

# {NO BOOZE NEWS}



THE MORE DEPENDENT WE BECOME ON A HIGHER POWER, THE MORE INDEPENDENT WE BECOME  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AA INTERGROUP COUNCIL OF WEST CENTRAL ARKANSAS  
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## INTERGROUP BULLETIN

VOLUME XXIX - FEBRUARY -- 2015

**The Intergroup meets 2PM, the last Sunday of each month at 411 Sellers Street. We urge all groups to have an intergroup rep present so you will be up to date on what is going on with your intergroup, and also to provide us with any input from your group.**

**We need your input for this Bulletin on items of interest, i.e. birthday lists, upcoming events, personal stories, we are always in need of guest writers, and anything else that you would like to see in your bulletin. You can mail your information to: Intergroup Bulletin, P.O. Box 6401, Hot Springs, AR. 71902. You can also E-mail your information to Bill D. at [bjd62070@cablelynx.com](mailto:bjd62070@cablelynx.com). Please put "NO BOOZE NEWS" in the subject line. Bulletins will be snail mailed to group representatives for reproduction and distribution. You can also receive the Bulletin in your E-mail by providing your E-mail address to Bill D., or you can pick up a copy from the book store at 411 Sellers.**

**AA HOTLINE PHONE # 501-623-ODAT (6328)**

**Our website is up and running....Go to <http://aawestcentralarkansas.org> and check it out. I am sure you will very much like what you find**

# A Fragment of History

## {Part 1}

*By Bill W.*

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AA's are always asking: "Where did the Twelve Steps come from?" In the last analysis, perhaps nobody knows. Yet some of the events which led to their formulation are as clear to me as though they took place yesterday.

So far as people were concerned, the main channels of inspiration for our Steps were three in number -- the Oxford Groups, Dr. William D. Silkworth of Townes Hospital and the famed psychologist, William James, called by some the father of modern psychology. The story of how these streams of influence were brought together and how they led to the writing of our Twelve Steps is exciting and in spots downright incredible.

Many of us will remember the Oxford Groups as a modern evangelical movement which flourished in the 1920's and early 30's, led by a one-time Lutheran minister, Dr. Frank Buchman. The Oxford Groups of that day threw heavy emphasis on personal work, one member with another. AA's Twelfth Step had its origin in that vital practice. The moral backbone of the "O.G." was absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love. They also practiced a type of confession, which they called "sharing"; the making of amends for harms done they called "restitution." They believed deeply in their "quiet time," a meditation practiced by groups and individuals alike, in which the guidance of God was sought for every detail of living, great or small.

These basic ideas were not new; they could have been found elsewhere. But the saving thing for us first alcoholics who contacted the Oxford Groupers was that they laid great stress on these particular principles. And fortunate for us was the fact that the Groupers took special pains not to interfere with one's personal religious views. Their society, like ours later on, saw the need to be strictly non-denominational.

In the late summer of 1934, my well-loved alcoholic friend and schoolmate "Ebby" had fallen in with these good folks and had promptly sobered up. Being an alcoholic, and rather on the obstinate side, he hadn't been able to "buy" all the Oxford Group ideas and attitudes. Nevertheless, he was moved by their deep sincerity and felt mighty grateful for the fact that their ministrations had, for the time being, lifted his obsession to drink.

When he arrived in New York in the late fall of 1934, Ebby thought at once of me. On a bleak November day he rang up. Soon he was looking at me across our kitchen table at 182 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, New York. As I remember that conversation, he constantly used phrases like these: "I found I couldn't run my own life;" "I had to get honest with myself and somebody else;" "I had to make restitution for the damage I had done;" "I had to pray to God for guidance and strength, even though I wasn't sure there was any God;" "And after I'd tried hard to do these things I found that my craving for alcohol left." Then over

and over Ebby would say something like this: "Bill, it isn't a bit like being on the water wagon. You don't fight the desire to drink - you get released from it. I never had such a feeling before."

Such was the sum of what Ebby had extracted from his Oxford Group friends and had transmitted to me that day. While these simple ideas were not new, they certainly hit me like tons of brick. Today we understand just why that was...one alcoholic was talking to another as no one else can.

Two or three weeks later, December 11th to be exact, I staggered into the Charles B. Townes Hospital, that famous drying-out emporium on Central Park West, New York City. I'd been there before, so I knew and already loved the doctor in charge -- Dr. Silkworth. It was he who was soon to contribute a very great idea without which AA could never have succeeded. For years he had been proclaiming alcoholism an illness, an obsession of the mind coupled with an allergy of the body. By now I knew this meant me. I also understood what a fatal combination these twin ogres could be. Of course, I'd once hoped to be among the small percentage of victims who now and then escape their vengeance. But this outside hope was now gone. I was about to hit bottom. That verdict of science -- the obsession that condemned me to drink and the allergy that condemned me to die -- was about to do the trick. That's where the medical science, personified by this benign little doctor, began to fit it in. Held in the hands of one alcoholic talking to the next, this double-edged truth was a sledgehammer which could shatter the tough alcoholic's ego at depth and lay him wide open to the grace of God.

In my case it was of course Dr. Silkworth who swung the sledge while my friend Ebby carried to me the spiritual principles and the grace which brought on my sudden spiritual awakening at the hospital three days later. I immediately knew that I was a free man. And with this astonishing experience came a feeling of wonderful certainty that great numbers of alcoholics might one day enjoy the priceless gift which had been bestowed upon me.

### Third Influence

At this point a third stream of influence entered my life through the pages of William James' book, "Varieties of Religious Experience." Somebody had brought it to my hospital room. Following my sudden experience, Dr. Silkworth had taken great pains to convince me that I was not hallucinated. But William James did even more. Not only, he said, could spiritual experiences make people saner, they could transform men and women so that they could do, feel and believe what had hitherto been impossible to them. It mattered little whether these awakenings were sudden or gradual, their variety could be almost infinite. But the biggest payoff of that noted book was this: in most of the cases described, those who had been transformed were hopeless people. In some controlling area of their lives they had met absolute defeat. Well, that was me all right. In complete defeat, with no hope or faith whatever, I had made an appeal to a higher Power. I had taken Step One of today's AA program -- "admitted we were powerless over alcohol, that our lives had become unmanageable." I'd also take Step Three - "made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to God as we understood him." Thus was I set free. It was just as simple, yet just as mysterious, as that.

These realizations were so exciting that I instantly joined up with the Oxford Groups. But to their consternation I insisted on devoting myself exclusively to drunks. This was disturbing to the O.G.'s on two counts. Firstly, they wanted to help save the whole world. Secondly, their luck with drunks had been poor. Just as I joined they had been working over a batch of alcoholics who had proved disappointing indeed. One of them, it was rumored, had flippantly cast his shoe through a valuable stained glass window of an Episcopal church across the alley from O.G. headquarters. Neither did they take kindly to my repeated declaration that it shouldn't take long to sober up all the drunks in the world. They rightly declared that my conceit was still immense.

## Something Missing

After some six months of violent exertion with scores of alcoholics which I found at a nearby mission and Townes Hospital, it began to look like the Groupers were right. I hadn't sobered up anybody. In Brooklyn we always had a houseful of drinkers living with us, sometimes as many as five. My valiant wife, Lois, once arrived home from work to find three of them fairly tight. They were whaling each other with two-by-fours. Though events like these slowed me down somewhat, the persistent conviction that a way to sobriety could be found never seemed to leave me. There was, though, one bright spot. My sponsor, Ebby, still clung precariously to his new-found sobriety.

What was the reason for all these fiascoes? If Ebby and I could achieve sobriety, why couldn't all the rest find it too? Some of those we'd worked on certainly wanted to get well. We speculated day and night why nothing much had happened to them. Maybe they couldn't stand the spiritual pace of the Oxford Group's four absolutes of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. In fact some of the alcoholics declared that this was the trouble. The aggressive pressure upon them to get good overnight would make them fly high as geese for a few weeks and then flop dismally. They complained, too, about another form of coercion - something the Oxford Groupers called "guidance for others." A "team" composed of non-alcoholic Groupers would sit down with an alcoholic and after a "quiet time" would come up with precise instructions as to how the alcoholic should run his own life. As grateful as we were to our O.G. friends, this was sometimes tough to take. It obviously had something to do with the wholesale skidding that went on.

But this wasn't the entire reason for failure. After months I saw the trouble was mainly in me. I had become very aggressive, very cocksure. I talked a lot about my sudden spiritual experience, as though it was something very special. I had been playing the double role of teacher and preacher. In my exhortations I'd forgotten all about the medical side of our malady, and that need for deflation at depth so emphasized by William James had been neglected. We weren't using that medical sledgehammer that Dr. Silkworth had so providentially given us.

Finally, one day, Dr. Silkworth took me back down to my right size. Said he, "Bill, why don't you quit talking so much about that bright light experience of yours, it sounds too crazy. Though I'm convince that nothing but better morals will make alcoholics really well, I do think you have got the cart before the horse. The point is that alcoholics won't buy all this moral exhortation until they convince themselves that they must. If I were you I'd go after them on the medical basis first. While it is never done any good for me to tell them

how fatal their malady is, it might be a very different story if you, a formerly hopeless alcoholic, gave them the bad news. Because of this identification you naturally have with alcoholics, you might be able to penetrate where I can't. Give them the medical business first, and give it to them hard. This might soften them up so they will accept the principles that will really get them well." [{See March issue for final part}](#)

## **UPCOMING EVENTS AND DATES TO REMEMBER**

Feb 13 - 15	The Woodstock Fellowship In Memphis	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
Mar 1st	District 8 quarterly meeting 411 Sellers 1:00 PM	
April 4 & 5	Area Assembly Howard Johnson Hotel in Conway	501-329-2961
June 7th	District 8 quarterly meeting 411 Sellers 1:00 PM	
July 2-5, 2015	International convention in Atlanta, Ga.	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
July 11 & 12	Area Assembly Howard Johnson Hotel in Conway	501-329-2961
	<u><i>Take Note this is the second weekend in July</i></u>	
Aug 14 - 16	Summertime in the Ozarks Al-Anon Convention	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately</i></u>
Sept 6th	District 8 quarterly meeting 411 Sellers 1:00PM	
Dec 6th	District 8 quarterly meeting 411 Sellers 1:00 PM	

## **GROUP CONTRIBUTIONS**

*January*  
***Grant County Group***  
***Hot Springs AA***  
***Eastgate***

***YEAR TO DATE***  
***Hot Springs AA***  
***Grant County Group***  
***Eastgate***

**Most of our problems are because  
we act without thinking or we keep  
thinking without acting.**

~Anonymous

## January Birthdays'

Neil B	1 Year	01/27/2014	Hot Springs AA Group
Jay L.	1 year	01/26/2014	Rockhouse Group
Candy R.	1 Year	01/20/2014	Hot Springs AA Group
Nancy G.	1 Year	01/07/2014	Hot Springs AA Group
Kevin M.	1 Year	01/01/2014	Central Big Book Study Group
Jill R.	4 Years	01/10/2010	Central Big Book Study Group
Catherine C.	4 Years	01/04/2010	Central Big Book Study Group
Sue B.	8 Years	01/01/2007	Rockhouse Group
Gwen McG.	10 Years	01/24/2005	Rockhouse Ladies Group
Robert D.	12 Years	01/11/2003	Grant County Group
Jeff G.	12 Years	01/14/2003	Hot Springs AA Group
Cheryl C.	14 Years	01/07/2001	Rockhouse Ladies Group
John S.	16 Years	01/10/1999	Lake Catherine Group
Bill B.	21 Years	01/05/1994	Hot Springs AA Group
Monica	21 Years	01/17/1994	Hot Springs AA Group
Doug MacP.	22 Years	01/12/1993	Rockhouse Group
Robin D.	28 Years	01/02/1987	Rockhouse Group
Calif. Jim	29 Years	01/04/1986	Hot Springs AA Group
Jean H.	31 Years	01/28/1984	Rockhouse Ladies Group
Ben W.	33 Years	01/14/1982	Rockhouse Group
Ronnie H.	36 Years	01/02/1979	Rockhouse Group
Paul T.	37 Years	01/28/1978	Rockhouse Group
Gray M.	38 Years	01/10/1977	Resentment Group
Ralph H.	40 Years	01/10/1975	Rockhouse Group
Frank S.	44 Years	01/21/1977	Resentment Group
Paul R.	45 Years	01/01/1970	Rockhouse Group
Mike D.	46 Years	01/17/1969	Lake Catherine Group
Mary E.	47 Years	01/15/1968	Rockhouse Ladies Group

## **Northern Hemisphere Hoodie-Hoo Day**

Remember on February 20 to go out at noon, wave their hands over their heads and  
*chant "Hoodie-Hoo".*

After all, everyone in the northern hemisphere are sick and tired of winter at this point and a little  
crazy being cooped up inside all winter and not seeing the sun.