

THE TRUDGE

CARRYING THE MESSAGE

JAN/FEB 2025
ISSUE 8



Editor's Letter

A new year is a fresh start, and for many of us, that means going back to the basics — Steps 1 and 2. Admitting we are powerless over alcohol and believing in a Power greater than ourselves isn't always easy, but it's the beginning of real change. In this issue of ***The Trudge***, we share stories of hope, struggle, and growth to remind us that we don't have to do this alone. Thank you to everyone who shared their words, poems, playlists, art, and personal experiences. Your voices help others find strength.

A big thank you to our newsletter team for making this issue happen. Your hard work keeps ***The Trudge*** going, and we're grateful for all you do. As we start this new year, let's keep showing up, keep supporting each other, and take it one day at a time.

— *Lisa*

Chair, Communications / Literature

Anonymous AA *History* GEEK

Shares Bill Wilson's Reflection on Steps 1 & 2

Bill W. (Bill Wilson), co-founder of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA), played a crucial role in shaping the principles and philosophy of the organization. AA is based on a set of 12 steps, which provide a spiritual and psychological framework for individuals recovering from alcoholism. Bill W. personally shared his insights on the 12 steps, including Steps 1 and 2, during various speeches and writings, particularly in the early days of AA. Here's a brief history of Bill W.'s reflections on Steps 1 and 2:

STEP 1: "WE ADMITTED WE WERE POWERLESS OVER ALCOHOL—THAT OUR LIVES HAD BECOME UNMANAGEABLE."

Bill W. emphasized the importance of admitting powerlessness, which is considered the starting point for recovery. For Bill, Step 1 was not about feeling weak or hopeless but about a realistic acknowledgment of the inability to control alcohol.

In his writings and talks, Bill often spoke about his own personal battle with alcoholism. He described how he resisted acknowledging his powerlessness, but eventually, his repeated

failures made it clear that his addiction had control over him. He was forced to admit that no matter how hard he tried, he could not control his drinking.

Bill's talks on Step 1 were often focused on the importance of honesty. He encouraged people in AA to be brutally honest with themselves about their struggles. In early AA meetings, it was often through group discussions that members shared their realization of powerlessness. Bill spoke to the idea that embracing powerlessness actually empowered individuals to take the first step toward recovery.

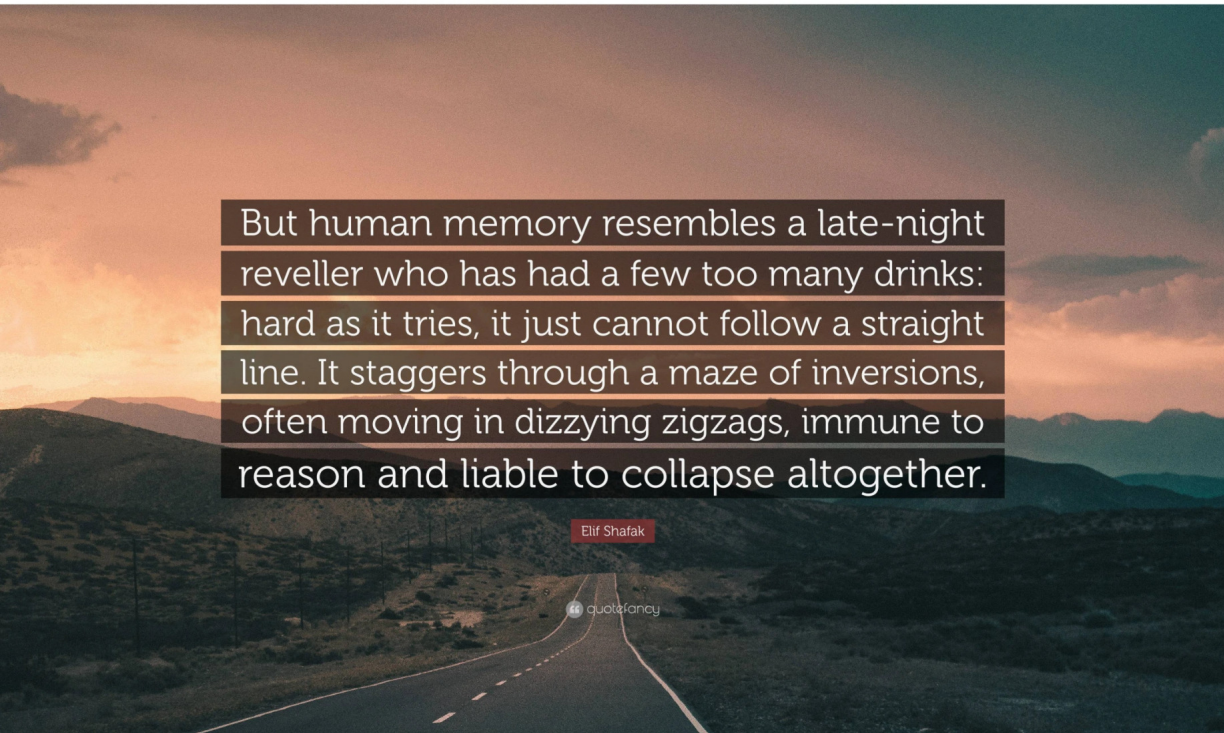
STEP 2: "CAME TO BELIEVE THAT A POWER GREATER THAN OURSELVES COULD RESTORE US TO SANITY."

Bill W. found that Step 2 was a natural progression after Step 1. If someone admitted they were powerless over alcohol, the next step was to believe that something outside of themselves could help. This step introduces the concept of a Higher Power, which is not necessarily a religious deity but could be interpreted in many ways depending on the individual's beliefs.

Bill frequently spoke about the importance of spirituality in the recovery process, though he stressed that spirituality could be understood in a broad, inclusive way. His own personal experience with spirituality was transformative. After reaching a moment of desperation, Bill had a spiritual experience in the form of a white light moment, which profoundly influenced his belief in a higher power. This event led him to realize that the key to overcoming alcoholism wasn't solely based on human strength but on surrendering to a force greater than himself. During the early days of AA, Bill explained that Step 2 was not about requiring a belief in a particular religion, but it was about opening oneself to the possibility that a spiritual solution existed. His own transformation through this belief in a Higher Power became a cornerstone of AA's philosophy.

Bill also acknowledged that some people might struggle with the concept of a Higher Power, especially those with strong atheistic or agnostic views. His approach was always one of compassion, suggesting that even if people didn't fully understand or embrace a Higher Power at first, they could still benefit from the spiritual practices and steps AA offered.

May this 2025 Sober New Year bring all AA Newcomers together on aaHG. Remain teachable and learn through Bill Wilson's words of Steps 1 and 2. He emphasized acceptance, humility, and spirituality. May you follow your own journey through Bill's experience marked by resistance, struggle, and eventual surrender. Find a sponsor in your AA community. Completing all 12 steps is crucial for personal transformation, and they remain foundational in the lives of many millions who have recovered through Alcoholics Anonymous. May you live Happy, Joyous and Free.

The background image shows a long, straight road stretching into the distance, flanked by dark, silhouetted hills. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The quote is presented in white text on a dark, semi-transparent background.

But human memory resembles a late-night
reveller who has had a few too many drinks:
hard as it tries, it just cannot follow a straight
line. It staggers through a maze of inversions,
often moving in dizzying zigzags, immune to
reason and liable to collapse altogether.

Elif Shafak

Asleep Mid-afternoon

Asleep mid-afternoon yet again

What was it this time?

The Vodka or Gin

Why am I drinking my life away

And question why another day

Another day of what?

That jaded feeling

As I open my eyes

And look up at the ceiling

When did my zest for life disappear

Why do I awake in constant fear

I will find my happy place again

Without the Vodka, without the Gin

– The Anonymous Poet



Partners in Recovery, This Society and I

by Manny B

“We can do what I cannot do...” — Charlie M~

Where is the “center” of AA the heart of this whole society?

There is no headquarters of AA, the GSO building is just a building with offices, the program and all its literature are just books and digital downloads floating around from person to person. Alcoholics Anonymous lives in the hearts and minds of its members, it lives on a fourth dimensional plane where it exists but it does not at the same time. It is a living thing growing and breathing, daily but much like all living things it has its weaknesses and it's mortality. Keeping it safe and well protected is the duty and responsibility of all who can appreciate it and all who have benefited from it. Those who come in broken are greeted with pieces to share and those who come lacking are surprisingly overwhelmed. Much like myself, I came perplexed and was shown simplicity and found treatment for the most insidious of diseases. With that I am blessed and pass those blessings onto all who read this. Thank you All.

Get Help Now

by Alex F

I was 15 years old when I came into the rooms of Alcoholics Anonymous, at the time of writing this I am 17 and over two years sober, I haven't touched a drop of liquor or any other substance since November 9th 2022. I believe I was born an alcoholic; I can't prove that medically of course but looking back I can see the "ism" in my alcoholism long before I ever got tight. I always felt like there was something wrong with me as far back as I can remember, like I was different from everyone else and couldn't fit in. I was filled with anger and fear, at risk of a violent outburst by the slightest provocation, restless needing to be busy every second and never being comfortable, never just able to be content with where I was. When I got drunk for the first time at age 9 it was something akin to a spiritual experience, for the first time in my life all the discomfort, restlessness, fear, anger and shame just slipped away. As the big book says I felt as though I had been placed into a "position of neutrality, safe and protected." I felt as though I was invincible, without a care in the world. After I realized alcohol was the solution to all my problems, I wanted to recapture that feeling again and again and again until one day it stopped working. That sense of ease I comfort I used to get from drink



just wasn't there and however many times I tried I could never get it back.

Alcohol stopped being my solution and became the problem. Consequences piled up around me until by the time I came to AA. my drinking brought me to sleeping on the streets, commitment to emergency foster care, loss of all my friends and the affection of my family. Waking up in police cells or hospitals was a weekly occurrence. Never have I known loneliness and despair like that last year of heavy drinking. I no longer enjoyed liquor, in fact I hated it. But I found that I could not stop even with all the willpower at my command. I gave up on life and wanted to die but found I couldn't bring myself to finish the job, so I resigned myself to keep on drinking and using until my body gave out on me.

In that black hole of self-pity and despair I was put into contact with someone in recovery who would somehow manage to get through to me like no one else could, he could see through my lies and manipulation and broke down all the spiky barriers I put up to shut people out. I could see he knew what he was talking about and a small voice inside me told me to trust him. In a very short space of time he got me to agree to go to rehab which led me into the rooms of AA. I have not had a drink since.

Fast forward 2 years and I am living a life full of joy, purpose and meaning. As a result of working the 12 steps, all the promises in our basic text have come true for me. All the suffering and pain in my life has become my biggest asset as I now have a newfound ability to help people, to give a message of hope to those suffering in similar ways as me; that there is a solution, and it works! My life today is better than I could have ever imagined, two years ago I thought I would be dead within a year. I was so consumed with misery it was as if I forgot what happiness felt like. Now I wake up most mornings with readiness and anticipation for the day, I am not always happy but the feelings of joy and laughter are daily occurrences for me. I have come to believe in a loving God who gives me direction, and a feeling that even when everything is going wrong, I have a sense inside that everything will be okay and happen as it's supposed to. I no longer have a desire to drink or use, the obsession has been taken away completely.

The more I let go of self will and trust completely in the God of my understanding for guidance, the better things get for me, and in turn the more alcoholics I can try to help. I must constantly remind myself that left to my own devices I am completely insane! That's why I can't do it alone anymore. Even today, I have insane thoughts and ideas, they don't go away. But the more I grow in my relationship with God, I can more quickly and easily spot the crazy ideas and stop myself before turning that into an action which will cause me or others harm. Prayer and meditation are invaluable tools to quiet my mind and allow the guidance of my creator to stay in control. Today, having had a spiritual experience as the result of the twelve steps, I feel an obligation to pay forward that which was so freely given to me by this fellowship. I realise that I have a unique ability to help alcoholics like no one else can, just like that man did for me two years ago. That is partly why I write this article, so that maybe someone out there that is suffering like I was, can read my story and relate and be given a feeling hope that it can get better than you could possibly imagine.



Powerlessness, Unmanageability, and the Girl Who Refused to Give Up

by Elizabeth S

From a childhood shaped by abuse and a traumatic brain injury to years of misdiagnosis and missteps, a young woman fought to overcome life's challenges through sheer willpower. But when alcohol took hold, her relentless drive became her undoing, leading to devastation and despair. Admitting powerlessness became the first step toward a life of surrender, healing, and grace.

Step One: *We admitted we were powerless over alcohol, that our lives had become unmanageable.*

Powerlessness and unmanageability were two concepts with which I'd become very familiar, from my earliest memories all the way through adolescence, in particular. As the unwanted child of two narcissistic and abusive parents, I'd always existed in a state of being powerless over everything about my life. And after a fall off of a six foot retaining wall head first onto concrete at age five which resulted in a traumatic brain injury that would result in permanent frontal lobe damage that I'd walk around with for the next three decades, misdiagnosed and mis-medicated as roughly a dozen different mental illnesses, there was nothing about me that could be called anything but unmanageable.

I was institutionalized three times before age 21, including confinement for two and a half years in a therapeutic boarding school that reinforced the abuses visited upon me by my parents.

Once I had made it to young adulthood, having escaped the clutches of my parents by admission to a college three hours upstate, I can see in the looking back that the abuse I'd endured somehow hadn't broken me. It had forged me in fire, caused me to become someone who was a fighter, resilient, someone who never gave up, and setbacks and challenges only served to inspire me to work harder to overcome them. I liken these qualities to be akin to how Bill W.

described himself as someone who approached life with “power drives.” There was nothing I couldn’t master, I was certain, if only I worked hard enough.

Taken out of context, these qualities would surely be judged as positive. But within my own context, especially once alcohol had become my master, they worked against me to the point of eventually becoming the catalyst for my undoing.

Anyone who suffers from a damaged frontal lobe will struggle on a continuum in which there is social and emotional dysregulation, sensory processing disorders, lack of impulse control, and a propensity to succumb to substance abuse disorders, like alcoholism. Statistics show that those suffering this particular type of brain damage have a 25-50% likelihood for this, compared to 10-15% of the population with neurotypical brains. So it was that from my first drink, I would sink progressively deeper into the throes of alcoholism as time went on until without AA, I had only jails, institutions, and death to look forward to, and I’d already had the “institutions” part under my belt.

But the last thing I ever wanted to admit was that I was a real alcoholic, in the same way I refused to admit that there was anything over which I had no control. For the entire decade of my 20’s, I cycled through periods in which I would put down the bottle for a while, work hard enough to accomplish certain things such as a Bachelor’s degree, a Master’s degree, a marriage, a lovely home, two precious daughters...only to end up where I finally landed on January 10th, 2016 at a noon meeting where I picked up what God willing will be my last white chip.

My most recent relapse in 2013 had resulted in the catastrophic end of my marriage, my husband leaving, the loss of my role as a housewife, and the loss of custody of my two daughters, then one and three. And it didn’t end there... I had crawled into a bottle for three years to follow, no contact with my daughters, and a bitter rage as I blamed my husband for being the cause of all my suffering, never looking at myself, and only when I worked Steps Four and Five later would I begin to even be willing.

I'd kept on drinking for those years that followed because I really had believed that without my children, I had nothing left to lose. But as drinking slowly began to consume every waking hour of my life, as the more I drank, the more I drank...I began to be haunted by fears that this wasn't so, every time I had yet again driven around drunk after promising myself that I wouldn't do so every again the last time I'd done so.

I realized that I had a burgeoning literary career, a position as an adjunct professor at a few local colleges, and a dumpy apartment I'd selected because of its proximity to a local bar and convenience store where I could walk to purchase alcohol. And at

least in this moment...I could have maybe had a chance to get my girls back someday.

But if I kept on drinking, I could feel it in my bones... I was going to end up getting a DUI. And then I'd go to jail. I'd have a criminal record. I'd undoubtedly be fired. I'd lose my apartment. I'd have no place to live. And my ex-husband would have more ammunition than he could ever want to make sure I never got my girls back.

This was enough to send me back into the rooms, now age 34, after cycling in and out for almost fifteen years. It wasn't because in that moment I had any hope that things would get better... I was there because I didn't want them to get worse.

I CAN'T

A hand holding a black marker is shown in the bottom right corner, crossing out the word "I CAN'T" with a large red "X". The text "I CAN'T" is written in a bold, black, hand-drawn style. The background is a crumpled, light-colored paper.

Step One in this moment was something I'd been beaten down enough to accept, to have decided that this was rock bottom for me as I knew good and well what awaited me if I stubbornly chose to keep digging. And this was the distinction between prior times when I'd come in to get yet another white chip and this one: I'd finally been beaten down enough by alcohol and my inability to drink like a normal person to have suffered enough to admit that I was indeed powerless.

At any point in my 20's, I could have made this decision... but I simply hadn't suffered enough. I still held onto this belief that I had to push and power my way to the top, that I was the master of my destiny, and moreover... if I could only fix my outsides, the way that I appeared to the world, to be satisfactory, to be good enough... then this would somehow fix the mangled mess that was unresolved on the inside of me. I was ready to admit that I was powerless over alcohol because, in that moment... I just didn't want to suffer anymore, and I knew that this was going to be the consequence of any actions that didn't involve getting back into the program and getting serious about recovery.

One aspect that is somewhat of an aside but important for me to note is the fact that finally, at my fourth and God-willing final hospitalization in my early 30's, the brain damage was detected and so I was given the proper medication for mood stabilization and executive dysfunction that enabled me to have the ability to follow through on things such as step work and all the other actions necessary to sustain and maintain recovery. For me, attending to these outside issues were imperative for my success. The medication did not cure me, it only enabled me to benefit from the program in ways that potentially may have been inaccessible for me.

And from here, I could fully and finally admit the unmanageability of my life, particularly where alcohol was concerned, but in ways this also spilled over: there was no scenario in which I was going to be able to even get by in life any longer on my own efforts, no matter how diligent and earnest.

The qualities I possess as the result of the abuse I experienced that I described above, those that have made me the dandelion growing up through a crack in the sidewalk, the proverbial

phoenix always rising from her ashes... these qualities are positive and fruitful when brought into submission to the will of a Power greater than myself, when applied toward doing the next right thing and working all of my steps over the course of my first year of sobriety, and the continuation of my journey in working the 12th step, practicing the principles in all of my affairs, carrying the message to other alcoholics.

But before I could get to this point, I had to simply just... stop. I had to just stand still. I had to admit something that I would have before this point rather ceased to exist than admit: of myself, I was nothing, capable of nothing, and no matter how hard I could ever push myself... I was a real alcoholic, powerless over alcohol. My life was and would ever be nothing but unmanageable without God's help.

So it was that Step One was the literal first step on that journey of a thousand miles for me. And what relief there was in... simply giving up. Not in the sense of quitting, but... giving all of my life, my struggles, everything I'd never done, everything I had no hope of ever doing...up, up into the care and protection of a Higher Power whom I choose to call God...

who'd been with me, I now realize, all along.

Finally, at long last, I was ready to stop fighting all of my battles with such futility and struggle, and move into a space where I was ready for Step Two, coming to believe that God was going to restore me to something I'd never before even experienced: sanity.

My name is Elizabeth S., and I am an alcoholic. On January 10th, I will have eight years of sobriety, by the grace of God and this program. I am available for sponsorship for women and also for anyone who just needs a sober woman friend. Please reach out to me.

mrs.sands.needs.coffee@gmail.com.



Sioban



Jennifer G



"BEFORE RECOVERY"



"AFTER RECOVERY"



growing in unity

Being that we grow in Unity coming from different areas of our disease and being raised by individuals who were sick or not, we DO Not come into AA fully equipped with the necessary tools needed.

We come in broken, appointed (rightfully or wrongfully), by ourselves or others. Full of Fears Unbeknown to us. Big Attitudes of Grandeur or Superiority, Vulgar, Volatile, Weak, Permissive, Lustful, Meak or Checked Out, as Individuals.

This is “Our Society”. Misunderstood and Not Represented, until we come into the rooms and find a place to be Heard and Loved and Understood.

This is only the beginning. We learn to be part of a group. As we grow in our individual Spiritual Realm of Love, Compassion, and Understanding, we learn to be right sized in The Will of The Spirit, who lives within us, and resides OVER Us.

We come in with Talents we haven't used and acquire new ones if we are willing to grow.

THE GROUP'S WELL BEING is THE PRINCIPLE, Before any Member's individual opinion.

The Spirituality of The Program is the Artery used to infuse the tools needed to accomplish this.

We must Sacrifice Certain Things to obtain this:

The Absence of Drinking Alcohol is but a substance we used to cope with OUR nonunderstanding of the world for the reasons we vacated residency.

The Nurturing and Love we DID NOT Receive we Transmit to EVERY Individual is Paramount on Scales Necessary for them to Grow.

Without Rigorous Honesty, we WILL NOT get to Character Defects that work against Unity. Gossip, small groups that spread negativity. We must get to the Causes and Conditions of the traits we practice and turn them around or rid of them for our GROUPS PURPOSE, to make an asset of our Shortcomings, so we stop fighting any and everything, feeling Isolated and alone, creating our own prison.

We must be Thorough about this matter, or the group suffers from our Unwillingness to be thorough in our program. Where Ego and Pride runs Amuck, and Responsibilities we accept fall by the waste side, as does our program, relationships, attitude and alike.

If we take half measures, this is what we make of our life, and start blaming others, and back to square 1, where now Humility has once again knocked on the door, with a newer effect than when we came in as Drunks, because we are breaking bad again. Maybe because we miss the chaos, the flying by the seat of the pants, the excitement of the fast lane. Maybe Boredom has settled in, and Gossip has tilted your ear to the side to fill the boredom, so you become thinking your better than, You're the Cat's Meow, or King Pin, all of these are character defects that separates the group.

I know scores of people on the streets and in the room that uses foul words like a new language, and it looks and sounds horrible, but underneath lies low-self-Esteem.

These things are Common when we first come in, then we learn that the steps give us a Spiritual Connection to our creator who we can lean and depend on because our Trust was broken long ago, and why we resist, another reason



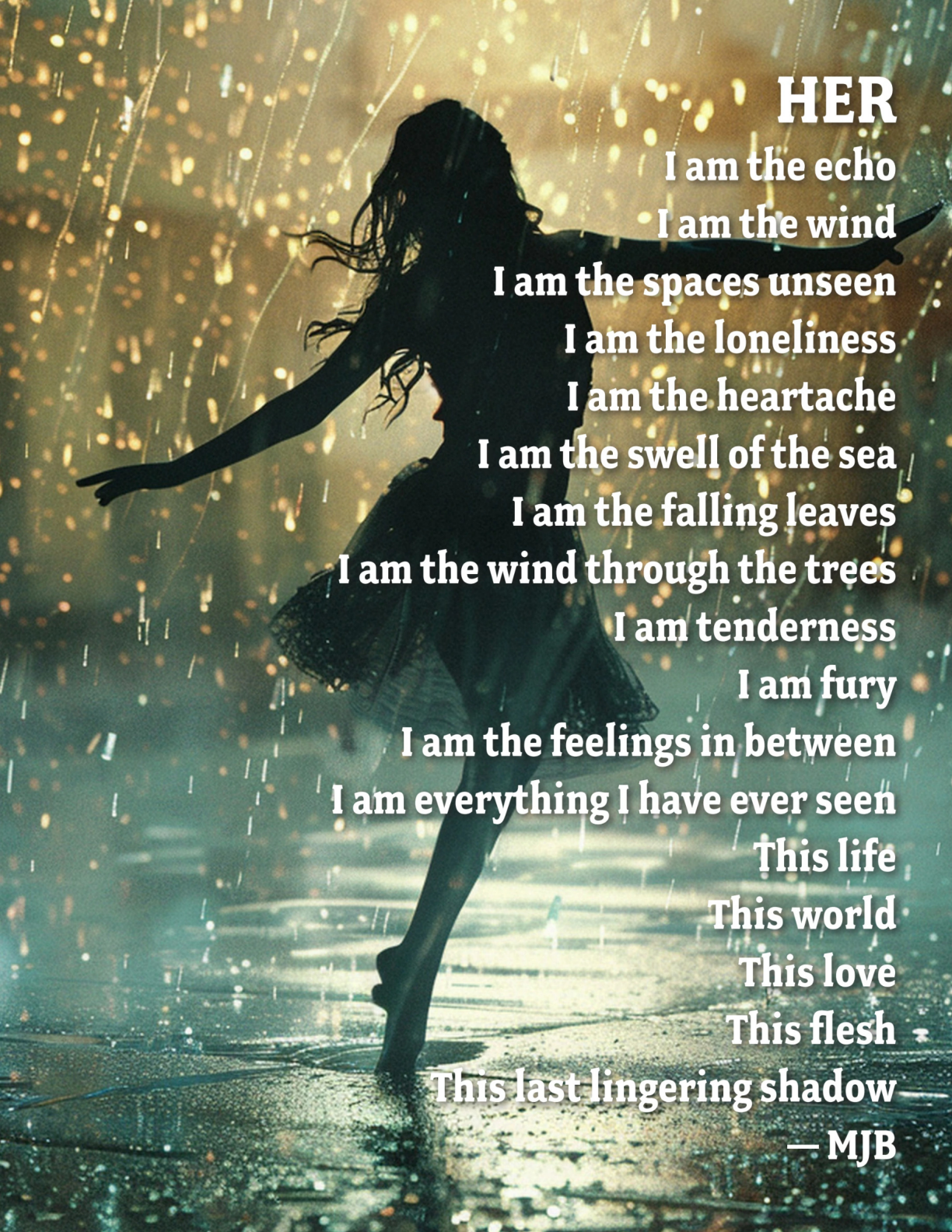
for skepticism, but we crawl, then walk. We Learn about Integrity, Honor, Dignity. Maturing in How to Love and Embrace Freely without being and actor or follower of evil, But of Grace and Purpose, Freely giving back what has been a True Gift, and I shall Treat it as Such, standing Rightfully in The Common Welfare for all, Not for myself or Selfish Desires or at another's Expense because I stopped working my program and being accountable as a member.

We don't Drink Alcohol or Serve as We are Dry Drunks. We must be in Harmony with one another.

We embrace Humility as a "Pull-Up", not as a Knock Down. So, we must learn that which is said in the rooms are affecting others from the group, because somewhere along the line, you forgot we were family in Unity, and for a Common Cause That needs to be here for those who will follow. Anyone that tells you it's anything other, correct them. Know your Loved and not being Judged. Misery Loves Company.

We stick to the EXACT Words Written to follow and continue the Program for it to Stay Vigorously Honest and for its Complete Thoroughness for those to Follow as we did.

Likeminded People has been proven to be a Vein for continued Growth Following Our Main Artery of Spiritual Connection to A Power greater than Ourselves that will guide us through this process. – Anonymous



HER

I am the echo

I am the wind

I am the spaces unseen

I am the loneliness

I am the heartache

I am the swell of the sea

I am the falling leaves

I am the wind through the trees

I am tenderness

I am fury

I am the feelings in between

I am everything I have ever seen

This life

This world

This love

This flesh

This last lingering shadow

— MJB



I FORGET THE FEELING

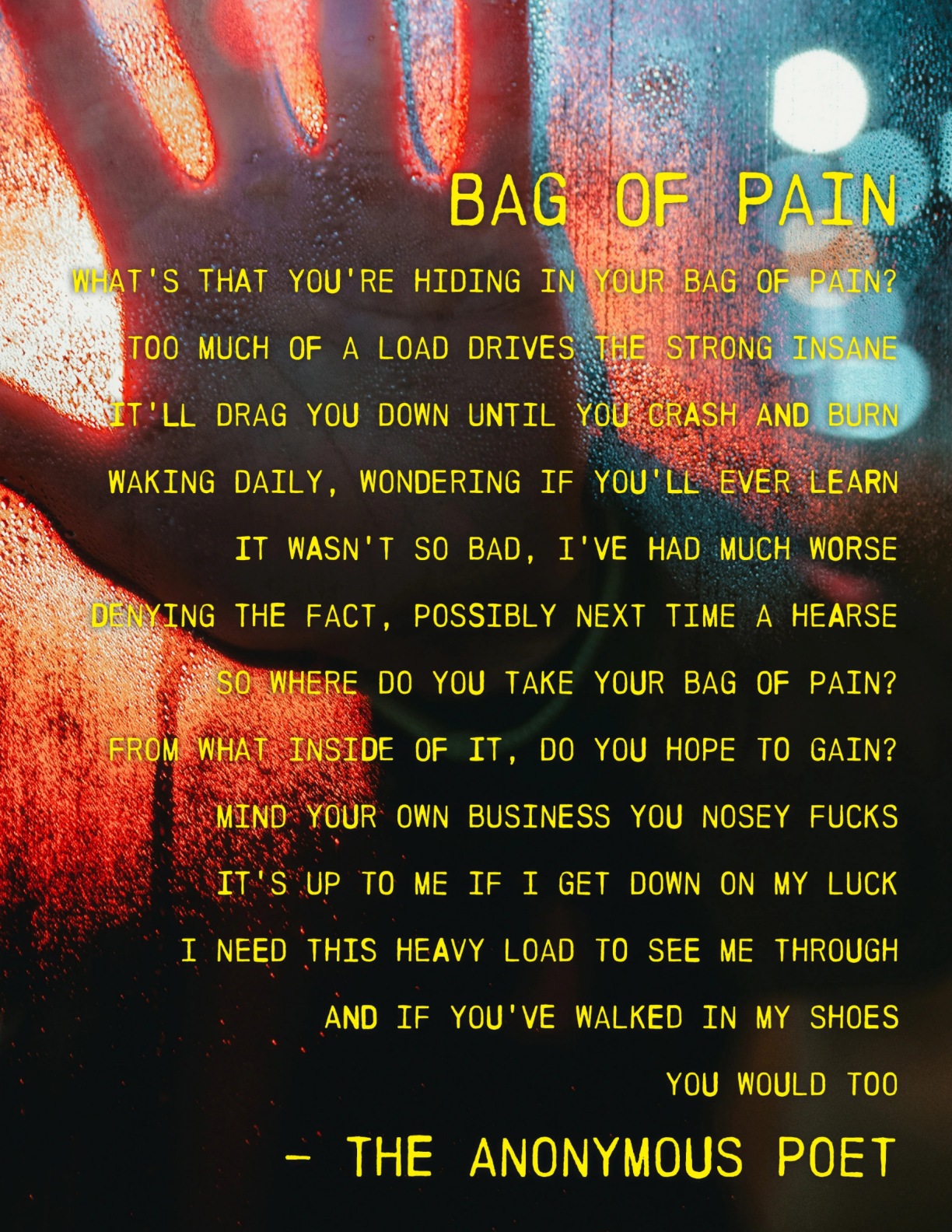
by Darin

"We are unable at certain times to bring into consciousness with sufficient force the memory of the suffering and humiliation of even a week or a month ago. We are without defense against the first drink." Page 24

I forget the Feeling.

The feeling of my upper diaphragm tightening and the rushed panic to make it in time. And I forget the feeling of my jaw fully extended as the volcanic explosion of partially digested food paints the bowl, the tank, the floor and the wall. I forget the feel and the taste of the cold water from the n only up as a possible escape route. I forget the taste of the bile in my nasal cavity and the burning rawness in my throat as my body desperately tries to evacuate the poison that I just spent hours eagerly introducing. I forget the dry retching and the

abdominal constriction that continues to happen long after there is nothing left to expel. And I forget the hours of shivering and shaking and pleading with God to get me thru this as my body tries to heal just enough to function. I forget the intensity of the headache, and the sight of the ruptured blood vessels under my eyes. I forget the fear that I caused my children, and the helpless look on the faces of my friends and family. I forget the look of disgust on my wife's face as she asks: "you don't even know what you did last night, do you?" I forget the feeling of dread as I desperately look at the floor for the answer to her question. That I know the floor does not have, but the shame and the guilt are too heavy for me to raise my head enough to look her in the eye. and I forget the deep dark hole that I fell into. The one that convinces me that the world would be better off without me. And I forget the shame of picking up another 24-hour chip because I wasn't brave enough to end it all. I go to meetings because I can't afford to forget. I work the steps because it's the only way I know to be free from the feeling of discomfort that makes me willing to do anything to change the way that I feel. I help other people in recovery, because it's the best defense that I have found against being consumed with selfishness and self-centeredness. Today I walk around with a sense of ease and comfort that used to only come to me after several drinks, those same several drinks that I see other normal med drinking with impunity. I have exhausted all available countless vain attempts to control and enjoy my drinking. I have pursued these strategies through the gates of insanity and right up to deaths door. I need the hell that I have known to remain a memory. Forgetting the pain is not a luxury I can afford. Because my inner liar will tell me that "it wasn't that bad." The 24 hours that I have today has me cradled in the hands of the spirit of the universe. I stay in contact with that spirit. I help others when I can, and I carry the message with a sense of solemn obligation, I don't ever want to forget that I am an alcoholic of the hopeless variety with only one solution. A Spiritual program of action.



BAG OF PAIN

WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE HIDING IN YOUR BAG OF PAIN?

TOO MUCH OF A LOAD DRIVES THE STRONG INSANE

IT'LL DRAG YOU DOWN UNTIL YOU CRASH AND BURN

WAKING DAILY, WONDERING IF YOU'LL EVER LEARN

IT WASN'T SO BAD, I'VE HAD MUCH WORSE

DENYING THE FACT, POSSIBLY NEXT TIME A HEARSE

SO WHERE DO YOU TAKE YOUR BAG OF PAIN?

FROM WHAT INSIDE OF IT, DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN?

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS YOU NOSEY FUCKS

IT'S UP TO ME IF I GET DOWN ON MY LUCK

I NEED THIS HEAVY LOAD TO SEE ME THROUGH

AND IF YOU'VE WALKED IN MY SHOES

YOU WOULD TOO

– THE ANONYMOUS POET



Step 1

by Lisa

Step One:

We admitted we were Powerless over alcohol — our lives had become unmanageable.

ADMISSION

Admit Complete Powerlessness over ability to CONTROL DRINKING. Only through Utter Defeat are we able to take our First Steps toward Liberation and Strength. Admission is not done intellectually; it is done by acknowledging The Reality of one's Situation.

***Who cares to admit Complete Defeat?
Admission of Powerlessness is the First Step in
Liberation and Strength.***

Relation of Humility to Sobriety. Mental Obsession plus Physical Allergy. Why must every A.A. hit bottom? No other Bankruptcy is like this one. The Rapacious Creditor bleeds us all Self-sufficiency and Will to Resist its demands. It is not a Moral Failing, for me it was the Bridge to Freedom, acknowledging our limitations, and need for help. Having a Balanced, realistic view of oneself. Humility is a Significance enhancement to Sobriety. Leading to Growth, and a more Fulfilling Life. It is Crucial for Sobriety!

UNMANAGEABILITY:

***Acknowledging Unmanageability:
UNDERSTANDING, and ACCEPTING YOUR
POWERLESSNESS OVER ALCOHOL***

Many People who Struggle with alcoholism, struggle with intense feelings of shame and

embarrassment that accompany alcohol misuse, as well as guilt and humiliation. This is a medical issue, not a moral failing. Self-confidence a total liability. Victims of a Mental Obsession. Insane urge that condemned us to go on drinking. Few won through singlehanded combat by this double-edged sword over us.

Alcohol Abuse can bring you to Rock Bottom. Suffering Consequences at Home, School, Work, due to abuse. Only through utter defeat (rock-bottom), ADMISSION of PERSONAL POWERLESSNESS finally turns out to be firm bedrock to Liberation and Strength. Humility is relief. Humbleness is asking for help.

Crossing The Bridge, Trudging the Road, Riding the Wave.

The First Step of anything is a beginning. The Alcoholics Anonymous 12-Step Program is the Beginning.

How Do I Make the Admission? Look At The RECORD:

1. If Drinking Makes Problems, or problems only occur when you drink
2. If you Honestly want to and find you cannot quit.

3. If it happens frequently, and leads to negative consequences
4. If you find you have a determined amount for yourself to drink and exceed that limit.
5. If when you drink you lose control or have no memory (black out).
6. If You try to switch brands or types of alcohol. If you make promises to yourself, next time will be different.

ENTERING A.A

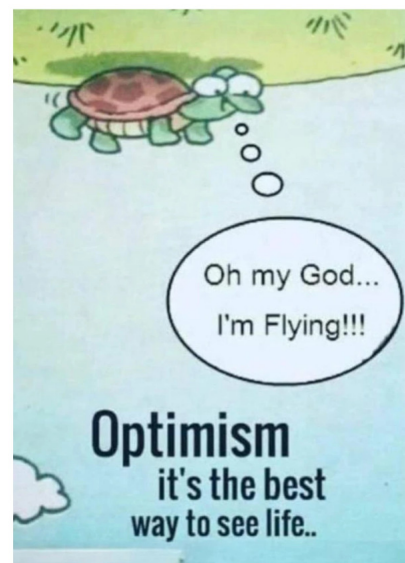
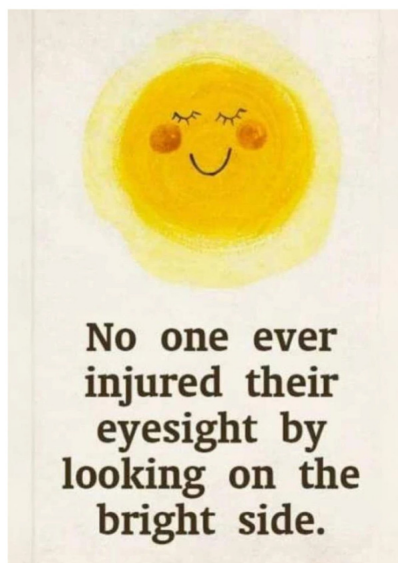
We accept our devastating weakness. little can be done unless we accept this devastating weakness, and all its consequences. The Depth, Deepening of Conviction, is the Hardest, Widest, yet the Strongest. Admission of one's Condition.

To Admit Powerlessness is the reason, yet obscure to you, is found in Alcoholics Anonymous, and the pathway there is not straight. This is a Simple Program for Complicated People. The Litany of the "Nevers", who have not lost material possessions believe there is no problem. Those who believe they're never wrong, only their opinion and ideas matter, shut off to the

world, Masks put on. Pretense is the norm. They're unable to tell/say the truth in any given situation or event. Even coming to Believe the lies themselves, they say it so often. So, making This Admission is a step into Reality. Defeat is hard to swallow. Because of the strength of the Alcoholics will, where others see the alcoholic weak, giving up the reigns, and allowing to be shown an Easier, Peaceful, Serene way of living, remains difficult, sometimes at first, even times as they go along. There Is No Half Measures for A Successful Sobriety. Open-mindedness to see the truth, and Willingness to act. There is no cure, this is a lifetime of being in fit Spiritual condition of reaping a glorious life filled of Peace, Joy, and happiness!

The mind is the Noblest faculty, it occupies 90% of our waking thoughts. For an Alcoholic, it controls those people you stay with, and those you stay away from. Determines the places you go, and those you avoid. Restaurants you went to, and those you stay away from. Alcohol controls our lives.

Normal People do not understand the alcoholic, so we hold resentments, jealousy, and envy. This kills our Spirit, and we adopt other measures to survive and become Selfish, Self-centered, Egotistical, and Arrogant to feel more Powerful. The people I know, The Things I have, How Smart I am. These masks hold much pain. Alcohol is a temporary solution to a life-time illness, that can be arrested!





Step 2

by Lisa

Step Two: *Came to Believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity*

Step 2 for me provided HOPE. It Emphasized I am not alone and showed me something GREAT than MYSELF could restore me to Sanity, and it has, partially, and Still.

I wasn't one that couldn't believe, or won't, so I had a foot-up in the BELIEVING aspect, so my Obsession and Compulsive Thoughts left Immediately. This gave me a working knowledge of learning to let go by knowing I was not in Control, and GOD, who is my Higher Power, gave me the day off so His work can be done (My GOD, I don't know his name, and I don't want to get it wrong, and the voice I hear is Male).

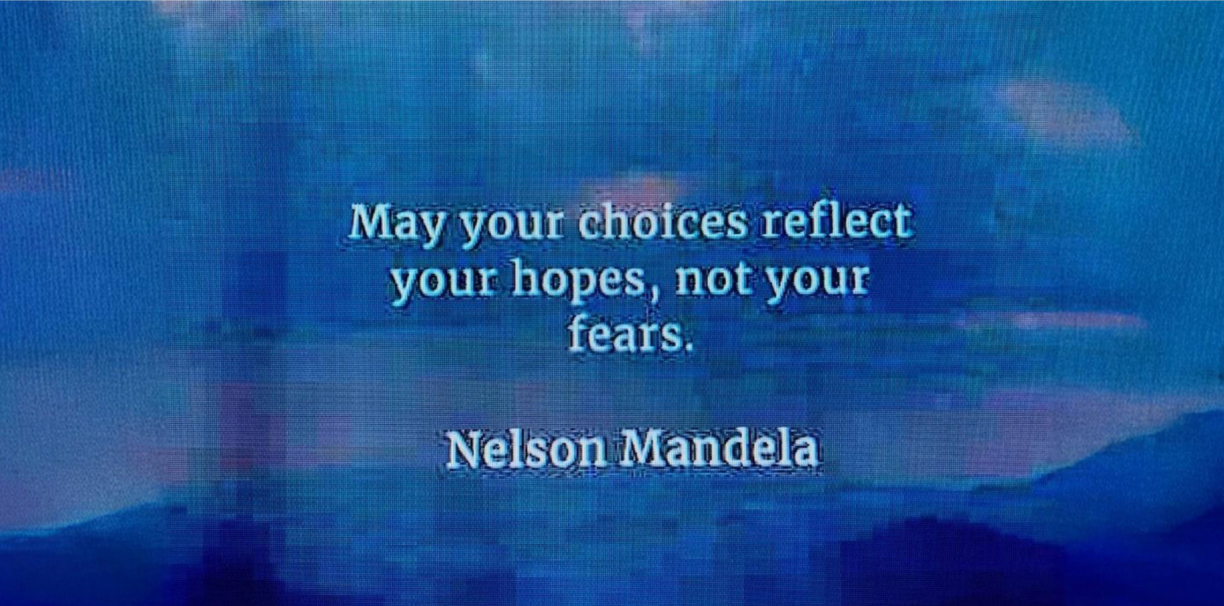
Restoring me to Sanity, that was and still is a big job as I see it, yet nothing is too big for my Higher Power. I was given the Gift and Grace to make a choice to Live or Die. In that given choice, I made the best of it one day at a time, and my mind started clearing. I was able to see how my mind was warped and reality distorted. That I was basing People, Places, and Things of Past experiences creating fear. Fear for me is False evidence Appearing Real. I falsely accused others or stayed away from people and Isolated based on the facts I ran over and over in my mind, which turned into Resentment, and then anger. Making me a prisoner in my own mind.

Giving another power over me from an experience I had no tools to properly resolve.

The Power in Step 2, coming to believe, Is Just that. Remaining open. Willing to come to see like many others whose heart was hardened by circumstances, events, upbringing. We are many in number, we are not alone in body or thought. We suffer from believing we must do it alone, on our own will, guiding ourselves, where pain or lack of understanding positioned us.

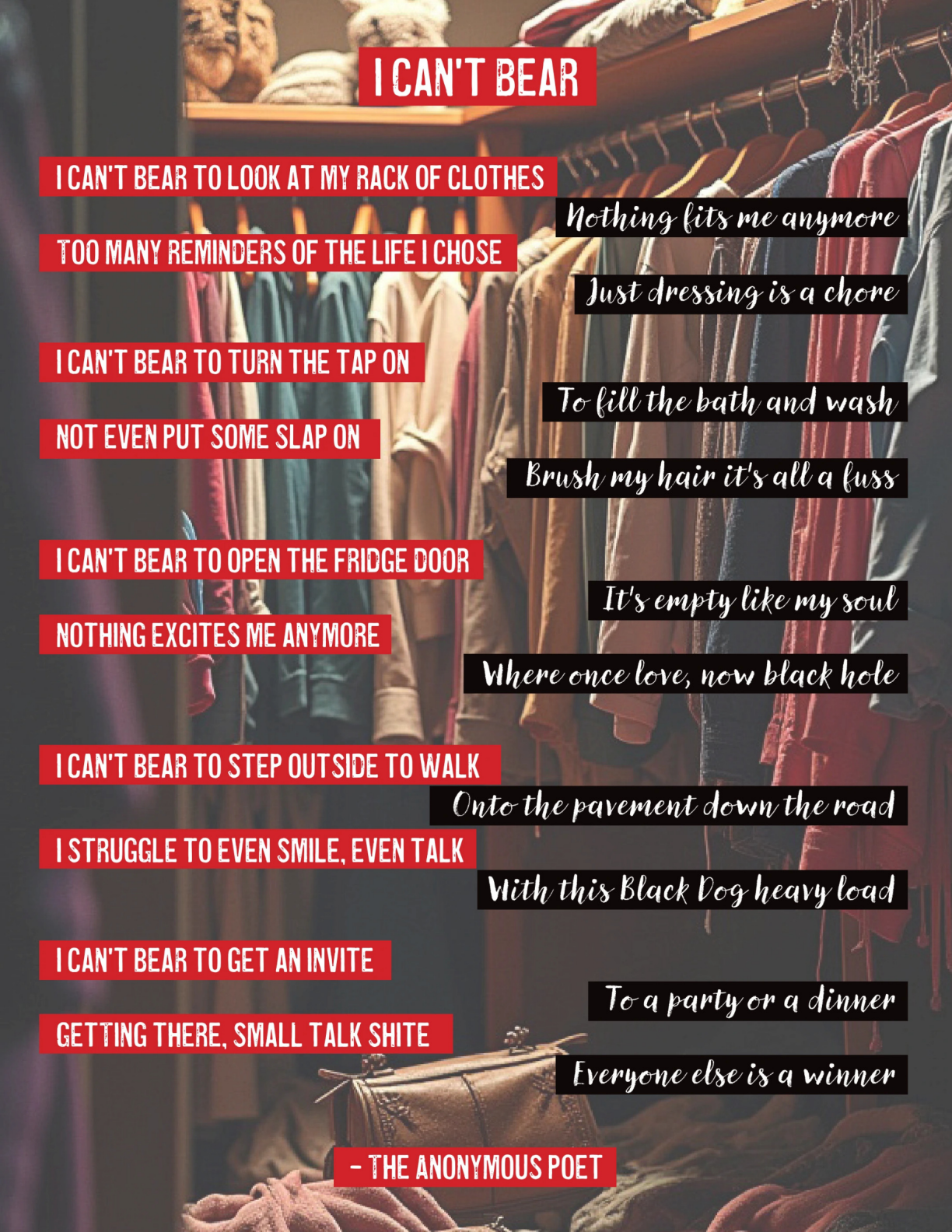
I was placed in the fellowship by a Power Greater Than self where the solution to all my problems would be if I was Rigorously Honest in all events and Complete the Steps with Thoroughness, he would guide me in each step, and every life event, If I trust he knows what

he is doing even though I may not understand. Improving my state of mind, learning to fellowship, Love and understanding when things aren't to my liking, as well as Accepting things as they are, knowing they are supposed to be just the way they are, I achieve by the way of following the Principles and Spiritual Fitness. Substituting a power greater than yourself can lead you in the right direction to faith where it can be proven to you. Doing the right thing every day is humane, and the correct way to live with our neighbors, so faith is a gift to, being put on the right track after I messed up my life.



**May your choices reflect
your hopes, not your
fears.**

Nelson Mandela



I CAN'T BEAR

I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT MY RACK OF CLOTHES

Nothing fits me anymore

TOO MANY REMINDERS OF THE LIFE I CHOSE

Just dressing is a chore

I CAN'T BEAR TO TURN THE TAP ON

To fill the bath and wash

NOT EVEN PUT SOME SLAP ON

Brush my hair it's all a fuss

I CAN'T BEAR TO OPEN THE FRIDGE DOOR

It's empty like my soul

NOTHING EXCITES ME ANYMORE

Where once love, now black hole

I CAN'T BEAR TO STEP OUTSIDE TO WALK

Onto the pavement down the road

I STRUGGLE TO EVEN SMILE, EVEN TALK

With this Black Dog heavy load

I CAN'T BEAR TO GET AN INVITE

To a party or a dinner

GETTING THERE, SMALL TALK SHITE

Everyone else is a winner

- THE ANONYMOUS POET

Left You Full

Shaking, spinning, fall
Pissing, laughing, fear, sobbing
Slam, click, spark, crunch, crunch

A bottle I wished I had the courage to empty in the drain, but
I chose my throat instead.

To that cold beverage freezing in my hand
So cold, you made me so cold
You take my hope, and I take your joy
You help me spiral; you took my hope, and I take your joy. As
I spiral, I will have the joy of laughter as the unmanageable
insanity makes me stark raving mad.
That's all you left me with, laughter.

To that blue mason jar on the back porch:
You take my hope; I take your joy.
You leave me empty, just as I have left you. You send me
through loops, I spill your guts.
You are becoming anthropomorphic, I don't care.
You freeze me, I stay frozen.
This time through, despite it all, you leave me empty, but I have
left you full.

— Nicole, NC

Sober Dams & Recovery Rhythms



Damn This Disease

by Nick Nack

[HTTPS://BIT.LY/
DAMNTHISDISEASE](https://bit.ly/damnthisdisease)



This Love Is God

 DJ ZERO

I ALWAYS MEDITATE TO THESE SONGS. IT'S A SUPER SERENE PLAYLIST AND GOOD TO FALL TO SLEEP TO TOO. - ANONYMOUS

[HTTPS://BIT.LY/
THISLOVEISGOD](https://bit.ly/thisloveisgod)



This Love Is God
Mooji Mala, Omkara

...



Sita Ram
Mooji Mala, Krishnabai, Ben Ciel

...



A Prayer
Omkara and Gotama, Mooji Mala

...



THE 12 STEPS

1. I CAN'T
2. GOD CAN
3. LET GOD
4. LOOK WITHIN
5. ADMIT WRONGS
6. PREPARE FOR CHANGE
7. SEEK GOD'S HELP
8. BECOME WILLING
9. MAKE AMENDS
10. DAILY INVENTORY
11. PRAY AND MEDITATE
12. GIVE IT AWAY

If sponsoring yourself was a picture! 🙄🤔



IT'S JOKE TIME

by Gary

An old wino was sitting in a detox at the table waiting for meeting time, holding a half-filled cup of coffee.

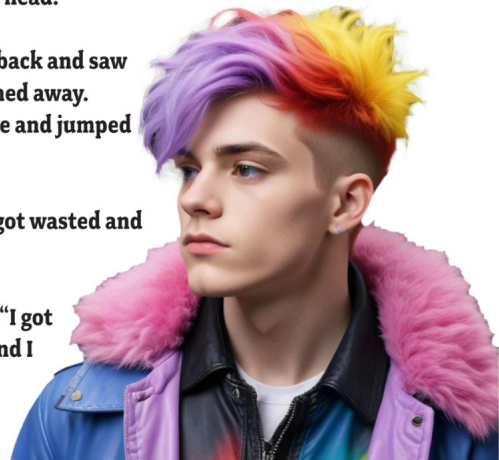
In comes a young kid, maybe 18. His eyes were open wide, and his hair was standing straight up, dyed many different colors... red, orange, green, blue, etc. He was on some "good" dope, no doubt.

He looked at the wino, and the wino looked at him. Then he quickly turned away and felt the cold eyes of the wino staring holes thru the back of his head.

It was driving him nuts! He glanced back and saw the wino still staring, again he turned away. Finally he could not take it anymore and jumped up and screamed at the old wino.

"Dang it, old man! Haven't you ever got wasted and done something weird?"

"Sure," the wino quietly proclaimed, "I got drunk and made love with a parrot, and I thought you must be my son!"



Service Training Calendar

TRAINING FOR SERVICE	EXPANDED TRAINING	WORKSHOPS
MARCH		
Sunday March 9 @ 2:00 PM ET	Friday, March 14 @ 11:00 PM ET	Safety, Security & Training Workshop: Saturday, March 1 @ 2:00 PM ET
Sunday March 23 @ 2:00 PM ET		
APRIL		
Sunday, April 13 @ 2:00 PM ET	Friday, April 11 @ 11:00 PM ET	
Sunday, April 27 @ 2:00 PM ET		
MAY		
Sunday, May 18 @ 2:00 PM ET	Friday, May 9 @ 11:00 PM	
JUNE		
Sunday, June 8 @ 2:00 PM ET	Friday, June 13 @ 11 PM	
Sunday, June 22 @ 2:00 PM ET		

If you would like to do service on our platform, please visit the service tab on our website to fill out the service member volunteer form. You can also email service@aahomegroup.org with any questions.

7th Tradition

Every A.A. group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions. aaHomeGroup is in need of 7th tradition contributions to cover operational costs.

Contributions can be made through Venmo and Pay Pal. Please visit our website at <https://aahomegroup.org/seventhtradition.html>

Thank you for your support.

To submit your birthday, email us at soberbirthdays@aahomegroup.org



Steering Committee & Group Conscience Calendar

DECEMBER		
Steering Committee	Wednesday, December 4, 2024	8:30pm – 10:30pm ET
Steering Committee	Saturday, December 21, 2024	11:30am – 1:30pm ET
Group Conscience	Saturday, December 28, 2024	12:00pm - 2:00pm ET
JANUARY		
Steering Committee	Thursday, January 2, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
Steering Committee	Saturday, January 18, 2025	11:30am – 1:30pm ET
Group Conscience	Monday, January 20, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
Steering Committee	Wednesday, January 29, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
FEBRUARY		
Steering Committee	Wednesday, February 12, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
Group Conscience	Saturday, February 22, 2025	11:00am – 1:00pm ET
Steering Committee	Wednesday, February 26, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
MARCH		
Steering Committee	Saturday, March 15, 2025	11:30am – 1:30pm ET
Group Conscience	Tuesday, March 18, 2025	7:00pm – 9:00pm ET
Steering Committee	Wednesday, March 26, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
APRIL		
Steering Committee	Saturday, April 12, 2025	11:30am – 1:30pm ET
Group Conscience	Saturday, April 19, 2025	12:00pm - 2:00pm ET
Steering Committee	Wednesday, April 23, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
MAY		
Steering Committee	Saturday, May 10, 2025	11:30am – 1:30pm ET
Group Conscience	Wednesday, May 21st	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
Steering Committee	Wednesday, May 28, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET
JUNE		
Steering Committee	Saturday, June 14, 2025	11:30am – 1:30pm ET
Group Conscience	Saturday, June 21st	11:00am – 1:00pm ET
Steering Committee	Wednesday, June 25, 2025	8:00pm – 10:00pm ET

The Backdoor

NEWCOMER RESOURCES

- New to AA: Is A.A. for Me? | Alcoholics Anonymous
https://www.aa.org/assets/en_US/p-36_isAAforMe.pdf
- A Newcomer Asks: A Newcomer Asks | Alcoholics Anonymous
https://www.aa.org/assets/en_US/p-24_anewcomerask.pdf
- Big Book: The Big Book | Alcoholics Anonymous
<https://aahomegroup.org/#bigbook>
- Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions: Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions Book | Alcoholics Anonymous
<https://www.aa.org/twelve-steps-twelve-traditions>
- Sponsorship: Questions and Answers on Sponsorship | Alcoholics Anonymous:
https://www.aa.org/assets/en_US/p-15_Q&AonSpon.pdf

Our Next Issue: "Surrender" - Steps 3 & 4

We are seeking articles for our next issue on surrender - what it meant to you, how you experienced it, and your thoughts on Steps 3 & 4. We also welcome content on any AA or aaHG recovery-related topic, including personal stories, original art, poems, recipes, AA book reviews, jokes, pet pictures, and advice.

This is **YOUR** newsletter, and we want to feature your experience, strength, and hope. Submissions can be anonymous if you prefer.

Send your submissions to communications@aahomegroup.org—we can't wait to share your voice in the next issue!