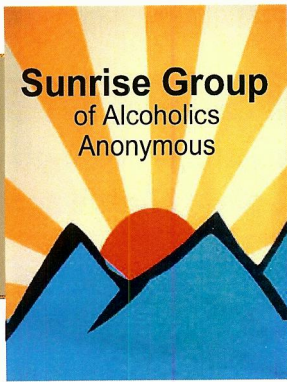
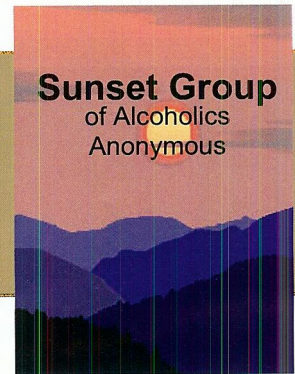


Sunrise Group
of Alcoholics
Anonymous



June Newsletter

Sunset Group
of Alcoholics
Anonymous



The one that almost got Ed

THURSDAY SPEAKERS IN JUNE

June 5: *Henry F.,
Portland, OR*

June 12: *Mickey C.,
Downey*

June 19: *Rosie T.,
Los Angeles*

June 26: *Carla M.,
Los Angeles*

SATURDAY SPEAKERS IN JUNE

June 7: *Marian G.,
Lancaster
Steps 10 & 11*

June 14: *Nazir K.,
Thousand Oaks
Steps 10 & 11*

June 21: *Jim M.,
Los Angeles
Step 12*

June 28: *Herman J.,
Los Angeles
Step 12*

I was taken to my first AA meeting on October 6, 1966. My home group became the Huntington Group. My sponsor belonged to this group; we met twice a week and I called him every day. As my sponsor walked me through the Steps, I got hung up on "the God thing," so my home group became the power greater than myself. I went to it with all the things that were happening in my life. And I received good direction.

I was five months sober and working in a pharmacy. It was a cold windy night in March. At about nine-thirty P.M., I walked over to the deli across the street to buy milk and bread. When I came back to the pharmacy, I walked into a robbery in progress. The pharmacist and I were told to lie on the floor behind the counter, and the two robbers helped themselves to money, drugs, and watches. As they were leaving, an off-duty policeman came in the door and noticed one robber with watches in his hand. He halted the men. At that moment, one of the phones rang. I got up to answer the phone so I could get some help. As I got up, the robber took a shot at me. I heard it go over my head and I got back down. The policeman wounded one robber and the other one got away.

It was a long night at the police station and the thought of drinking was with me. I used the phone in the police station to call my sponsor. He told me to go home and call him when I got there. I did that and I got through the night with little sleep. That was the first time I remembered praying in many years.

The next morning came and I went off to work feeling tired but pretty good. When I pulled up to the pharmacy, I saw the window that was shot out, the showcase with bullet holes in it, and the dried blood on the floor from the robber's wound. The local radio station reported the robbery and it made the front page of the paper with a picture of the shot-out front window. A telephone repairman was there, fixing the phone that had gotten ripped out. My boss was showing everyone what had happened. When he

showed the bullet hole in the wall, he said, "That's the one that almost got Ed." I looked at it and realized how close it had been to my head. I got cramps in my gut and felt the shakes starting. I took the key to the pharmacy car and told the boss I was going to warm it up. I walked out of the store, passed the car, and went through the parking lot, ready to cross the road to the bar.

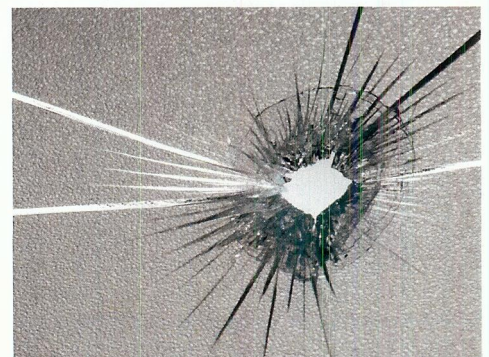
It was then I heard someone call my name. I turned and saw the telephone man standing outside the store. He said, "Come here, I want to talk to you." I walked back and he put his hand out to me and said, "My name is Joe and I'm a member of the Huntington Group." He told me to sit in his truck. He said, "What you are about to do will not help you. It will just add to your troubles." He told me to tell my boss I couldn't work the rest of the day and to go home and call my sponsor, get some sleep, and go to a meeting that night.

I did all the things he said to do. That day I saw the Third Step as it is written. I turned my will and life over to the care of God as I understood him.

When I called my sponsor later and told him what had happened and described Joe, the telephone man, my sponsor didn't know who I was talking about but said we'd probably see him at our group.

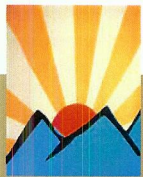
That was March of 1967, and to this day, I've never seen Joe.

Ed K.
New York, 2008



Henry F. 503-313-4003

T/Th/R Sat



June Newsletter (continued)

"Such is the paradox of AA regeneration: strength arising out of weakness, the loss of one's old life as a condition for finding a new one."

AA Comes of Age. Page 46

WHERE WE MEET

THE SUNSET GROUP meets every Thursday night from 7 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. at the Jewish Community Center, 13164 Burbank Blvd. - between Ethel Ave. and Fulton.

THE SUNRISE GROUP meets on Saturday mornings from 8:15 am to 9:30 am on the second floor of Pinz Bowling Center at 12655 Ventura Blvd., just east of Coldwater Canyon.

THE SUNSET GROUP AA BIG BOOK STUDY takes place every Tuesday from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m. at The Vineland A.D.H.C. Center, 5629 Vineland Ave, North Hollywood. (Parking is at the back on Ensign Avenue, east side, just north of the Cri-Help side gate.)

So You Think You're Different?

That's what makes AA

A young newcomer in my home group recently told one of our old-timers that he felt different because of his age. The old-timer's response made it easy for our young friend to stay with us:

"We all feel different. Someone here is the tallest, and someone is the shortest. Someone has the most education, and someone has the least, and both feel different. Someone has the darkest skin, and someone's hometown is farther away than anyone else's, and that person feels different because of his or her accent.

"Someone has spent a lot of time in jail, and some have never been arrested, and both feel different. Some of us don't know one or both of our parents, and some come from huge families, and both groups feel different because they never felt special.

"Someone was abused as a child, and someone else abused a child, and both feel certain they are different. Someone recently declared bankruptcy, and someone else has more money than he knows what to do with. Both are certain that they are different because of money.

"Someone has retired and has time on his hands; some single mom works two jobs and raises children and, boy, do they feel different.

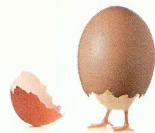
"The one thing that all alcoholics have in common is that we're all different! That's what makes us so interesting.

"Personally, I was glad when you showed up, because I'm tired of being the youngest guy in the room."

The newcomer laughed. Our old-timer is at least fifty-five. It's a joy watching them develop a friendship. As the Big Book says:

"We are people who normally would not mix. But there exists among us a fellowship, a friendliness, and an understanding which is indescribably wonderful."

Scott L.
Nashville, Tennessee



A bird comes into the world in a shell and then breaks out and becomes free to fly. Humans, on the other hand, come into the world free and then build a shell around themselves. When I was drinking, I was afraid to let others know how much I drank, how I felt, or what I was doing or thinking. When I came to AA, I began to break that shell of isolation by admitting I was powerless over alcohol. I broke more of the shell when I did a

Fourth Step, talked about the things I'd done which I was ashamed of, and asked God's help in removing my defects and making amends. There is still part of a shell that I recognize from time to time. But I'm thankful for the Steps and the principles given me by AA to help me become the happy, joyous, and free person God wants me to be.

Sherry G.
Riverdale, Michigan