



Sunrise Group

of Alcoholics
Anonymous

May Newsletter



Sunset Group

of Alcoholics
Anonymous

THURSDAY SPEAKERS IN MAY

May 1: *Holly T.,
Dunsmore*

May 8: *Sharon M.,
Burbank*

May 15: *Chris H.,
Huntington Beach*

May 22: *Scott T.,
New York*

May 29: *Louise O'M.,
Los Angeles*

SATURDAY SPEAKERS IN MAY

May 3: *Harvey J.,
West LA. Step 5*

May 10: *Deidra A.,
Canoga Park.
Steps 6/7*

May 17: *Todd L.,
Bellflower. Steps 6/7*

May 21: *Clayton B.,
Redondo Beach.
Steps 8/9*

May 31: *Patrick G.,
Lompoc Steps 8/9*

Taking Action

With almost nine years in recovery, I found myself bogged down in dishonesty, self, fear of economic insecurity, and depression. I was back on that old spinning wheel of too much to do, not enough time to do it all, and so what the hell.

I called my sponsor and she said exactly what I didn't want to hear: "Make a gratitude list." For some reason, every fiber of my being wants to revolt and rebel whenever I hear gratitude list. I see a very prim, proper woman going to her desk in her immaculate home. Her bills are paid, her job is going great, she has loving and supportive relationships with her family and friends, her trash is emptied, her closets are cleaned, the grass is cut, the flowerbeds are weedless, the car is washed, and her life is just perfectly perfect, and she sits down and makes a gratitude list.

Fortunately, I have a Higher Power that operates with the emphasis on taking action. Together we put on the boots and wade into whatever chaos and confusion I manage to bring into my life. I have found that when the going gets tough for me, someone else is placed in my life. About two A.M. my phone rang. It was a very wet drunk calling. She was shaking apart and on the verge of the DTs. Even drinking vodka did not stop the shakes. She was crying, afraid of dying, ashamed, and asking for help.

All my mental garbage is forgotten as I go to a sick and suffering alcoholic. Knowing this woman has had severe liver problems in the past, since I have sponsored her off and on for the past several years, I take her to the emergency room of a local hospital.

I watch, hold, support, and pray as she tries to lie quiet on the hospital bed. Her body jerks, her extremities tremble and jerk. It looks as if her body is trying to come out of her skin. She cries, begs, prays, tosses and turns. When the nausea comes--since she has not eaten food in almost three weeks--dry heaves are the result.

She says she's burning up but her hands are like ice when I touch them. She scratches, pulls at her clothing, and becomes an animal caught in a trap. She says the words that I have said so many times in the past: "If I live through this, I will never drink another drop of alcohol as long as I live."

The emergency room is busy so we have to wait three hours. When they bring the consent to treatment forms for her to sign, I have to help guide and hold her hand steady. She has to sign her name four times and cannot spell her first name right until the last time she signs.

Blood work is done. I help hold her arm so the lab tech can perform the venepuncture. Around five A.M., she is admitted and they take her to a room and start an infusion of fluids. As I'm leaving she tells me she is so grateful that I answered my phone. On my way home I think about what she said and realize that I am the one who is grateful.

Gratitude list or taking action? For this alcoholic, I would rather put my gratitude into action.

Carolene B.
Natchez, Mississippi

Contributions:

Announcements, observations, anecdotes, quotes, even a favorite poem related to your AA experience – share them in the newsletter. Email Michael B (the English guy at the Literature table) at michael@thebucklandcompany.com, or call him at 213-453-7754. Don't be shy. Michael is a writer. Give him a half formed thought. He'll make it work.



May Newsletter (continued)

The Seventh Step Prayer:

*"My Creator, I am now willing that you should have all of me, good and bad. I pray that you now remove from me every single defect of character with stands in the way of my usefulness to you and my fellows. Grant me strength, as I go out from here, to do your bidding.
Amen"*

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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.)

*Like the story on the first page, below is another true story about a sudden happening that we might be tempted to simply call "a coincidence." But wouldn't it be more honest, more rewarding, to put these events into the realm of the Spiritual?
Acts of a Power greater than ourselves?*

Dry Dock

During the last two and a half years of my drinking. I was working two or three days a week, and drinking daily. I was an owner/operator with a trucking company, and although I was paid only by what I hauled, I would show up for work and tell myself the load didn't pay enough to take out. That way, I could be at the bar when it opened at six in the morning and spend the entire day and night drinking.

It was a habit that died hard. After I had been sober for about three or four weeks, I went into work one morning, and the dispatcher said it was a very slow day, but I was welcome to go out on the dock and see if there was anything I would like to deliver. I walked the length of the dock, and there wasn't anything worth my time, at least not to my sick, self-centered mind. So I decided to tell the dispatcher that I was taking the day off. The truth was I had decided to head straight for the bar to "get it on."

When I turned around to go back to the dispatch office, I literally walked into a pallet containing fifty cartons of Big Books, going to the AA central office in San Diego! Some would call this a coincidence, but I prefer to call it a minor miracle in which God chose to remain anonymous. I did not have to drink that day, but I did look up immediately and say, "Thank you."

I told the dispatcher that I would be back shortly. I walked out to my truck, read the Big Book for a few minutes, and said a prayer of thanks. Then I went ahead and worked and had a good day. From that day to this, just over twelve years, one day at a time, God has continued to do for me what I could not do for myself--keeping me sober, and giving me a reasonably happy, serene, and productive life.

Don R.
Chula Vista, California

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE
THE CHORUS AT THE RIGHT COMES FROM?
WHEN I HEARD IT I THOUGHT
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE WORDS OF
A SPEAKER AT ONE OF OUR MEETINGS.

IT WASN'T.
ANY GUESSES?

*Whenever you're ready
You could see a dream come true
Whenever you're ready
I'm just saying it's up to you
Whenever you're ready
Things could start looking up
Whenever you're ready
Take a big sip from the loving cup*