



**Sunrise Group**  
of Alcoholics  
Anonymous

# October Newsletter



**Sunset Group**  
of Alcoholics  
Anonymous

## THE PROMISE OF THE STEPS

### THURSDAY SPEAKERS IN OCTOBER

*Oct. 2:* **Karl M.,**  
**Los Angeles**

*Oct. 9:* **Claire S.,**  
**Los Angeles**<sup>2</sup>

*Oct. 16:*  
**ANNIVERSARY**  
**SPEAKER: Danny M.,**  
**Studio City**

*Oct. 23:* **Geoff C.,**  
**Sherman Oaks**

*Oct. 30:* **Don M.,**  
**Encino**

### SATURDAY SPEAKERS IN OCTOBER

*Oct. 4,* **Marilyn S.,**  
**West LA,**  
**Steps 8 and 9**

*Oct. 11,* **June G.,**  
**Los Angeles**  
**Steps 8 and 9**

*Oct. 18,* **Christine M.,**  
**Pasadena**  
**Step 10**

*Oct. 25,* **Bridget B.,**  
**West Hollywood**  
**Step 10**

The idea that for us alcoholics there can be no such thing as a "justifiable resentment" is a concept that has come home to me as slowly and through as much painful experience as the concept of forgiveness, its twin. "Where other people are concerned, we have to drop the word 'blame' from our speech and thought;" it says in the "Twelve and Twelve." I was still at sea and ill at case in my relations with other people when an old-timer, hearing me share, asked me whether I had got round to making my Eighth Step list.

Glad that there was an action that might relieve me of my discomfort, I dug out my index card of people whom, for a variety of reasons, I would feel embarrassed to see again. Then I transferred some of the still-smoldering resentments from my Fourth Step.

After the time that I had taken that inventory, I had run into my ex-husband on the street after many years without a glimpse. Something told me to give him a hug, and I'm glad I did because he died not long after that. I put the name of the ex-wife on my list, also, but it took several years for me to become willing to make amends to her.

We had gone on working in the same office without speaking to each other. I was walking down the hall one day, carrying my briefcase, which contained my Eighth Step list--by now a rumpled and creased piece of paper I had often unfolded to cross off names of people I had made amends to in various ways. I had been asked to lead a meeting on the topic later that day, and I wanted to take the list along. I noticed that the door of the woman's office

was open. I stepped over the threshold as if pushed from behind by an invisible hand.

I told her I was sorry for the pain I had caused her; she was gentle and more than generous with me. We talked at length about the man who had betrayed each of us--and whose life was not improved by the way I hated him and drank at him for years. I understood things about my life with him that I could only have understood from talking to her. I felt profound compassion for his demon-haunted life.

I went off to lead my meeting and I spoke about that encounter. One of my women friends was sitting nearby; she was nearing the end of a pregnancy and her belly was enormous. Soon she and her AA husband would be blessed with the arrival of a baby boy. Sitting next to her was another friend--a man who had gotten very thin. I was shocked to see him, for I could see that he had started to die of AIDS; in a month or so, we would be taking meetings to his hospital bed.

I felt privileged to be at the meeting, to be alive, to be a sober member of Alcoholics Anonymous. At the end, I held the hands of these two friends as the group stood saying the Serenity Prayer. In my bones, I felt the promise of the Steps: that it is the beginning of the end of isolation from our fellows and from God. As for that ex-wife, I am happy to count her among my friends today. The other night, she came over to my house. I cooked a nice dinner for a group of us, and we laughed a lot.

K.F.  
New York, New York



**October  
Newsletter**  
(continued)

“God, I'm standing at the turning point right now. Give me your protection and care as I abandon myself to you and give up my old ways and my old ideas just for today.”

p. 59 The Big Book of Alcoholic Anonymous

**WHERE  
WE MEET**

**THE SUNSET**

**GROUP meets every Thursday night from 7 pm to 8:30 pm at 14701 Friar Street, Van Nuys – at the corner of Cedros Ave, near Van Nuys and Victory Blvds.**

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

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

**Anytime is the right time to come to AA**

I first entered the rooms of AA when I had a Medicare card in my wallet. During the fifteen years I'd spent as a member of Al-Anon, I often wondered if my own drinking was a problem. Through the help of a friend, I was told of a nearby AA meeting held at 11:00 A.M. on Mondays. The Sunday night before that first AA meeting was a sleepless one for me. I reviewed in my mind the same thoughts, I am sure, countless other beginners have had: I really have hit a new low. What if there are people there I know? Will there be Bowery bums and jailbirds at the meeting?

The meeting was held at a synagogue, in one of the classrooms where students attended religion classes after their regular school day. As I fearfully approached the classroom, I spotted a sign on the door. It was a typical school sign, welcoming the students and identifying the teacher's name. To my amazement, the teacher's surname was the same as my own. In my confusion, I wondered, How did they know I was coming?

I took a few tentative steps and entered the room. Recognizing some of my fellow Al-Anon friends – or "double winners," a term I learned later – I began to relax. They gave me a warm welcome, and I slipped into a seat in the back row.

Flash forward seven years to today. How many miracles I have seen! How much wisdom has been shared with me! How my life has changed for the better!

Yes, I came into this wonderful program late in my life, but as I have learned, it was not a minute too soon or too late. Sometimes when I listen to young people share, I envy their bright futures (one day at a time), but I also realize how my alcoholic past has made me appreciate all that has come after I found sobriety in the rooms of AA.

I had sought good times in a bottle -- good times, high times, memorable times. But I also found hung-over times, shaky times, lost and forgotten times. Now AA, my Higher Power, my sponsor, and my AA friends have helped me lose the bottle and find whatever time I have left to be a vision of hope.

*S.B., Long Island, New York*