

# {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 XLII - MARCH -- 2016

**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**

# And a Mother Wins Back Her Son

Grapevine -- November 1947 Vol. 4 No. 6

It is sometimes said that the age of miracles is past. I'm afraid I can't [agree](#). Why? Because I've been sober for a year. I don't remember what I was doing a year ago, but I am sure of one thing. I was drunk. I detest the word and all that it implies. It isn't ladylike. Neither was I ladylike then.

Twelve months ago I was finishing up a binge that had been going on for years; a binge that grew steadily with the passing days, and months, and years; a binge that was robbing me of my health; a binge that had all but alienated my son and my husband; a binge that had completely [divorced](#) me from all friends. I didn't realize it then, but I was at the end of my rope. I was on "skid row" figuratively if not literally.

I had done all the usual things. I had been a social drinker. One drink would give me a lift; two, a bounce. Three brought a delightful fog in which the world was lovely, everyone was so nice, and "weren't we having fun?"

But this didn't last long. All my life I had suffered from an inferiority complex. The drinks-in those days bathtub gin-made me forget myself. They calmed me down, made me seem like other people, in fact made me "superior" to many of them. It wasn't long before the quantity had to be stepped up. And it wasn't long before I had to have a few drinks before dinner.

From then on the pattern is that of thousands of others. More drinks to calm down, frequent oblivion as the result of too many, a hangover in the morning. Then all day drinking, and all night drinking, then just drinking, not knowing or caring whether it was night or day. A compulsion to drink that I couldn't control, and the certain knowledge that my continued drinking would take from me everything that I wanted and held dear.

Then came the inevitable collapse. I was hospitalized. Three days later I realized where I was. Those 12 days of terror, fear, misgivings, recriminations, physical torture, the beginning of D. T.'s, of which the Good Lord permitted me only a glimpse, [make up](#) a period in my life which I recall only with horror. But through the maze that my alcoholic mind wandered constantly recurred the only thought that had penetrated from a visit of three A.A.s the night before my illness became acute.

That thought was: "A.A. can save you! A.A. can save you."

I clung to it as a drowning person does to a straw, for I knew that without it I would die from drinking or end in an insane asylum.

To most of us the early days in Alcoholics Anonymous are days of confusion. The transition from a life of alcohol to a life divorced from the bottle is abrupt. Those first few weeks and months are difficult. We are impatient to grasp all at once all that A.A. has to [offer](#), to grab at it like a package we might purchase at the store. We want immediately to become as non-alcoholic in our thinking and actions as we once were alcoholic.

Despite my haste, one thing firmly embedded itself in my reasoning very early in my [rehabilitation](#). To me it is the most important thing in following the 12 Steps. That requisite is honesty, not honesty with others but honesty with one's self. It has been harder for me to be honest with myself than anything I have ever tried to do. I find, though, that if I am honest with myself, I don't have to worry about honesty with others. It comes automatically.

With that as a stepping stone, I am slowly building a structure in which I can live with myself. As the structure rises I find many of the bricks and stones are placed imperfectly and have to come out and be reset. I make mistakes, but I am soon aware of them and make an honest effort to rectify them. Many times I am not honest with myself. But when I am not, that which goes hand in hand with honesty--conscience--asserts itself immediately. And to live with myself I have to do the right thing.

I accepted A.A. on blind faith. I didn't try to reason it out. I couldn't rationalize it. All I knew was that other people who had embraced A.A., people who said they were as bad or worse alcoholics than I, had become sober. It was the last street car as far as I was concerned.

I accepted what I was told to accept. I did what others said they had done, and out of that blind faith has arisen a faith of my own, a faith that has carried me along for a year. I don't know whether it is truth, or honesty, or conscience, or good, or God. I call it God. And I pray for his help each day to enable that faith to carry me through a succession of 24 hours as long as I live.

I think my greatest desire for sobriety was that I might restore myself in the eyes of my son, a 19-year-old Navy photographer. I wrote him some time ago that I had been hospitalized, that I had become an A.A., and I told him what I was trying to do. I'd like to quote a portion of his answer to me:

"It wasn't such a horrible thing to admit you needed care, Mom. You said this fact might startle me. On the contrary, it is the best thing that could happen. I am prouder of you than I have ever been before. Please believe me. This is from the bottom of my heart. I am proud of you for facing the music and your spirit for not quitting. I feel all empty inside when I try to express my gratitude. I thank you, Mom, with all the humbleness in me."

And they say the age of miracles is past!

J.Y. Chicago, Illinois



***Your intergroup wishes you a most happy St Patrick's Day***

### **One Day at a Time**

**by Gary C. (Serenity Improvement Group)**

Tomorrow's problems; are not for today  
 Stuff just happens; life comes my way  
 I need not worry; he will show me the way  
 I just have ask; and live in today  
 The freedom that comes; it was always there  
 So simple and easy not even a care  
 Just for today; GOD please just drive  
 When you're at the wheel I feel so alive  
 You were always there; waiting for the time  
 When I could live; just one day at a time.

### **GROUP CONTRIBUTIONS**

#### **February**

***Hot Springs AA Group***  
***Welcome Group***  
***Sobriety in the Pines***  
***Eastgate***  
***Welcome Group***

#### **YEAR TO DATE**

***Central Big book Group***  
***Hot Springs AA Group***  
***Eastgate***  
***Welcome Group***  
***Serenity in the Pines***

## UPCOMING EVENTS AND DATES TO REMEMBER

Mar 6	District 8 Quarterly Meeting 411 Sellers 1:00 PM	
Mar 6-17	Sober cruise to Australia and New Zealand	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Mar 11-13	Flint River Round-Up in Albany, Ga.	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Mar 17-20	25 <sup>th</sup> Upstate AA Convention, Ruston, LA	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Mar 17-20	46 <sup>th</sup> Kanuga Lake Round-Up Hendersonville, NC	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Apr 2-3	Area Assembly Howard Johnson Hotel in Conway	501-329-2961
Apr 14-17	Springtime in the Ozarks – Eureka Springs	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Jun 3-6	S.W. Additional Regional Forum AREA 10 Colorado	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Jun 10-12	Founders Day Conference – Akron, OH.	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Jun 18	District 8 Annual Bake at the Lake at De Gray Lake	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Jul 29-31	76 <sup>th</sup> Arkansas State Old Grandad Convention Hot Springs	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Oct 21-23	SWRAASA – Rogers, AR.	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>
Nov 11-13	64 <sup>th</sup> Annual Jonesboro AA Thanksgiving Program	<u><a href="#">See Flyer Sent Separately.</a></u>

## February Birthdays

Paul M.	3 Years	02/26/2013	Rockhouse Group
Ron J.	3 Years	02/23/2013	Malvern Open Door Group
Joe McA.	3 Years	02/09/2013	Central Big Book Study Group
Charles B.	8 Years	02/28/2008	Lake Catherine Group
Russ C.	8 Years	02/04/2008	Rockhouse Group
Heidi O.	9 Years	02/15/2007	Hot Springs AA Group
Courtney S.	10 Years	02/25/2006	Central Big Book Study Group
Mark S.	20 Years	02/07/1996	Grant County Group
Anne F.	21 Years	02/04/1995	Jessieville Ladies Group
Ken H.	23 Years	02/02/1993	Malvern Open Door Group
Mike F.	26 Years	02/05/1990	Central Big Book Study Group
Bill L.	45 Years	02/17/1971	Lake Catherine Group

### Paying attention at meetings

Yesterday morning, 02/11/2016, reading the daily paper as I do every morning, I noticed the picture of my friend Cliff Welty in the obits. My heart filled with sadness, and thoughts of "what happened". The obit said that he died from alcoholism. I didn't know that Cliff had found it necessary to do some research in controlled drinking. I have seen this happen too many times in the last 34 years. Whether it be from getting a bottle of wild turkey, chugging it, and dying of acute alcohol poisoning, or taking one's own life with a gun, makes little difference. It is still "self inflicted". When I really think about it, I am not that surprised, because Cliff always missed a lot of what he needed to hear at meetings. Unfortunately for him he had one of these smart phones that we all carry around these days. The unfortunate part is the fact that his was always right in front of him, face up, and he was constantly doing something with it instead of hearing the message. I don't care who you are or how long you have been sober, be it 2 months or 52 years, if you are tweeting, texting or twittering on your electronic device, you are missing the message God is trying to send you. Not only are you missing the message, you are causing those around you to miss what they need to hear also. Your actions are distracting to others, and that ladies and gentlemen, comes under the heading of "rude self-centeredness". Please, for the sake of your sobriety as well as others, turn off your devices and put them in your pocket or purse during meetings. Check for messages after the meeting ends.

Bill D. Editor NO Booze News

## The deal that God makes with us Alcoholics

Re-printed from Daily Ponderables

A drunk is walking home, feeling sick and hurt. He is at that magic moment of surrender.

On his way he sees God and notices He has something in his hand. The drunk asks "What's that?" God responds "This is sobriety". The drunk said "Oh man, I need that! Geez, I need sobriety. How much does that cost?" as he only understands buying things. God returns with "How much do you have?" The drunk says "I have about 20 dollars." God responds "All right, for you, sobriety costs 20 dollars." The man, trying to back out of says, "If I give you all twenty dollars, I won't be able to buy any gas for my car."

God responds "Oh! so you have a car? I'm sorry, but sobriety is going to cost you your car."  
"Whoa, whoa!" Says the man. "If I give you my car, how am I going to get to my job?"

"You have a job?!" Exclaims God. "No, no, no. Sobriety is going to cost you your job."  
The drunk responds "But, if I give you my job, how am I to pay for my house?" House!!

You have a house!?" God says with surprise. "I thought you lived in a cardboard box under the bridge!  
Your file is completely out of date! Sobriety is going to cost you your house."

The man responds "If I give you my house what about my wife and kids?"

"A family! That's right, you have a family! Yes, yes. Sobriety is going to cost you your family.

The drunk responds "But if I give you all that, what good is my life?"

God states "That's right. Sobriety costs you your life."

The alcoholic, because he is at that magic moment of surrender is willing to give his God his money, and his car, and his job, and his house, and his wife and his kids, and his life and for that God gives him sobriety.

Then God looks him deep in the eyes and says:

"All right. I'm going to give you your money back but, it's not your money anymore, it's my money. I'm going to let you spend it for me."

"I'm going to give your car back but, it's not your car anymore, it's my car. You get to drive it for me."

"I'm going to give you your job back but, it's not your job anymore, it's my job. You get to work at it for me."

"I give your house back but, it's not your house anymore, it's my home. But, you get to live in it for me."

"I give your family back to you but, it's not your family anymore, it's my family. You get to take care of them for me."

"I give your life back but, it's not your life ever again. But, you get to live it for me."

That's the deal a loving God makes with us in the 3rd step.

**The March Intergroup meeting has been cancelled.  
The next Intergroup meeting will be April 24, 2016**