize that my mom was as sick as I was, and that she did the best she could. I ask God to give her all that He had given to me and I continued to ask until I meant it. I had to forgive her and myself too. I had to let it go.

One day I got a call from her asking me to visit. When I heard the voice I noticed that I didn't get all tied up in knots inside—it was okay. I went to see her and I found her on skid row in an old motel. To the best of my ability, I just spent the day loving her. For once I didn't feel the need to change her, I knew I could love her exactly as she was.

It was a very beautiful day. It was the last day I ever spent with her. She died a few months later.

Without the program and you people and God, I would never have had that day. I would never have known the freedom I have inside; I wouldn't even be alive.

Thank you for giving me the life I have today, happy and joyous and free.

B.L.S., Florida

The antidote for our isolation

I had about two and a half years clean and I made some very major changes in my life. I graduated from a two-year technical school, got out of a relationship that had lasted two years, and took a new job which required moving 750 miles. Prior to this time I thought I was really happy and was working a good program. After moving, I started a new job paying more than I had ever imagined making.

I had it made, right? Wrong. I was miserable. You see, I had forgotten to work the steps for the last couple years. I was too busy with full-time school, two part-time jobs, and a girlfriend. Sure, I went to meetings, had a sponsor, and even got involved in some service work; but something was wrong.

When I wasn't at work or meetings, I paced the floor. I wasn't used to having time on my hands and didn't know what to do with myself. I woke up on Sunday morning with feelings of fear and depression, the same feelings I had when using. I didn't know many people where I lived, and

depression, isolation, and fear came back. My self-esteem was still pretty low, and I was shy and afraid of people I didn't know. These were all the feelings I had when using, and I knew something had to change or I'd be using again soon.

I think this was the humbling experience I had been needing. I had to get on my knees and pray "only for knowledge of His will, and the power to carry that out." It seemed like every meeting I went to for a couple weeks, all I heard about were the steps, and Steps Four and Five in particular. I got a new sponsor and did my first *thorough* Fourth and Fifth Steps.

Things started to change almost immediately after this. Before this time, I had always been sort of uneasy around newcomers because I didn't know what to say to them. I started sponsoring someone for the first time, and got involved with H&I work. Life really took on new meaning as I got more involved with N.A. I made a lot of new friends and my self-esteem really grew. I had finally found a home in N.A.

Everything has not been a bed of roses since then, but those severe bouts of loneliness and depression have never returned. Today I live a very full life and am happy most of the time. There are still times when I think I have it made and know a lot, but everything is okay as long as I remember who I really am. I need to pray to God for His will and listen to other people for my answers. Thank God for N.A.!

P.R., New Mexico



Please, let me be me

Hello. I'm an addict who is ashamed. I have been an N.A. Way subscriber for two years, but have never written anything for the magazine. I realize today that by sharing—whether in meetings, one-on-one, or in a letter—I am receiving more than I give. I think it's now time to share.

I am an addict who came to N.A. in desperation at the age of sixteen. I felt the same pain that brought every other addict around. I may not have lost a husband, house, or child, a job, car or credit, but only because I never had those things to lose.

I realize today that's *not* what makes a person an addict. What I lost money can't buy.

I lost all self-respect, self-love (or even liking), feelings, self-esteem, morals, and so on. I lost the love, trust and respect I once had from others. And, most of all, I lost myself.

Coming into the program so young wasn't easy. Some people said it seemed impossible for me to be serious at such a young age. But our literature states, "Regardless of age" because of the simple fact that our disease does not discriminate.

When I was fourteen, I was not allowed to act my age. I had to grow up

fast. And now is my chance to be me, an eighteen-year-old girl. And that is how I act. I can't be someone I'm not.

I may be young, but I can help you and you can help me. I can listen to you and you can listen to me, and—most importantly—I can love you and you can love me.

I don't mean to insult anyone or come down on anyone, but only share my feelings.

If you're a member who has a problem with someone who is young enough to be your child or grandchild, please give them a hug. It may just help. And if you don't believe it, then believe that *I* believe it.

Thank you all. I love you, for you've helped me become all that I am. And today I'm a miracle.

M.K., Indiana



Expressing love and gratitude

Little did I know the course my life would take in answer to the desperate prayer "Dear God help me. If only I had a place to go, I would be willing to do anything to stop using."

I know today, it was a Power greater than myself that gave me the courage to walk away from my using partner and the opportunity that made it possible.

All my previous efforts to stop using had failed by the fourth day. I knew I could not do it on my own. Then I was introduced to a fellowship of men and women who were doing what I so desperately wanted to do—living without drugs.

My love for Narcotics Anonymous and the person who took me to an N.A. meeting when I had those four days clean compels me to share with you.

It has been my experience in recovery that God puts people in my life to share the things I need to hear. This special person told me exactly what I needed to hear that first night, "Just for today, you never have to use again; just for today, you never have to hurt this way again."

Although I knew nothing of recovery, I believed him. Narcotics Anonymous.

mous has proven to be that place for which I prayed. Here I've learned how not to use and found a new way to live. For this addict, there is no other place. I was open-minded enough to believe that the fellowship could help me stop using. I was willing to do whatever was suggested in order to stay clean.

Having deep rooted religious convictions, I had my own ideas as to what it was going to take in order to make things right with my God. I did not believe I could find a higher power in Narcotics Anonymous. I was not willing or capable of making the decision to turn my will and my life over to the God I understood. My friend often listened to me and said with a smile "Keep coming back, more will be revealed."

By simply being willing to make the effort my ability to be honest, open-minded, and willing has grown. Today, I know I am an addict with the disease of addiction. I also believe my disease was present long before I first used.

Today, I have a Higher Power whom I chose to call God. I owe my recovery to Him. I had to look at my old ideas concerning my religion and become open-minded to the fact that for me it simply was not enough. I was helped to understand the difference between religion and spirituality. My understanding of God has changed, and each day I must make the decision to turn my will and my life over to His care.

In recovery, I find I am capable of doing that. I have experienced the pain that results from thinking I know what is best for me. It is then

that I become willing to ask for God's will to take place, not mine. My desire to change is just as honest as my desire to stop using. I pray for the willingness to take the steps that allow me to grow spiritually. I learn when others share their experience, strength, and hope with me. Rather than telling me how to do it, they show me by example.

The day came when I received a call informing me that this person who had taken me to my first N. A. meeting had been killed in an auto accident while returning from an N.A. meeting.

I did not want to believe it. I questioned God's will and felt angry. I feel an emptiness inside today. I am very grateful for the people in my life with whom I can share the pain.

C.N. California



Keys for the keychain

During my active addiction it crossed my mind from time to time that my life might get better if I stopped using drugs. As a result of this thinking I found myself trying all kinds of things to stop using. Nothing ever worked.

I knew then that I could not stop using for any length of time, but I still never considered myself an addict. Although my whole life and thinking was centered in using, I was not an "addict."

Today, through the fellowship, I can see the true denial and insanity of my disease. How I was willing to die for no cause. Many times, due to my inability to stop using, I found myself living on the edge, seriously thinking about suicide. Drugs had left me despised, desolate, and desperate; as well as helpless, hopeless, and homeless.

When I first came to N.A. I was given a key chain that read "welcome." That welcome tag symbolized something that I couldn't find anywhere else.

As a result of continuing to make meetings, people started trusting me again. I soon got keys to put on that key chain—keys to an attic apartment that I love today, just as I love and believe in this fellowship.

It has given me a purpose and something to be a part of. I'm learning gratitude, patience, honesty, and how to be responsible, among many other things. How to stay clean is what I think about today. Just for today, I have no problem identifying myself as an addict. As a matter of fact, I refer to myself as the "addict in the attic."

Just admitting to myself that I was an addict and staying clean has opened and still opens many doors for me. The door to the attic is open for this addict, thanks to N.A. It does get better.

L. G., New Jersey

Living in recovery with AIDS

Living with AIDS in recovery poses some challenges and offers some incredible opportunities for growth. When I came into the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous, I assumed that my HIV status was positive, having been a sexually active gay male and intravenous drug user. Toward the end of my using, my self-pity was tremendous. My attitude was, "If I get sick and die, who cares?"

Finally, the using became too painful and I decided to stop. I began attending meetings. I admit my idea was to stop temporarily, and learn to use intermittently.

But something miraculous happened when I heard recovering addicts talking about hope, about feeling like they finally belonged, and about unconditional love. Something inside me, I guess the small part that wanted to live, recognized what had been lacking in my life, and I kept coming back. I didn't totally trust at first; "just another cult," said my sick mind.

Sometimes hearing homophobic remarks made me doubt this "unconditional love" that I heard about, but my heart leaned into the flow of recovery and hope, hungry for more.

Eventually I got a sponsor and he helped me through the steps. My faith grew and grew. Concepts like gratitude and acceptance started to mean something to me. I really started to live, and to enjoy the process of recovery. I learned to let go of some of my self-centeredness and be of service to others. Although I had worked all along, only then did I really start to feel like a responsible, productive member of society, rather than a drug using sexual outlaw. I also shed a lot of self-pity and fear.

I learned to trust in my Higher Power and to understand that my H.P. would never give me more to deal with than I could handle. I came to believe my H.P. would remove whatever stood in the way of my recovery, so that I could live the message of recovery.

As my HIV status progressed, I had to surrender again and again. I had to accept that I was definitely progressing towards full-blown AIDS status.

I am so grateful for having found the acceptance I needed.

I have experienced some severe pain, and it has taught me to appreciate just feeling okay.

To me addiction is painful, lonely, terrifying, degrading and shameful. I have felt some shame about having AIDS, but the acceptance and love of the fellowship has helped me to be okay with this disease, and I am bursting with gratitude for that unconditional love.

I have been tempted to fall into a martyr role; a "poor me" role, or a saint role, but what I've learned is that the pain I feel over my problems is probably no more than the pain others feel over their problems.

I have recovery today, and that is what is most important to me. Also, I'm not all that much different from other recovering addicts. It gives me

such a feeling of peace to have finally found a place where I fit in, am loved, and am allowed to love.

While I really don't know for certain how long I have to live, I do know that I can choose to spend my life in recovery.

I feel a sense of urgency for recovery, a real hunger to follow the spiritual path of N.A., and I am grateful for that desire. It really keeps me going forward.

I've come a long way these last few years. The days have been filled with so many painful and beautiful experiences. I started out a terrified, distrustful, and very self-centered person, but today I'm able to be grateful and accepting, and am willing to be of service.

I thank God and I thank you, Narcotics Anonymous, for showing me how to live a life of meaning, joy and love. God bless us all!

M.M., California

A miracle in recovery

Sometimes I forget about the miracles that go on in this program. I get caught up in what is going on with me until something happens to get me out of myself.

One night my wife and I were typing letters when the phone rang. It was my brother in New Jersey, telling me he was on his way here, to Arizona. He thought moving out here would solve his problems. By the tone of his voice and the way he was talking, I knew he had been using. I tried to calm him down and talk him out of going to the airport.

He started to get really defensive, and told me that if I didn't let him move out here right now, he was going to commit suicide. I felt the adrenaline flowing through my body. I didn't know what to do. I felt I was losing him. I wanted to jump in my car and go to him, but he was 2,500 miles away. I tried to slow down a little and think. I was also trying to keep him on the phone. He was getting more and more negative, and I realized I was listening to the disease of addiction. It reminded me of when I've had the same feelings—

loneliness, desperation, no hope, and no other choice but to end it all. I've taken Twelfth-step calls before, but this was my brother! He was far away, and I didn't know what to do.

Being involved in service for a short time has helped my recovery ten-fold. Thank God I was involved when that phone call came. My higher power put me in the right place at the right time with the right tools.

Before the call, my wife and I had been working on service commitments, and there were papers all over the bed. I walked to the bed, picked up some of the stuff so I could sit down, and there in my hand, staring me in the face, was the answer. I had picked up the World Phoneline Directory, and I knew what I could do. By this time my brother was pretty hysterical. I got his phone number and convinced him to stay in the phone booth for a few minutes, and that I would get call him right back.

I immediately called the N.A. helpline in New Jersey. They gave me the number of an addict there. I called her and explained what was going on, relaying the number of the phone booth. All I could do now was wait. About forty-five minutes later, I got in touch with the New Jersey addict again. She said she did the best she could and tried to talk him into sleeping it off in his car. I went to bed that night and prayed that my brother would be okay. The next morning I called his house and, sure enough, he was home. He had just walked in the door! He was shaken up, but he was safe!

D.F., Arizona



Who is an addict?

Most of us do not have to think twice about this question once we come to terms with our own addiction. I knew I belonged here, but I wasn't sure about the rest of you. If you hadn't used like I had, I questioned whether or not you were *really* an addict.

After I acquired a little more clean time, some of this attitude began to slip away. I found myself listening to addicts share their recovery with more open-mindedness. I could take



suggestions from members who had not used like I had, or had used different drugs. I realized I had no idea what were the drugs of choice of the people with whom I went to meetings, and it didn't seem very important. Their recovery had become the important thing.

So I was doing better with "you," but there was still not a lot to change about me. After four years clean I still found it necessary to make sure "you" knew just what kind of addict I had

been. I had not yet let go of that bit of my old self, my old identity. I had too much of "who I was" invested in being an addict for too many years to let go easily.

I could give you great rationalizations for this behavior. It was for the newcomers, so they could identify. So I could keep the memory green. I chose to ignore all the newcomers who would not identify. I disregarded that the memory I needed to keep green was the way I felt inside on the last



day I used. My "drug of choice" was not involved on that day, and didn't matter anyway.

I was not reading the first step in Narcotics Anonymous as it is written. I still insisted on some degree of focus on the drug rather than the disease. I still had some investment in being "terminally hip and fatally cool." I was still practicing upside-down values by feeling "better than" at being "worse than."

'I still insisted on some degree of focus on the drug, rather than the disease'

When I had about six years clean, I was at a traditions meeting. We were on Tradition Eight. The sentence in the Basic Text about being "simply addicts of equal status freely helping one another" jumped out at me in a new way. I went back and re-read the Third Tradition. Not only had I been out of line, I had never been on-line as far as the open nature of N.A. membership went. I had contributed to the atmosphere in some groups that certain anti-social requirements had to be met in order to be bad enough to want to quit, to want to be a member of N.A.

Because I did not have enough personal recovery to comfortably be just another member, I had used negative aspects of my past to stand out and to attract attention. I had even used negative aspects of my recovery for the same purpose.

I looked around the rooms where I went to meetings with an eye to who was not there. Where were the addicts who had never been in trouble with the legal system? Where were the addicts who had always been able to hold a job? Where were the addicts who had no knowledge of street slang? Where were the addicts who had used at home in quiet desperation? Did my group reflect the true picture of those affected with this disease? What was I doing "...to ensure that any addict, regardless of drugs used, race, religious beliefs, sex, sexual preference, or financial condition is free to practice the N.A. way of life?" I was not part of the solution. In some ways, I was just the same as I had been in my earliest days of recovery, making judgements on who was an addict and who was not, or not *really*.

These realizations enabled me to let go of a little more of that old self. More of my old ways and talk had to go. I realized that I didn't need all that to justify my membership or qualification for membership. When I gave myself these new freedoms, I was able to also give these freedoms to others. I had to get it for myself before I could give it away. Today, I have the freedom to be just another addict without special qualifiers and therefore I can let others be the same. There are a few people in the rooms where I attend meetings who were not there a few years ago. Maybe there is a connection and maybe not, but at least I feel better about it.

Anonymous

We made a decision

The Third Step states, "We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him." My sponsor, in guiding me through the steps of Narcotics Anonymous, has made it clear to me that what is most important in taking this step is the decision. I believe the Third Step is the time that we really decide for ourselves that we will accept the process of recovery.

Often in discussions of this step I hear people go off on tangents of what religious, spiritual, or philosophical paths they are pursuing or have pursued. Sometimes discussions of what is God's will for us become pretty far out, too.

It makes much more sense, and I think it is much more in keeping with the spirit of this step, to talk about the actual decision process.

The decision is important to get me going in the right direction, but it's just part of the process. For example, if I wake up and decide to go to the lake, unless I take the steps to get there, I won't get there.

And I think we need to remember that all the steps work together, build-

ing on concepts that come from the previous steps and supporting and strengthening the action of the steps that follow.

Our First Step is something we are living when we get to N.A. We wouldn't be here in the first place if we weren't aware our lives had become unmanageable at some level. We might also have somewhat accepted the fact that we are powerless over our addiction as well. Of course, we still need to really get it clear with ourselves by working with a sponsor.

It would seem to be a pretty hopeless situation to finally admit our powerlessness in the face of the disease, but then there is the Second Step.

By witnessing the miracle of recovery happening for others, we can come to believe that this miracle can happen for us as well.

So, at the point of the Third Step, making a decision to follow the N.A. path of recovery focuses my attention on the task at hand (doing what's in front of me) and the method I will use (the steps).

I believe what is different for me in recovery is the absence of chaos and confusion, and the presence of mind that comes with making clear and committed decisions.

Today, as a result of having come to believe in this process, I can choose what really makes me feel good. The best I can do is to *decide* to turn my will and my life over to the care of God as I understand God, and then go on with the process outlined in the rest of the steps.

Anonymous

A
perspective
on

The
N.A.
Way
Magazine

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

During a recent conference *The N.A. Way* review panel discussed "rules of thumb" that are somewhat established criteria for considering articles. These are more casual and flexible standards than the Twelve Traditions and other guidelines. They have developed as a collection of insight on the part of experienced review people. In that conversation the specific criteria discussed was a general "no eulogy" policy. Some of the members of the review panel said they think such a policy is correct because such articles tend to celebrate personalities more than principles. Other review panel members were not familiar with such criteria, but expressed interest. What resulted from the conversation was the suggestion that some standards be established for the guidance of review panel members. It was even suggested that a checklist be devised as an aid to the review panel. This may be a good idea. New members are added to the panel regularly, and a quick grasp of the experience of previous members might help them as they encounter the great amount of information they must study. If such a checklist is devised it would remain debatable, but might serve as a good communications tool between the panel members.

That conversation lead to the development of the history of the *N.A. Way Magazine*, here presented. Readers are requested to respond to the article with opinions and feelings concerning the "image" they want the magazine to portray. It is hoped that some of this input might

be used in various departments of future issues, and all of it will be used in making decisions about the picture we present, through the magazine, of the Fellowship.

History:

The beginning and early growth of *The N.A. Way* was marked by hope and struggle. Its founding authors have, for the most part, succeeding in maintaining their anonymity. An addict who argued passionately during several world N. A. conferences for support of a monthly magazine on recovery, the Narcotics Anonymous way, recently recalled that the first issues were compiled in various sessions in "Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, West Virginia, Georgia, Michigan and other places that people interested in N.A. gathered." That participant emphasized that the effort happened at a time (1982) when significantly fewer recovering people were aware of the primary purpose of Narcotics Anonymous.

During the 1982 World Service Conference supporters of the idea managed to get the floor and win passage of a motion stating "That the WSC form a subcommittee to administer the publishing of a monthly magazine on recovery from addiction the N.A. way." That was no simple task. The importance of other issues before that conference (acceptance of the First Edition, Basic Text, and the re-structuring of both the WSO and the Board of Trustees, just to mention a couple) probably provided about all the excitement our representatives could stand.

So, on May 9, 1982, after a motion to reconsider a motion to table a motion to "form a subcommittee..." the conference pronounced it done. Three co-chairpersons were promptly elected to get the magazine going.

The committee did begin to function and put together several issues, but within a few months both the conference participants and the committee members realized that such an effort laid itself open to criticism as a private enterprise.

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The Board of Trustees dispatched a letter dated September 12, 1982, to the co-chairpersons of the early magazine effort stating its support for "...this earnest and worthwhile cause," but informing them that the WSC could not legitimately endorse it.

About one-half hour before the end of the '83 WSC a motion was carried "that the N.A. Way Committee continue to compile, edit and lay out *The N.A. Way Magazine* and that *The N.A. Way Magazine* be printed, distributed and accounted for under the direction of the WSO, Inc." (Note: This appears to be the first mention of the magazine by its name in conference minutes.)

During the April 1984 WSC two motions were approved that effectively paved the way for a more appropriate traditional and financial accounting of the magazine's publication.

A motion was carried to accept a magazine-organizational policy, and another motion was passed to dissolve the N.A. Way 'subcommittee.'

In a letter dated June 4, 1984, addressed "To All Known Regions," The short-lived but feisty committee acknowledged the world conference's direction by re-printing the '82 and '83 motions, and the same notice began the (CONTINUING!) request: "We urge all of you to send articles to *The N.A. Way!*"

During the summer of 1984 the effects of overlapping responsibility and troublesome production processes contributed to a dramatic drop in the subscription base, which wavered then around the 500 mark.

With the newly adopted policy in place the office located an extremely qualified and interested N.A. member to serve as managing editor and, hopefully, nurture the fledgling project toward self-supporting service.

Within the first year of the new editor's involvement the magazine began to be published on schedule, delivered with much greater efficiency, and sought after by many more subscribers.

During the last five years the editor and vari-

ous staff members have worked together to upgrade the technical production of the magazine. Starting in the fall of 1985 illustrations created by the staff replaced the previous artwork, which had been cut out of catalogues.

Various methods have been used to print the magazine, including the use of standard copiers, but the 1986 purchase of typesetting equipment for other N.A. literature provided the means for a leap in print-quality.

In March of 1987, partly because the new equipment allowed more flexibility, the old one-column format gave way to the current two-column design, and the use of different typesizes to emphasize key phrases.

The cover design has gone through three major revisions over the years, beginning with the N.A. logo simply but prominently displayed on a blank background, and settling into the current design in 1988.

Starting with a two-month free-trial offer in late 1987 annual subscription drives have been conducted. The 1987 attempt was a direct-mail effort that relied on a fairly simple data-base computer system then used by the office. N.A. groups and contacts were just given the magazine for a couple of months, and provided with the information on how to subscribe.

The science of circulation technique was just beginning to be studied by the Way staff at that time, so the results are still kind of hard to figure. People who helped with those mid-eighties mailings refer to the monthly job of moving the mountains of unsorted magazines into piles, by zip code, as "the lick and stick times."

Eye witnesses claim that at the height of the trial offer an issue of 12,000 magazines was hand sorted and labeled for delivery.

The next year they began to look for another way. A costs and efficiency study was undertaken and it was decided to contract with what is called a "fulfillment house" to have the mailing labels produced (in order) and to take advantage of some of the other services such businesses offer.

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"the lick and
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'Every now
and then the
technology
gets a little
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A San Diego-based "fulfillment house" now tallies each month's new subscriptions, expirations, etc., updates computer files that are regularly transcribed from the files of *The N.A. Way* staff; and delivers the new monthly mailing labels.

Printing and part of the envelope-stuffing are also contracted-out; and toward the end of each month the coordination of these activities results in most of the magazines getting where they are supposed to be by the first day of the new month.

The "renewal notice" system many of you have come to know and love also began after the conversion from in-house "lick and stick" parties to the more subdued but efficient contractor process.

Every now and then the technology gets a little wacky and sends out 20 or 30 notices a couple of years early, but, generally speaking, *N.A. Way* subscribers are subjected to less renewal bombardment than what professional publishers call the "industry standard."

A rigorous accountability process is used to keep up with the articles submitted for publi-

cation in the magazine. Incoming manuscripts are immediately assigned a control number that remains attached to any copies as they are transcribed for the various stages of the review process.

Review panel members are mailed exact copies of each manuscript, identified only by control numbers. During twice monthly conference calls the panel members make known to the editor suggestions and opinions about the appropriateness of articles for publication. Unanimity of the review panel is a consistent guide for the editorial board's final decisions to accept or reject a manuscript.

Should an even split occur among the review panel members on the publication of an article, or the editing of some portion of an article, the decision is made by the managing editor with the agreement of at least one other member of the three-person editorial board.

The editorial board is comprised of one member appointed by the *N.A. World Service Conference*; one member appointed by the *BOT*; and the managing editor.



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The N.A. Way Magazine enjoys and survives an "image" that is likely a result of its impression on both the hearts and minds of its primary readership, people seeking insight about recovery in Narcotics Anonymous. That they want and support the magazine seems demonstrated by a continuing increase in subscriptions. At this printing (Volume Eight, Number Five) about 13,000 copies will be mailed.

The Twelve Traditions of Narcotics Anonymous are the parameters within which input must be considered. They provide boundaries to generally guard against personal or bureaucratic excess, and yet leave sufficient room to reflect the picture of a moving and growing conscience.

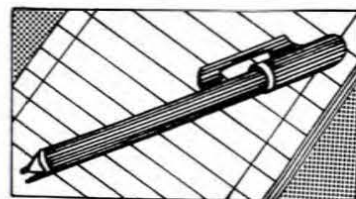
The effects on our Fellowship that necessarily result from the broader communities' acceptance of Narcotics Anonymous can be witnessed in the themes of articles submitted for publication. Our individual members often have practical or emotional ties to many things that are not N.A. Modern therapy and various types of 'rehab' operations touch the lives of many new members.

Should a manuscript that endorses other social processes be thoroughly edited, summarily rejected, or printed as is? A great deal of input is now being received on the subject of N.A. members with sponsors in other fellowships. Given the rate at which people are voicing opinions, we might fill the *Viewpoint* section with points and counterpoints on that issue alone for the foreseeable future. How much is right?

The answers to such questions cannot be finally, literally and completely supplied. Our principles contain the paradox of autonomy and unity. The tension and energy that sparks between individual insight and any group's common welfare must be respected.

In the Eighties many good people fought and worked to craft the boundary-walls that help define and protect us. The stories and articles in the *Way* decorate those walls. How should we appear, to ourselves and to the broader community, at the dawning of the Nineties?

Viewpoint



Response to February feature

I feel compelled to respond to the article, "Are they really N.A. meetings?" in the February 1990 issue of *The N.A. Way Magazine*. I was amazed that such an article would come from an ad-hoc committee at the WSC level. I am concerned about the awareness of these trusted servants of the Twelve Traditions. I think the article rationalized the ignoring of our traditions and justified a need to do so, going so far as pitting one tradition against another. These are the same behaviors I used in my addiction.

My home group has been in the midst of discussion for some time now concerning the issue of institutional meetings that are not under the guidance of the H&I sub-committee. It is my feeling that these meetings should be H&I meetings or be moved outside of these related facilities. I believe that such meetings are violating the Sixth Tradition by implying an affiliation with such a related facility. There are people in our area who have

tried to justify the existence of these meetings by pointing out other traditions that they adhere to and stating that therefore it is okay to ignore another tradition. I would like to point out a few lines from our basic text, on page fifty-eight, "The Twelve Traditions protect us from the internal and external forces that could destroy us. They are truly the ties that bind us together. It is only through understanding and application that they work." These few lines tell me to surrender and live by the traditions, not to fight them and search for loopholes to get around them.

Some have stated that churches are also facilities and this is true, but the tradition states 'related' facility. Some arguments have been that N.A. is not related to anything. I look at this as absurd. If N.A. is not related to drug addiction then why am I here. I recognize a related facility as any facility which is involved in the enhancing of, or treatment of, addiction. Such facilities would be bars, nightclubs, drug and alcohol rehabilitation centers, detox facilities, club houses, half-way or three-quarter-way houses, outpatient clinics, even churches which are involved in the treatment of drug dependencies. The reasons are clear in some cases. I don't think a bar or nightclub would be considered a safe environment for our members.

Some facilities may put restrictions on our members such as having to sign in and out of a facility, enforcing a dress code, not allowing ex-clients who may not have completed their program to enter the facility, forcing us to read their material before, during, or after a meeting, requesting only specific topics, reading announcements related to the facility before, during, or after any meeting, not allowing us to be fully self supporting, making announcements directly to clients, or sending a representative to the groups business meeting. I think all of the above amount to direct affiliation with a related facility. I think that even having a meeting in a related facility implies affiliation with that facility.

I was hoping that the issue of meetings in related facilities would be addressed at the WSC level so we would know what is acceptable. I need the structure of the traditions in my recovery. I can always find a reason why I should ignore any given tradition at any given time, but this won't help me to grow.

When I read the article in *The N.A. Way Magazine* I was concerned that we may be jeopardizing our spiritual principles to suit our needs. In order for the traditions to work we must follow them as they are written. A concerned member.

D.P., Pennsylvania

On outside sponsors

It isn't the issue of N.A. members with A.A. sponsors that concerns me. What concerns me is a much more insidious problem: the suppression of minority opinion in N.A.—the idea that someone else feels they have the right to tell me, or anyone else for that matter, how I should work my program, who my sponsor should be, what meetings I should go to, or what words I should use to express my feelings. Perhaps it would be good if everyone in N.A. held the same opinion on all issues. But sometimes the good is the direct enemy of the best.

What has happened to the spiritual principle of power of example? It is my belief that if something works for me, and others see that it works, they will follow my example; I don't have to cram something that works for me down anyone else's throat. To reach this point I had to come to an understanding that what works for me might not work for you, that you will make the choice for you. I must allow you the "right to be wrong."

I believe that the desire to be right, and to prove that I am right, is a symptom of my disease, a symptom that flares up often. I am no stranger to arguing a point. I've also found that it is easy to find something in our literature that I can use, in or out of context, to back up almost any argument.

I do not doubt J.F.'s (J.F., Pa., Viewpoint section, January 1990 issue, *N.A. Way*) concern about a "deep division" over this issue; I do, however, disagree with the elements he cites as believing the issue "threatens the progress of our fellowship and its principles." Perhaps I have more faith that the spiritual principles that make our program work cannot be easily distorted.

From my experience, "deep divisions" almost always arise when someone is doing something that someone else finds objectionable, and proceeds to voice their objection, usually without much tact, and very often in a spirit of malice and intolerance.

What is amusing is that the people who have A.A. sponsors or practice some other controversial practice, it seems to me, have no problem with what they are doing or with the N.A. program.

The problems only arise when the people who object to it voice their objections. The funny thing is that what they object to doesn't affect them, in my opinion; they have a choice of who their sponsor is, or what meeting to attend, and can use the terminology that they find acceptable. I think that what they object to is someone else's choice.

This is sometimes done with the explanation that the newcomer is being injured.

Intolerance may be doing far greater injury to the newcomer than any distorted message.

I'll give an example: several months ago, at a meeting in our area, the topic of sponsorship came up. At this

meeting, there were three people who were at their first N.A. meeting ever. Well, the meeting progressed, and a guy I'll call "Sam" shared something about sponsorship that most people in N.A. disagree with but was, he said, okay and worked for him. Well, to put it simply, the s_____ hit the fan. Immediately, a number of addicts at the meeting "jumped down his throat". One person went so far as to run over to the literature table and grab the I.P. on sponsorship and read aloud all the parts that would discredit what the man had shared. This was not done in a spirit of tolerance or love, either. Sam got ticked off and there was a brief but disturbing squabble. I shudder to think of the impression this had on those newcomers, and just how safe and accepted they felt at their first N.A. meeting. The members who vocally attacked Sam, I'm sure, didn't want the newcomers to hear a distorted message. But what message did they hear?

When I think back to my first meeting (actually, my first year of meetings), I don't think I heard anything beyond "keep coming back, and don't pick up today." I was scared and in a total fog. What I heard didn't matter so much as *what I felt* at those meetings. And what I felt was safe and welcome. It didn't matter what I said and did. The people in N.A. cared and wanted to help me. I wonder if the three newcomers attending that meeting that night felt that.

I believe that there is room in N.A. for minority opinion. In fact, many accepted N.A. practices were once minority opinions. N.A. unity does not mean conformity. Unity is joining

for a common purpose, despite our differences. We can disagree without being disagreeable.

It amazes me that we can have God as we understand Him, but we can't have sponsorship as we understand it, without drawing flak.

Before I close I'll say that I do understand that by writing this I am being a hypocrite; but, as my sponsor once told me, "All the hypocrites in the world are right here inside my own head."

I pondered that statement for a long time.

J.S., New York

In all our humanness

My first reaction to C.P. Canada (Viewpoint, February 1990) was: "may your Higher Power bless you as the single parent of hyperactive triplets," but after praying and talking to my sponsor, I've become a little more generous of spirit. Twins would serve the purpose.

Just last night I was talking to a woman I sponsor about my kid and the hardships of being a parent. She told me that it seemed like I was trapped. I guess I am trapped in some ways. I would dearly love to go to more than one meeting per week. Since I got my son back, after losing him temporarily due to my addiction, I have sacrificed a certain amount of spontaneity. I can't just decide I want to

go to a meeting and dash out the door. I have to plan, several days in advance, for a babysitter that I have only recently been able to afford. I'm grateful that my parents had custody when I was a newcomer so I could go to a meeting every night for my first year.

Let's consider what parents miss as N.A. members. While much of our membership is racing off to conventions, staying out late, going to dances, being of service whenever and wherever they want, N.A. parents have to consider other members, their children's bedtime, the suitability of some of the subject matter discussed at meetings, etc., etc., etc. While we're still loved by our friends in the fellowship, our sponsors continue to guide us, and we still have the twelve steps, we can't go to a movie after the Saturday night meeting with our friends because we have to pick up our children from the babysitter.

If it sounds as though I nurse a smoldering resentment, I do. I suppose a possible solution of this problem would be for all of us parents to get together and form a single-parents' meeting and rotate babysitting. At least that way, we would only inflict our toddlers being their cute little selves on each other.

What I hope for, as our fellowship matures, is acceptance of each other in all our humanness. All of us have problems. Some of us have rude children. Some of us date newcomers. Some of us show up at meetings loaded and create a disturbance. What is of greatest importance, it seems to me, is that no addict ever be made unwelcome at an N.A. meeting.

C.S., California

From our readers

Pain and growth

I have thought about my recovery a lot in the last week, and about how far I've come in my recovery. I have almost a year clean. As I look at that I have a lot of gratitude for myself.

In the area where I live, people sometimes single me out because I'm only fifteen. It's like right now I have been going through the pain of letting go of old ideas and welcoming new ones. I am a very 'avoiding' person and I hate to deal with things, but I have noticed a great change.

I am going through my pain, just walking through it. No matter how bad it feels, I don't pick up. Narcotics Anonymous has taught me many principles and I practice them on a daily basis. I was told to let people know how I was feeling and where I was in my recovery. I have done that. I have learned that there is no excuse for loneliness when I hurt, if I don't isolate and put some action into my program. I know my Higher Power is carrying me through those times of pain and hurt.

I see many people in Narcotics Anonymous hurt and work through it clean. I never could figure it out, but I learned I need to go back to the basics of my recovery and admit my powerlessness and unmanageability.

The most important thing about it is applying the spiritual principles. I

try to carry the message of hope, that we do recover. I remember at my first meeting the people in the room didn't know who I was but they all told me to "keep coming back." For that I am deeply grateful and I will keep coming back.

T.L., Virginia

Commitment without the blues

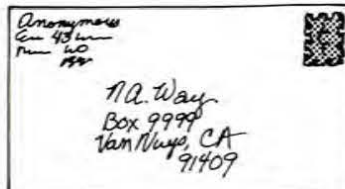
I recently finished a one-year commitment as secretary of a local meeting, and I'd like to share my feelings of growth from the experience.

Every week for an entire year (except for three weeks that I missed due to illness), I unlocked the doors at a local church, set up chairs, and made coffee. I invited a different leader to chair the meeting each week. I made sure we had literature, keytags, and medallions. I gave a short secretary's report at the end of each meeting, and I facilitated the monthly steering committee sessions.

While none of these tasks required a lot of work, the commitment as a whole did require a sustained effort.

This work ranks high on the list of accomplishments in my life.

It's not as if I've never finished anything before. In fact, despite almost twenty years of active addiction, I have been able to get some things done.



I have a bachelor's degree from a highly accredited university, I've paid off a five-year auto loan. I've traveled throughout the country, and I've attained various career goals.

But I've never done anything that left me with a greater sense of fulfillment than completing this year-long secretary commitment. You see, by serving the group each week, I "insured" my recovery for 365 whole days.

When I was originally elected secretary I didn't even have a year clean. Now I'm coming up on two years of complete abstinence from all drugs, and I believe serving the group had a lot to do with that abstinence.

Recently, as the completion of my obligation approached, I began projecting fears of a post-commitment depression or ego-deflation, which was something I'd experienced after several such efforts during my life.

Those fears were unfounded. As a result of guidance from my sponsor, my friends in the fellowship, and from various pieces of N.A. literature, I was able to keep a "humble servant" attitude rather than a "fearless leader" approach to this commitment.

By simply respecting the group conscience as expressed during steering committee meetings, by inviting guest group leaders from around the local fellowship, and by being seen rather than heard, I was able to keep a good mental and emotional approach to the whole experience.

Every achievement belonged to the group. The group went from being six months behind in rent to being financially solvent. The group went from having almost no literature on the ta-

ble to always having a full selection of pamphlets and books. The meeting format was updated to place a greater emphasis on carrying the message to the addict who still suffers.

We instituted a policy through which guest leaders were invited weeks ahead of schedule. Before each meeting, the leaders were encouraged to carry an up-beat, positive message of hope.

The size of the meeting steadily increased. In a meeting that only averages a couple dozen members, several new members have come in during the past year with just a few days clean and have kept coming around clean. And none of this had much to do with my will. I believe it was God's will, as expressed in our group conscience. All I did was keep coming back in order to insure my own recovery.

J.D., California

Pulling together

I'm an addict recovering in Puerto Rico. Disaster struck here on Sept. 17, 1989. Hugo, as they called the hurricane, did affect us. The Carolinas were struck much more severely, but we also felt it. Our phone lines were good one minute, dead the next. Prayer and hope were the only things we had.

I live about thirty minutes from where most meetings take place. Thanks to my Higher Power I was able to reach a couple of fellow addicts in my town and I went to pick them up so we could have a meeting. There was no light for a couple of days and no water, so it was tough.

I was confronted with a situation which was extremely difficult. I wanted to use, but thank God I had people in recovery with whom I could share. I had no water, light, or the daily luxuries, and I missed them very much. I did have another addict, who was there to listen to my pain. No matter what, these people are there for me, through thick and thin. I found that there isn't anything I can't tell another addict. That is a gift that the program of Narcotics Anonymous has given me and others.

We had candlelight meetings, which many people attended. This disaster brought us closer together, and we pulled together to support each other. This is something that's rarely seen in the outside world, but in N.A. it's something that's commonplace.

It was March of 1987 when I attended my first meeting. I had heard of N.A., but I had never attended. I grew up in NYC and I came to Puerto Rico on a "geographical cure." I was looking for the absence of pain. At the time there were only two meetings on the island. I remember we didn't have a format, a secretary's break, or even a chairperson. N.A. was just starting out in Puerto Rico.

I returned to New York and attended meetings, and I was given guidance on meeting formats, the secretary's break, trusted servants, business meetings, etc. When I got back to Puerto Rico, I wanted to let those addicts know how it's done. I resented the fact that they wouldn't agree on everything I told them. I was told many times that I was in Puerto Rico, not New York, that if I liked New York so much to go there. When

people would visit Puerto Rico from other states, and especially from New York; they would suggest formats and would tell us some things they had told me. It felt good that I was being supported. After all, I wanted the best for our fellowship, so I thought.

I felt honored that "I" was the one who showed the addicts in Puerto Rico how things should be done. Today, we have incorporated many of those customs, and I felt that they owed it to "me" and that they would thank "me." I wanted the credit and recognition that "I" deserved. "Thanks" to "me" and "my" friends, things are running smoothly in Puerto Rico, I thought.

This resentment came up again not too long ago. I was in New York, and I attended a fundraiser which they had for our first convention in Puerto Rico, which is scheduled to take place on July 27-29, 1990 in San Juan. Again, I wanted the recognition and credit that it's because of "my" friends that Puerto Rico has grown so much. I shared about these egotistical thoughts and feelings. I've found that it's my self-centeredness.

It suddenly hit me that I'm only an instrument of my Higher Power. My H.P. uses people like us to reach the lives of other addicts. Yes, I am fortunate to be part of the growth of the fellowship in Puerto Rico, but I'm not superior to any other addict or person. I'm one of God's children, like all of us. I thank my H.P. so much for this awakening, and I pray that I don't feel superior or inferior to anyone in the rooms of Narcotics Anonymous.

I just want to feel as a part of this beautiful fellowship which has given

me everything I have today. It has given me some good feelings about myself, friends I can talk to, and a Higher Power who is crazy about me, who is caring, loving, and understanding. I'm deeply grateful and I continue on this journey of recovery together with my fellow addicts. This is a team; we do this together as a whole. It's not "me," it's *we*. Thank you for this new way of life.

R.M., Puerto Rico

Gratitude's recognition

I was sitting in my home group the other night and someone brought up "Gratitude." I sat there and thought how grateful I am for a lot of different things that have happened to me in the short time I have been in recovery. I often take so much for granted, and that bugs me. This particular night a thought passed through my mind that really gave me that "gut grinding gratitude," and it felt so good that I would like to share it with you.

Before I got here, in the last year of my active addiction, I lived with this person. Periodically, he wanted me out of his house. He would pack my stuff and say "you're leaving, I don't want you here anymore."

I would have done anything to stay at that house, and did, simply because I did not know how to live without drugs.

Thank God, I don't have to live like that today! That's where that wonderful feeling came in, and I knew that was true gratitude.

L.B., North Carolina

On hugs

I am writing this letter to share about hugs. Somehow I had over-

looked the importance of this basic gesture in Narcotics Anonymous. Upon attending my first N.A. meeting, and every meeting thereafter, I have been greeted with hugs.

Until I met my sponsor, hugs were simply another thing that made our fellowship different from others. My sponsor was the first person to hug me and at the same time help me feel very good. It was then that I recognized the value of one addict hugging another.

Unlike handshakes and short squeezes, which are impersonal, hugs help us to share ourselves with others. I think hugs are not only symbols, but spiritual gestures of two addicts accepting each other despite imperfections. I have found that hugs help relieve pain and at the same time bolster my self-esteem. Today I am able to greet and accept others because they are addicts, not in spite of. Today I am able to help others accept themselves when I allow them to be worthwhile enough to get close to me. Today I am able to experience the rewards of a simple but meaningful N.A. hug.

Anonymous, Pennsylvania

On to the Netherlands

I am a grateful recovering addict. During the past two years I've been involved in group, area and regional service.

I thank my higher power each day for the opportunities I've been given. There is a spiritual principle of giving away what we've been given in Narcotics Anonymous in order to keep it.

Service work in N.A. has afforded

me more opportunity to experience serenity and to truly be happy, joyous, and free.

Working the steps, especially three and eleven, has put people and situations in my life I never before dreamed possible. My relationship with my higher power, whom I choose to call God, has guided me from commitment to commitment.

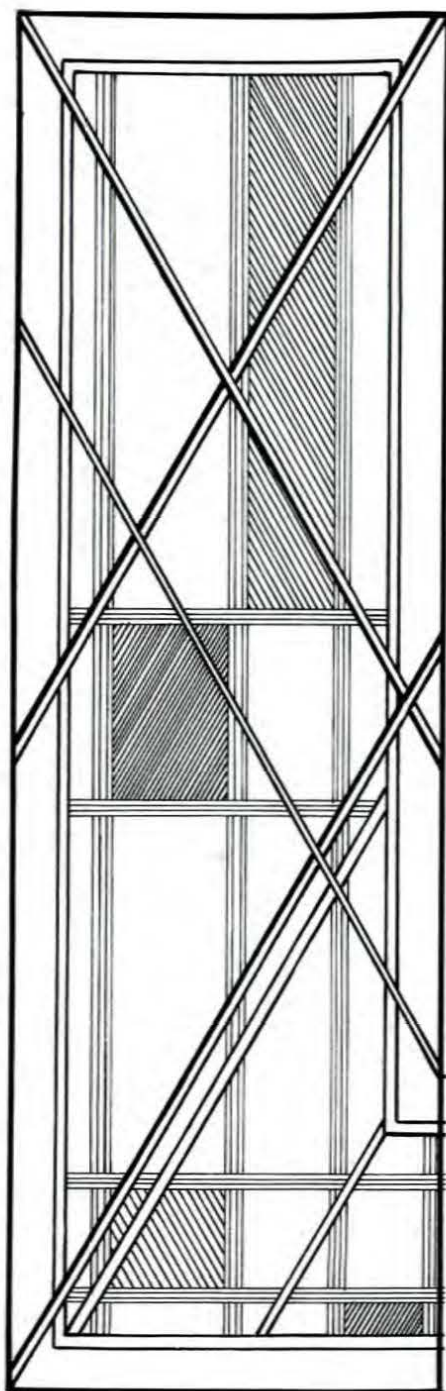
Trying to simply do the next right thing has become part of my daily regimen. Going to meetings, having a sponsor and being a sponsor, working the steps and traditions, reading literature and praying and meditating, are still commitments of high priority, as are using the phones and mail. In other words, going to any lengths to stay clean and not pick up—just for today.

My higher power has directed me to a new career in Amsterdam, Holland. There, by using the best tool and resource against the disease of addiction—the recovering addict—I'll have the opportunity, with God's help, to share the message of recovery with many still-suffering addicts.

As result of a call to the World Service Office I now have names of contact people, meeting information, and phone numbers of recovering addicts in Europe.

If anyone had suggested to me two years ago I'd be where I'm at today, I'd have thought them odd or crazy. My higher power knew and knows what's in store for me. My faith in God, in myself, in society, and in service, is growing each day I'm clean. It works if I live it, love it, and let it.

D.G., Illinois



N.A. Way

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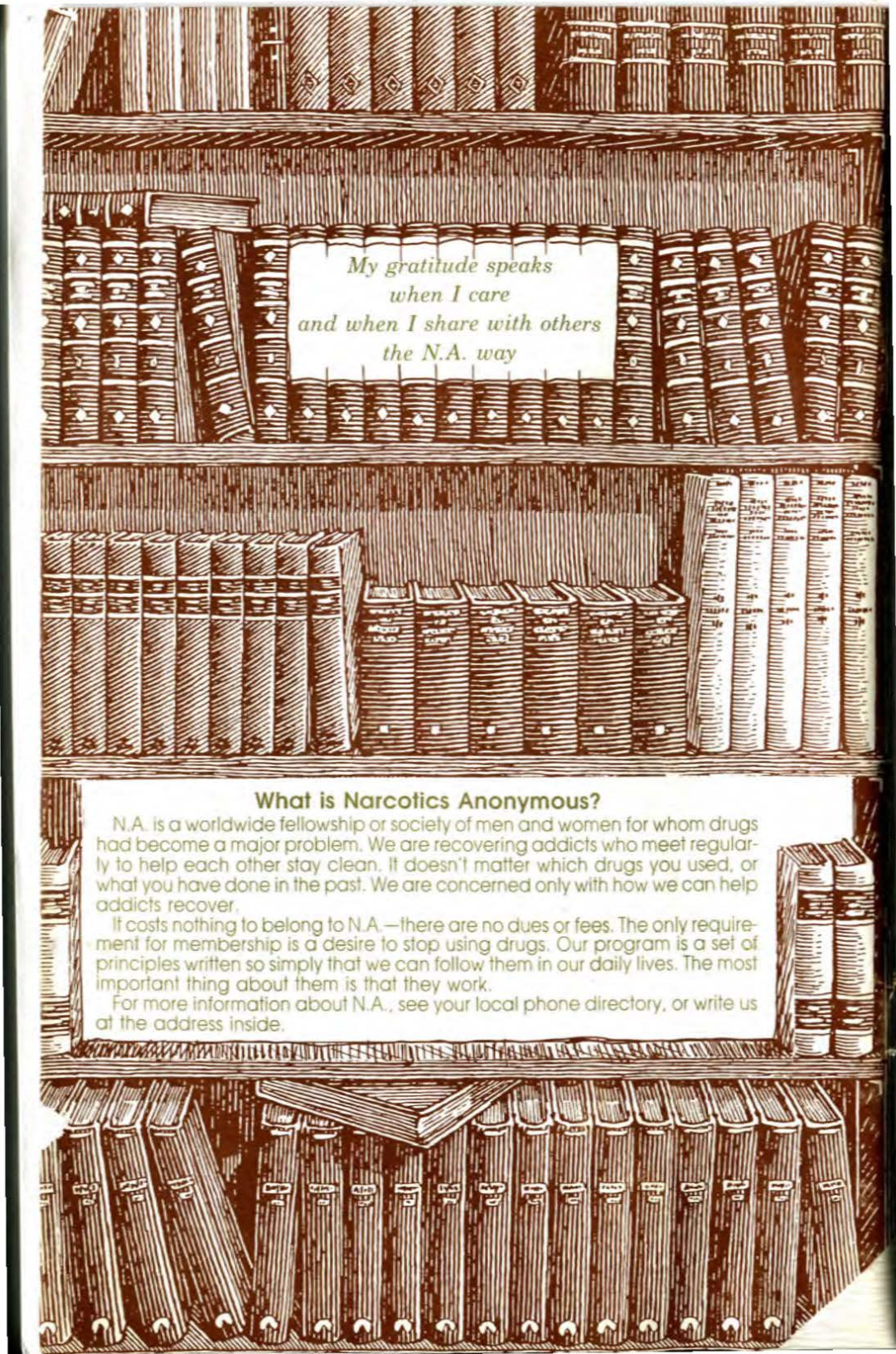
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3TEA

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.

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*My gratitude speaks
when I care
and when I share with others
the N.A. 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.