



Volume 8, Number 2, September 2009

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FOR YOUR INFORMATION

TO ALL AA MEMBERS IN MOORE COUNTY !

Mark your calendars Oct. 4th, 2 PM

The 2009 Holiday season is fast approaching and the support of ALL the area groups and meetings is needed to make this a success. A committee will be formed (for the 2009 Holiday season only) and it's hoped that anyone who is interested in this joint effort will attend.

The first meeting will be held at the Aberdeen Bldg. at 2 pm on Oct. 4th. The committee will be responsible for the 2009 Thanksgiving and Christmas suppers & meetings, as well as the Marathon and the decorating of the building.

In the past these events have been run primarily by the folks who go to meetings at the Aberdeen Building. It's strongly believed that ALL the members of the AA community in Moore County should be involved and we urge anyone interested to join in.

As part of this committee YOU will decide how the 2009 Holiday events will be handled and your decisions will ultimately run the events.

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SPOTLIGHT ON OUR GROUPS



WEST SIDE AA GROUP

In the summer of 1989 a group of AA members staying in west Southern Pines decided that they should start an AA meeting there.

5 members and one newcomer with a kid started meeting at the Cornerstone Lodge on Gaines Street.

The meeting stayed there for a few months and then it was decided that the location was not right for an AA meeting.

We moved the meeting to the Southern Pines H.A. Community Center on Mechanic Street.

There we registered the group with GSO (the General Service Org. of AA.) and voted to call it the West Side AA Group.

Soon the Group outgrew that location and we

moved to the First Baptist Church on Gaines Street.

The Group voted to be an open discussion meeting and meets at 8pm every Wednesday night.

The last Wednesday of every month is an open speaker meeting. It is a covered dish eating meeting and group members who are celebrating an anniversary pick up their chips then.

Once again the meeting grew too large for the location and it moved to the Douglas Center on Pennsylvania Avenue. That is the present location.

The West Side AA Group is well attended and we welcome all who would like to join with us.

(Currently one of our ladies is carrying the message to the Southern Pines Correctional Institute ... a close/medium prison for women. They meet every Tuesday.)

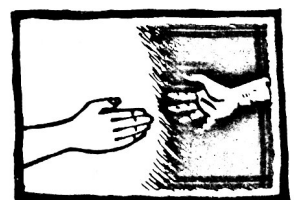
West Side AA Group member, Marva T.

(Holiday Committee ... continued)

We are not asking you to join or become part of the Aberdeen AA. We are just asking you to share the spirit and dynamics of your Home Group with the rest of us in the area by working together for what ought to be a really fun time ... while offering a very valuable service and recovery to those in need during tough seasonal times.

Please make sure your meeting or group becomes involved and send as many representatives as you like.

In love and service,
The Aberdeen Steering Committee



I am responsible. When anyone, anywhere, reaches out for help, I want the hand of AA always to be there. And for that I am responsible.

CARRYING THE MESSAGE



What Have I Got to Lose?

Today I started to wonder if I needed to go to last night's meeting. I'm 13 years sober, have some serenity in my life, am an active member of AA with a wonderful family & a job.

Did I need to go to last night's meeting? What would have happened? Would I have drunk or lost my serenity? Probably not. Would I have lost my job or my family? I don't think so. Then what would have happened if I had missed that meeting?

I would have missed Jane, three weeks out of jail and newly sober, celebrating her "belly button" birthday with a call from her Dad.

I would have missed Wade and Les, driving 170 miles to the meeting because they hadn't been there for a

while. I would have missed Jim talking about relapsing after 28 years & how he'd stopped going to meetings.

I have learned that I have only today. I can't live in yesterday, nor can I worry about tomorrow. God has given me this day as a gift. Now what I do is my gift for him.

So I think I'll go to the meeting tonight. Maybe I'll hear Bill share about the love of his kids. Maybe I'll hear Steve, with his old Big Book, share about the wonders of a God of his understanding.

Maybe I'll finally hear that new woman share for the first time ...and I certainly don't want to miss that ! Maybe I'll hear you.

And I'll be able to stay sober one more day listening to experience, strength and hope being shared because that's what happened when I went to last night's meeting.

Lowell N., AA member
(Grapevine article)

SANDY HILLS



I just found out ...
Cross talk has
nothing to do with
being angry.

Sandy Hills has been a fun part of our Newsletter for many years ... thanks to Myrna J. If you have any ideas for this little cartoon please give them to her.

Also, anyone wishing to write an article for the Newsletter please do so and give it to Ginnie D.

Thanks for your help.

TRAVELING HIGHLIGHTS



Variety in meetings can spice up your program.

In early sobriety I was a creature of habit...same meetings, same stories, same times and same people are what made me comfortable.

I am grateful to those meetings to this day because they opened a new life to me.

About a year into this new sobriety I had to visit my brother in another state. He got the number of an AA member so that I could talk to him and go to meetings in Stowe, Ohio.

I didn't call him. Fear took over. I was not with my Home Group and I wasn't comfortable ! I had my Big Book and I remember reading that Dr. Bob was from Akron, Ohio. Stowe was right next door. I

found where Dr. Bob lived and drove there with my brother. This was really the first time that I'd ventured away from my Home Group.

Dr. Bob's house was a nondescript row house. I guess I had expected something else. Inside there were pictures and even video tapes taken from super eight movies of Bill and Bob. It was amazing to see those two after reading about them.

A chimney in the house had been removed and they were selling pieces of the mortar. The proceeds were to help keep the house open to the public. I bought one and it seemed like a second medallion.

That was 16 years ago. In Dr. Bob's house I felt like I was at a meeting. It was a spiritual feeling and I found I was no longer afraid to go to a place that wasn't my Home Group.

When I got back to Florida I started to branch out to other meetings. They are all good to me and when I

started to travel more in my job I went to meetings in other states and even in other countries. (No coffee in England, just tea!)

I was fortunate to visit Bill W's grave site in E. Dorset, Vermont. I had a map with directions to his and Lois' graves and when I found the two unmarked stones I thought "what humility". I prayed the Serenity Prayer, smiling and crying through the whole experience.

Then I looked up and realized I was in the wrong row ! Their graves were just above me.. fully displaying their names. Food, medallions and messages to him were everywhere.

I really started crying then. These were tears of joy. Today I find that I cry when I'm happy or sad. Before sobriety I cried out of shame, guilt & anger.

Today I am grateful to AA. and for all the varied meetings which have helped me stay sober, ONE DAY AT A TIME.

By: AA Member Jay S.



HISTORICAL FACTS OF AA ... The OTHER Dr. Bob house

This past month I took a road trip to Vermont where I visited my niece in the lovely town of St. Johnsbury and it came as a complete surprise to me when she asked me if I'd like to see the childhood home of Dr. Bob Smith, the co-founder of AA. I knew that both Bill Wilson and Bob Smith were Vermonters but I had no idea that this was the place of his birth. A plaque on the side of the house reads:

DR. BOB'S BIRTHPLACE & BOYHOOD HOME

This home is dedicated in loving memory to Dr. Bob who, through his efforts in co-founding the fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous, helped millions of individuals recover from the effects of alcoholism and drug addiction.

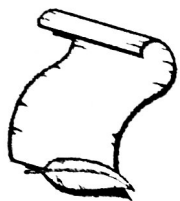
Robert Holbrook Smith, M.D. 9/8/1879 - 11/17/1950

What I found interesting also was how much this house reminded me of the home where Dr. Bob and his wife and family lived in Akron, Ohio. I know that many of our AA members have been there and would agree. It's nice to know that both places are being kept in good repair and honor his legacy.



Ginnie D Vass Group

MEMBERS MUSINGS



On this rainy Monday morning, in a somewhat pensive mood, it's insightful for me to think about "how it is today" without alcohol literally consuming my life.

First, and foremost, I am trying to self detox, fearful that someone will tell me what I said or did all weekend that was disgusting or hurtful. As I've said numerous times, I was a social drinker for about an hour. After that nothing I said or did was socially acceptable.

As I continue my spiritual odyssey I recall two poems that were my favorites as a young English teacher ... poems that have spiritual meanings today.

During my drinking years I was restless, irritable and discontented. I had a beautiful home, a loving

husband, two children and a contented cat. What was wrong with me? Where do I belong?

The following poem expresses the answers:

WHO ARE MY PEOPLE? Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

*My people? Who are they?
I went into the church
where the congregation
Worshipped my God. Were
they my people?*

*I felt no kinship to them as
they knelt there.*

*My people! Where are
they? I went in the land
where I was born, where
men spoke my language.
I was a stranger there.*

*"My people", my soul
cried*

"Who are my people?"

*Last night in the rain I met
an old man who spoke a
language I do not speak,
which marked him as one
who does not know my
God.*

*With an apologetic smile
he offered me the shelter of
his patched umbrella. I met
his eyes ...and then I knew.*

It was a rainy Sunday at the Aberdeen 11th Step Mtg. that I met Phil H. whose sharing touched my heart. After the meeting I asked him how I could become a member of AA.

He said, "Do you want to stop drinking?" I said, "Yes." He replied "You're a member, Keep coming back."

I didn't speak his language yet. I didn't know his God. However, the protective shelter of the AA umbrella kept me dry. I understand that AA is where I belong because I know exactly what's wrong with me.

I'm an alcoholic and cannot manage my life sober without the help of "my people". Thank God for you.

The following poem that I read to my students at the beginning of the year was to inspire them to write bio-sketches. Their assignment: write about your innermost feelings and the kind of person you want to become. This is so true for me today.