

Inside: Confessions of an Alcoholic AND Spring Dance!!



Volume 13 Issue 4

April 2011

Everything I Need

I recently moved to bend. I must say that I am enjoying the good life and the wonderful fellowship, the Attitude Adjustment meeting, and a new sponsor; things are working well for me!

It wasn't always this way. I was raised in a rigid minister's home, went to strict church schools and found myself isolating at an early age, because I didn't do sports. I went to college in California to become a minister, because it seemed the right thing to do. This gorgeous prom queen type let it be known she was tired of the jocks and wanted to go out with a theology major (me). I had never had a drink in my life or even ever been around drinking, but I had also never had any experience with women. So my solution was a large bottle of cooking sherry! It was cheap, and I sat on the curb and drank it. I then blacked out, the date was a disaster, and so was my reputation in the Girl's Dorm. I decided alcohol was not for me. Besides, alcohol was for *old people* at country clubs. Marijuana and psychedelics, however, were readily available. I therefore became a conscientious objector to the Vietnam war and a class IV-D divinity student; nothing very spiritual about it, I just didn't want to kill anybody. I began to drop acid and hug trees, turn on, tune in and drop out.

I was living in an Indian canyon above Palm Springs and things were starting to get ugly -- the Charles Manson family was in L.A., my friends were getting hurt on drugs, and I was having some close calls. I moved to N.Y. City Greenwich village to start a new life but I began to realize I couldn't trust the drugs-- people were overdosing right and left. Alcohol, however, was USDA certified, a no brainer ... I could trust the dose! I soon found a job where I could drink all the time--going to Europe and buying classic sports cars. What a deal, I drank at the airport, on the plane, trains and boats. You could even drink in the cinema in London! I bought a bike and toured Europe. I shipped the cars to Hollywood and met a lot of interesting people. But then alcohol started to turn on me (you know the story). I ended up in a hot tub with some underage girls. I started to wreck my beautiful cars. I got a DUI. →

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"My dog would not even get in the boat with me anymore, and I knew something was wrong if my dog didn't trust me."



I became like the living dead in the twilight zone. Not happy drinking, or unable to get drunk. and miserable not drinking, and feeling more and more desperate. I saw people in Hawaii running, sailing and windsurfing, and decided to move there. It was easy to be on an extended vacation and one long party fueled by alcohol. I was getting very depressed and unable to sleep. I was sitting in a Baron on a beautiful day, drinking with an air traffic controller and a surgeon on their way to work. It was sickening and disgusting, but I could not stop. *Incomprehensible Demoralization* described me, living in an ocean front home on Lanikai Beach, 2 sailboats, an Auburn, a Cord, and a Porche in the garage. I began to drink in my house and hit on girls on the beach; trouble was, I would usually pass out before anything happened and they wouldn't talk to me. After that, I lost my wallet and began to get a lot of traffic tickets; the Japanese judges just didn't seem to like me. I had been to one AA meeting and remembered that it seemed like 40 old men in a small room, chain smoking out of a tuna can ashtray. This was not for me; I was a *vegetarian* and a *health and raw food fanatic*! I continued hanging out on the beach, but kept turning over my boats on the reef. My dog would not even get in the boat with me anymore, and I knew something was wrong if my dog didn't trust me. I was getting desperate.

I had a young friend who I kayaked with, who had been through treatment and stopped drinking. I therefore I asked him if AA would work for me? What he said saved my life: "I think AA will work for you if you give it 90 days" 90 days ??? You got to be kidding, give up my life for 90 days for what? Why would I do that? But then I thought, what would I be doing in 90 days if I didn't go, and that seemed worse. So I went to my first meeting, a beach meeting named "Thank You Clod". 90 meetings in 90 days quickly became 360 meetings in 90 days. I heard THE GREAT FACT and that THERE WAS A SOLUTION. I noticed most people were newcomers, and a few had 5 or 10 years. I asked questions of the people at meetings who had drank again and heard, almost always, the same 5 things: I quit calling my sponsor, I stopped going to meetings, I wasn't in service, I stopped working the steps, and then something about dishonest relationships. So I made sure I did all those 5 things to the best of my ability, and began a new sober life. I finally discovered alcohol was not my problem, but my solution. I read "The Ego Factors of Surrender to Alcoholism" by Harry Tiebout and yes, I was "His Majesty The Baby". As I walked through this program, I went to sober dances and developed social skills. I learned that resentments were the #1 offender, but I could be "FREE" if I would pray for that person for 2 weeks (one took a year)! AND, I can love someone I don't even like. →

I learned about the spot check inventory on p. 84, and the design for living p. 86 & 87: "We relax and take it easy, we don't struggle, we have ceased fighting anything or anybody". Amazing words for a guy who is wired, restless, irritable and discontent. There is no cure, but what is promised is a daily reprieve based on the maintenance of my spiritual condition. I recently killed my T.V., and cancelled my subscription to *The Bulletin*. I get up early and read and spend time with my creator. I go to the 7 a.m. meeting, and after for coffee with AA friends. Every thing I need I get in AA., in addition to relief from the obsession to drink alcohol and do drugs, (10-8-87) and smoke (5-17-95). I have found relief from other issues WITHOUT MEDICATION in the program of AA including ADHD, depression, insomnia and night eating syndrome, weight, hypoglycemia, as well as many abuse issues.

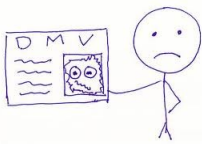
I got married in AA after 60 years of singleness and it is getting better every day. My wife is a member of Al-Anon. Acceptance is the answer for me today, I accept people places and things as being the way they are supposed to be at any given moment. I change my attitude with the serenity prayer, and find my serenity is directly proportional to my level of acceptance. W I N....What's Important Now? I think the mountain is calling me.

...See you on *The Road To Happy Destiny*.

Terry T.



"No thank you. I believe in living one day at a time."



Confessions of An Alcoholic



I have a confession to make: The photo on my driver's license is bad...really bad. I know many of you can relate, but unlike many of you I treasure that bad photograph. For me, the image that stares out of me is an enduring reminder of what things were like before—a sharp contrast to what they're like now, thanks to the gifts of the program of Alcoholics Anonymous.

The photograph was taken early in the morning in an attempt to beat the dreaded lines at DMV. It shows vividly what I've heard described in the rooms as "dead eyes." My eyes are dull, lifeless, without hope, animation, or expression. And, if you believe eyes are the mirror of the soul, they are a perfect reflection of how I felt.

On the outside, I had the perfect "look good" going on—perfect marriage, perfect family, perfect job, perfect life. On the inside, though, I was miserable. I hated my life and was filled with resentment and fear. I knew I had a drinking problem that I absolutely knew I could do nothing about.

For years, I rationalized that there was no problem, I guess so I didn't have to look for a solution. After all, I wasn't a Skid Row variety drunk. I didn't drink more than the rest of most of the people I knew ... or did I? I was a daily drinker and had been for more than 30 years. It started out innocently enough with a beer each night or a glass of wine with dinner—pretty normal drinking. But over the years, my drinking picked up steam. The single drink each night became one or two or three. Then it became more. And the "number" of drinks depended on your definition. The standard measures for a "glass" of wine or a mixed drink just didn't apply.

All of my resolutions to stop were hollow—I'll stop tomorrow, I'll stop after the Super Bowl, I'll stop when I try that new diet—and were never backed up with any action. My thoughts of "only having one" always ended up in the same predictable way. That first beer when I hit the back door (and the conveniently located garage refrigerator) would set me off and running. One became two, became three, became four, became... you get the picture. After that first drink, it was "who cares, it doesn't matter anyway," followed by remorse and self defeat the next morning—and "dead eyes." I could see the wreckage of my life all around me—broken relationships, broken promises, isolation, and despair. How did I get to this point?

I finally reached my particular bottom on a Thursday night. It may not be as dramatic as some. No flashing red lights, no recriminations, no interventions. I drank myself into oblivion and knew that I was at the end. It's hard to explain, but I knew I was going to kill myself if I continued down this road. I was defeated and knew I couldn't continue to live like that any more.

I started with doctors' appointments, finally telling the truth on that little questionnaire about how much you drink. Eyebrows shot up—no surprise there—and one appointment led to the next, ending up at a treatment facility for an "evaluation" within hours. I told the truth there and signed myself up for outpatient treatment. I had surrendered and prayed that my Higher Power would guide me and that's exactly what happened. I did what was suggested by the people who had been placed in my life and they led me straight to AA.

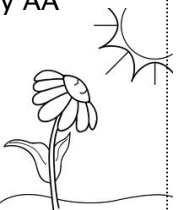
I was scared to death and I shook all the way across the parking lot to get to the door at that first meeting, only to find a friend I knew also going in. He sat by me during that first meeting and explained what was happening, urging me to get that all-important 24-hour chip. My Higher Power was truly working in my life that first meeting. A woman—whom miraculously I've never seen at any AA meeting since—spoke and she told my story. In that packed room, I felt like she was talking just to me and I felt an instant connection. I was home. The sense of relief was amazing and I felt such gratitude.

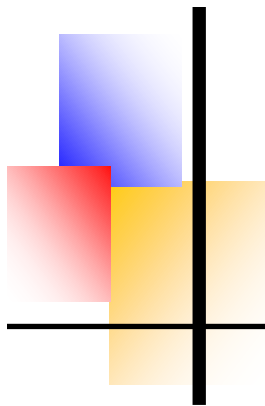
After that, I tried lots of meetings until I found my home group, settling on morning meetings as the best choice for my physical and emotional sobriety. They get me off to a positive start for the day and I can go every day—which is what this slow learner needs. By going regularly, I've developed close friends in the program who have helped me immeasurably in understanding this rich program of living.

As in the first days of sobriety, I continue to try to do everything that's suggested—from service work, to working the steps with my sponsor (we're embarking on Round 2), to trying to keep "in the middle of the pack." My AA buddies keep me safe and I try to help others in the same way I've been helped.

My life today is far different than it was when I entered the program in almost every way. The Promises really have come true and I've recaptured the joy and excitement for life that I had as a kid. Today, those "dead eyes" have been replaced by eyes that sparkle and a heart that brims with happiness. Thank you, AA, for giving me my life back!

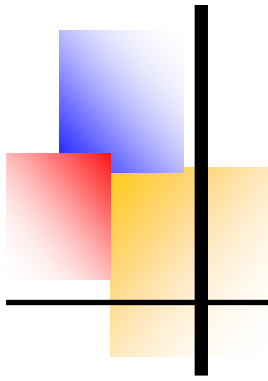
Ann M.





APRIL 2011

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1 CO speaker mtg-7 pm Tumalo speaker mtg 7 pm	2 Redmond potluck, speaker mtg—6 pm;
3	4	5 Tuesday night Speaker mtg-7 pm	6	7	8 Tumalo speaker mtg 7 pm	9
10 District 5 GSR mtg 4 pm TEC	11	12	13	14	15 CO speaker mtg-7 pm Tumalo speaker mtg 7 pm	16 Tax Relief Tacos Fundraiser for High Desert Roundup 6 to 10 pm TEC Brooks Hall
17 High Desert Round Up Plan- ning Mtg TEC 3pm	18	19 Madras birthday Mtg-7:30 pm	20 La Pine potluck/ speaker mtg-6 pm	21	22 Tumalo speaker Mtg 7 pm	23 Intergroup Potluck Speaker mtg 6pm ABC mtg joins Sat Nite live/TEC
24 Intergroup Advi- sory Board mtg- 5 pm Intergroup IGR mtg-5:30 pm; TEC	25	26	27 La Pine Living Sober Birthday Mtg at P&R 7pm	28	29 Bend Milestone Meeting TEC 7 pm Tumalo speaker mtg 7 pm	30 Spring Fling Talent Show and Dance—Bend Community Center
Bend Milestone Meeting Central Oregon Speaker Meeting District 5 GSR Meeting Intergroup Advisory Board Meeting Intergroup IGR Meeting Intergroup Potluck Speaker Meeting La Pine Potluck Speaker Meeting Madras Birthday Meeting Redmond Potluck Speaker Meeting Tuesday Speaker Meeting Tumalo Speaker Meeting		Trinity Episcopal Church Environmental Center TEC TEC St. Helen's Room La Pine Park & Rec Building Jefferson Cty Library Rodriguez Annex Redmond Community Church Nazarene Church Fellowship Hall			469 NW Wall Street 16 NW Kansas, Bend 469 Wall Street, Bend 469 NW Wall Street, Bend 469 NW Wall Street, Bend Idaho Street, Bend 16405 12 1st Street, La Pine 134 S.E. E Street, Madras 10 & Cedar, Redmond 1270 NE 27th, Bend Bruce Avenue, Tumalo	



MAY 2011

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3 Tuesday night Speaker mtg-7 pm	4	5	6 CO speaker mtg- 7 pm Tumalo speaker mtg-7 pm	7 Redmond pot- luck, speaker mtg—6 pm;
8 District 5 GSR mtg 4 pm TEC	9	10	11	12	13 Tumalo speaker mtg-7 pm	14
15 High Desert Round Up Planning Mtg TEC 3pm	16	17 Madras birthday Mtg-7:30 pm	18 La Pine potluck/ speaker mtg-6 pm	19	20 CO speaker mtg- 7 pm Tumalo speaker mtg-7 pm	21
22 Intergroup Advisory Board mtg-5 pm Inter- group IGR mtg- 5:30 pm; TEC	23	24	25 La Pine Living Sober Birthday Mtg at P&R 7pm	26	27 Tumalo Speaker Mtg 7 pm Bend Milestone- Meeting TEC 7p	28 Intergroup Potluck Speaker mtg 6pm
29 I	30	31				
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Note: The Central Oregon Intergroup Newsletter is a monthly newsletter of the Central Oregon Intergroup Office. It is about, by and for members of Central Oregon Alcoholics Anonymous. Opinions expressed herein are not to be attributed to AA as a whole. Quotations from AA books, pamphlets, or other literature are reprinted with permission of AA and World Services, Inc. Any internet links or other citations are provided as a courtesy only. No specific endorsement is intended or should be inferred.

MEETING ADDITIONS/CHANGES/ DELETIONS

NEW WOMENS MEETING!!

Bend, Thursdays 5:30 pm
Bend Community Center,
Board Room
"Stick" Closed Meeting
Women Alcoholics Only !!



TEMPORARY MEETING CHANGE:

The ABC Meeting on Saturday, April 23rd at 8 pm will be joining with the Saturday Night Live meeting at TEC, due to inavailability of meeting space. ABC will return to the Environmental Center on April 30th.



OLD-TIMERS NEEDED !!!

District 5 -Central Oregon's A.A. Archives is in need of Your Support! Help us to gather and record your memories of Who-When-and Where our Meetings were started. If You are interested in helping with this Wonderful Service for "ALL" of US -- then Please contact me, Daryl Lee - District 5 A.A. Archivist @ 541-848-8092 Or via email: ranchdaryl@gmail.com. Bless You!!



APRIL Sobriety Milestones

CarrieN	4-22-07	4 years
Carey	4-25-09	2 years
Tom M	4-16-10	1 year
Francis H	4-17-10	1 year
Cameron S	4-16-09	2 years
Wes S	4-30-09	2 years
Greg S	4-1-08	3 years
Marc S	4-26-08	3 years
Hank G	4-08-80	31 years
Thom D	4-09-89	22 years
Kathryn L	4-24-89	22 years
Brian B	4-02-02	9 years
Jonny L	4-15-08	3 years
Steve R	4-28-89	22 years
Darla B	4-15-05	6 years
Bob C	4-05-06	5 years
Bryan B	4-13-08	3 years
Chris N	4-21-03	8 years
Greg M	4-15-91	10 years
Jerry R	4-14-06	5 years
John B	4-22-07	4 years
Lori J	4-01-08	3 years
Lynn C	4-17-09	2 years
Nancy B	4-04-08	3 years
Dennis C	4-24-03	8 years
Diana B	4-28-06	5 years
Doug J	4-24-01	10 years
Ted B	4-04-01	10 years
Clare	4-30-84	27 years
Evelyn D	4-15-78	33 years
Greg S	4-15-76	35 years
Daniel B	4-20-87	24 years
Gary H	4-25-04	7 years



Upcoming Events

SPRING FLING DANCE

(sponsored by Entertainment Committee)

Along with

TALENT SHOW

(to benefit the PNC)



Saturday

April 30, 2011

Bend Community Center

Talent Show: 8pm to 9:30 pm

Dance: 9:30 to 11:30

Tickets \$10.00 at the Door

WE WANT TO BE ENTERTAINED!



Sign up with
your Talent

Call Kim A. (541) 420-9722

For more information call:

Heidi S. (541) 728-5463

Kevin K. (541) 610-3060

Yvonne L. (541) 306-06008

Fund Raising Event for the HIGH DESERT ROUND UP
coming September 23-25, 2011

Tax Relief Tacos: Saturday, April 16, 2011
6 to 10 pm, TEC Brooks Hall

All-You-Can-Eat Tacos, rice, beans, sopapillas \$7 per person

Entertainment Skit: "The Committee In Eric's Head"



TREASURER'S REPORT

DONATIONS SUMMARY

2011 Group	16-Feb to 16-Mar	Year to Date
24 and Alive	150.00	450.00
Attitude Adjustment	85.00	160.00
Back to the Big Book		79.48
Eastside Earlyrisers	170.70	345.70
Easy Does It	100.00	100.00
First things First	45.00	45.00
Madras Oasis Group		50.00
Make My Day		40.75
Men's Book Study	92.40	92.40
New Horizon	155.00	155.00
Not a Glum Lot	177.60	177.60
Primary Purpose	42.25	95.49
Redmond Rebels	12.96	63.52
Safe Harbor		77.92
Saturday Morning Alive		170.00
Sisters in Sobriety		52.33
S.O.S.	20.00	60.00
Spiritual Awakening		329.37
Step Sisters		159.00
Steps to Sobriety	150.00	150.00
Tuesday Nite AA-Bend		101.00
WFS	110.01	251.85
Potluck	42.00	42.00
	-	-
	-	-
Total Contributions	1,352.92	3,248.41



Editorial By Bill W. On the 7th Tradition

June 1948

The A.A. Groups themselves ought to be fully supported by the voluntary contribution of their own members. We think that each group should soon achieve its ideal: that any public solicitation of funds using the name of Alcoholics Anonymous is highly dangerous, whether by groups, clubs, hospitals or other outside agencies; that acceptance of large gifts from any source, or of contributions carrying any obligation whatever, is unwise. Then too, we view with much concern those A.A. treasuries which continue, beyond prudent reserves, to accumulate funds for no stated A.A. purpose. Experience has often warned us that nothing can so surely destroy our spiritual heritage as futile disputes over property, money, and authority.

Our growth continuing, the combined income of Alcoholics Anonymous members will soon reach the astounding total of \$250,000,000, a quarter of billion dollars yearly. This is the direct result of A.A. membership. Sober we now have it, drunk we would not.

By contrast, our overall A.A. expenses are trifling. For instance, the A.A. General Office now costs us \$1.50 per member a year. As a fact, the New York office asks the groups for this sum twice a year because not all of them contribute. Even so, the sum per member is exceedingly small. If an A.A. happens to live in a large metropolitan center where an intergroup office is absolutely essential to handle heavy inquiries and hospital arrangements he contributes (or probably should contribute) about \$5.00 annually. To pay the rent of his own group meeting place, and maybe coffee and doughnuts, he might drop \$25.00 a year in the hat. Or, if he belongs to a club it could be \$50.00. In case he takes *The A.A. Grapevine* he squanders an extra \$2.50!

So, the A.A. member who really meets his group responsibilities finds himself liable for about \$5.00 a month on the average. Yet his own personal income may be anywhere between \$200. and \$2,000. a month--the direct result of *not* drinking.

"But", some will contend, "our friends want to give us money to furnish that new club house. We are a new small group. Most of us are still pretty broke. What then?" I am sure that myriads of the A.A. voices would now answer the new group saying, "Yes, we know just how you feel. We once solicited money ourselves. We even solicited publicly. We thought we could do a lot of good with other peoples' money. But we found that kind of money too hot to handle. It aroused unbelievable controversy. It simply wasn't worth it. Besides, it set a precedent which has tempted many people to use the valuable name of Alcoholics Anonymous for other than A.A. purposes. While there may be little harm in a small friendly loan which your group really means to repay, we really beg you to think hard before you ask the most willing friend to make a large donation. You can, and you soon will, pay your own way. For each of you these overhead expenses will never amount to more than the price of one bottle of good whiskey a month. You will be everlastingly thankful if you pay this small obligation yourselves.

When reflecting on these things, why should not each of us tell himself, "Yes, we A.A.s were once a burden on everybody. We were 'takers.' Now that we are sober, and by the Grace of God have become responsible citizens of the world, why shouldn't we now about face and become 'thankful givers'! Yes, it is high time we did!"

Bill W.

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