

On The Rogue Again

JACKSON COUNTY CENTRAL OFFICE NEWSLETTER

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Editors Note -August/September 2014

We would love to hear your stories thoughts. If you have a submission for the newsletter please email it to Fifi3333@gmail.com.

Summer is almost over and it was a terrific one! I'm grateful for so many functions with sober friends. August is packed with sobriety birthdays and I'd like to congratulate them all!

Next month we'll start printing histories of homegroups in the Rogue Valley. If you would like us to include a story about your homegroup...send it in!!!

~Virginia

We publish for your enjoyment and information. Any mistakes you find are there for a purpose. We publish something for everyone, and some people are always looking for mistakes.

On the Rogue Again, is a monthly Newsletter of the Jackson County Central Office. It is about by, and for the members of Alcoholic Anonymous Fellowship. Opinions expressed herein aren't to be attributed to Alcoholic Anonymous as a whole, nor does publication of any article imply any endorsement by either Alcoholic Anonymous Jackson County Central Office, or "On the Rogue Again". (Exceptions: Quotations from the A. A. books or

pamphlets and the 12 Steps and/or 12 Traditions are reprinted with permission of A. A. World Services, Inc) On the Rogue Again reserves the right to edit submissions for clarity, proper language, length, contents that violate A. A. Traditions, etc.

Have a good day unless you have made other plans.

Read pages 86-87-88 in your Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous every day.

Central Office News

Greetings from the Board of Jackson County AA Central Office. We thank all of the groups and individuals for their generous support. A great way to get involved is to volunteer for a four hour shift once a week. Please contact Bill S. at Central Office to learn more about this. You can always come to the business meeting the first Saturday of the month to volunteer. Remember, Central Office now has a web site. There you can find information about upcoming events and the meeting schedule as well the current issue of "On the Rogue Again." You can find it by pointing your browser to either www.jacksoncountyaa.org or www.aa.jacksoncountycentraloffice.org.

Board Members

Chair	-	Terry K.
Co-Chair	-	Wayne T.
Office Manager	-	Al Z.
Volunteer Coordinator	-	Bill S.
Secretary	-	Beth H.
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Treasurer	-	Judi R..
Co-Treasurer	-	Dewey H.

Special Events Coordinator- Barb R.
 District Liaison - Wayne T.
 Newsletter Editor - Virginia H.
 Web Coordinator - Drew.

Donations for June 2014

Ruch 903	150.00
I Did it My Way	150.00
Eagle Point Women's	200.00
Dog on the Roof	200.00
Back to Basics	30.00
Tues. Night Shady Cove	50.00
Sobriety Bakers	30.00
As Bill Sees It	151.00
Rogue Round Up	250.00
Just 4 Today	137.60

Birthdays

Suzanne D.	10.00
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Donations for July 2014

Clean and Sober	50.00
Back to Basics VA Dom	40.00
Stud Muffin	150.00
Crack of Dawn Ashland	300.00

Birthdays

K. Johnson	10.00
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How about donating a dollar for each year on your sobriety birthday?!

The Hole in the Wall picnic was a wonderful success! 808 years, 2 months and 5 days of sobriety were represented at the countdown. Thank you to all who made it happen.

The 2014 **DOTR** campout was a big success. Thanks to all who worked to make it great!

Effective October 1, 2014, literature prices increases will go into effect, which were approved on July 3rd by the A.A.W.S board. Along with that, a decrease in shipping and handling charges will also go

into effect.

**A new price list will soon be available. A few examples of increased prices;
 Big Book from \$8 to \$9.50
 12 & 12 from \$7.40 to \$8.90
 AA Comes of Age from \$8.50 to \$9.50**

Sales of Conference-approved literature supplement the annual GSO budget to keep its services available. If each group made contributions equal to \$6.00 annually for each member, there wouldn't be a need to depend on sales.



I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is, the judge ruled court orderd AA is inhumane. The bad news is, he reduced your sentence to waterboarding.

Tradition 8

Alcoholics Anonymous should remain forever nonprofessional, but our service centers may employ special workers.

Tradition 9

A.A. as such, ought never be organized; but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.

STEP 8

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

STEP 9

Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.

Anyone except a saint will find that he has harmed someone, somewhere, and that he has harmed society and his fellow men by failing to do the things for which he had the time, the talent and the opportunity, but not the sense of responsibility. Even the rare, quiet and so-called well-behaved alcoholic can make a list. And the ordinary variety of drunks, which the great majority of us are, can usually make a list from here to Timbuktu, beginning with the wife, the youngsters, the relatives and the boss, and extending on through the people we borrowed from and didn't pay back, the people we lied to...and so on and on and on. The challenge of making amends is indeed a formidable matter to contemplate. In some instances, even to make amends to some one person, such as a particularly hated enemy, seems more than anyone can undertake. But this process of self-inventory and self-cauterizing also offers one of the most restorative experiences to be found through AA. The experience begins to unfold, too, while making the list of people we have harmed and becoming "willing to make amends to them all". Let us note that wording..."became willing to make amends...". We may not be able to make amends to everyone we have harmed. Circumstances may prevent us from making amends to all, and there may be reasons why we should not undertake to make amends to some...as suggested in the 9th Step. But there is nothing at all to prevent us or to restrain us from becoming willing to make amends. The point is that in order to become willing to make amends we have to admit to ourselves without reservations and without quibbling or reciting reasons why we did it, that we did commit the harm. We have to attain the attitude in which we say to ourselves that whether or not the other person was wrong or right, we were wrong. Maybe the person we harmed was a louse. That doesn't make our brand of lousiness any better. Its no excuse. The louse we harmed must go on the list along with the good people we've harmed. Reaching the degree of self-analysis and honesty which carries us to

a willingness to make amends to all helps to set the stage for the beginning of real progress in AA, or real progress in any way of life.

This is part of the conditioning process for attaining honesty and humility and helpfulness; part of the process of fitting ourselves again into society; a very vital step in the rehabilitation of the alcoholic. We know that when drinking we are selfish, self-centered, egotistical and self-dramatists. We are filled with self-pity over the wrongs everyone has done us, how we are misunderstood, how thoughtless others are toward us.

The 8th Step is an excellent purgative for the kind of thinking, as well as acting, that we've been doing. Drink long and deeply of this Step, because while it may taste very bad going down, the effects are miraculous.

Grapevine
June 1946
Vol. 3 No. 1

Brotherly Love;

Personal relation situations that have negative results for other people are usually called harmful. Personal inventory brought forward from Step 4 continues in this step. Moral means the truth. The truth is taking a step alone is difficult. Humility is part of every step, not just Step 7. Willingness can mean continued motivation. Here in Step 8 we will reveal our willingness to look at our proper relationships with all men and women. With humility we know our proper relationship with people, places and things. By knowing our proper relationship with any person on any list, we can identify harms done. The new person with the promises is more motivated than the old person with the bottle. This is the alcoholic's only choice. Step 8 determines when we make amends. Step 9 determines where we make amends. Willingness equals when- when we are willing. Wherever God creates the opportunity is where (Step 9). Continued use of the 7th Step prayer improves our continued motivation called willingness. What about brotherly love? From Step 7 we bring to Step 8 an increasing equality toward all. Reducing superiority is necessary for willingness to make lists or amends. Regardless of gender, age, drug choice, race or education level, we must grow in our spiritual walk toward equality of others. Once we are willing to make amends to an individual on a list, God can create the opportunity (Step 9). We can make progress one item at a time. This might be called progress, not perfection. Finally we are not taking the steps, the steps take us.

The principles received change us into new people identified in the promises. Every time the word "we" is used, God is included.

SOME TRIVIAL INFORMATION....

"Jim's Story" and "Fred's Story". One doesn't have to go far into the AA Big Book until these stories about alcoholics are encountered. Have you ever wondered if Bill Wilson made these stories up? Or were they real people?

According to the web site,

barefootsworld.net, they were real people.

"Jim the car salesman", mentioned on page 35, is attributed to be the story of Ralph Furlong, who got sober through meeting Bill Wilson.

Ralph's story is titled "Another Prodigal Story" which appears on page 357 of the First Edition. However, Jim the car salesman puts whiskey into his milk when he stops for a sandwich. Ralph's story has him practicing "a little controlled drinking"; he takes a quick drink at noon "and covers it up with a milkshake. To be doubly sure, [he'd] have ice cream put into the milk shake'. (In New England, a milk shake is literally milk shaken in a blender without ice cream). There is no mention in the First Edition story of him being a car salesman or formerly owning the business in which he's now an employee.

"Fred the Accountant", whose story is included in pages 39-43 of the Big Book, is reputed to be the story of Harry Brick who got sober in

New York with Bill Wilson as well around

June of 1938. His story is on Pages 252 and 253 of the First Edition. There is a marked similarity between what Bill Wilson wrote and the seven brief paragraphs that Harry wrote. Bill wrote more about Harry than Harry did when he wrote probably the shortest alcoholic story of the four Big Book editions.

Both versions have Harry being hospitalized originally but he was still thinking he had not been "that bad". He rejects help from AA.

Upon being hospitalized a second time, Harry becomes much more willing to listen and joins the fellowship and becomes very active. Harry ending up sounding very much like a judgmental accountant by other behaviors that followed the publication of his story. He reputedly sued Alcoholics Anonymous to get money back that he loaned in order to help get the Big Book published. He became a member of the Alcoholic Foundation after a previous member got drunk, but had to resign his membership when he got drunk himself. No information is provided regarding whether or not he died sober.

*"When you almost do
the work
you almost receive
miracles."*



My Name Is Pride
~ Beth Moore

**My name is Pride. I am a cheater.
I cheat you of your God-given destiny...
because you demand your own way.
I cheat you of contentment...
because you "deserve better than this."
I cheat you of knowledge...
because you already know it all.
I cheat you of healing...
because you are too full of you to forgive.
I cheat you of holiness...
because you refuse to admit when you are
wrong.
I cheat you of vision...
because you'd rather look in the mirror than
out a window.
I cheat you of genuine friendship...
because nobody's going to know the real
you.
I cheat you of love...
because real romance demands sacrifice.
I cheat you of greatness in heaven...
because you refuse to wash another's feet on
earth.
I cheat you of God's glory...
because I convinced you to seek your
own.**

**My name is Pride. I am a cheater.
You like me because you think I'm always
looking out for you.
Untrue.
I'm looking to make a fool of you.
God has so much for you, I admit, but don't
worry...
If you stick with me you'll never know.**

A Beautiful Tribute To AA

We died of pneumonia in furnished rooms
where they found us three days after when
somebody complained about the smell.

We died against bridge abutments and
nobody knew if it was suicide and we
probably didn't know either except in the
sense that it was always suicide.

We died in hospitals, our stomachs huge,
distended and there was nothing they could
do.

We died in cells, never knowing whether we
were guilty or not.

We went to priests, they gave us pledges,
and they told us to pray, they told us to go
and sin no more, but go. We tried and we
died.

We died of over-doses; we died in bed (but
usually not the Big Bed).

We died in straitjackets, in the DT's seeing
God knows what, creeping, skittering,
slithering, and shuffling things. And you
know what the worst thing was? The worst
thing was that nobody ever believed how
hard we tried.

We went to doctors and they gave us stuff

to take that would make us sick when we drank on the principle of "so crazy, it just might work," I guess, or maybe they just shook their heads and sent us to places like Drop kick Murphy's. And when we got out we were hooked on paraldehyde or maybe we lied too. And the doctors and they told us not to drink so much, just drink like me. And we tried, and we died.

We drowned in our own vomit or choked on it, our broken jaws wired shut.

We died playing Russian roulette and people thought we'd lost, but we knew better.

We died under the hoofs of horses, under the wheels of vehicles, under the knives and boot heels of our brother drunks. We died in shame.

And you know what was even worse was that we couldn't believe it ourselves, that we had tried. We figured we just thought we tried and we died believing that we hadn't tried, believing that we didn't know what it meant to try.

When we were desperate enough or hopeful or deluded or embattled enough to go for help, we went to people with letters after their names and prayed that they might have read the right books, that had the right words in them, never suspecting the terrifying truth, that the right words, as simple as they were, had not been written yet.

We died falling off girders on high buildings, because of course ironworkers' drink, of course they do. We died with a shotgun in our mouth, or jumping off a bridge, and everybody knew it was suicide.

We died under the Southeast Expressway, with our hands tied behind us -- and a bullet in the back of our head, because this time the people that we disappointed were the wrong people.

We died in convulsions, or furthermore to "insult to the brain," we died incontinent, and in disgrace, abandoned.

If we were women, we died degraded, because women have so much more to live up to. We tried and we died and nobody cried.

And the very worst thing was that for every one of us that died, there were another hundred of us, or another thousand, who wished that we could die, who went to sleep praying we would not have to wake up because what we were enduring was intolerable and we knew in our hearts it wasn't ever going to change.

One day in a hospital room in New York City, one of us had what the books call a transforming spiritual experience, and he said to himself "I've got it" (no, you haven't, you've only got part of it) "and I have to share it."

(Now you've ALMOST got it) and he kept trying to give it away, but we couldn't hear it. We tried and we died.

We died of one last cigarette, the comfort of its glowing in the dark. We passed out and the bed caught fire. They said we suffocated before our body burned, they said we never felt a thing, that was the best way maybe that we died, except sometimes we took our family with us.

And the man in New York was so sure he had it, he tried to love us into sobriety, but that didn't work either, love confuses drunks and he tried and we still died.

One after another we got his or her hopes up and we broke his/her heart, because that's what we do. And the worst thing was that every time we thought we knew what the worst thing was something happened that was worse.

Until a day came in a hotel lobby and it wasn't in Rome, or Jerusalem, or Mecca or even Dublin, or South Boston, it was in Akron, Ohio, for Christ's sake.

A day came when the man said I have to find a drunk because I need him as much as he needs me (NOW you've got it) and the transmission line, after all those years, was open. Yes, the transmission line was open.

And now we come to people who have been there -- we come to each other. And we try. And we don't have to die.

"Characterize people by their actions and you will never be fooled by their words."

CONCEPT 8

The trustees are the principal planners and administrators of overall policy and finance. They have custodial oversight of the separately incorporated and constantly active services, exercising this through their ability to elect all the directors of these entities.

CONCEPT 9

Good service leadership at all levels is indispensable for our future functioning and safety. Primary world service leadership, once exercised by the founders, must necessarily be assumed by the trustees.



"Honestly honey. It looked like an AA meeting. There were drunks everywhere."



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