



**The Rainbow
Connection**

HOW IT WORKS - THE TWELVE STEPS OF N.A.

- 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 a 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, we 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 those steps, we tried to carry this message to addicts and to practice these principles in all our affairs.**



THE N A ATLANTA INSTITUTIONAL COMMITTEE NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT
"... help us to carry the message..."

A great number of addicts seeking help have come to hear our message through the efforts of our Institutional Committee. Those of us who have attended the prison groups find that the biggest difference between the members in jail and those on the outside is the clothes and of course the bars. They can't go to a meeting when they want to. We are including some more stories contributed by our members in Buford Prison. We are grateful for their support.

MY LIFE WITH DRUGS

I was born in a little place called Duluth. As a child I went from there to Doraville. That is where I was raised by the best parents anyone could want. The years passed on pretty quick. I reached the age of 12. That is when I had my first drink. It all started like this; I have always been Daddy's little man. That is how I got my first drink. Dad would be drinking a beer or a bottle of whiskey and when he sat it down anywhere around me I would pick it up and drink it. One thing led to another and at the age of thirteen I tasted my first pot, which I enjoyed. I mean here I am thirteen years old stoned out of my mind. I got into pot at a very young age. I stayed into it for over a year. Then one day a good friend of mine comes up to me. He began to talk with me; ask me a few questions like how long have you been smoking that stuff. I told him. He later said to me you have never been stoned. I told him he was crazy as hell! He then began to pull a needle out of his pocket, then he replied, "Let me get you off one time with this. If you don't like it, I will never ask you again." I gave him a big hassel about the needle, but afetr the hassel he insisted I try it once.

He was sixteen at the time; myself fourteen. I figured he knew what he was talking about since he was older than I. Well I let him stick a needle in my virgin arms, which contained crystal speed. That's where my troubles began because I later became hooked on the needle. I quit school when I turned sixteen then started selling drugs. Then I left my parents and the home they had provided me with. I moved in with a chick who was twenty. She was the one I sold for. She was the supplier; I was the hustler, but I had it made. She would supply me with something other than drugs, all I had to do was ask. She saw to it I had plenty of money and a car to drive. I had her when I wanted her but most of all she paid for my habit for me. I had all the speed along with any other

kind of drug I wanted. Whatever I wanted she went out of her way to get it for me. I later fell deeply in love with her. I stayed with her a year, then got busted the day I turned seventeen for a gram of speed. She had the money to buy the case out of court, which is what she did. Well I later got into different drugs. I could do any kind but I would always fall back to speed. Why? Because I loved it as much as I did her. I was hooked on speed and could not help myself. I had reached the point where I could not live without it. I would kill for it. I was sitting around listening to the stereo, when the telephone rang. It was a friend that had called to invite me to a party. I got there an hour later. It was a junkies dream. I walked through the door and to my right was a table which contained any kind of dope you desire. Then as you moved across the room there was a bar with anything you wanted to drink. It was heaven for an addict like myself. The last thing I remembered at the party was shooting up some dummy dope. I then went to bed with Gina, the girl I loved a lot. This was about 2:00 am. I came to about 4:00 am in the hospital nearly dead from an overdose. I was strapped down like I had killed someone. I started raising hell. They unstrapped me after my stomach pump. I was then released from there. I returned home to the same old thing. Everything bad was happening. I did not know if I was going or coming. All my friends had cut out except Gina. She sent me to drop a half ounce of THC. I went and made the drop which was set up. I walked inside the apartment to drop the dope. Well it all went smooth until I walked out the door of the apartment. It was then I had two GBI's throw 45's on both sides of my head and said freeze. I went to court and caught 8 years for another half ounce of THC which is why I'm serving time now.

But I have N.A. now to help me stay clean. I'm with my kind of people: addicts. We love each other a lot. We stay clean together. We manage our lives one day at a time. That's the only way for us. I don't have to return to my old life style when I get out. I needed help and now I have it in N.A.

Virgil A. Buford Prison
December 1979

"Isn't it strange that princes and kings
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings
And common folk like you and me
Are the builders of eternity.

(Continued next page)

To each is given a bag of tools
A shapeless mass, a book of rules,
And each must build 'ere his life is done
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."
found on the wall
of an old clubhouse...

***** IF THEY CAN DO IT, SO CAN I *****

I'm Cecil and I'm a drug addict. I am also a convict serving a four year stretch at the G.T. & D.C. prison in Buford, Ga. To begin with my life has been nothing but misery, pain confusion, hate, and crime until I decided to help myself. That way was by giving up drugs and booze with the help of the N. A. program and by the grace of my higher power, God.

I started off by huffing gas when I was around nine years old. I have always had this complex about being so short. I was several inches shorter than all of my friends. In order for me to blend in with everyone and to be recognized, I raised plenty of hell. After the gas episode, I went to pot and alcohol. I was young and to keep up these habits, I started stealing from my grandmother, friends, parents, and breaking into houses and stores. By the way, I was raised by my grandparents who were alcoholics. They really beat me too. I think that was one reason for me becoming involved with drugs.

From the age of nine until I was fifteen, I only did chemicals once and that was a half hit of orange sunshine acid. In between those years, I went to training school twice for burglary. After my release in January of 1973, I became heavily involved with harder drugs. I had it pretty good because I was dealing for this guy and pretty well kept some sort of dope. When I was released in '73, I went to live with my father and step-mother in Smyrna, Ga. It was different since I was raised in Macon, Ga. as a country boy. After I quit dealing for this guy, mainly because my step-mother suspected me of it, I just got lazy at school, depending on chicks to keep my grades up. Then in August '73 I got busted and sentenced back to training school. While waiting to be transferred, I escaped with another dude. I was close to an overdose when they caught us. We were both doing five hits apiece of mescaline and I had a gram in my pocket which I swallowed. After the cops beat my ass about three

times, I got so sick that the gram must have went down the toilet. We were turned over to superior court the week after I turned sixteen and were transferred to the Cobb County Jail. That is where I was introduced to the needle. The doctor at the jail used to prescribe us valium, thorazine, synthetic morphine and 714's. For Christmas of 73 we got 150 reds in the cell block so for five months I stayed barbed out. This was an everyday thing for there was nothing else to do except get high. I did sixteen months before I hit the streets again. Seven weeks after I got out my father died during open heart surgery. That in itself should have driven me back to drugs but for some reason it didn't. I stayed away from everything except for pot and booze for around five months. After I got an apartment, I started shooting dope again, mainly THC. I wasn't working so I went back to burglaries to support my habit. I paid my rent with Social Security checks so that wasn't any problem, only my habit. After two months of THC, I went to MDA. Before I got busted, I was shooting a gram a day and was it ever expensive. When I couldn't get MDA, I was shooting purple microdot acid. I got off not only by the drug itself but the feeling of just a spike going in my arm. Drugs and the needle were all I was living for. I wouldn't consider myself a junkie even though I had shot all the dope that I had. I was never on the streets long enough to become a real junkie and in a way, I'm thankful. If God had meant for me to be a junkie, I'd be on the streets today shooting dope.

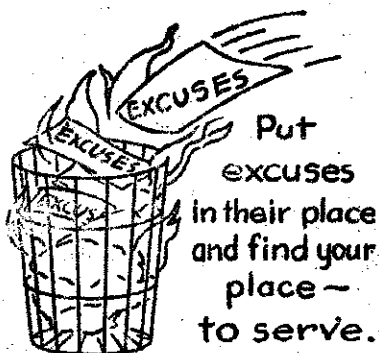
Since 1975 after I got busted again, I've done THC twice, I think a little speed and used a needle once. I did most of that during 1976 while doing three years at Lee Correctional Institution. I have smoked plenty of reefer, though, and drank gallons of booze. I hit the streets in 1977, I thought if I kept away from everything except those two items, I could make it. But from where I'm writing this, you can see, I didn't.

I found Narcotics Anonymous through encouragment from the disciplinary committee. I got busted for a joint so they said I should look into the meetings. At first I used it as a front to make it look as if I had quit smoking dope. After several meetings, I began to relate to other addicts on the same basis as the way I was living. I'm a selfish person and don't like for people to seem better than me so I said to myself, if they can stay clean and sober, so can I. I have been clean and sober going on two months and man, I really love it. I understand and remember things easier, can correct my faults and most of all, I have a good idea who I am. Since I'm in prison, I can't take all of the steps but once I'm free, I can. I plan to go ahead and

start taking an inventory of myself and have it ready to admit my character defects to someone, namely a priest.

I don't claim to be a story writer but I felt it was my place to do this and I hope it is published in the big N.A. book. Also whoever reads this, especially con's, I hope it will make you open up and realize you need help even though you don't think you do. Try being clean and sober "One Day At A Time", It's easy and you'll love it if you are sincere, I do.

Cecil K.
Buford Prison
December 1979



HELP! The New Birth Group of N.A. desperately needs an alternate outside sponsor. The responsibilities are simple and relatively easy. Just be there for the meeting and give us your support through sharing your experience, strength and hope. I'm six months pregnant now and it's getting kind of hard for me to get around. Before much longer, I will not be able to be there for every meeting. In order for this meeting to continue, we

must have someone from the outside who is willing to commit themselves to being there every Friday night and make sure there is a meeting held. Please, folks, help us to keep this meeting - we need it.

With Love,
Shelly L.

P.S.: The New Birth Group wishes to express our appreciation to the Golden Eagle Group for their contribution to the Institutional Committee. We now have a coffee pot as a result of this thoughtful contribution.

////////////////////ANNOUNCEMENT////////////////////////////////////
1st Anniversary of the Golden Eagle Group March 21st, 1980. Everyone is welcome to attend. Call Barry L. at 523-6633 for details and directions. - It means a lot.

***** ATLANTA LITERATURE COMMITTEE *****

The Atlanta Literature Committee will host a special house warming at the home of the co-chairman, Hank F. We want to present some of the material that has been developed over the past year and discuss plans for the year to come. There will be food at 4:00 pm and the material will be spread out on a table. All members are invited to attend. Call Hank at 351-5121 for details and directions.

Atlanta Literature Committee

((((((((((((((((((((MEMORIAL FOR AN ADDICT ...))))))))))))))))))))

I had a friend show up in the program in 1976 who I knew on the streets. We were fellow junkies and it was a rush to see her at the New Visions Group. We talked and laughed about the old days, the people and the events. Shellie was on methadone then and said she wanted to be clean worse than anything. We took her to the country for three days to kick it. She was very sick but she stuck it out. We returned to town and shortly after, Shelly had a relapse. She returned to us and relapsed again. This struggle was apparent and very painful to all of us. Shellie did a lot of hurting in her sobriety as well as her using.

I fell out of touch with her until a brief encounter in October '78 when we talked about some things and that was the last time until reading of her death in the paper. This was hard to take. The story in the paper said she burned to death in an apartment fire on Buford Highway. Her last words were, "Somebody help me! Get me out of here! I'm on fire!" I remember Shellie as a fun loving girl who liked to dance, who loved music, who like me loved dope too well. She touched many lives in her earthly walk. We loved her. It would be extremely hard to forget old red-haired Shellie if you had ever met her. Wherever she is, may God give her rest.

Cecil L.
for us all

***** REMEMBER *****

A young bird in the nest must learn to fly.
And before the little bird can fly, it may fall
But it doesn't give up. It trys again and again.

We like the bird must learn to live again.
So if you fall, just keep coming back.

Fred

IN GRATITUDE FOR MY RECOVERY

Hello, I am an addict and my name is Jerry B. and I would like to thank the program of Narcotics Anonymous as a whole just for being around. This is a group of people, who are as serious about life as I am, and about saving their lives! And to help my brothers and sisters do the same.

Here I've been taught a way to live, one day at a time and to love myself and other people. I've learned to give even though there are times when I feel bad and I don't think I have anything. Then I realize that, hey!, I've got me, my experience, strength and hope. I love you not just to see what I can get from you. I love you because you loved me when I didn't know what the word meant.

Some people from other programs come around a few times and think they know all about our program, and don't really. They start to act like circus clowns, telling my brother's and sister's if you don't do it their way it ain't gonna work. They are the one's who are the sickest, they are the one's I feel sorry for.

Brothers and sisters, if you are like I am, it takes an addict for you to spill your guts out to, to speak your heart and not get laughed at. I don't need to get told I'm crazy and that there isn't any hope. I'm not saying the other programs never helped me. Just that it could not give me all I needed NOW. With loving gratitude to the NA fellowship for helping save my life.

With love for all,
Jerry B.

HUMAN CONDITION

Our being consists of the physical, mental and spiritual. The spiritual death (brought on by active addiction) causes a mental and physical death. The spirit's function appears to be to give and receive love. The greatest happiness life has to give is the sharing of love. God, through the program, has given us a way and a place for this love to take place.

Anonymous

Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends on N.A.
UNITY.

As long as the ties that bind us together are stronger than those that would tear us apart, all will be well.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR
NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS

There are a lot of activities and conventions planned for the coming year. It's hard to keep track of all of them. We will run down all of them we know about and announce any that we missed next month.

First, there is a Nebraska Area Learning Conference to be held on February 22, 23 and 24. So many members expressed concern about the new service manual for Narcotics Anonymous that they decided to hold a special learning day to discuss the service structure and elect a delegate to the World Service Conference for this year. Flyers are available or call 427-2086 for more information if you want to go.

Second, the 4th Annual Mini Conference will be held at Panama City, Florida on April 11, 12 and 13. Flyers have been sent out to all the area groups, so we will keep it brief. Checks should be made out to the Panama City Mini Conference. We will be staying at the Sands Inn again this year. One night's prepayment is due by March 13th to reserve your rooms. Roundtrip bus tickets are going for \$19 this year and the money should be sent in by April 1st. If you have any questions or want to help, call Jennifer G. at 404/435-4758. Be sure to register early. This annual event has come to mean a lot to us because it has helped so many newcomers get with the program. Don't miss it!

Third, the Third Annual Pacific Northwest Narcotics Anonymous convention will be held May 23, 24 and 25 at the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Portland, Oregon. Hotel rates and ticket information available by calling 427-2086 or writing T.A.P.N.A. Convention, P.O.Box 6531, Portland, OR 97228. Some flyers are around, share them.

Fourth, the First East Coast Convention of Narcotics Anonymous will be held June 27, 28 and 29 at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. The total package for room and meals for two nights including the banquet comes to \$48. Half of this is due by March 1, 1980. Make checks payable to First East Coast Convention Of N.A. For more info contact: 1st E.C.C.N.A., P.O.Box 1521, Kingston, PA 18704 Naranons welcome.

Fifth, the Tenth World Convention of Narcotics Anonymous will be held in Wichita, Kansas on September 4, 5, 6 and 7. We are still waiting for flyers (over)

but the announced pre-registration is \$12, \$15 at the door. Banquet separate. WCNA-10 requests tapes for speakers on the program. Send to WCNA-10, 120 W. Ash Street, Wichita, KS 67214 Members in Wichita are working together for a super convention. Let's all pull together here to help them make it the best ever. A world convention needs world support.

It's great to be a part of the solution. Remember when there was no N.A. outside the state of California? We are growing.

THE RAINBOW CONNECTION

We have come a ways since the tiny December issue. I want to thank Jerry, Kathy, Judy, Victor, Tommy, John and Sally personally for helping make this possible. The area service committees have supported our efforts and we deeply appreciate that support. We hope to be worthy of the trust and faith members of our program have shown us. We also want to thank our subscribers, they will help us grow. Special thanks goes to all who have contributed material to the December, January and February issues. We actually have so much that will begin work on the next issue immediately. Sorry we couldn't get it all in this one.

Members of Narcotics Anonymous who want to help us make it better should call, come by or write. We need help with the typing. We would like to include artwork. We are limited only by our conscious contact.

In Loving Service,
Bo S.

P.S.: There is now a new newsletter serving the Lincoln, NB area. If you would like to receive copies contact: NEWSLETTER, P.O.Box 30109, Lincoln, NB 68508.

THE COMING OF N.A. TO NASHVILLE

N.A. didn't even exist in Nashville, TN until April of 1979. We had three people at our first meeting. Now, we have four active groups, with a steady attendance of at least twenty people, clean and sober, at most of these meetings. We are now starting to get

public service announcements over radio and television stations. Being new, one thing we don't have in abundance is elder statesmen. There are two people with five years sober, and two more with three, and we are the old-timers around here. We would welcome any input towards unity of our Fellowship.

Sincerely,
Gina H.

*from a letter sent out to meetings in the State of Tennessee. Gina's address is Gina H., 2000 24th Ave. So. #21, Nashville, TN 37212. Congratulations Nashville!

**** NORMAL LIVING ****

Normal Living is possible as human beings when we rely on a power on a daily basis to provide us spiritual progress. The 12 Steps of Narcotics Anonymous are a progressive recovery process which establishes us in normal living: the normal life of reliance in our Higher Power.

This is why the N.A. Third Step is so important to us. It is the decision to turn our will and lives over to the care of our Higher Power, as we use this step, that allows the insanity of daily living to evaporate.

The reliance on a Higher Power is possible because we no longer have a chemical separating our consciousness from higher power consciousness. Chemicals act as a roadblock to higher power consciousness, thus causing the hopeless and helpless feeling of inadequacy most using drug addicts experience as a result of this separation. We are going to feel inadequate as long as there is a mood changing or mind altering chemical in our body. It is the result of long term drug usage although the eventual remorse can occur at any stage in the disease. The cloudy inadequacy leaves when we stop using drugs because we no longer have a chemical shutting us off from the sunlight of the Higher Power.

With the reliance on a Higher Power, we become a part of the whole design for living free from chemical addiction. The feelings of hopelessness and helplessness begin to disappear. Now we have natural highs. The occasional lows are not as heavy as before our conscious contact with Higher Power. In the N.A. recovery program, these highs and lows of living clean eventually even up and balance themselves into a casual, easy does it, live and let live, daily enjoyment of life straight.

THE TWELVE TRADITIONS OF N.A.

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 to be organized; but, we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.
10. N.A. has no opinion on outside issues; hence, the N.A. name ought never to 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.

