

# A newsletter of the Autonomous Region of Narcotics Anonymous.

someone in NA who believes in me

and wants to help me in my recovery

The Autonomous Region of Narcotics Anonymous is comprised of groups & individual members who have come together to support each other in carrying the message in their local communities. Regardless of literature preferences, location or meeting formats.

## In this issue:

- Members Speak
  - My Name is Paul
  - My Name is Dean
  - ARNA Lawyer responds to NAWS false statements.

### My name is Paul

I am an addict. I used all drugs and alcohol for 32 years caught in my own miserable mental prison. Am grateful to be alive after a long run with meth where I had my SKS rifle to my head ready to end it all 16 years ago, as of 2023 have 12 year clean. Enjoy a life worth living thanks to NA and God.

I grew up an only child in a middle class Neighborhood in the D.C. area. My Mom was a devote Christian artist and my Dad ran the educational department at the Lorton Federal prison. In 1977 they apparently were running the joints as my dad took me into the minimum security school and I was allowed to teach grown men to read and write. At a young age My Dad schooled me on how to be of service to others, however I never learned how to take care of myself and handle my emotions. From puberty to poverty my hero's switched from Redskin football players to the local bikers and Nam Vets, raising hell and living Hendrix's Idea - "that there are many here amongst us whom feel that life is but a joke".

As a kid, would often play under a table pretending to have my own world with my hot wheel cars. Back then we played outside with the kids in the neighborhood. One day was about 13 and all the kids stopped coming to the field to play football, they had girl-

*(Continued on page Two)*

This is our Twelveth issue of this newsletter. Our intention is for this newsletter to serve as a vehicle to communicate experience, strength and hope in recovery among the members and groups of ARNA. We welcome your input into this newsletter. Please contact us at [newsletter@arna.world](mailto:newsletter@arna.world).

Please send anything you would like to share with other members and groups of ARNA, including - personal experience, strength and hope in recovery; what becoming a part of ARNA has meant for you and your group; challenges and successes you have experienced in becoming a member of ARNA; anything else you would like to communicate with other members and groups of ARNA.

This is your newsletter. We will do our best to serve you by delivering an updated issue regularly, editing your input into an easily readable format, to facilitate effective communication between the groups and members of ARNA. We will also welcome any ideas you may have to improve the quality and effectiveness of this newsletter.

My name is Dean

I'm an addict. This is one addict's experience with H&I from across the pond (UK) into the USA. Over the last 18 months I have been given the opportunity to be a trusted servant to take an H&I presentation into the local county jail in California virtually.

This all came around after an addict asked me to be of service to share my ESH with the inmates in the same prison. I was taken back when I witnessed 30 + addicts in a dorm focused on the large screen waiting for the presentation to start, you could hear a pin drop from the silence, after the prisoners read the cards a reading from "The recovery revolution" was read which was written by addicts for addicts in "Oregon state penitentiary – The whole in the wall group".

I shared my ESH then another member from Holland shared. The meeting was opened up for prisoners to share back which was such a powerful process. They had shared and many inmates had clean time, their identification with members from around the world who had shared was evident where prisoners shared back knowing we

*(Continued on page Three)*

 (Continued from page One) **My Name is Paul**

friends or after school stuff. I was so painfully shy had none of that. I struggled participating in my own life outside of home. My gig was completely blown from enjoying home life with my parents starting in Junior High. I was in school classrooms checking everyone out wondering where do I fit in, living in self-fear. Then one day Joe my ol crazy pard from Texas (whom is dead from our hideous disease) gave me a hit of weed when were on top of a hill sledding, when reached the bottom, I felt Wow I have finally arrived, on this shit I could fit in anywhere, talk to girls, go to parties. I did fit in for a bit on my way to jail as could not stop or want to stop using. My folks had me older so they felt cigs were the devils workshop. So weed and booze at a young age, wow they figured "I was going to end up in my dad's prison". My parents both were WW II Vets and my mom was like a drug sniffing dog from hell, so had to hide my stash outside. I rebelled and regret what I put my parents through as a selfish using addict.

In 7th grade the cops came in to our health class with a display of all drugs. They preached that smoking some bud and drinking were gateway drugs. The supposed cool J. High kids that had the jump on us smoking their brothers and sisters pot laughed about this. Saying they are just cops all they want to do is get the bust. Nevertheless I will never forget that day as proved the cops right on everything they said for 32 years, at times doing things I swore I would never do, when was using.

Once the young hell raiser was alone in a room so frustrated as knew was missing something out there? Self-disease thinking, as the truth was people were afraid of me. People telling me I needed to be on meds were nuts, real clowns, losers in my mind. Nevertheless that day I was thinking all this in a straight jacket and had my ass shot full of thorazine, that was how addicts were handled back then. Our disease in our own voices tells us we do not have a disease, that that last using ass whoopin was not that bad. That we can do just one more hit or drink, self-destructive BS talk, bullshiting and destroying myself was my specialty for many years.

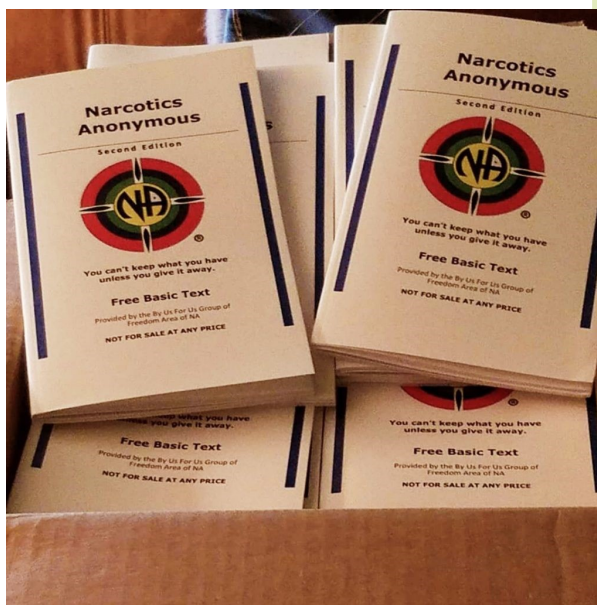
*(Continued on page Five)*

(Continued from page Two) My Name is Dean

had been in their shoes in the past but have found a new way to live giving them HOPE.

Soon after I shared an addict form the UK asked me if I would like to be interested in taking a Thursday presentation into the same county jail which I jumped upon straight away. I attended the ARNA outreach meeting and was voted into to be a trusted servant.

Each week I find shares from around the world to carry the message of hope and the promise of freedom to prisoners. I also maintain regular contact with the officers in the facility to get the go ahead. We have built a good relationship with the facility and received great feedback of the benefits this has on prisoners. We have built up healthy, trusting relationships.

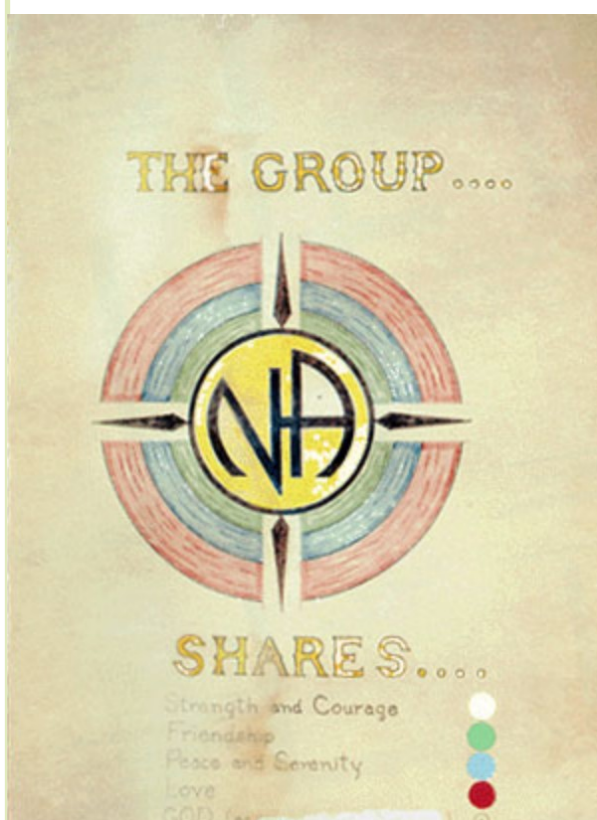


Throughout this time the collaboration with "The seeking traditions & Written by addicts for addicts groups have been fulfilling the primary purpose by using Tradition 7 donations by getting basic texts and The recovery revolution literature dropped off at the county jails door step by an ARNA member and these distributed out to prisoners where all have their own personal literature.

Over the last 18 months the attendance has grown in addicts seeking recovery behind the walls and the consistency of our NA message has been carried and the seed has been planted were prisoners are finding recovery.

In Love service

Dean C



## ARNA Lawyer response to NAWS false statements published in the CAR Report.



E-mail: madams@rutan.com

Michael D. Adams  
Direct Dial: (714) 338-1855

February 24, 2023

VIA E-MAIL

Jonathan H Park  
Partner  
Holland & Knight LLP  
400 South Hope Street 8th Floor  
Los Angeles, California 90071

Re: Narcotics Anonymous World Services Dear

Jonathan:

This concerns your client, Narcotics Anonymous World Services ("World Services"), and false statements it has made concerning the litigation brought by Autonomous Region of Narcotics Anonymous ("ARNA").

In the 2023 Conference Agenda report issued late last year, World Services published the following statement to the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous:

"On 31 January 2020, NA World Services received notice of a lawsuit filed against NA World Services that challenged the right of the delegates at the WSC to make decisions about NA literature and sought to vacate or eliminate the FIPT. NA World Services' position was upheld without leave to amend in September 2020. That decision was appealed, and again, NA World Services' position was upheld in April 2022, with a final ruling in July 2022."

As the attorney representing World Services in the litigation, you are aware that World Services' statement is false. The lawsuit did not challenge the right of regional delegates to make decisions about NA literature, nor did it seek to vacate or eliminate the FIPT. Rather, ARNA sought the ability, to prevent abuses by World Services in monetizing for its own benefit the NA Literature, and to allow regional groups such as ARNA the right to distribute NA literature without fear of being sued by World Services for copyright infringement. Indeed, the Court of Appeal explained that the lawsuit "sought the right to distribute trust literature."

Furthermore, ARNA brought the lawsuit because World Services restricts the distribution of NA literature for what ARNA contends is a nefarious reason -- the money World Services receives from selling NA literature pays the exorbitant salaries of World Services' executive employees, endless travel junkets and exorbitant rent and rehabilitation of the World Service Office. In this regard, the Court of Appeal noted that the lawsuit sought "to review payments to

Rutan & Tucker, LLP | 18575 Jamboree Road, 9<sup>th</sup> Floor  
Irvine, CA 92612 | 714-641-5100 | Fax 714-546-9035  
Orange County | Palo Alto | San Francisco | Scottsdale | www.rutan.com

2141102480-0001  
18827499.1 402/3/23



Jonathan H Park  
February 24, 2023  
Page 2

World Services." ARNA sought this relief to help prevent World Services from lining its pockets with the proceeds from the sale of NA literature. As such, the Court of Appeal noted that ARNA sought to "remove World Services as trustee" given its past abuses, and "to disgorge its profits" -- meaning give back the monies World Services executive employees have wrongly taken for their own benefit.

Ultimately, the court found that ARNA did not have "standing" (which as you know is a technical legal issue concerning which parties may bring lawsuits) to obtain the relief it sought through the courts. For World Services to characterize the litigation as "challenging the right of the delegates at the WSC to make decisions about NA literature," and proclaiming that it won on these grounds, is simply false. We trust that World Services will avoid such false statements in the future.

All rights are reserved.

Very truly yours,

RUTAN &amp; TUCKER, LLP

Michael D. Adams

MDA

cc: [info@arna.world](mailto:info@arna.world)

2141102480-0001  
18827499.1 402/3/23

More to come as this matter unfolds...



(Continued from page Two) My Name is Paul

My poor fantastic parents had enough as they were scared for me so moved me to Nebraska, with my cousin, whom had it together and helped me, however when you're an addict and you move you go with you. I was lucky after much legal trouble, a judge approved for me to go to the Marines, to get me out of town, probably saved my life, they taught that no one could out fight, fk or out drink any Marine, an addict's astronomical ego trip. Then worked the Nebraska St. prison as a Caseworker for 18 years, a perfect job for someone with PTSD and Bi polar, where a speed freak addict can get off talking shit and breaking up fights. However from watching my dad was able to make many inmates day better by being real and there for them when needed, I was blessed to-do much free-lance counseling. I loved and was damn good at that job, meth took everything from me. Imagine an inmate offering me money to do his piss test, and I was thinking man I might melt that cup. Being a phony MF and justifying all is well in my mind, this is how the disease held me hostage. Giving inmates solid life advice at work and then going out and destroying myself all night, as would not use my own advice, kept me trapped.

After had lost about everything meth related. I found myself grasping desperately onto relationships with fellow meth heads. No one can be ready for or find any happiness in that nightmarish death drug tweaker life style. There is little integrity, just much to do about nothing drama with poor lost fellow burdens to society. It almost killed me

Found myself all alone, the 6 year relationship, well a roller coaster ride from meth hell with another user was over for me, and at the end the meth, not anything, drugs or alcohol was working anymore. I made a deal with God would not kill myself until my parents were gone, I could not hurt them anymore. At the same time my dad told me he had cancer. I ran to my parents to care for them, however they cared for me. I do not know how I walked into a NA meeting crying like a bitch, wanting to die, was so so welcomed. Just like the Marines all were equal here, race, age, religion did not mean nothing, I went to lots of meetings but did nothing suggested, some days felt like such a piece of shit would not feel deserved to be there, somedays felt was better then everyone, with that same sick self-disease talk - I am a Marine I worked the Pen what am I doing here blah blah blah. The truth was my disease did not want me to be a real courageous man and ask for help.

Our Christian friends seemed phony they were just too damn happy. Plus they did not get high and most did not play sports, they were not cool to me. Now I realize I was the ignorant dunce, a little punk, judging folks that had it made, and had the strength of their higher power as their best friend. Today with my God I have fascinating strength as a NA warrior I do not care whom knows I am an recovering addict, have been blessed to meet and share with addicts all over the world, however I respect others privacy (Anonymity). When I am not on Gods will I am retarded, a thief, a liar, a cheat, a dealer, a self-destructive miserable man. I would not wish it on my worst enemy to wait unit they are 47 years old to turn their entire life over to NA and God. Even as a Marine that would of died for freedom, I did not become a man until worked a program of NA. At Sixty years old have never felt such complete relieving freedom with a life today Love and is worth living.