



# {NO BOOZE NEWS}



The more dependent we become on a higher power, the more independent we become

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Publisher/Editor: Keith S.

## Intergroup bulletin

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**The Intergroup meets 2PM, the last Sunday of each quarter January, April, July, and October at 411 Sellers Street. We urge all groups to have an intergroup representative 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 98, PENCIL BLUFF, AR. 71965. You can also E-mail your information to Keith S. at [bigalaapal@gmail.com](mailto:bigalaapal@gmail.com). Please put "NO BOOZE NEWS" in the subject line. Bulletins will be E-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 Keith S., or you can pick up a copy from the book store at 411 Sellers.**

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

**Our new website is <https://aawcar.org>.**

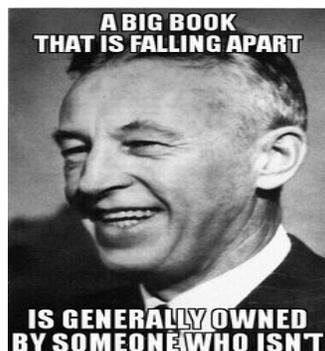
## **IMPORTANT CHANGE IN OUR NEWSLETTER**

**We are going to start something new in the newsletter. We would like your stories pertaining to alcohol and/or alcoholism. So if you have an antidote, poetry and even a short story that you have written and would like to have it published please submit it. The purpose is to hear from you, your thoughts. AA is built upon our experiences, strengths and hope. It is what we remember most about others and what we have to offer our fellows. One or two articles will be published each issue along with articles that we may use from the Grapevine. So, pass along the word of what we are doing and please contact us with your writing. We will of course have to have your permission in order to include it in our newsletter. Absolutely no plagiarism will be tolerated, so if you see an article that someone has written please just notify us of the source. The purpose is to hear from you.**

**In addition to submitting your work we would also like to reach more people so if you know of someone in the program that would like to get our monthly newsletter please forward their email to us and we will include them on our list.**

**Thank you kindly, Keith S.**

**Wishing you a Happy, Joyous & Free life to live each day!!!**



**"The best way to find yourself  
is to lose yourself in the service of others."**

**- Mahatma Gandhi**

# A Moving and Fascinating Adventure

Our Newfound Knowledge of Ourselves

By Rick R.

As we approach step eight in the (12&12) it describes the AA journey as a "Moving and Fascinating Adventure". In step nine we start, or continue the process of making amends, and by then we realize that the promises are already starting to materialize. It would have been easy to rest on my laurels at that time, but I have been attending weekly step study meetings since I first got sober in 1969 and I couldn't get away from the sage advice that kept repeating itself over and over. In step ten it says "Our first objective will be the development of self-restraint. This carries a top priority rating". Some examples I read are as follows: *Restraint of tongue and pen, drop the word "blame" from our speech and thought (step 4) Quick- temper criticism, Sulking and silent scorn etc. etc. etc.* These are just a few, but you get the picture. With these things revisited, three or four times a year, as we cycle through the step studies, it kept acting like a rock tumbler and slowly but surely, I adopted new habits which eventually become second nature, and develop into virtues. This helped me to rein in many of those old behaviors that got between me and my peers. I never stop learning these new ideas.

Another one of the things that caught my attention in step ten was the quote "Pain is the touchstone of all spiritual progress" then it finishes off the paragraph with, "How heartily we AA's can agree with him, for we know that the pain of drinking had to come before sobriety, and emotional turmoil before serenity". Can this mean that we can have no spiritual progress without suffering pain? It didn't seem to make sense to me, so I looked up the word "Touchstone" in the dictionary and discovered that a Touchstone is a mineral that assayers used to test the purity of gold. Prior to that, I thought that it was synonymous with *steppingstone*. Now I understand it as, to measure how spiritual we are when the going gets rough. Do we revert to our old habits, or do we stick to the principles we have learned in the program?

The next Quote I kept seeing, that piqued my curiosity, was on Pg.90, 12&12, "It is a spiritual axiom that every time we are *disturbed, no matter what the cause*, there is something wrong *with us*". The "no matter what the cause" part seemed to throw me a curve ball. I questioned the idea that, if a mother saw her child running into traffic and she wasn't *disturbed*, I would think that there must be something wrong with her. I don't think anyone could argue that point, so I believe that the spiritual axiom quote relates to the way we interface with other people and I find it to be a tremendous template to improving our relations with them. In it we question what drives us when we start to get a little out of sorts and we can apply the pre-mentioned self- restraint.

As in all the steps as, I continue to attend those weekly step study meetings these things get clearer each time I go through them and most of my issues are well under control as

long as I don't assume that I can let down my guard, as my EGO is always ready to fill in the empty spaces in my program. The maintenance part of the tenth step is easy for me these days. I just get up in the morning and say, "God, please show me what to do, and please give me the strength to do it; I don't do too well on my own." I'm not sure that He hears me, but I know that I HEAR ME, and it arms me with the best possible attitude I can have for that day. It usually works. I let the rock tumbler keep me on my toes, and I hope that I always pass the assayer's test.



Pass It On

11

I	A	E	B	G	R	A	P	E	V	I	N	E	U	I	M	S	F	G
I	Z	I	L	P	C	M	D	I	K	E	E	P	G	A	C	N	R	S
S	G	P	K	B	T	Q	D	E	A	M	Q	E	N	R	J	G	U	Z
A	M	N	A	Y	I	Q	C	A	H	N	O	U	V	P	O	D	T	H
T	E	Y	S	A	E	S	Y	O	N	S	S	T	T	L	H	U	H	K
T	S	F	Y	I	S	Y	N	H	O	C	I	N	Q	T	E	B	P	P
E	S	S	E	B	X	R	T	O	R	Z	O	L	S	I	T	W	R	Y
I	A	X	I	K	B	R	Z	I	P	M	T	G	B	R	H	O	T	P
R	G	O	U	O	O	E	P	X	R	S	N	S	O	U	H	D	U	N
N	E	B	G	W	L	T	F	E	S	I	E	X	E	I	P	K	X	A
E	N	J	K	M	P	S	V	V	H	F	P	R	B	I	F	F	K	O
H	M	L	G	O	V	G	T	T	A	R	S	I	C	O	R	R	Q	F
V	I	I	S	J	O	F	B	N	O	G	T	K	W	A	O	O	I	T
S	E	E	L	Y	Z	O	F	G	I	I	O	S	N	N	G	F	T	V
L	G	J	Y	I	O	W	R	Y	O	O	R	S	Y	U	V	N	N	S
L	L	B	X	K	T	A	D	N	M	Z	P	O	O	M	R	O	U	Z
Q	M	H	P	S	M	A	B	O	K	U	L	R	F	E	D	D	F	J
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|-----------|------------|-------------|
| AKRON     | HENRIETTA  | PROHIBITION |
| BOOK      | JUNG       | PUBLISHED   |
| COFFEE    | KEEP       | RESPONSIBLE |
| DOES      | LEGACY     | RUTH        |
| DRUNKS    | LOIS       | SILKWORTH   |
| EASY      | MANUSCRIPT | SIMPLE      |
| EBBY      | MESSAGE    | STORIES     |
| FIRST     | MILITARY   | THINGS      |
| GRAPEVINE | POINTS     | TWELVE      |
| GROUP     | PROGRAM    | VERMONT     |

## From AA Grapevine: Thoughts

—“Today I think I can trace a clear linkage between my guilt and my pride. Both of them were certainly attention-getters. In pride I could say, 'Look at me, I am wonderful.' In guilt I would moan, 'I'm awful.' Therefore guilt is really the reverse of the coin of pride. Guilt aims at self-destruction, and pride aims at the destruction of others.”

AA Co-Founder, Bill W., November 1960, "Freedom Under God: The Choice Is Ours", The Language of the Heart

—“My spiritual awakening has involved three major leaps: Save Me, Help Me, and Use Me.”

"Save Me, Help Me, Use Me," Essex Junction, Vermont, February 2000, AA Grapevine

—“Self-centeredness is a poison to my emotional system. It frustrates my every effort toward a comfortable and happy existence. A terrible chain reaction begins. Fear sets in. Anger, resentment, and self-pity become my guiding forces. My only escape is to put this awful selfishness aside and become involved with the world around me.”

"The Root of Our Troubles," December 1979, Emotional Sobriety

—“By the fall of 1937 we could count what looked like forty recovered members. One of us had been sober three years, another two and a half, and a fair number had a year or more behind them. As all of us had been hopeless cases, this amount of time elapsed began to be significant. The realization that we 'had found something' began to take hold of us. No longer were we a dubious experiment. Alcoholics could stay sober.”

AA Co-Founder, Bill W., October 1945, "The Book Is Born,"  
The Language of the Heart

—“A large part of my recovery has been in learning how not to listen to myself.”

"The Work at Hand," Tucson, Arizona, March 1988,  
Emotional Sobriety

—“The alcoholic is in no greater peril than when he takes his sobriety for granted.”

AA Co-Founder, Bill W., November 1949, "A Suggestion for Thanksgiving", The Language of the Heart

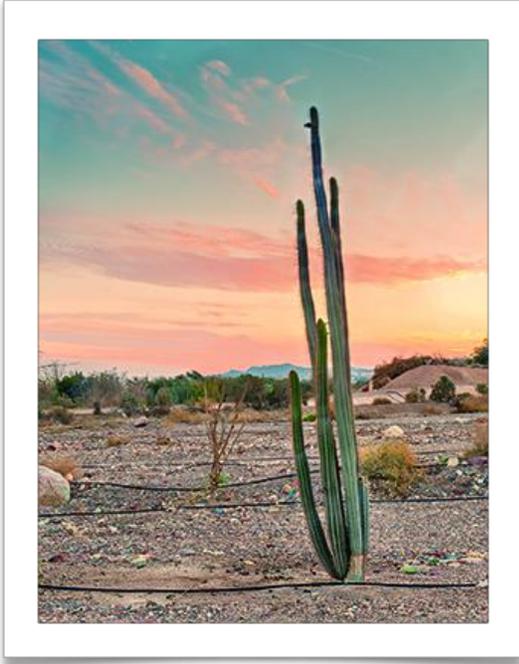
—“Sometimes, the only place on earth that makes any sense to me is a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous.”

"The Root of Our Troubles," December 1979, Emotional Sobriety

# Desert storm

**How a woman left out in the wild to die found the willingness and forgiveness to consider a most unimaginable amend.**

**STEP EIGHT: Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.**



The first time I got drunk was at my sister’s wedding. I was 8 years old. My first blackout came when I was in third grade. By the time I quit high school and joined the Air Force at 17, I was well on my way to being a full-fledged alcoholic.

I was 18 when the Air Force sent me to my first permanent duty station, which happened to be Las Vegas, Nevada. In the late '70s, Las Vegas was probably the best or the worst place for me to be stationed, depending on your point of view.

I was tough and strong and knew how to fight. I quickly established a routine in my favorite bar. I would watch for the men who came in to harass women in the bar. I would humiliate these men, toss them out and then drink for free for the rest of the night as the “unofficial bouncer.” It felt like a win-win situation—until one Saturday night.

I followed my old routine. This time however, when I left the bar at about 4 a.m., the guy I had tossed out earlier was waiting for me outside with four of his friends. I distinctly remember thinking that this was the first time that alcohol was a problem for me. I knew how to fight, but my body didn't do the things I wanted it to. So I lost. I wound up beaten, raped, stabbed in the back and left for dead in the desert, not far from the bar.

But God had other plans for me. I came to Sunday afternoon, staring up at a construction truck that I'd been left under. I made my way back to the bar, got into my truck and drove myself home. I remember lying down in the bathtub so I wouldn't bleed all over the apartment and lose my security deposit.

At that same moment, 3,000 miles away, my mother, the Al-Anon of the family, "knew" that something wasn't right. She started making calls to Las Vegas. Eventually she got my landlord on the phone and convinced him to check on me. He found me and got me to a hospital.

The experience of being beaten and left for dead did not sober me up. In fact it made me a meaner, nastier drunk than I ever imagined I'd become. And now, I had no fear. I had been dead. Being dead didn't hurt; living hurt. I left the Air Force and Las Vegas and headed for Florida. After all, I reasoned, nothing good ever happens west of the Mississippi. And I proceeded to cut a swath of destruction across my life for the next several years. Eventually, I found my way to AA, thanks to another Al-Anon member who also saved my life.

My last drink was in 1986 and I attended meetings on and off for the next dozen years. One of the things I did was to be of service. It helped me feel better. I would go to "Take Back The Night" events where I would teach simple self-defense skills as a practicing black belt. I would then share my story of nearly being beaten to death.

The message I tried to teach was that no matter how tough or fast or smart you think you are, if you're in the wrong place at the wrong time, chances are bad things will happen. My hope was that I could make a difference for some young college kid, and perhaps I did.

At almost 20 years sober, I was working on my Eighth Step. My Big Book sponsor said we should put everyone from our Fourth Step onto our amends list. The guys back in Las Vegas were still on my list. There was no way on earth I could see that I owed an amends to them but I followed directions and put them down.

Soon after, I started having memory flashbacks. I would see myself back in the desert fighting for my life, and I knew how that story ended. The last thing I would see was someone kicking me in the head before the lights went out. I would wake up in a cold sweat.

But one night something different happened. I woke up and clearly heard myself say, “The guy who kicked me in the head saved my life.” If I had kept fighting, they would have killed me for sure. But by knocking me out, the man had saved my life. And how can you hate someone who saved your life? I didn’t know the man who had kicked me. I didn’t know any of them. So how could I hate any of them? And if that was true, how could I hate myself?

Now, for me, the opposite of anger is not love. The opposite of anger is peace. That night, God showed up—again—and did something I had never imagined.

I played a part in my own beating. I was alone. I was outnumbered. I was unarmed. I was drunk. But I was there fighting anyway. I placed huge value in the idea that I was someone who would rather fight and die than lose and live.

But God had other plans. And I did live. But if I couldn’t hate the guys who beat me, I couldn’t hate myself, either.

Now, for me, the opposite of anger is not love. The opposite of anger is peace. That night, God showed up—again—and did something that I had never imagined. God brought me peace. In that one night, the process of making a list and being willing to make amends healed a chapter of my life that I had never expected to see closed. God did for me what I could not do for myself.

A few weeks ago, while sharing my story in a Big Book workshop, I realized that there’s a good chance that some of those men from so long ago may have made it to the rooms of AA also. And if so, I would actually like the chance to meet them. Because somewhere, for almost 40 years, someone may be living with the thought that he left a dead body in the desert of Las Vegas that night. And I would like to let him know that God had other plans.

Ruth B.  
Schenectady, N.Y.

Reprinted from AA Grapevine



## THE SPEED OF LIFE

*I'm seven years old* and every adult in my immediate environment is drinking daily and it isn't hard for me to get a taste of beer, if I wanted, but I don't necessarily like the taste, so no problem. *I'm ten years old* and beer is beginning to taste better but still not my favorite, but a little sip of whiskey, now and then, tastes o.k. but it's harder to get the adults to give it up. *I'm thirteen years old* and my friend and I talk an old drunk into buying us a few quarts of beer, and we commence to get drunk for the first time in our lives, and *now I know why* all those adults drink this stuff every night. I was giddy, sloppy, stupid, sick and eventually unconscious. I woke up the next morning and went off to school with a nasty hangover. I was in the eighth grade at that time. Still it was no problem.

From that time on my mind was consumed with thoughts of how I was going to repeat *that wonderful experience*. As I started high school I worked in a bowling alley from six pm till ten thirty pm, setting up pins and when we got off, we would go straight to a sleazy bar where we could get someone to buy beer for us. From there, we would go to an abandoned school building and drink till all the beer was gone, get into fist fights with each other, wake up the next morning with black eyes, skinned up knuckles and elbows, go back to school and come up with some ridicules' story about what had happened.

*I'm sixteen years old* and I'm allowed to party with the adults and shortly after getting my driver's license, I am asked to drive someone home, and on the return trip, I missed a turn and smashed into a parked car. I continue to drink unabated, I quit school in May of my senior year with almost no resistance, Join the navy in August of that same year, locked up for gang fighting, have my second drunk driving accident when I drive into a gas station and hit a car at the pump.

I continue this kind of behavior for ten more years and am lucky to have survived after more trips to jail, failed marriage, broken bones, cuts and bruises and broken relations with almost everyone that means anything to me. *I'm twenty eight years old* surrender and show up at A.A. coming out of a blackout. I am greeted on the front lawn of a little yellow house in the suburbs that is being used to hold meetings, by three people who welcome this stranger with opened arms as though they are expecting me. They began



**"I think alcoholism is contagious. I know I caught it after going to a few AA meetings."**

**"To a woman whose last drink was a swig of vanilla, an old-timer said:  
"Don't bake and go to meetings."**

**A DRUNK IS DRIVING through the city and his car is weaving violently all over the road, when the local law enforcement officer sees him and pulls him over.**

**"So," says the cop to the driver, "where have you been?"**

**"I've been to the pub," slurs the drunk.**

**"Well," says the cop, "it looks like you've had quite a few."**

**"I did all right," the drunk says with a smile.**

**"Did you know," says the cop sternly, "that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?"**

**"Oh thank heavens!" says the drunk. "For a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf."**

**SIGN SEEN IN A BAR:**

**"Those drinking to forget please pay in advance."**

**A DRUNK WALKS INTO A BAR and the bartender says, "I'm sorry, sir, I can't serve you unless you are wearing a tie." The drunk goes back to his car to find something he can use as a tie, but all he can find is a set of bright orange jumper cables, and these he ties around his neck.**

**He goes back in and says, "How's this?"**

**The bartender replies, "Well, okay, but don't start anything."**

**PHYSICS AND DRINKING**

**Two atoms spent the evening getting smashed in a bar. After they left, one atom said to the other, "You know, I think I lost a few electrons in that dive."**

**The other one says, "Are you sure?"**

**"I'm positive," replied the atom.**



	East gate Group	Mara M.	501-984-3556
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