



Central Oregon's

CONSCIOUS CONTACT

AA HOTLINE - (541) 548-0440 August 1, 2015

AUGUST HAPPENINGS

Area Updates . . .

The Entertainment Committee has a new, safe trailer for taking all the necessities to functions. A long overdue and welcome addition to help with the fun things the committee comes up with. On that note, there is a need for volunteers on the Entertainment Committee. All the work has been done by the same few people for quite a long time now and the time has come for some new, enthusiastic, creative blood. Give Teryce a call (number/email listed at right) or, better yet, show up at the monthly Entertainment Committee meeting on the 4th Sunday of the month at 3:15 pm at TEC.

Also, the Entertainment Committee has elections next month for Treasurer, Recording Secretary and Supplies. All

positions are 2 year sobriety requirement, 2 year commitment.

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

INTERGROUP OFFICERS

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ADVISORY BOARD COMMITTEE

Mike S (541) 815-7458
Peggy R (541) 480-4019
Cody M (541) 420-0774
Samantha R (541) 604-5319

OUR INTERGROUP OFFICE
M-F 9:00 am -1:00 pm
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(541) 923-8199 www.coigaa.org

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

Shift available: Saturday 9pm to 9am Sunday

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

**AUGUST
BIRTHDAYS**

April M.	8/29/10
Crissie F.	8/28/96
Debra S.	8/28/95
Ellen G.	8/06/13
Emily G.	8/14/14
Erin B.	8/02/13
Jeannette H.	8/28/00
Krystal F.	8/14/12
Linda T.	8/03/92
Maria R.	8/27/08
Mary B.	8/05/98
Peggy R.	8/11/93
Rochelle N.	8/15/88
Ruth Ann S.	8/02/11
Sandy S.	8/06/13
Sarah R.	8/07/82
Sue M.	8/18/13
Teryce K.	8/13/09
Tina M.	8/06/10

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

MEETING CHANGES**BEND**

NEW First meeting 8/3. Monday 7:00-8:30 pm - The Fundamentals of Sobriety. Big Book study. Open. Co-ed. COFH Hall.

NEW Thursday 7:00 pm, Sober & Out. Open literature discussion. LGBTQ, TEC.

NEW Friday 7:00 pm Bend Downtowners, Open discussion, Environmental Center, 16 Kansas Avenue

PRINEVILLE

NEW Friday 5:00p.m. Sisters Offering Solutions, Women's Big Book Study. Our Saviors Lutheran Church - 695 NW 3rd Street. Children's room available, shared childcare. Parking and entry in the back of church.

CULVER

Wednesday 6:30p.m. Nuts & Bolts, now meets at Culver Christian Church, 501 4th Ave.

Step Eight – Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.

THERE'S a spicy bit of folklore around called "The Hell-Bound Train," in which the devil taunts a trainload of alcoholic wraiths as follows: "You've mocked at God in your hell-born pride, you've plundered and cheated and sworn and lied; you've swindled, murdered, robbed and stole; not one hasn't perjured his soul." It's enough to make a repentant alcoholic curl up and disappear into the nap of the nearest rug.

A conscience making accusations of this sort is an uncomfortable thing to live with. Since one of the primary aims of the AA program, as I understand it, is to help members live more comfortably, we have to do something about the uneasy conscience.

Repressive techniques, most of us have found, don't work. I have never been able permanently to get rid of an uneasy conscience by telling it to go away, or by getting busy with other things and trying to forget it, or by pretending it wasn't there. The only things that have worked for me, in more than fifteen years of trying to live by the program, are admitting I've got it, asking forgiveness of God and man, and making amends as suggested in Steps Eight and Nine. Eight is the "on your marks, get set," Nine is "go!" Right now we're on Eight.

To get into a frame of mind to make amends is a hard thing for an alcoholic--at least, this alcoholic--to do. It brings to mind times when, as a child, I was made to say "I'm sorry" for some unintentional mistake. I wasn't really sorry because I hadn't intended to do wrong. I resented being rammed into the guilty seat, and wound up at the end of the scene with a worse conscience than I'd had at the beginning.

As a full-blown alcoholic, even after introduction to AA, some of this childhood attitude persisted. I strongly resisted suggestions that I express regret and make restitution. It wasn't really my fault, something within me was arguing, that I had become an alcoholic. Through no deed of my own, I had inherited a constitution that was susceptible to the sauce. I'd been born into a society that encouraged the use of alcohol and thrown among companions who worshipped it. I had only done what everybody did. Was it my fault if things had gone wrong?

Only gradually did I come to understand the essential childishness of this point of view. Slowly, I began to see that no human being, alcoholic or not, could live at peace in this world unless he had made himself part of a network of harmonious human relationships. This could come about only when he had established inner harmony by coming to terms with his own troublesome conscience, and outer harmony by making amends to those he had injured and with whom he was in regular contact.

Steps Eight and Nine are the "human relations steps." It will be noted that *other people* are not mentioned at all (except for brief reference to "another human being" in Step Five) until Step Eight. Now, after having done something about getting right with a Higher Power, we're ready to take on the job of getting right with human society.

The authors of the Steps showed great wisdom in breaking up the work of restitution into two parts. Step Eight, the getting ready, is an essential preliminary. To make amends less than wholeheartedly would defeat the purpose of Step Nine. I gradually came to comprehend that until I was ready to take on to myself the full responsibility for my actions, including the influence on them of a million years of history and twenty thousand generations of forebears, I was not really adult. Whatever might have been society's fault

and heredity's fault, I accepted as *my* fault, along with those offenses which originated with me. (I have a hunch one of the reasons the Higher Power is so ready to forgive is that He acknowledges the racial burden we bear). Then I tried to get ready to make good wherever possible.

This has never been an easy process for me. But it is the only route I know to that estimable goal of a reasonably harmonious inner life and friendly outer relationships. My own difficulties have already been partly chronicled in Grapevine. Seven years ago, in the "Twelve Steps and the Older Member" series, I got going on how this step looked to me on first arrival in AA, and after seven years:

"I remember just how I felt about Number Eight at the start. I didn't like it. Most of the time I didn't want to think about the persons I had harmed. Rather I inclined to brood about those who had harmed me.

"Take this thing cafeteria style," I was advised. 'Select what you want and can digest, and leave the rest until later.' Part of the 'rest to be left for later' was the Eighth Step.

"Whether we like it or not, we are fundamentally moral creatures. Even the most depraved of us offer moral justifications for what we do. I justified my drinking on grounds it wasn't hurting anyone but me.

"Old John Donne had a point when he wrote that 'no man is an island.' Take the loneliest homeless drunk you can think of, and let's see whether he harms people. He harms the room clerk, the bellhop and the chambermaid of the hotel where he's holed up, with a sense that their services are wasted, the cop and judge who finally lock him up and the doctor who treats him, with the frustration of such work. He harms the people he passes on the street by scaring some, angering others and saddening the rest. His friends are harmed by the loss of his friendship; if he has no friends, he's depriving those who need friends. Let's face it, we alcoholics have hurt people by our insane drinking.

"I certainly did. I had a boss, business associates, a wife, two kids, a brother, a sister, a father and mother. They all had a sense of insecurity where I was concerned, and this was especially hard on the kids, whose whole world wobbles when one of the parents at its center wobbles.

"And I really wobbled. The night of my father's funeral I was drunk and when my mother came to my house for solace I was drunk and when people had a birthday or an anniversary or a solemn occasion or a crisis, I was drunk.

"Gradually, as the twenty-four-hour periods in AA linked themselves into weeks, then months and finally years, a change began in my outlook. This change is not complete, but its direction is something like this: At first I inclined to feel that the universe was not giving me my just due, that I deserved far better than I got. As the change progresses, I tend more to feel I'm lucky God gave me a look-in on His marvelous creation on any terms, that I'm lucky to be let off so easily for my misdemeanors.

"Thoughts like this mean more and more to me: God has given us power to harm people if we want to. Anybody can smash a fine watch, but how many can make one? A person is more wonderful than the most marvelous watch. It's easy to smash a person's happiness, but how many know how to restore it?

"Make amends? Some amends I can never make, in the sense of reliving years already lived. But I can try to live these present days the way I ought to have lived all my days.

"It's strange how a deep change of heart brings opportunities for restitution one never thought were possible. There's a certain man I've always thought highly of. I flubbed

things so badly our relationship was strained, so I thought, beyond repair. Yet just the other day I picked up the phone and called him on impulse. We had a nice chat, and by even so ordinary a means the extraordinary thing was accomplished: our relationship as friends was reestablished."

Gradually, just by being around AA and soaking up some of the excess goodwill our society can generate when it's working well, we really become willing to make amends. Really *wanting to* takes the strain out of actually doing it. When the time comes, we sit down and make our list.

My list was short. This was the human relations step, I reasoned, as well as the conscience step. Thereafter, whenever my conscience began to yell at me I could yell back: "Okay, I'm working on it!" I decided to restrict my amends to those with whom I had continuing contact. Old friends whose addresses I'd lost, burned-out flames and broken associations of other days were set aside. My job is to live with the people I live with. Wife, in-laws, children, relatives, work associates, present friends--it is to these staunch ones I must make my amends. Step Eight is getting the list ready and the heart ready. Step Nine--actually making amends--comes next.

J. E.
Guilford, Connecticut

ON THE ROCKS

At age fifty-one, I was a secret drinker. I would drink moderately in public, or not at all, and then go home and sit up late downing rum, gin, or whiskey on the rocks. When I went to work in the morning, I was usually too tired to do more than just enough to get by. I didn't realize it, but I was on the rocks!

I was divorced, my children were grown, and I lived alone. I did not think I was particularly unhappy, but it gradually became clear to me that something was wrong with my life. I often couldn't or didn't pay my bills in a timely fashion. My apartment was usually very untidy. I began to lose track of my friends, simply because I lacked the energy to seek them out, or accept the invitations they sent my way.

I had had a decent career in journalism. I had cherished my independent judgment, my objectivity, my honesty. But in 1988, I decided to leave the objectivity of journalism and put these qualities to work in a partisan way. I joined a town party committee and worked for local candidates. I took a job at the local university women's center, then started graduate school and became a graduate teaching assistant. After getting my master's degree, I started to work on a doctorate. But I began to lose steam.

My time was up as a graduate assistant, and I left several papers unwritten. I decided to leave school and get a "real job" because I was tired of being poor. Over the next couple of years, I took a series of jobs that involved writing or politics, or both. I canvassed for a citizen action group, wrote economic development grants, did public relations in the state legislature. None of these made me much money, and none was permanent. The economy was bad, and getting a good job was no longer easy.

One early spring day at the state Capitol, I was griping to a coworker about the poor state of the economy. This fellow, who was an AA member, said to me, "Didn't you ever consider that your drinking might be having an effect on your fortunes?"

Well, no, I hadn't! Why should I! I did not have a drinking problem--had never had a drunk-driving offense, never lost a job, never fallen in a gutter! It was true (honesty

compelled me to admit) that when I put the garbage out each week, I had to arrange it carefully so that the bottles wouldn't be on top, giving any chance passer-by the "wrong idea" about me.

But the thought, once planted, that maybe--just maybe!--I had a problem, was hard to avoid. "Two" drinks a night sure added up to a lot of bottles!

The next day, while driving home from work, I decided I would quit drinking for a while and see what happened. I wasn't making any concessions at this point, just looking at my options. I got home and thought about that drink. Nope, I told myself, no drinking tonight! I cooked supper, watched a little TV, and thought about a bedtime drink. No way, I said with a mental smack on the wrist, no drinking! I wandered aimlessly around my apartment, smoking. Finally I went to bed, lay there quite a while, and thought about getting up and fixing a drink. Finally I fell asleep. I arose the next morning, sleepy but not totally exhausted, ready, after several cups of coffee, to go to work.

That day was busy and productive. I forgot all about the economy, my job prospects, and my decision to ease up on the alcohol. When I got home, I cooked dinner, ate it while reading the day's mail, washed the dishes, made a few phone calls--and then made a drink and settled in front of the television. About five drinks later, I went to bed.

The third day was the same as the second--resolve forgotten. On the fourth day, I was tired at work, groggy, and remembered my decision to quit drinking. At home that night I went through my usual routine, but the thought of a drink was with me constantly. It took quite a while to go to sleep. Just as I would begin to doze off, I would awake, wanting a drink. But I didn't drink; I'm okay, I said silently. I don't have a problem.

This went on for about two weeks, a day or two not drinking, then a day--or two or three--of drinking without thought of my resolve. Finally, the thought passed through my mind: if I can't drink without thinking about it constantly, there is surely something compulsive in my behavior. Maybe--this thought edged into my consciousness unbidden and unwanted--maybe I need help.

That was a Tuesday. The next day at work, I ran into my AA friend, and told him I wanted to go to a meeting. He gave me a statewide phone number, which I finally got around to calling on Saturday afternoon. There was a meeting the next evening at the Congregational Church on Route 195, about five miles from my home. Over a few bedtime drinks (all right, more than "a few"), I made my plans to attend it.

Full of trepidation, I drove to the church. It took me a while to find it, so when I got there, the meeting had already begun. Feeling ill at ease, I went in and sat down in the only vacant seat, right up front. I hoped they would all ignore me and studied my lap.

Within minutes of my arrival, the chairperson said, "Are there any newcomers who would like to identify themselves?" There was a silence, and as I lifted my eyes, I realized that everyone in the room was looking at me.

I gulped, I blushed. I wasn't ready to declare myself an alcoholic. I managed to blurt out, "I'm Pam, and. . . (long pause). . . I guess I need some help." I felt I was falling far short of what was expected of me, but I have come to realize that that was one of the most honest statements I'd made in a long time.

To my amazement, everyone in the room said, "Hi, Pam! Welcome!"--and then, blessedly, ignored me for the next forty-five minutes.

During the coffee break, a woman who had been sitting at the other end of the table came over to me, told me her name was Cindy, and asked if I had a Big Book. "I don't have

anything!" I said. "I've never been to a meeting before." She gave me a schedule of statewide meetings and a dark blue book. "Reading this will help," she said. She wrote her name and phone number on a slip of paper and handed it to me. "Call me if you have any questions or need any help," she smiled.

I sat through the rest of the meeting, hardly hearing what was said. But I felt a sort of glow, a warmth emanating from the people in that room that I have not forgotten. During the next week, I studied the list of meetings and selected a few I thought I could get to, and I began reading the Big Book. The book seemed to me rather out of date in some respects and contained more religion than was comfortable for me, but nevertheless it clearly contained wisdom I thought I would do well to heed. I went to other meetings, called Cindy and arranged to meet her for lunch, and read more.

I was struck almost from the start by the sense that there was indeed a power greater than myself in that meeting room. There was kindness, understanding, and a sort of group will not to drink that lifted me from my despondency and difficulties.

Not drinking became suddenly a much easier task. In my mind, I likened it to trying to lift a table with just my fingertips--and then seeing the ease with which the task was accomplished when four or five people pressed their fingertips upward in concert. There is strength in the group, and I continue to cherish it today.

Pam S.
Willimantic, Connecticut

Tradition Eight – Alcoholics Anonymous should remain forever non-professional, but our service centers may employ special workers.

I want to share with you about the Eighth Tradition. This Tradition, in its simplest terms, says AA should not become professionalized and that our Twelfth Step work ought never be paid for.

Yet, sometimes well-meaning AAs look for loopholes in the spirit of this Tradition. A recent example involved the purchase of an industrial copier by an AA service body, in order to produce copies of its newsletter. The vendor, an AA member, offered to save the service body money. He said members could choose not to purchase a maintenance service agreement, and he would perform the required servicing as a personal contribution. The service body agreed and all went well for a while. However, the copier began to have problems and the AA member became increasingly difficult to contact, much less perform the maintenance. The end result was that the copier became inoperative and had to be scrapped at the expense of the service body. The purchase of a service agreement, though an additional expense up front, would have prevented the unexpected expenses involved when the copier broke down.

In my personal life, I need to be reminded that I am not a professional in AA. My service to AA is my ability to transmit a message of hope. That means I ought not play doctor, marriage counselor, banker, lawyer, or pharmacist.

Woody R.
Stockton, California

NEW MEETING

Thursday, 7:00 pm, TEC



Sober & Out is an LGBTQ open,
AA literature discussion meeting.
All are welcome.



August's Featured Birthday
Speaker:

Bob Ray

Of Redmond's Living Sober Group

Birthday Cake, Raffle, Sober Swag and more!
Finishing with a sobriety countdown of total
years represented by all the attendees!

**Friday August 28th 7pm up in St Helens Hall
TEC**

469 NW Wall St, Bend, OR 97701



WHY DOES AA SEND A DELEGATE TO NY EVERY YEAR?

ASK GUS!

HE'LL BE HERE SUNDAY AUGUST 9th FROM NOON TO 3PM
FOR THE POST CONFERENCE REPORT (YAY!)

AT COMPASS PARK
Northwest Crossing , BEND

FOOD WILL BE THERE TOO

DISTRICT 5 PROVIDES MEAT AND BEVERAGES
YOU BRING THE SIDE DISH



SERVICE OPPORTUNITIES!



District 5 Elections for:

District Committee Member (DCM)
Alternate District Committee Member
District Treasurer
District Recording Secretary

will be held during the September 13, 2015 District meeting
4:00 pm at TEC, Bend

2 years sobriety, 2 year commitment

If interested, contact Vera F. for job descriptions

lunarhoops2@gmail.com or 541.280.6980

We are not a glum lot . . .

A boozier enters a bar, leading a dog. He makes a bet with the bartender that the animal can talk. He asks the dog, "Who was the greatest of all baseball players?"

The dog responds, "Roof! Roof!"

The bartender refuses to pay the bet. "If that was supposed to mean 'Babe Ruth,' any dog could do it."

The lush led the dog outside, where, in puzzlement, it looked at its owner and said, "DiMaggio?"

TRUE STORY:

Two newcomers went to an AA meeting and holiday potluck dinner. By the end of the evening, runoff from melting snow had frozen and covered the driveway with an icy coating. One new member walked across the driveway, carrying a tray of leftovers. His feet went out from under him and he hit the pavement.

His friend hurried to his side and asked, "Are you all right?"

The newcomer laughed, "I'm OK. I haven't been sober all that long--I'm still used to falling down."

A DRUNKEN MAN WALKS into a rough-looking biker bar, sits down, and orders a drink. Looking around, he sees three men sitting at a corner table. He gets up, staggers to the table, leans over, looks the biggest, meanest biker in the eye and says, "I went by your grandma's house today and saw her in the hallway, stark naked. Boy, she is one fine-looking woman!"

The biker looks at him and doesn't say a word. His friends are surprised, because he is easily angered and would fight at the drop of a hat.

The drunk again leans on the table and says, "I got it on with your grandma and, boy, is she good!"

The bikers' buddies are getting furious, but still their friend is silent.

The drunk leans in even closer to the man and says, "I'll tell you something else, boy, your grandma liked it!"

At this point, the biker stands up, takes the drunk by the shoulders, looks him square in the eyes, and say, "Grandpa, go home, You're drunk."

IN NEED OF MONEY FOR HIS NEXT BREW, the town drunk decides to hire himself out as a handy-man and starts canvassing a well-to-do neighborhood. He goes up to the front door of the first house and asks the owner whether she has any jobs for him to do.

"Well, I guess I could use somebody to paint my porch," says the owner. "How much do you charge?"

"How about fifty dollars?" the drunk replies.

The woman agrees and explains that the paint is in the garage. But when she goes inside, her husband, who's overheard the conversation, says, "Does he realize that our porch goes all the way around the house?"

"That's a bit cynical, isn't it?" says the wife.

"You're right," the husband admits. "I guess I am being too cynical. He can probably handle it."

A short time later, the drunk comes to the door to collect his money. "You're finished already?" the owner of the house asks.

"Yes," says the drunk, "and I had paint left over, so I gave it two coats."

Impressed, the woman gets her wallet and pays the drunk his fifty dollars.

"And by the way," the drunk adds, "it's not a Porch; it's a Lexus."

AUGUST 2015

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4 Tuesday Night AA Speaker Mtg. 7 pm Church of the Nazarene	5	6	7 CO Speaker Mtg. 7pm, Eastmont Church. Speakers: John A. 19 yrs Bend; Chris A. 40 yrs Scottsdale Arizona	8
9	10	11	12 LaPine Potluck Speaker Mtg. 6 pm Park & Rec. 16565 Finley Butte Rd., LaPine	13	14	15
16 District 5 GSR Mtg. 4 pm. TEC	17	18	19	20	21 CO Speaker Mtg. 7pm, Eastmont Church. Speakers: Jeff C. 23 years Portland Teri O. 10 yrs. Portland	22
23 Entertainment Committee Meeting 3:15 pm TEC IGR Advisory Board Mtg. 4:30 IGR Mtg. 5:30 pm TEC	24 Step Sisters Speaker Mtg. 7pm TEC	25	26	27	28 Bend Birthday Mtg. TEC, St. Helen's Hall. 7 pm Speaker: Bob Ray of Redmond Living Sober	29 COIG Potluck, Brooks Hall, 6 pm Potluck; 7 pm Speakers. Sponsor Group: ABC
30	31					

SEPTEMBER 2015

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 Tuesday Night AA Speaker Mtg. 7 pm Church of the Nazarene	2	3	4 CO Speaker Mtg. 7pm, Eastmont Church. Speakers:	5
6	7	8	9 LaPine Potluck Speaker Mtg. 6 pm Park & Rec. 16565 Finley Butte Rd., LaPine	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18 CO Speaker Mtg. 7pm, Eastmont Church. Speakers:	19
20 District 5 GSR Mtg. 4 pm. TEC	21	22	23	24	25 Bend Birthday Mtg. TEC, St. Helen's Hall. 7 pm Speaker: Jack of the Redmond Rebels	26 COIG Potluck, in Madras. Address to be announced next month. 7 pm
27 Entertainment Committee Meeting 3:15 pm TEC IGR Advisory Board Mtg. 4:30 IGR Mtg. 5:30 pm TEC	28 Step Sisters Speaker Mtg. 7pm TEC	29	30			