



Central Oregon AA's

CONSCIOUS CONTACT

AA HOTLINE - (541) 548-0440 / FEBRUARY, 2015

FEBRUARY HAPPENINGS

Area Updates . . .

About those **IG Potlucks** . . .
The new "old" starting time is 6:00 pm. Now that we have returned to Brooks Hall, we can go back to our previous starting time. So grab a dish and come along!

DISTRICT 5 GSR MEETINGS are held on the second Sunday of each month at 4:00 pm at the First United Methodist Church (Community Room on Kansas) 680 NW Bond, Bend. All are welcome.

If you or someone you know is having a birthday in the month following this issue, please let Judy W. know at least a week before the end of the current month.

BTW, the AA Hotline number is (541) 548-0440.

PI/CPC is recruiting new members to help distribute literature; re-contacted members involved in local media; continuing to develop contacts at public and private radio stations; connecting with Deschutes County prevention staff for local schools to receive schedules and literature; Ads in the Source weekly and Bend Bulletin with the AA Hotline phone number.

Calling for volunteer AA members, who may be interested in helping spread the message to professional groups, who come into contact with alcoholics. This is the CPC (Cooperation with Professional Committees) part of presenting AA to community groups. We have scripts and specific training ideas for presentations. If you are comfortable talking to groups and have at least one year of sobriety please contact Thom D. at 971-237-1373

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OUR INTERGROUP OFFICE

M-F 9:00 am -1:00 pm
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OREGON AREA TREASURY

1900 NE 3RD Street
Suite 106-172
Bend OR 97701

DISTRICT 5

P. O. Box 7241
Bend OR 97708

GENERAL SERVICE BOARD

Grand Central Station
P.O. Box 459
New York NY 10164-0371

AA HOTLINE



All positions are currently full, but don't hesitate to contact Samantha R. to find out when positions open up.

To qualify you must:

- Have a working telephone
- Have 6 months of sobriety
- Have an AA sponsor
- Be working the AA steps
- Be attending AA meetings regularly
- Participate in a brief training

If you are willing to give back what was so freely given to you, please call:

Hotline Chairman: Samantha R. (541) 604-5319

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS



Wayne S.	2/01/83
Dana B.	2/04/13
Jen H.	2/06/13
Jill S.	2/07/12
Rue Mc.	2/14/14
Susan H.	2/15/02
Pattie O.	2/18/94
Dick S.	2/20/95
Laura S.	2/21/83
Annette C.	2/21/07
Mike S.	2/22/94
Bill O.	2/25/94
Carol N.	2/26/99

(Let us know when your birthday is, and you'll be in the newsletter. Ed.)

MEETING CHANGES

BEND

Monday 8 pm. New Horizons COFH Meeting Closed

M-W-F 5:30 pm. PRIMARY PURPOSE will continue to meet at SHH until TEC is ready, and will then meet M through F at 5:30 pm.

Thursday 5:30 pm. Chicks with Chips has changed its format to an As Bill Sees It meeting.

Saturday, 5:30 pm. Sisters in Sobriety. New time: 5:00 pm. New location: TEC.

LaPINE

Wednesday 7:00PM Living Sober, Discussion; and 2nd Wednesday, Potluck 6:00PM, Speaker 7:00PM, will now be meeting at Community Church, 16565 Finley Butte Road.

Thursday 5:30- LaPine Men's Meeting, New Location: Community Church, 16565 Finley Butte Road

Speak Spanish?

District 5 Cooperation with Treatment Facilities Needs YOU

Did you know in all of Central Oregon there is not
a single Spanish speaking meeting??

We have a spanish speaking treatment facility
willing to host. Now all we need is a Spanish
speaking member willing to be of service.

Once a week? Even once a MONTH!

If you speak spanish District 5 NEEDS YOU!

Contact Carrie B. District 5 CTF Chair @ 541-788-7276

Step Two – Came to Believe that a Power Greater than Ourselves Could Restore Us To Sanity

THERE WAS a time when I blitzed through the Twelve Steps because I wanted to get well in a hurry. I reasoned that if these Steps were the program for recovery, well, I'd just recover that much sooner and stop hurting.

That was several years ago. I still feel despondent and hurt from time to time. I also still have my moments of insanity, during which I seem deliberately to do each one of the items on my checklist of no-nos, even though I know better. For instance, I take myself far too seriously, try to change the things I can't, try to do everything by yesterday, believe I can do it alone, hang on to resentments, put first things last and generally procrastinate, seek out and dwell on the negative aspects of events or persons, *expect* too much, and *accept* too little. You get the idea.

Just now is such a time. But despite all appearances (and as I was told in AA meetings but never quite believed), my worst moments sober are still far, far better than my best moments drunk. At least, today I know I'm not going to have to lie about my drinking, mouth off to a friend or employer, pass out, or black out, any of which would make tomorrow impossible to face and would require another day of anesthesia, *ad infinitum*.

I don't have to cringe from the future these days, thanks to AA. More than the physical retching, throbbing headaches, and all, I remember the paranoia. I skulked around avoiding family, friends, associates, and neighbors, wondering what I had done the day before and absolutely certain they were all talking about my drunkenness and conspiring to put me away. I'm plenty grateful to be free of that!

At the moment, there are three facts of life I am trying to learn to accept.

First, recovery comes slowly for good reason: to teach me persistence, perseverance, and patience, all qualities I lack. Blitzing through the Steps before I was mentally and emotionally competent was just another sign of my impatience. I need to work on the Twelve Steps continually, for as my head clears, my emotions stabilize, and my self-honesty improves, I find more garbage I need to rid myself of.

Second, hurting is part of getting better. I had anesthetized myself from feeling real emotions, from experiencing painful situations, and from developing any solid relationships with family and friends. Now, resuming an emotional and spiritual growth interrupted early in my teens with the onset of alcoholism, I am finding that this growth is sometimes painful. I need to learn to accept these growth pangs, along with whatever else life throws my way, as necessary for my growth.

Third, understanding that there is a Higher Power active in my daily life is necessary to my continued sobriety and serenity. I thought I had no problem taking the Second Step. As a youngster, I'd been given a good religious background, and I did not need to come to believe. I already believed (or so I thought). In a later study of the Steps, I paused at that one and pondered it: "Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity." I hadn't really taken that Step. Just to be safe, I turned to Chapter Four in the Big Book, "We Agnostics." I'd skipped that part before, since I didn't consider myself an agnostic.

Then I realized that had my belief in a Higher Power been stronger and viable before, I probably never would have followed a style of life that made it possible for me to become an alcoholic. So I needed to work Step Two. I saw that the phrase was "*came to believe*," not "*already had a belief*," or some such misreading.

The "sanity" part of "could restore us to sanity" was no problem. I had persisted in drinking in the face of overwhelming and painful evidence that I couldn't drink normally--what else but insane?

My mind fixed on "Power. . .could restore. . .," and I perceived that I had only to come to believe in order to receive active help from this Power greater than myself. Through this Step, the founders of the AA program were telling me a simple truth: Those successful in AA had developed, as an active part of their recovery, a belief in a Power outside themselves that was evident and active in their daily lives.

The wisdom of the founders in not being more specific about the form of this belief had once been lost on me but now became quite clear. This belief has to be arrived at individually, often through a *gradual* spiritual awakening of the type William James called "educational," in terms of one's own needs and experience, and in a way that is practical for each individual. This power of the good, which I choose to call God, is not my earlier abstract concept, taken down from the shelf from time to time and dusted off when things got rough; it is a useful, practical, and active force for good in my life.

Having come to this point with Step Two, there was no turning back. Step Three followed logically: If God as I understood Him was an active force for good in human affairs, I should have no fear of turning my will and my life over to His care. And Step Eleven, reminding me to actively maintain this newfound awareness, suggested that I could improve this consciousness by praying to know and do His will.

D. S.
Honolulu, Hawaii
Grapevine May, 1977

Al-Anon District 5 Spaghetti Feed Fundraiser

February 7, 2015



St. Thomas Catholic Church
1720 NW 19th Street, Redmond

4:30	Doors Open
5:30	Dinner
6:30	Speakers

\$8/person; \$15/couple; \$2 children under 12

*Let the Understanding, Love and Peace of the
Program Grow in You One Day at a Time*

AL-ANON SPEAKER: MICKI

AA SPEAKER: ALEX G.

Questions? Call 541-948-9588 or 541-728-3707

When We Retire At Night . . .

The other day as I was visiting a friend and we were talking, we discussed something that left me kind of hanging in my own mind after leaving. So, as it involved most of us not leaving much evidence of our living behind when we pass on with the exception of in the memories of a few relatives, it made me start to think. Now, thinking isn't always my long suit and I know we are supposed to keep it simple, but still I started to wonder.

I started to wonder about at the end of my life, if I was on my death-bed, what kind of thoughts might I have? Now, we know that many 'normal' people look back at their lives and think about stuff like, did their life have meaning, or was it meaningless? So what about the alcoholic? I was asked to pick a topic at the meeting last night, so I asked a question regarding if we were on our death beds, would we look back at our life in utter despair that it had all been wasted or would we look at it with the satisfaction of knowing that we had done something to help someone, better something, help our country, or etc. I knew that it might be a difficult topic but everyone at the meeting had well over a year sobriety up to thirteen years or more.

I didn't think it would be so difficult as we in Alcoholics Anonymous are always quoting page 86 of our book:

When we retire at night, we constructively review our day. Were we resentful, selfish, dishonest or afraid? Do we owe an apology? Have we kept something to ourselves that should be discussed with another person at once? Were we kind and loving toward all? What could we have done better? Were we thinking of ourselves most of the time? Or were we thinking of what we could do for others, of what we could pack into the stream of life? But we must be careful not to drift into worry, remorse or morbid reflection, for that would diminish our usefulness to others. After making our review we ask God's forgiveness and inquire what corrective measures should be taken.

But, apparently, I was wrong; it was difficult. I thought I would get some interesting input, and I did. I found the members who shared had many odd answers to the topic. Some just didn't wish to speak on it at all. Several grabbed onto the depression or despair portion and talked about having to be on medication for depression. At least one person indicated that my thinking about it might be an ego trip or something regarding my saying that I knew that I would look back and think that my life had not been wasted. One stated that anything he did he kept a secret, as if it might get him drunk to let someone know he's done something good or to help someone. Wonder where that comes from?

Below is a short version of this life stage theory by one of the great thinkers of the world, and most certainly a man in the class of one we speak about often, William James, for whom Bill Wilson had the utmost respect. Erik Erikson, a normie, said in his life stage theory:

Integrity versus despair is the eighth and final stage of Erik Erikson's theory of psychosocial development. This stage occurs during late adulthood from age 65 through the end of life.

During this period of time, people reflect back on the life they have lived and come away with either a sense of fulfillment from a life well lived or a sense of regret and despair over a life misspent.

Those who feel proud of their accomplishments will feel a sense of integrity. Successfully completing this phase means looking back with few regrets and a general feeling of satisfaction. These individuals will attain wisdom, even when confronting death.

Those who are unsuccessful during this phase will feel that their life has been wasted and will experience many regrets. The individual will be left with feelings of bitterness and despair.

(Erik Homburger Erikson (15 June 1902 – 12 May 1994) was a German-born American developmental psychologist and psychoanalyst known for his theory on psycho-social development of human beings.)

So, if normal people think of this kind of stuff, why wouldn't the sober alcoholic eventually come to think of this stuff also? Don't we evolve and get out of that selfishness and self-centeredness if we stay sober and work our steps? Why wouldn't our nightly reflection as listed on page 86 of our book evolve into a life reflection if we have the opportunity at the end of our life? Don't we start to act more like a so-called normal person? Why would thinking thoughts like this be considered taboo? Just why do we try to get sober anyway? Just to stop drinking leaves us with the self-centeredness and no relief from it, doesn't it? Isn't sobriety an attempt to bring our thinking into line with the norms of society?

Anyway I believe my thinking has changed, and as I'm over 25 years dry and I've worked the twelve steps and I consider myself 'recovered' (see forward to the first edition). Also, as I am willing to attempt to help another human being, and as I've gotten and held jobs with much responsibility, I know that I can fit well in the normie community.

Sometimes I seem to think more the way a normal person would than the way some alkies think. Is that wrong? I don't think that it's wrong at all, it's what we are striving toward. But I do believe that often other alkies do not understand much of what I say. Well who knows, perhaps it's I who doesn't understand them so much anymore. I hope not, as there are so many out there who need help and so few willing to attempt to give them that help.

Sober Cat, Jan 2015
Bend, Oregon

CALL FOR SERVICE WITH CPC

Calling for volunteer AA members, who may be interested in helping spread the message to professional groups, who come into contact with alcoholics. This is the CPC (Cooperation with Professional Committees) part of presenting AA to community groups. We have scripts and specific training ideas for presentations. If you are comfortable talking to groups and have at least one year of sobriety please contact Thom D. at 971-237-1373

Valentines Day Bowling

(sponsored by COIG Entertainment Committee)



FEBRUARY 14 – 7-9 PM

LAVA LANES



\$15/person (includes bowling and shoes)

PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED!!!

Fellowship at Shari's (North) afterwards

Tradition Two

For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority – a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.

WHERE does AA get its direction? Who runs it? This too is a puzzler for every friend and newcomer. When told that our society has no president having authority to run it, no treasurer who can compel the payment of any dues, no board of directors who can cast an erring member into outer darkness, when indeed no AA can give another a directive and enforce obedience, our friends gasp and exclaim, "This simply can't be. There must be an angle somewhere." These practical folk then read Tradition Two, and learn that the sole authority in AA is a loving God as he may express himself to the AA group conscience. They dubiously ask an experienced AA member if this really works. The member, sane to all appearances, immediately answers, "Yes! It definitely does." The friends mutter that this looks vague, nebulous, pretty naive to them. Then they commence to watch us with speculative eyes, pick up a fragment of AA history, and soon have the solid facts and are convinced.

And what are the facts of AA life that brought us to this seemingly impractical principle?

John Doe, a good AA, moves--let us say--to Middletown, U.S.A. Alone now, he reflects that he may not be able to stay sober, or even alive, unless he passes on to other alcoholics what was so freely given him. He feels a spiritual and ethical compulsion, because hundreds like him may be suffering within walking distance. Then, too, he misses his home group. He needs other alcoholics as much as they need him. He visits preachers, doctors, editors, policemen and bartenders. . .with the result that Middletown now has a group, and he is the founder.

Being the founder he is, at first, the boss. Who else could be? Very soon, though, his assumed authority to run everything begins to be shared with the first alcoholics he has helped. At this moment, the benign dictator becomes the chairman of a committee composed of his friends. These are the growing group's hierarchy of service--self-appointed, of course, because there is no other way. In a matter of months, AA booms in Middletown.

The founder and his friends channel spirituality to newcomers, hire halls, make hospital arrangements, and entreat their good wives to brew gallons of coffee. Being on the human side, the founder and his friends may bask a little in glory. They say to each other, "Perhaps it would be a good idea if we continue to keep a firm hand on AA in this town. After all, we are experienced. Besides, look at all the good we've done these drunks. They should be grateful!" True, founders and their friends are sometimes wiser and more humble. But more often at this stage they are not.

Growing pains now beset the group. Panhandlers panhandle. Little Red Riding Hoods and Big Bad Wolves cavort. Problems descend like an avalanche. Still more important, murmurs are heard in the body politic, which swell into a loud cry, "Do these old-timers think they can run this group forever? Let's have an election!" The founder and his friends are hurt and depressed. They rush from crisis to crisis and from member to member, pleading. But it's no use; the revolution is on. The group conscience is about to take over.

Now comes the election. If the founder and his friends have served well, they may--to their surprise--be reinstated for a time. If, however, they have heavily resisted the rising tide of democracy, they may be summarily beached. In either case, the group now has a so-called rotating committee, very sharply limited in its authority. In no sense whatever can its members govern or direct the group. They are servants. Theirs is the sometimes thankless privilege of doing the group's chores. Headed by the chairman, they look after public relations and arrange meetings; their treasurer, strictly accountable, takes money from the hat that is passed, banks it, pays the rent and other bills, and makes a regular report at business meetings. The secretary sees that literature is on the table, looks after the phone-answering service, answers the mail, and sends out notices of meetings. Such are the simple services that enable the group to function. The committee gives no spiritual advice, judges no one's conduct, issues no orders. Every one of them may be

promptly eliminates at the very next election if they try this. And so they make the belated discovery that they are really servants, not senators. Except in new groups, these are universal experiences. Thus throughout AA does the group conscience decree the terms upon which its leaders shall serve.

This brings us straight to the question, "Does AA have any real leadership?" Most emphatically the answer is "Yes, notwithstanding the apparent lack of it." Let's turn again to the deposed founder and his friends. What becomes of them? As their grief and anxiety wear away, a subtle change begins. Ultimately they divide into two classes known in AA slang as "elder statesmen" and "bleeding deacons." The elder statesman is the one who sees the wisdom of the group's decision, who holds no resentment over his reduced status, whose judgment, fortified by considerable experience, is sound, and who is willing to sit quietly on the sidelines patiently waiting developments. The bleeding deacon is one just as surely convinced that the group cannot get along without him, who constantly connives for reelection to office, and who continues to be consumed with self-pity. Some hemorrhage so badly that--drained of all AA spirit and principle--they get drunk. At times the AA landscape seems to be littered with bleeding forms. Nearly every old-timer in our society has gone through this process in some degree. Happily, most of them survive and live to become elder statesmen. They become the real and permanent leadership of AA. Theirs is the quiet opinion, the sure knowledge and humble example that resolves a crisis. When sorely perplexed, the group inevitably turns to them for advice. They become the voice of the group conscience; in fact, these are the sure voice of Alcoholics Anonymous. They do not drive by mandate, they lead by example. Such is the experience that has led us to the conclusion that our group conscience, well-advised by its elders, will be in the long run wiser than any single leader.

When AA was only three years old, an event occurred that was destined to be historic, demonstrating this principle. One of the originators of AA, entirely contrary to his own desires, was obliged to conform to group opinion. Here is the story in his words.

"One day I was doing a Twelfth Step job at a hospital in New York. The proprietor, Charlie, summoned me to his office. 'Bill,' he said, 'I think it's a shame that you are financially so hard up. All around you these drunks are getting well and making money. But you're giving this work full time, and you're broke. It isn't fair,' Charlie fished in his desk and came up with an old financial statement. Handing it to me he said, 'This shows the kind of money my hospital used to make back in the 1920's. Thousands of dollars a month. It should be doing just as well now, and it would--if you'd help me. So why don't you move your work in here? I'll give you an office, a decent drawing account, and a very healthy slice of the profits. Three years ago, when my head doctor, Silkworth, began to tell me of your idea to cure drunks by spirituality, I thought it was crackpot stuff, but I've changed my mind. Someday this bunch of ex-drunks of yours will fill Madison Square Garden, and I don't see why you should starve while we wait. What I propose is perfectly ethical. You can become a lay therapist, and more successful than anybody in the business.'

"I was bowled over. There were a few feeble twinges of conscience until I saw how really ethical Charlie's proposal was. There was nothing wrong whatever with becoming a lay therapist. I thought of Lois coming home exhausted from the department store each day, only to cook supper for a houseful of drunks who weren't paying any board. I thought of the \$60,000 still owing to Wall Street creditors. I thought of a few of my alcoholic friends, who were making as much money as ever. Why shouldn't I do as well as they?

"Although I asked Charlie for a little time to consider it, my own mind was about made up. Racing back to Brooklyn on the subway, I had a seeming flash of divine guidance. It was only a single sentence, but most convincing. In fact, it seemed to come right out of the Bible--a voice kept saying to me, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Arriving home, I found Lois cooking as usual, while three drunks looked hungrily on from the kitchen door. I drew her aside and excitedly told the glorious news. She looked relieved, but didn't seem a bit excited, and finally remarked noncommittally, "Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

"It was meeting night. Although none of the alcoholics we boarded seemed to get sober, a score or so of others had. With their wives they crowded into our downstairs parlor. At once I burst into the story of my glowing opportunity. Never shall I forget their impassive faces, and the steady gaze

they focused upon me. With waning enthusiasm, my tale trailed off to the end. There was a long silence.

"Almost timidly, one of my friends began to speak. "We know how hard up you are, Bill. It bothers us a lot. We've often wondered what we might do about it. But I think I speak for everyone here when I say that what you now propose bothers us an awful lot more.' The speaker's voice grew more confident. 'Don't you realize,' he said, 'that you can never become a professional? As decent as Charlie has been to us, don't you see that we can't tie this thing up with his hospital or any other? You tell us that Charlie's proposal is ethical--sure, it's ethical, but what we've got won't run on ethics only; it has to be better. Sure, Charlie's idea is good, but it isn't good enough. This is a matter of life and death, Bill, and nothing but the very best will do!' Challengingly, my friends stared hard into my eyes. 'Bill,' said their spokesman, 'haven't you often said right here in this meeting that sometimes the good is the enemy of the best? Well, this is a plain case of it. Bill, you can't do this thing to us!'

"So spoke the group conscience, as AA history was made. The group was right and I was wrong; the voice on the subway was not the voice of God. Here was the true voice, welling up out of my friends. I listened, and--thank God--I obeyed."

Bill W.

We are not a glum lot . . .

It's an oldie but a goodie, and I still laughed out loud when I read it . . . Editor.

IN THE DEFINITELY UNTRUE DEPARTMENT we have the tale of the avid golfer-cum-drunk who arrived home eight hours late and said to his furious wife, "Look, honey, I'm lucky to be only eight hours late. On the way to Joe's house, I had a flat. The spare was flat, too, so I had to roll it three miles and back to get it fixed. Then, after I got Joe, we ran out of gas, and I had to walk two more miles to get some. Finally, after we got on the course, we had a long wait to start.

"But that isn't all, either. After we shot a couple of holes, Joe had a heart attack. I ran to the clubhouse to get a doctor, but when we got back, Joe had died. And for the next sixteen holes, it was just hit the ball, drag Joe, hit the ball, drag Joe."

A Helping Hand

Maybe she'll never be a sponsor, but that won't stop her from extending her hand and saying welcome.

I met the woman who was to become my sponsor when I had nine days. I forgot what she said that night, but I got the sense that this lady had her head on straight. I called her on day twelve because I didn't know what else to do. She told me she had other plans that night, but surprised me by showing up at my meeting. There were no chairs left, so I sat on the floor and she sat on the floor, too. When the meeting was over, I asked her to be my sponsor. She hugged me and said, "God sent you to me!" She has been my sponsor ever since and is one of the most important people in my life.

When I achieved one year sober, we both started looking for someone I could sponsor, so that I could share the experience of sponsorship from the other side of the table. At first I looked for newcomers, asked them if they had a sponsor and if not, I'd be happy to be their sponsor. No luck. A man with several years told me that approach probably scared or intimidated them, so I backed off.

If there was a newcomer at a meeting, I'd give my phone number to her and say I'd be happy to help in any way I could. No pressure. No luck either. I signed up in several interim sponsorship books. No luck. I sometimes acted as beginner's liaison in my home group. Again, no luck.

Finally, my sponsor met a woman just out of rehab and told me to talk with her, take her out for coffee, and maybe I could be her sponsor. I did what my sponsor told me to do. After a few weeks, the woman did ask me to sponsor her, but rarely called. Wanting to be helpful, I called her. After a few weeks of this, I asked her to call me. She stopped calling completely.

Pretty soon we would just hook up at a meeting and go out for coffee or a quick bite to eat. After another couple of weeks she wouldn't make it to the meeting, but would want to go out to the coffee shop. Again, I suggested she call, because I needed time to share with my friends, and offered to set aside a time every week when she and I could get together in person. She stopped coming to the same meetings I went to and we didn't go out for coffee. Eventually, I told her I couldn't be her sponsor anymore. I had to break this news over her answering machine because she didn't return my calls to her office.

My feelings were hurt and my expectations too high. Nothing I can say or do can control another's behavior. Here is a prime application for the slogan "Live and Let Live," which reminds me that the only goal is to be helpful.

Months passed. I'd still give out my phone number at meetings and act as liaison, but no one asked me to be a sponsor. Pretty soon, women whom I'd watched counting days had one or two sponsees. My sponsor even got another sponsee.

Recently, a woman who hadn't had a drink in four days came to my home group. I asked if she wanted to go out for coffee and she said yes. She was asking a lot of questions about sponsorship and I offered to be her sponsor. She said that she would like that, if it wasn't too much trouble. No trouble at all, I replied, but please try to call me before two in the morning.

No calls. I'd see her at meetings and ask how things were going. She'd be eager to share with me in person but reluctant to pick up the phone. A week later I saw her run out of a meeting. I followed and asked if she was okay. She was agitated. She told me she had been calling another woman in the program every day and that she was working on the First Step with her. She had a sponsor, but it wasn't me.

While I'm disappointed I don't have a sponsee, I feel joy in doing the Twelfth Step work that I do. I speak at meetings. I still give out my phone number. My name is still in the sponsorship books at groups around town. I've been on Twelfth Step calls. I act as liaison when called upon, and I'm secretary and treasurer of my home group. I enjoy going to a coffee shop with others after meetings. I say hello to new folks, and make a special effort to remember their names. Several of those people, whom I met when they were still shaking and sweating out the booze, are sober now for more than a year. They remember that I looked them in the eye, said welcome, and extended my hand in fellowship.

As a sponsee, I'm joyous. As a sponsor, I'm perplexed. Maybe I'll never be a sponsor, but that won't stop me from extending my hand and saying welcome.

*Elizabeth H., New York, New York
Grapevine – Vol. 53, No. 8 – January, 1997*

FEBRUARY 2015

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3 Tuesday Night AA Speaker Mtg. 7 pm Church of the Nazarene	4	5	6 CO Speaker Mtg. 7pm Environ- mental Center, 16 NW Kansas, Bend Speakers: Trimble (45 yrs.); Amy Y. (6 yrs.)	7 Al-Anon Spaghetti Feed Fundraiser 4:30 – 7:30 St. Thomas Catholic Church, 1720 NW 19 th , Redmond
8 District 5 GSR Mtg 4 pm First United Methodist Church, 680 NW Bond (enter Kansas)	9	10	11 LaPine Potluck Speaker 6 pm Park & Rec. 16565 Finley Butte Rd., LaPine	12	13	14 Valentines Day Bowling! Lava Lanes 7-9 pm
15 Entertainment Committee Meeting 4 pm TEC, Bend	16	17	18	19	20 CO Speaker Mtg. 7pm Environ- mental Center, 16 NW Kansas, Bend Speakers: Agnes C. (34 yrs); Lisa H. (2 yrs.)	21
22 IGR Advisory Board Mtg 4:30 IGR Mtg 5:30 pm TEC	23 Step Sisters Speaker Mtg. 7pm TEC	24	25	26	27 Bend Birthday Mtg. TEC. 7 pm Speaker: Doug	28 IG Potluck, Brooks Hall. 6:00 pm Speakers at 7:00. Sponsoring Group: MWF DCC Nooner

MARCH 2015

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8 District 5 GSR Mtg 4 pm First United Methodist Church, 680 NW Bond (enter Kansas)	9	10	11 LaPine Potluck Speaker 6 pm Park & Rec. 16565 Finley Butte Rd., LaPine	12	13	14
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22 IGR Advisory Board Mtg 4:30 IGR Mtg 5:30 pm TEC	23	24	25	26	27 Bend Birthday Mtg. TEC. 7 pm Speaker:	28 IG Potluck Brooks Hall. 6:00 pm; speakers at 7:00. Sponsoring Group: WFS
29	30 Step Sisters Speaker Mtg. 7pm TEC	31				