

# THE RAINBOW CONNECTION

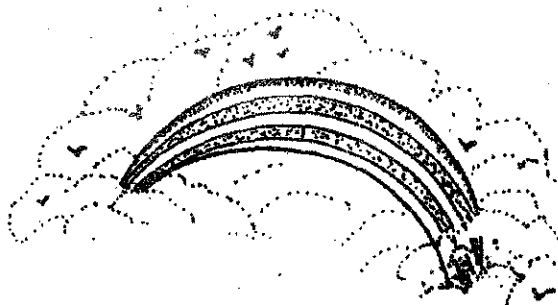
## THE TWELVE STEPS OF N.A.

### HOW IT WORKS

If you want what we have to offer, and are willing to make the effort to get it, then you are ready to take certain steps. These are suggested only, but they are the principles that made our recovery possible.

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

This sounds like a big order, and we can't do it all at once. we didn't become addicted in one day, so remember — EASY DOES IT."



# The Rainbow Connection

Metre Atlanta Groups of Narcotics Anonymous  
"... caring and sharing the NA way ..."

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Individual opinions expressed do not necessarily express those of NA as a whole.  
We welcome your story, article or perspective relating to NA recovery. Send to: The  
Rainbow Connection, 890 Atlanta Road, Marietta GA 30060

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## MIRACLE IN MEMPHIS---HELLO BOOK



Thanks to a power greater than myself, I was able to be in Memphis, Tennessee for the last two days of the Third World Literature Conference of Narcotics Anonymous. What I saw, felt and heard there was a spiritual experience that's almost totally impossible to put into words.

We left Atlanta Friday morning and arrived in Memphis that same night. I had no idea what to expect once we got there. We were all overwhelmed by an ocean of love. A meeting had just begun when we arrived and it was definitely one of the most powerful meetings I have ever attended.

The meeting ended and everyone dove head first into the typing, reading, writing, reviewing and copying. Pens, typewriters and brains were smoking. I was totally lost! How could I even attempt to help my fellow addicts with this dream turned reality? My NA brothers and sisters had their work down to a science, while I was bombarded with feelings of total inadequacy.

I began to roam around, feeling sorry for myself, when a brother from Marietta grabbed me and pulled me over to a table. "This guy has experience with what we're working on, maybe he can help." The folks at the table were working on Chapter Seven, recovery and relapse, man, could I relate to that.

The feelings of inadequacy didn't go away, but it slowly dawned on me what was happening. I was right smack in the middle of an act of God as I understand God. The NA book was staring me right smack in my inadequate face.

There was the book that will save countless lives. There was the book that will give us a solid foundation, a back-up and reference when we talk to the newcomer. "Here it is,

read it." NA will enter, in book form, the jails and institutions, and reach many suffering addicts, detoxing while paying for his crimes. I, for one, have detoxed several times, and have committed countless crimes in my addiction. I could have used such a book every time I hit a new and worse bottom. I've been fortunate, NA is strong in my area. All are not so fortunate, and the book is for them, too.

I really believe that this book will become the backbone and lifeblood of Narcotics Anonymous. I'm just beginning to catch a glimpse of the reality that many recovering addicts have seen for a long time.

I felt a strong sense of Deja-vu at Memphis. It seemed as though what happened there is eternal. Colors, backgrounds, personalities etc. took a back seat to God's will. The love and serenity was right there in the writing of the Book. We all had searched in vain for that love and serenity in bars, sex, flower power and, above all, drugs.

Looking back, I still wish I could have done more to help, but God's will was done in Memphis. I walked away with a totally new concept of NA and recovery. I felt fortunate to have been there when it happened.

Being human, I won't be around forever, but the Book of Narcotics Anonymous will be around as long as there is a human race and the addict seeking recovery.

Rowland C.

Marietta, GA

1981





The drugs were taken away, the depression lifted. I was on a pink cloud for about two months. Then I came back down to Earth. At five months clean the bottom fell out of my life. I was in a car accident, financial problems the relationship I was involved in wasn't healthy. Did I think everything was going to go my way? I was fooled. Thank goodness for my sponsor. She was my sounding board for all the emotions that surfaced; some good, but mostly negative.

It is only with growth that we start to like ourselves. What do I do now? Set my priorities straight, I was told. So I tried, and I didn't pick up anything that day, one day at a time.

Everyone had suggestions for me to do this or do that, but all I wanted to know was how to feel good about myself like so and so does.

I did make mistakes, I tried to help everyone who needed me when they needed me. Sometimes we are extremists, we spread ourselves too thin, thus taking away from our quiet time. We put off some of the more important things on the agenda. If someone needed me to take them shopping or help them pack and move the contents of their apartment, I was there. I didn't know that the word no was in the English language. I was always there to help, sometimes forming resentments along the way. I think I fell into this pattern via my ten year addiction to drugs and alcohol.

I have come to believe in a power greater

hands. I ask for His will, *not mine*, be done.

Today I try not to get too close to negative people. Today I work on taking my steps, today I pray. Guess what? I'm starting to feel better about myself.

God will dry the dishes for you, if you stack them right, but He won't come and wash them for you. If we work with our Higher Power, He will give us strength and freedom beyond our wildest dreams.

We have to correlate the three aspects of our disease: physical, spiritual and mental. If one is off balance, the other two often go haywire.

I hope to see you all at the convention in September.

Love,

Dee

Pennsylvania

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### A CHILD GROWS UP

I've run away from myself for so long,  
Trying to escape from the girl who always  
seemed just about to catch up,  
That one day, I just got tired of running,  
And I turned around to face this shadow  
of mine.

And I see a child who never grew up-  
A person I know and yet, is so unfamiliar.  
We talk over old times and memories come back  
That we share.

She's a child but a woman, too.  
She's a wife and a mother.  
She has all the feelings I never shared with  
another.

We look at each other and it's like  
looking into a mirror.  
The tears from my eyes fall on her cheeks,  
And the smile on her face spreads across  
mine,  
And I know I don't have to run anymore.

Nan M.  
Decatur, Alabama  
1981



## LONG ROAD



My problem started long before drugs. I was a very lonely and insecure child. Anger played a very big part of my life. I had very few friends, and at the age of thirteen, I entered the world of drugs. I thought I had found the answer, I was accepted and had friends. I was addicted from the start; my family, school and so called normal living no longer meant anything to me. There was constant conflict with my parents and teachers.

At fourteen, I experienced my first overdose, teachers, students and friends witnessed this act of destructiveness. The bad thing was—it got worse.

When I was sixteen, I entered the world of LSD. I felt, after nine months of taking it almost daily, as if I was losing my mind. I was lonely, hurt and insane. Now, of all things I found myself pregnant. This still didn't slow down my using. By the grace of God, my daughter was born without birth defects; a normal child! this in itself was a miracle.

Six months after her birth, I left home. I was out in the world on my own, and this is when I started shooting dope. I ended up going back home. For the next three years I stayed there, but the obsession to use was still with me. I left again, this time to the world of shooting speed. It had me from the start, I found myself more alone than ever. I was arrested on four felony charges, I couldn't take care of my daughter, I had no home.

I was so hurt that I wanted to die. I didn't know what to do. I was really searching and I prayed desperately to God to either let me out of this hell, or to just let me die.

A year and a half later, I experienced my second overdose. After being taken to the hospital I can remember seeing my mother



looking down at me. I remember the pain in her eyes. At that moment, I wanted more than anything to just be her child once more.

One month later, I was given the opportunity to join Narcotics Anonymous. By the grace of God, my searching had come to an end. I know that this is where I belong. I truly have friends now, and I never have to be lonely. This is my home.



Kathy P.  
Memphis, Tennessee  
1981

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A lady from Pennsylvania saw a recent article in the Rainbow Connection on the Serenity Prayer and thought that we might like to print the long version:

God, grant me the serenity  
to accept the things  
I cannot change  
Courage to change the  
things I can, and the  
Wisdom to know the  
difference.

Living one day at a time;  
Enjoying one moment at a  
time;

Accepting hardship as the  
pathway to peace.

Taking, as He did, this  
sinful world as it is,  
not as I would have it.

Trusting that He will make  
all things right if I  
surrender to His Will;

That I may be reasonably  
happy in this life, and  
supremely happy with Him  
forever in the next. Amen.

---Reinhold Niebuhr

Submitted by Dee  
Wilkes-Barre, PA



## NO GROUP IS AN ISLAND



In the middle seventies, the progress of Narcotics Anonymous began to grow at an unprecedented rate all around the United States including Hawaii. Groups appeared in Australia and Western Europe. The service structure of NA was formed and began to grow. Although it appeared that the service structure created the growth, it is more likely that groups started making it because at last they were able to communicate better with groups in other areas.

Since this communication factor is so important in our individual recoveries, it is not surprising that it is reflected at the group and area level. Individuals who cut themselves off from the group fall prey to our illness and so do groups. Just as recovery is reflected at the group so occasionally is the tendency to draw back from others. In this period of accelerated growth this tendency seems to come out in groups which are otherwise strong but are unable to keep pace with the changes. Of course this tendency is only reinforced by those of our members who have found part of their recovery in other programs. They dilute the overall effort because they are unwilling to put forth the effort to make things better in NA and criticize the efforts of those who do. Fortunately they are an ineffectual minority. NA must grow if we are to stay clean and carry out the primary purpose of every group of Narcotics Anonymous. The old days and the old ways are passing out of view. Replacing them is a bright new future for our Fellowship. In many areas membership

and the number of groups has doubled or tripled in 1980 alone. Help for the addict seeking recovery is at an all time high and growing steadily. Members who really want to get involved are now able to chose from a variety of ways. The service structure needs trusted servants like never before and many are finding the other key to serenity in service. The courage to change the things we can adds happiness and joy to the mere freedom of acceptance.

### One Member's Viewpoint

I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE HERE...



"A coincidence is a minor miracle wherin God chooses to remain anonymous." I guess we have all heard that one at some time or other if we have been around the program any time at all. I guess sometimes we get to the point that we toss aphorisms about so much we forget to listen to the truth of what we're saying. I know I do.

I have been sober and clean more than five years in the program of Alcoholics Anonymous. I have a rather scary history of drug abuse, but when I got sober I had been off drugs completely for more than two years. I had been drinking alcoholically for more than since the beginning at age 12--nearly fifteen years. The problems with other drugs seemed almost incidental when compared with the alcohol problem.

N.A. was not very active where I sobered up. In fact it was practically non-existent. The few "N.A." meetings available were really "dual problem" A.A. meetings, and not very good meetings at that. I attended a lot of those meetings, but never got serious about "getting into" N.A. because there was more drug-alogue than program. However, I did hang out a lot with the dopers in A.A. because I could identify with them very easily.

When I moved to a new city, the N.A.

Education was about the same as I had first encountered. Finally, I just quit even going to "N.A." meetings altogether, because I wasn't getting any real program and then, too, there were a few "hard-core" junkies who said you didn't qualify if you hadn't mainlined Class A narcotics. The message was never quite phrased in that manner, but the message of "bad-ass arrogance" was there nonetheless.

Even though I felt like I had never really gotten much out of my N.A. contact, I tried to remain open-minded. Somehow I knew I hadn't gotten the genuine article. Besides, as wonderful as A.A. has been--what can you say about a mystery that creates from nothing? That's what A.A. had done for me, given life where none had been before-- I knew that "Alcoholism" per se just didn't cover the total picture. There was a hell of a lot more wrong with me than too much booze for too long. I was compulsive in every area of my life. It seems that anything I do more than once is addictive, particularly if it is self-destructive.

A few months ago, God arranged things so that I moved to Memphis--totally against all logic and my better judgment. I have probably gone through more changes during the few months in Memphis that I experienced at any time since my first year in the fellowship. I got involved in a local meeting (highly controversial in Memphis A.A.) that is attended by people from a variety of Twelve-Step programs (A.A., N.A., O.A., Al-Anon). I found that I could identify readily with every form of compulsive behavior represented. I found out that addictive personality is completely catholic.

Some of the N.A.'s kept encouraging me to "Check out" N.A. I just wouldn't go. I usually said something like maybe later. but I really had no intention of trying N.A. EVEN THOUGH I KNEW BETTER, I kept telling myself that it would be just like before. It is really



## AFTER THIS

I was recently out of the joint with about 6 months clean and sober. I had moved to San Francisco from So. California because there are more N.A. meetings up here. Just settling into my new apartment in a not so desirable part of town. There was a lot of cleaning to do, boxes to unpack and fixing up the pad. I was very excited to have my first place, all to myself after those long years of being locked-up. Anyway...my closet had those sliding doors on it and the thing had jammed. I was really hot, pushing and beating that door trying to get it to close. Out of one eye I see an object fall to the rug. I picked it up and my eyes could not believe what they saw. Oh wow, a container of Demoral. I mean, I could not believe what had just fallen into my lap(or rug) without a bit of husseling attached to it. I looked at this little ampul of clear liquid and read the label, USP Demoral 100 mg. CAUTION: may be habit-forming. Man, I remembered the warm feeling opiates gave my body in the past. I had a burning urge to put this liquid in my vein; quick. Yet, what happened in the next 15 minutes is an experience in my cleanliness that will always tell me Narcotics Anonymous works today. I never felt so nervous, even more so than the time I laid low behind a bush with the police shinning their flashlights all around me with guns in hand. Every part of what makes me an addict entered into my thought at that moment. I wanted to snap that ampul and fix-it, but no outfit. Then I thought, "I'll hussle one down." But I really didn't want to poke myself anymore, I was so tired. Then I thought, "I'll sell it, Class-A dope, gotta be worth plenty." But I didn't want to mess with those "street people" anymore. Then I

humbling to find out how deceptively narrow-minded I still am, even when I least expect it.

And that's where I stood with N.A., until this week. It is a great fellowship, for those who need it. I have sponsored a lot of "dual problem" people, and I always encouraged them to attend N.A. I defended the "dual problem" cause at A.A. meetings, against the ridiculous "pure alcoholic" theory. But I didn't need N.A. After all, look at how far I have come in A.A. Look at me. See how good I am. Maybe I just plain forgot where I had really come from.

May I never forget to be grateful for a Higher Power which takes an ACTIVE interest in me, because I can sure as hell forget to take an active interest in God from time to time.

I knew from my N.A. friends that the W.S.C Literature Committee was meeting in Memphis, but I assumed it was just a weekend thing. I had thought how nice (and how safe), maybe if I get a chance, I'll go check out a meeting or something. (I also assumed it was just another conference). I knew full well that I had no intention of finding time to check it out, and I just forgot about it.

Coincidentally, I was on campus at Memphis State University for a totally unrelated meeting. The Literature Conference was still in progress and they were meeting in the same building. I dropped in to say "Hi" and volunteered to do some typing after the other meeting ended. After my first meeting, I walked into an unscheduled meeting the committee members were having. I was asked to introduce myself, and Bo S. asked if I felt I qualified. I launched into a defensive explanation and hadn't completed two sentences when I was assured by the group "You qualify!" There were several members from Memphis there I knew, and I quickly got a comfortable feeling.

I have been a captive participant in N.A. for 120 consecutive hours. I am overwhelmed.



Roger T. Memphis, Tennessee  
1981

I have NEVER been more comfortable in my life. I have NEVER been more at home, anywhere. I have literally been hugged into happiness. (By the way, hugging is addictive). I didn't go home. During the past five days I have been home, briefly, three or four times to shower and brush my teeth. I worked one day this week, but laid off (sick, by the way) the rest of the week. I have found more freedom in the past 120 hours than in the preceding five years put together. I had an absolute HANDS OFF policy when I got to A.A. You don't touch and you don't get close. I got over most of that slowly, slowly and I had learned to talk rather openly about myself. But I had never tasted genuine freedom. Today, I can't understand how anyone can survive on even the minimum maintenance of just F-O-U-R hugs a day. And I had "survived" for years on no hugs at all. Even lately, I probably got one a week or so. No wonder I still suffered occasionally from depression, loneliness, insecurity and deep-seated feelings of inadequacy. And even more wonderful, I KNOW I am okay. I don't have to explain a damn thing about me-- just share. God bless you everyone, I love you all dearly. Hug a junkie for me today (or anybody else that's handy). Who knows, somebody else may need it as badly as I did. And may God grant me the grace to remove "coincidence" from my vocabulary.

I was recently out of the joint with about 6 months clean and sober. I had moved to San Francisco from So. California because there are more N.A. meetings up here. Just settling into my new apartment in a not so desirable part of town. There was a lot of cleaning to do, boxes to unpack and fixing up the pad. I was very excited to have my first place, all to myself after those long years of being locked-up. Anyway, my closet had those sliding doors on it and the thing had jammed. I was really hot, pushing and beating that door trying to get it to close. Out of one eye I see an object fall to the rug. I picked it up and my eyes could not believe what they saw. Oh wow, a container of Demoral. I mean, I could not believe what had just fallen into my lap (or rug) without a bit of hussling attached to it. I looked at this little amput of clear liquid and read the label, USP Demoral 100 mg. CAUTION: may be habit-forming. Man, I remembered the warm feeling opiates gave my body in the past. I had a burning urge to put this liquid in my vein; quick. Yet, what happened in the next 15 minutes is an experience in my cleanliness that will always tell me Narcotics Anonymous works today. I never felt so nervous, even more so than the time I laid low behind a bush with the police shining their flashlights all around me with guns in hand. Every part of what makes me an addict entered into my thought at that moment. I wanted to snap that amput and fix-it, but no outfit. Then I thought, "I'll hussle one down." But I really didn't want to poke myself anymore, I was so tired. Then I thought, "I'll sell it, Class-A dope, gotta be worth plenty." But I didn't want to mess with those "street people" anymore. Then I

AFTER THIS





thought, "Well shoot, I'll at least give it away. I mean, this is some good pharm stuff." I tripped-on the same conclusion, I don't want to mess with those "street users" any-more. I cannot survive out there no more. All this time I'm clutching that little container in my hand so tight, running around that room crazy-stone crazy. I did not know what to do with the indecision. I always knew what to do before at times like this, when it came to getting stoned. I didn't realize then, but I know today when they say in meetings, "The program will mess up your using," they mean it will never be the same getting stoned. Just in that short time since I'd been out, my life had changed for the better. I had real friends that cared, I wasn't climbing in those windows anymore and most important my gut wasn't all knotted-up anymore, But that night, in that room with my weary palm holding that Demoral none of these thoughts entered my mind. Yet what I did hear was the words a man said years ago in an institutional N.A. meeting who came in to share from the streets. He spoke of finding an old stash of Heroin in a bowling bag after having some period of cleanliness. He said, "I gotta get rid of this stuff fast, being an addict, I'll surely use if I don't." And he said that he dumped it sown the toilet, quick. Some-how, this message, which I heard years before came back to my thoughts when I needed it most. That incredible part of this fellow ship, "One addict helping another is without parallel." It was like a power greater than myself moving my feet over to the toilet and "plunk" in it went, that little glass container. Whoosh, as my hand pulled the flush handle, the water swirling as I watched it go under and disappear. A second thought, and my hand reached in the water as the container sank, but I was too late; it was gone forever.

I sat on my bed, the ordeal over... for the longest time trying to figure out what

Steven C.

had just came down in those last number of minutes. Not sure if I'd done the right thing because for so many years the right thing seemed to be, "fix-it, if you can't fix-it then smoke-it. But whatever, at all costs, get as stoned as you can." But what I felt instead, and what I did was very new to my thinking so I was, to say the least, confused. After a time I began feeling so good, so righteous inside. I began to realize then, that for the second time in my life I did something good for me. The first was when I asked God to relieve my addiction 6 months earlier. My God heard my cry. That Higher Power has been evident in my life ever since. You see, I needed to know early in my cleanliness that Narcotics Anonymous could work, for me. Oh, how I needed something to work because getting loaded sure wasn't anymore. I had my first spiritual awakening in that room, that night. I know today that without the support I had then from the Fellowship the reason I would have gone to the toilet (except for the obvious) would have been to dump as that hot-flash came over my body. Alone I couldn't have managed that night or any other since then. Alone the madness would just start again and again. Today I have a choice not to use or drink and with the strength I receive on a daily basis from God and N.A. "I can handle anything.....One day at a time."

Linda G.  
Business Manager  
Rainbow Connection

growth of N.A. and in informing the Fellowship. will be important in the documentation of the therefore feel that reports from these committees will be insured, maintained and protected. We continuation of the growth of Narcotics Anonymous ones in the service structure of N.A., the con- of Trustees. In these committees, fairly new from the World Service Conference and the Board Also, we would like to incorporate reports into an era of rapid expansion.

that Narcotics Anonymous as a whole is coming of N.A. can be recorded and preserved as well feel reports so that a continuing history of the growth how staff would like to begin documenting these as to the progress and growth of each. The Rain- better informed of their area and other areas' so that Narcotics Anonymous as a whole can be reports will be put in the Rainbow Connection report of business conducted by that group. These or group send the Rainbow Connection a concise Service Committee, Regional Service Committee, service structure. We are asking that any Area iting reports from all segments of the N.A. The Rainbow Connection is actively solic-

NOTICE

## MLC-3 BANQUET



The Third World Literature Conference held a banquet in Richardson Towers, on the campus of Memphis State University, on Saturday, the Seventh of February. Dinner was served shortly before 7:00 in the evening and was delicious. We had waited the entire week to eat this meal together. Most likely it was the first filling meal any of us has had the entire conference. About seventy people were here to eat southern fried chicken, country steak, greens, and mashed spuds. We all thank Nolan W. for his part in setting up this meal.

After the meal we had impromptu speaking on the progress and hopes of the members of N.A. Jim M. led, asking members representing various areas of the country to speak. The message everyone carried was that of being positive that we are all successes today and will continue to strive for progress in N.A. Dwaine L. was the first to be called on. He pledged \$500 for his region. Mindy M. of Sioux City pledged \$250 for her area. Tom L. of St. Louis stood and told a poem and finally pledged a sum of \$500 for his region. George from Georgia pledged \$800 for his area. Gina was happy to pledge \$15 from Nashville, which she said she might have to steal to be able to send it in. Some people will go to any lengths. Many other areas were represented by members who also gave some awesome speeches. Nolan stood and make a speech for the

out-of-towners of their gratitude to the people of Memphis and presented a plaque to all of us. Joe P. and Cathy T. received the plaque for Memphis N.A. and were very choked up by the whole ordeal. It was a very gracious moment. Joe P. asked that the plaque be kept at the Memphis House until Memphis N.A.

was a clubhouse to put it in. The inscription on the plaque read as follows:

IN APPRECIATION  
TO THE  
MEMPHIS NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS FELLOWSHIP  
1-31-81 - 2-8-81  
FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND COMMITMENT  
TO OUR  
NA BOOK  
FROM YOUR  
FELLOW BROTHERS AND SISTERS  
AT

NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS  
3RD WORLD LITERATURE CONFERENCE

Memphis N.A., needless to say, is happy to be able to serve our brothers and sisters in N.A.

Tom M. of Marietta read a prayer during the banquet:

God, as we endeavor to complete this work, we know that you are with us. We know that without Your strength and inspiration we are not capable of the task before us. We know that this work is not our work, but Yours. Each of us, in our own way, humbly petition You to use us as your tools; according to Your will. We offer ourselves to You in this way knowing that You are a Loving God and have all power. In this work and in our lives--Thy will be done.

Amen

Bo S. read a piece from the book and also announced that he will be stepping down from his position as Chairman, WSC Literature Committee. He feels sure that there is someone here at this conference qualified to fill this position. He will be giving up this position during the World Service Conference in Sun Valley, California in May. We are all more than just grateful to Bo for all he has done. We love and heartily thank him.

The banquet ended with a short poem and then the Lord's Prayer.

Steve C.  
Co-Sec. WLC-3



WITH SINCERE APPRECIATION

From January 31st until February 8th of this year in Memphis, Tennessee at the Memphis State University the 3rd World Literature Conference was held. Members of N.A. from Florida to Pennsylvania to Lincoln to California to Baton Rouge and all points in between were gathered to work on the Book of Narcotics Anonymous. The goals of this conference were to:

1. Complete final draft of the Narcotics Anonymous Big Book.
2. Submit literature to the Fellowship for review two months prior to the World Service Conference.

By means of the continual 24-hour work done by members throughout the conference, these goals were accomplished.

"The fourteen hundred forty service hours put in by Thursday morning cannot account for the great leap in NA literature taking place in Memphis, Tennessee at the 3rd World Literature Conference. Potential for new literature has been built up in the spoken Traditions of Narcotics Anonymous over the last twenty eight years. The observation that members at Memphis reach about the same level of performance after only a few hours at the conference can only be explained in that the message lives in the spoken Traditions and exists in all areas of our Fellowship. The basic message of recovery is being recorded at Memphis and constitutes the material being written."

Thus, in a synopsis of one member's thoughts, the work at Memphis is written. That that many

This is a schedule of NA meetings held in Northeastern Ohio. Also included is the address and hot line phone number of the North East Ohio Area Service Committee of Narcotics Anonymous. If you are planning to be in this area, give a call or go to a meeting. Narcotics Anonymous is alive and well in Ohio.

N.E.O.A.S.C.N.A.  
P.O. Box 588  
Warren, Ohio 44483  
(216) 788-9585

Sunday: Youngstown Group  
8:30 pm Speaker Meeting  
Local 2310 Union Hall  
2555 Rush Blvd  
Youngstown, Ohio

Monday: Rubber City Recovery  
8:00pm Speaker and Disc.  
Divinity Lutheran Church  
1010 S Hawkins St.  
Akron, Ohio

Tuesday: Minute By Minute  
6:30pm Disc.  
St. Joseph's Hospital  
Route #45  
Warren, Ohio

Cleveland Bridge  
8:30pm  
St. Patrick's Church  
cor. W.38 & Bridge Sts.  
Cleveland, Ohio

Wednesday: Ravenna New Freedom  
7:00pm Beginners Disc.  
8:00pm Speaker  
Grace Episc. Church  
246 W Cedar St.  
Ravenna, Ohio

## OPEN LETTER TO RAINBOW READERS

Hello, my name is Tom, and I am an addict. I am also the fairly new (since the October issue) co-editor of the Rainbow Connection. I am very grateful to hold this position and to be able to serve the Fellowship on a far-reaching scale.

Like our Fellowship, the Rainbow is growing, and this is due to you. The Rainbow is your servant, and your participation and support is actively sought.

You may have noticed that in this issue are contributions from seven states. Material concerning recovery and the fellowship, as well as comments, suggestions and criticisms are welcomed.

Financial contributions are also gratefully accepted. Printing and publication does have it's expenses. If you like what we are doing, and can afford it, send us a contribution, or buy a subscription for a new comer or your group.

As I said earlier, the Rainbow Connection is your servant; we are anxious to hear from you.

In Love and Fellowship,

Tom M.

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than those that would fear its name. All will be well.