



Newsletter

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S A N D H I L L S I N T E R G R O U P

The **FRIEND** Issue



DEATH OF MY BEST FRIEND
MR. ALCOHOL — THEY CALL ME MR. ALCOHOL
A LETTER TO MOM — EVERYTHING I NEED
POWERLESS...REALLY?

You no longer have a secret, you have a story.

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Newsletter submissions now accepted at the *Wilder Building*!

Just drop your story in our **SUBMISSION DROP BOX!**

We invite you to submit your story, poem, cartoon, quote or anything that inspires you related to AA. Submissions should be between 200 and 800 words. For more information email: SandhillsNews@gmail.com

SUBMISSIONS ACCEPTED ANYTIME:

Dropbox: **504 Wilder Ave, Aberdeen**

Email: SandhillsNews@gmail.com

Online: MooreCountyAA.org/newsletter



Newsletter Submission Drop Box located at
504 Wilder Ave.

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Editor's note: All submissions are printed as submitted.

The Death of My Best Friend

In November of 2017 I had to lay my best friend in all the world to rest. He was there to help me celebrate when things went well, there to help me drown my sorrows in bad times, and even there during all the times in between.

For the past 20 plus years my best friends name was Michelob Ultra. Now I know M.U. had lots of family members, ranging from identical multiples to sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews, and cousins (Budweiser, Coors, Wine, Tequilla, Whiskey, and Rum).

65 days after I said goodbye to my dear friend on a cold, snowy day in January I found myself home alone and bored. I opened my refrigerator and found a cousin of M.U. in the door named Moscato. Now Moscato had been in my fridge for at least a year (from a Christmas party the year before). Why, I'll never know I decided to become a friend of Moscato. Which was highly unusual because I never did care for that family member.

After I finished Moscato, M.U.'s twin showed up and kept me in it's grasp for 4 days. I hated the hold that M.U. had on me but I couldn't let go. Nor at the time did I really want to let go.

Till this day I still don't know why but by the morning of the 5th day I knew I had made a huge mistake and I would have to do something about it. So, with disgust, shame, and embarrassment in my heart I admitted to those in my life that cared for me what I had done and would need help to refrain from allowing that to happen to me again.

Thankfully for me I have awesome people in my life that decided not to hold that against me. Instead with their help I said goodbye once again to Michelob Ultra and all his family. And I welcomed all the good friends back into my life.

My best friend and all its relatives remain buried today because I'm working the program. Not my program or your program, but the program. My program consists of the following:

- Going to meetings
- Having a sponsor
- Reading the Big Book
- Working the steps
- Being honest about my disease
- Talking about my disease
- AND HAVING FAITH IN MY HIGHER POWER

— Michele B.



“

It must never be forgotten that the purpose of Alcoholics Anonymous is to sober up alcoholics. There is no religious or spiritual requirement for membership. No demands made on anyone. An experience is offered which members may accept or reject. That is up to them. ”

Bill W., Founder AA

An insincere and evil friend is more to be feared than a wild beast; a wild beast may wound your body, but an evil friend will wound your mind.

– *Buddha*



Mr. Alcohol

You know I loved you from the first time we met
I'll never let you forget
I've always stayed by your side
I told you it's okay that you've lied
I've ruined your relationships and family too
But, remember we bond like glue
I am your best friend for a lifetime
I told you it was great to commit a crime
I know when you drink me
You can let your feelings free
I will always be here for you
You will drink me when you have nothing to do
I will give you a great time
Don't forget you won't even have to pay your fine
I will always be here in your head
Just one more sip before bed
Mr. Alcohol will always be true
and don't forget I Love You

They Call Me Mr. Alcohol

You've caused me grief
You've caused me pain
What did I really have to gain?
You've taught me how to lie
And many of nights I would cry
You've taught me how to play the game
I know I am the only one to blame
You've made my life such a mess
and made me feel I was less
You've caused me to hurt my Loved ones
God knows I love them tons
You've made me get in trouble too
Flashing lights red & blue
They call you Mr. Alcohol
I refuse to let you make me fall
Now it's time for me
For I am on the path to Recovery

A Letter to Mom

In 1989 my husband decided it was time to face the fact that my drinking was tearing our family apart. He contacted the children (2 boys and a girl in their 20's) and they all agreed that an intervention was needed. I was in complete denial and had no idea that I was causing so much pain so it was a total shock when they made this happen. My daughter was unable to be there but she did write a heart-felt letter and my husband read it aloud as part of the intervention. This is what she wrote:

To Mom:

When I see you in the morning and you're off to work you are so bright and alert...a whole person. Later, when you arrive home you are rich with your day. I wish it could stay that way.

So many years I've hoped for it but your sidekick comes in and takes over. I wish your buddy wasn't alcohol. It makes you believe it is your friend and relaxes you ... but it won't tell you what you can't remember or don't see from the night before.

It won't let you see our pain because it knows that would mean a choice ... alcohol or the family. If you dump the family will the vodka comfort you and put it's arms around you? Do you know that I would love to be able to put my arms around you and just be able to talk with you. I can't get my arms around both you and the vodka. As a matter of fact sometimes I can't do it because the shadow of vodka lingers.

I want to poison the vodka like it's been poisoning you. I hate your buddy vodka because sometimes I get angry at you or I ignore you because of it. Does that hurt the bottle of vodka you have stashed away? No Mom, it doesn't ... but it hurts you and of course it hurts me too.

I can't sit back any longer and watch your buddy hurt you. I'm very concerned with what is happening. I just don't know how to communicate with you when you are drinking. It's like you're escaping from everything, even good things like your family and love. Why are you leaving us?

Interventions don't always have happy endings and my family was warned about this but I thank my Higher Power daily that they loved me enough to try it anyway. Between their love and the wonderful program of AA I have been given a second chance at life ... and it just keeps getting better !

— Ginnie D., Vass Group



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Everything I Need

At a little over two years sober I was starting to be pretty comfortable with my sobriety. I no longer craved the stuff or even thought about it frequently. I was working a third shift at the factory and was living on an old metal hull that I had bought and was converting to a sail boat. I got off work on Saturday morning and was scheduled to open the AA hall for the Saturday morning meeting. I stopped by the boat to change clothes and leave my money in its hiding spot.

It was an early summer morning in the Pacific Northwest and it was a beautiful drive to the small town where the meeting was held. I opened the hall and waited for people to arrive. Our meetings were an hour and a half long. I drank two full pots of coffee by myself waiting but no one showed up. At 5 minutes before the meeting was to end I decided to close up.

As I was locking the door one of the women in the program showed up. I told her that no one showed. She looked disappointed and asked if I had any rope in the back of my truck. When I told her I did she told me to get it she had an idea. As I dug through my junk she unlocked the door. When I entered she had put a chair on the table. She took the rope and tied a loop to each of the front legs of the chair. She got a clean pair of underpants from the laundry she had just done. "They are going to wish they hadn't missed this meeting" she said. I took off one of my socks and draped it over the back of the chair and we locked up.

We went to the next town to attend a noon meeting. After the meeting I needed to go back to my boat to get some sleep. I was going to have to work again that night. I was pretty tired from being up all night working, then all day doing AA stuff. It was about a quarter mile walk out the docks to my moorage spot. When I got there, reality seemed to shift. My dinghy was there but my boat was not.

I walked back to the head of the dock and came down again, like that would realign reality. It was still an empty slip. I asked the people on nearby boats if they had seen anything, nothing. I called the sheriff to report the boat missing and see if there was any information there, nothing. I drove to the highest part of town and looked out across the

Straight of San Juan De Fuca, nothing. They had stolen my home! I had the clothes on my back (but only one sock). Even all of my money was on the boat. I was lost.

I talked with the man living on a boat similar to mine. He and I were friends and would help each other work on our boats. He said he knew some people who would help and said to give him 2 hours to get them together. He was sure we could solve the problem.

When I arrived they had already gathered and were discussing calling all of the harbor masters in the state. One of them owned a plane and was willing to fly over all of the boat havens to get a look to see if it was there.

As they were making plans my friend Jim was making rum and cokes and handing them out. After serving his other friends he turned to me with a drink in his hand offering it to me. Jim knew I didn't drink but this was an unusual situation. As I reached my hand out to take the drink, I remember thinking; nobody would blame me. They had taken everything, even my bath room. It dawned on me that I was in a very dangerous place. I realized that my home group was meeting and I would be late but I could just make it before it closed. I asked the guys if we could do this tomorrow; explaining that I had someplace I needed to be. They all looked at me like I was crazy as I left.

When I got to the meeting they were most of the way done but I got to tell them the story I have just related to you. After the meeting one of the members came up to me and gave me \$100.00. He said "I know you are good for it. Pay it back when you can". Another told me that he never used his living room and if I didn't mind sharing with his dog Huska, I was welcome to stay there until I found my boat. One of the women stepped up and said "I didn't know why I did this before I left home, but it makes sense now". She sat down and took off one pair of socks. She had two pair on. She gave me the spare pair.

That was when I realized that God likes to sign his work. When I showed up to the meeting I felt like I had nothing and was failing at life. At the end of the meeting I knew I had everything I needed to survive. Knowing the difference between need and want, and having friends to make the journey with, is truly the key to happiness.

— John R.

"That was when I realized that God likes to sign his work."

Friendship is born at that moment when one person says to another: "What! You too? I thought I was the only one."

— C.S. Lewis





LIFE *isn't* **ABOUT** **FINDING YOURSELF** **IT'S** *about* **CREATING YOURSELF**

— George Bernard Shaw

Powerless... Really?

The existence of powerlessness is a very important concept in AA's 12 step program. It is stressed starting in the first step. We must both admit and accept that we are powerless over alcohol in order to proceed through the program of recovery.

This concept continues in the very next step. In the second step, the dependence on a Higher Power is first introduced. In short, if we could have restored ourselves to sanity, then we obviously would have. It is implicit when the phrase "could be resorted to sanity" that the restoration is from our previous insanity.

Again, in the third step, we are asked to turn our lives and will over to the "care of God as we understand him." There would be no need for this transference of power were we good at being "the director of our play."

By the conclusion of step 6 and 7, we have both become willing to have God remove our defeats of character and taken the action to enhance the possibility of lessening the impairment that damaged the quality of our lives.

I get a little edgy when a lengthy proclamation about one's own ability to "change" is made. All I can do in this article is to pass on that which I was taught. It was drummed into my head that I was wired the way I was wired and that was that. Did this mean that all AA's were robots who simply turned over their lives while taking no responsibility for their actions?

There is a power within each of us which allows us to have our proportionate share of the stewardship of our lives. The truth is that we all have free will. A wonderful clergyman and recovering alcoholic was a catalyst in my recovery. I referred to him by "Father E.F. Hutton." When he spoke that smartest action to take was listening.

**"God moves mountains,
but bring along a pick
and shovel just in case."**

He left me with some thoughts about what power we humans have to effect change. He said, "God moves mountains, but bring along a pick and shovel just in case." I remember being

perplexed when a speaker stated that he had nothing to do with his own sobriety. The good Father stated we are sober by the grace of God first, the people he puts in our lives second and our own elbow grease third.

And that is where our part of the power of change resides. It is impossible to change our wiring. But it is incumbent upon us to change our actions. "Bring the body and the mind will follow."

It was taught that "God will do for us what we cannot do ourselves, but he will not do for us what we can do." So my power comes from a willingness to do what is suggested and letting God have the rest.

— Brent G.

News

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 - Women in AA
 - Young People in AA
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Check it out at www.MooreCountyAA.org/speakers

Events

UNITY DAY- Sunday, June 10, 4-7pm

AREA 51 Spring Assembly - June 15-17

Primary Purpose 21st Anniversary Celebration - June 28, 6-8pm

71st NC State Convention - July 19-21

Visit MooreCountyAA.org for event details, flyers and registration forms

ONE DAY

or

DAY ONE

www.MooreCountyAA.org

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Sandhills Intergroup

The Sandhills Intergroup is a central office established to aid groups and meetings in Moore County carry the AA message to alcoholics who still suffer.

We provide:

24 Hour Answering Service – 910.420.0575

Website – www.moorecountyaa.org

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We are funded solely by the AA groups in our county and we **NEED, ASK** and **THANK YOU** for your contributions and input.

JOIN Intergroup! We meet the first Saturday of each month at 9:00 am in the Wilder Building. *All AA'ers welcome!*

Visit our website to listen to speakers from meetings in Moore County, more added weekly!

www.MooreCountyAA.org

Questions or comments email us at:
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Area 51 | District 52

ANNOUNCING

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www.AANC52.org

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District 52 comprises Moore, Hoke,
Richmond, Lee and Scotland counties.*



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