

{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

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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. 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

The Lord's Prayer

AA Grapevine October 1955

A Perfect Convocation

THE AA meeting was coming to a close. The group discussion had ended and the informal chatting was only a murmur. The chairman, with a nod of his head to the group, said "We'll close the meeting in the regular manner." Reverently heads were lowered, eyes were closed. The dramatic impact of that Sermon on the Mount 2000 years ago was upon us, at our meeting.

"Our father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. . . ."

That fellow standing ahead, and to the left of me (it's his first meeting) shuffles his feet in worn shoes. He's embarrassed, ill at ease. But he is praying. Good! I remember a remark he made before the meeting opened. "I've absolutely no control over my drinking anymore. The stuff is killing me; my life's a mess."

Well, I thought now, he had taken the First Step with that admission. The expression on his face might be a clue to his thoughts. Grim, yet pleading.

"God, I'm licked. I've sworn off, gone on the wagon and switched drinks. Always with the same dreary results. Another drunk! I've tried everything--on my own hook. Nothing helped. So, here I am, God. With shabby shoes and screaming nerves, I stand before you, my Father. I don't deserve your help. But I can't go on without it. Will you help me now? Please!"

My fellow alcoholic was not concerned at that moment with our Twelve Step program. He probably didn't know it existed. But he was praying. He had come to believe that a Power greater than himself could restore him to sanity. He was turning over his will and his life to the care of God as he understood Him. He had taken Steps Two and Three in the first ten words of the Lord's Prayer!

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. . . ."

Some of the grim quality was leaving the face of that man. The tell-tale liquor blotches stood high on his cheek bones but in his eyes, now open, was a softer light. Was hope beginning to replace despair?

"All of this is new to me, God. . .but these fellows here tell me it isn't new to You. For more years than I care to remember, it has always been my will, my whims, my desires. To what end? Regrets, remorse, shame and suffering. Now I want you to take over. Let thy will be done. I know that you are the Master Planner, if I allow you to be. And I know that in your plans there can be only good for me. Teach me, then, to trust in you."

The shuffling feet were still. The eyes again were closed. The form ahead of me was relaxing. Confession is good for the soul. Had not this distraught man just admitted to God, and to himself, the exact nature of his wrongs? Was he not subjecting himself and his will to that of God's--God as he understood Him? Was he not making a fearless inventory of himself? Of course he was! Here was Step Three again, and Steps Four and Five too!

"Give us this day, our daily bread. . . ."

There were twenty-five people in that room. Some had known sobriety for years, some for only

months. To the man ahead of me it had been a companion for only a few brief hours. But here in seven short words was the unbelievably powerful supplication that could secure it for a lifetime, one day at a time!

"Divine master, the Bread we ask for this day's needs is sobriety. The emptiness of yesterday is gone; the demands of tomorrow we know not. Guide us then, this day. Let this day be expiation for the lost yesterdays, a strengthening for the tomorrows. Give us the courage to live out this one day as Thou wouldst will it."

Perhaps I imagined it. Or did our new friend actually rush into the next phrase as if eager to purge himself completely of all that was behind him?

"And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. . ."

"Forgive me. Father! Forgive the lies, the treachery and the deceit wrought in drunken moments. Erase from my soul the stain of petty thievery, of precious time wasted. Forgive me for the heartache and anguish I've authored. Remove from me forever, the bitterness I've harbored against those who have chastised me, and supplant it with love. Strike from my heart the resentment and rancor with which I have lived so long."

He seemed to be growing in stature this man with the shabby shoes. The shoulders were squaring as if a great weight had been taken from them. And that is exactly what had taken place. For, in seeking forgiveness, he had forgiven. He had proved his willingness and readiness to have God remove his character defects. In humility, he had asked Him to remove his shortcomings. And though the compilation of a list of all people he had harmed would require time, he was willing to make amends.

Still without conscious realization of it, our new member was encompassing steps Six, Seven and Eight. And again it had been done in two phrases--thirteen words--of the "Our Father"!

"And lead us not into temptation. . ."

Oh, yes, there will be temptation. In the early stages of our new-found sobriety will come the urge to take "just one" drink. And as our sobriety continues, there may come the belief once again that our problem has been eliminated, that we have mastered it.

"But"--and the man ahead of me may be whispering it now--"there'll be no graduation exercises for me, God. Never permit me to feel that I have completed my course. For, O Lord, in not feeling that, I will not be led into temptation. Give me always the humility to know myself. In that will be my strength."

"For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory forever. Amen."

The prayer was ended. The owner of the shabby shoes walked slowly to the rear of the room. The liquor blotches still stood in high relief on his cheek bones. Nervous perspiration shone on his forehead. But in his carriage there was determination; in his eyes there was hope; in his heart there was the knowledge that he had enlisted an Omnipotent Ally.

In the final words of the "Our Father" he had paid true homage to the Almighty Power, the Supernatural Glory and the Everlasting Kingdom of God. In his quiet "Amen" he had pronounced a solemn "So be it" to the power-packed supplications of the *Pater Noster*.

*John K.
Waupun, Wisconsin*

Never since it began has Alcoholics Anonymous been divided by a major controversial issue. Nor has our Fellowship ever publicly taken sides on any question in an embattled world. This, however, has been no earned virtue. It could almost be said that we were born with it. . . . "So long as we don't argue these matters privately, it's a cinch we never shall publicly."

TWELVE STEPS AND TWELVE TRADITIONS, p. 176

Do I remember that I have a right to my opinion but others don't have to share it? That's the spirit of "Live and Let Live." The Serenity Prayer reminds me, with God's help, to "Accept the things I cannot change." Am I still trying to change others? When it comes to "Courage to change the things I can," do I remember that my opinions are mine, and yours are yours? Am I still afraid to be me? When it comes to "Wisdom to know the difference," do I remember that my opinions come from my experience? If I have a know-it-all attitude, aren't I being deliberately controversial?

From the book Daily Reflections

Do I make God smile?

"Dear God, I want to live my life in such a way, that if I ever cross your mind, you will smile." I don't know who said it, but how profound. I heard this at an AA convention in Eureka Springs, AR during my first year of recovery.

I hadn't been home from Pine Grove Women's Center for very long and I was determined to do everything I was told to stay sober. "Go to meetings. Call your sponsor. Read the Big Book. One day at a time. Stay in the herd. Get involved with service work. Keep it simple. PRAY." All of these sayings became action as I dove into my recovery process back home and yes, they were and still are essential to living sober for me today. But the one that helps me more than anything is prayer. Keeping in contact with my HP, whom I call God, has been the most important element of my recovery.

It was in Hattiesburg, MS in the sunny day room at the Women's Center, where I learned to sit still and be quiet. I am an incredibly active person with a mind that runs 90 miles an hour. The 20 minute morning meditation was T-O-R-T-U-R-E! Seriously, even the thought of sitting in quiet for that long made me feel like I was coming out of my skin. But, after 90 *long* days of "forced" meditation and prayer time (what an oxymoron), I learned to sit still and let God be.....well, God.

Returning home from Hattiesburg was really different. I wouldn't say it was actually hard, just different. I had to learn to live life in a whole new way....sober. No longer could I rely on alcohol to help me unwind from the day, forget about my troubles or celebrate my joys. In the beginning, being with myself was, for lack of a better word, really weird. I truly didn't know what to do, how to act or how to live.

One of the things I did to calm my nerves was art---pottery, painting and mosaic glass work. Art has always been a passion of mine, but I lacked the confidence, dedication and serenity to actually do it. I thought about the one thing that I had grown to love in my new life and figured out a way to incorporate that into my art. Thus the Meditation cross was born. I hand built a pottery cross that was shaped to fit my palm, fired it, glazed it and fired it again. This cross became my focus during my meditation. I hold it in my hand during my quiet time with God and when my hyper active brain wanders, I wrap my fingers around the cross and draw myself back to my prayers with God. It is in the quiet times I hear God telling me that, "Yes, He will keep me sober today. Yes, He will keep the obsession from me. And, Yes!" He says, "I do smile when I think of you."

Gigi B...Thanks for sharing

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Hot Springs, AR

READINESS TO SERVE OTHERS

. . . our society has concluded that it has but one high mission---to carry the A.A. message to those who don't know there's a way out.

The "Light" to freedom shines bright on my fellow alcoholics as each one of us challenges the other to grow. The "Steps" to self-improvement have small beginnings, but each Step builds the "ladder" out of the pit of despair to new hope. Honesty becomes my "tool" to unfurl the "chains" which bound me. A sponsor, who is a caring listener, can help me truly hear the message guiding me to freedom.

I ask God for the courage to live in such a way that the Fellowship may be a testimony to His favor. This mission frees me to share my gifts of wellness through a spirit of readiness to serve others.

I shall not wait to be drafted for service to A.A. I Shall volunteer. I shall be loyal in my attendance, generous in my giving, kind in my criticism, creative in my suggestions, loving in my attitudes. I shall give to A.A. my interest, my enthusiasm, my devotion, and most of all, myself Do I also accept this as my AA. credo?

Prayer is of many kinds, but of whatever kind, prayer is the linking up of the soul and mind to God. So, if prayer is only a glance of faith, a look or a word of love, or just a feeling of confidence in the goodness and purpose in the universe, still the result of that prayer is added strength to meet all temptations and to overcome them. Even if no supplication is expressed, all the supply of strength that is necessary is secured, because the soul, being linked and united to God, receives from Him all spiritual help needed. The soul, when in its human body, still needs the things belonging to its heavenly habitation.

Reprinted From Daily Ponderables

Your Intergroup wishes you a



OUTSIDE ISSUE'S

The Presbyterian Church, Owner of 411 Sellers ST., which Hot Springs AA Group leases on an Annual basis is working with members of Hot Springs AA to resurface the parking lot. Anyone interested in helping financially with this project there are envelopes in the kitchen at 411 Sellers that will go directly in an account set up by the Church.

The JFC club got a new floor, carpeting and painting and some clean-up
The Rock House Group hosts a birthday celebration the last Saturday
Of each month with a potluck eat/fellowship at 6PM and Speaker at
7PM..Everyone is invited to see our freshened up look.