

On The Rogue Again

JACKSON COUNTY CENTRAL OFFICE NEWSLETTER

Jackson County A.A. Central Office
110 East 6th Street Suite A
Medford OR (541) 732-1850

Editors Note -November 2013

Thank you to all who submitted their memories and thoughts about MaryAnn. We continue to cherish each moment we had with our roving reporter.

Thank you to Gayno and her staff of helpers for their hard work getting the newsletter out to you!

Welcome to our new subscribers!

Love,

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 everyday.

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.
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Special Events Coordinator-	-	Barb R.
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Newsletter Editor	-	Virginia H.
Web Coordinator	-	Drew.

*A bad day for your ego is a
good day for your soul.*

Donations for October 2013

Sunday Morning	46.35
How It Works	96.00
Crack Of Dawn	450.00
903 Ruch	100.00

BIRTHDAYS

Shelly C.	2.00
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NEWSLETTER

Julie	12.00
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How about donating a dollar for each year on your sobriety birthday?!

The MaryAnn Memorial Meeting was wonderful. So many heartfelt words. Many heartfelt memories shared....and some tears. We are a changed community because of MaryAnn's love and work. It's impossible to know how far her love reached, how many generations are on a better path because of her. Thank you...with all of our hearts.

Thank you to Southern Oregon Dogs On The Roof for a wonderful spaghetti feed!!! The

food was so good we were expecting a bill at the end of the dinner!!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Southern Oregon D.O.T.R. 2013 Toy Run
Sunday, December 8th, 2013
930 Summit
Corner of Summit & McAndrews
Toys for Tots/ Bring a new unwrapped toy
All are welcome!

A drunk was walking through the woods when he found a skull. The first thing He did was call the police. But then He got curious about it. He picked it up, and started wondering who this person was, and why this person had deer horns.

Sit Still and Take Flight "Pain is Inevitable; Suffering is Optional" *

Calcutta 1982. Mother Teresa is giving us a tour of her hospital for homeless children. Striking, in her blue and white sari, she is a beacon of power, a petite tornado of tough love. This woman is a no-nonsense gal. When asked by an American devotee: "How can I assist your mission? May I donate money to your cause?" Her single message to our band of earnest young adults was this: "You do not need to go half way around the world to be of service to God. See if your neighbor is in need. Offer assistance. Pray and meditate. With humility and love, contribute something to your community."

We members of Alcoholics Anonymous are steeped in this mission and vision. As soon as we take our seats and commit ourselves to a life of physical and spiritual sobriety, we engage in a community with one common goal, to go to any lengths to help the alcoholic that still suffers. Even so, we often feel alone, awkward, isolated. Prayer and meditation fill the emptiness.

Step Eleven is a portal to our true unity with spiritual principles, Higher Power and ease of well being under all conditions. It allows

us to shed the shackles of old conditioned response and live with intimacy and authenticity.

Meditation requires the willingness to show up at our perches -- cushion or chair -- as faithfully as we attend meetings. Sitting quietly, we assume a posture that is erect but without rigidity. Relaxed and alert, we take several deep breaths and experience the act of inhaling and exhaling with precision and fascination. Each breath is a new moment, a new beginning. Prayer and meditation are integral to our cellular being. The essence is oneness. That which is observed merges with the observer -- no separate Self, no one to resist. No resistance, no suffering.

Any one of the senses can be chosen as an object of meditation in a single session. A good teacher will help point the way, but practice is the Key. One sit at a time, concentration develops. Every life endeavor is enhanced. On a deep non-verbal level, we experience all creation as impermanent. When we accept this, we discover a new freedom, faith and serenity.

Complete experience, whether in action or stillness, lets us live beyond duality and preference. You wouldn't think of saying, "I love exhaling. I'm only going to exhale in the future." This may sound obvious and silly, but don't we do the same thing in many areas of our lives -- judge, control, condemn?

Meditation is pure simplicity. With loving detachment, we sit and watch body sensation, emotions, activity in the mind (composed of image, dialogue, subtle waves) coming and going. We bring our minds back 1000 times if necessary.

Craving, aversion, doubt, torpor and restlessness arise and pass away. We remain stalwart, equanimous in the midst of impermanence.

We practice for the good of all sentient beings -- a selfish but selfless undertaking. Perfect reciprocity. Beyond the illusion of a solid self and the subjectivity of our senses, we are able to observe the

changing landscape of our lives in a spacious and infinite sphere of awareness. "This *too* shall pass" becomes "In the very moment of my awareness, this *is* passing."

A deep letting go spontaneously occurs. A purification of our deep unconscious takes place. Our true nature shines through: effulgent, compassionate, loving -- inclusive, rather than exclusive. We cultivate simple happiness, acceptance and contentment. Our actions and intensions are wholesome. We are fearless without being reckless. The magic occurs with consistent effort. A daily reprieve from suffering.

When awake, we wish to be uncluttered, to really put our house in order from the inside out. Try doing one thing at a time. Cultivate complete experience. No multi-tasking. While sipping tea, only sip tea. When listening to a speaker, listen with your whole being. When we are not fully living in the moment, we are rushing to our death. With immersion in the now, time is suspended.

Right here and now, lift your eyes to the horizon. Become more spacious than any one feeling, place or thing. Just for today, sit. And tomorrow, sit again. One day at a time, sit. You are free. You are safe. You are loved.

Mari G

**Art and quote are reprinted with permission from The Buddha Smiles copyright 1999 by Mari Gayatri Stein (White Cloud Press)*

*Stop trying to please everyone.
"Everyone" is a whole lot of people.
-Cheryl Richardson*

Two drunks were walking along a railroad track. One says, "All these stairs are killing me." The other says,

"It's not the stairs that kill me, it's these low railings."

In Gratitude to AA

by Chris W, Portland OR

4/11/2013

To the members of Alcoholics Anonymous

I want to thank you for loving my father when he found his way to you in the 1990's. My dad had a bad case of alcoholism. I remember mornings when we would head out to the car to go to work and he would be shaking. One morning he puked up blood in the driveway and turned to me and said "*the doctor said if I try to quit on my own now, I will die.*"

I didn't understand alcoholism back then. I just wanted my dad to stop drinking. I longed for a connection with him. The disease made that impossible for us during his lifetime. At some point growing up, it became too painful to love my father so I shut down that part of my heart. I left at 18, joined the Navy, and was pretty sure I left alcoholism behind. My dad's drinking progressed but somewhere along the line he found his way to you. He changed when he was with you. He tried to reach out to me. I still remember the last day I saw him alive. It was a beautiful spring day in Portland and he was up on a ladder working on my brother's house. He was trying to find things for me to do so I wouldn't leave.

Alcoholism, the family disease, shattered my heart when I was a little girl waiting for my dad to notice me. Now, here I was in my 30's and my sober father wanted to connect and I am numb, shutdown, and indifferent. He was now ready, and I wasn't. We switched roles.

I am embarrassed to tell you that somewhere along the way when I heard my dad was in A.A. I was expecting an apology – wasn't there some step where that happened? I was pretty sure he must be doing it wrong because it never came. The audacity of my thinking embarrasses me now. If my father had diabetes, I would not expect an apology. If my

father had heart disease, I would not expect an apology. If my father had cancer, I would not expect an apology. Why I thought he owed me an apology for having alcoholism is a testament to my own ignorance, immaturity, lack of compassion, and lack of recovery.

My father died in July 1999, a couple of months after that last day I saw him alive. Father's Day came and went that year and I never called him. He died 12 days after his 55th birthday. He relapsed.

What I remember about you guys and gals in A.A. is you showed up. There were a bunch of you at the funeral, standing room only. You had your own get together too, to celebrate his life. You spent hours there telling stories about the things he did for you. I know about this because my brother, aunts, and uncle went. I couldn't get myself there, I was still numb and in my own disease.

It took me 9 more years to find my way to Al-Anon. What I got in Al-Anon is a new pair of glasses. I see things a whole new way today.

What I know today is my father was trying to make amends to me by reaching out and offering me the one thing I wanted most in the world when I was a little girl – his love and attention. Those of you reading this who are trying to reach out in love to your family know this, we are sick too. This disease breaks us too. Some of us are real slow at finding our way to Al-Anon and some of us never get there. That's sad because Al-Anon is where I learned about the disease of Alcoholism and where I learned to put the focus on myself and my part.

Today I know my father didn't owe me anything. The person who owes an apology, an amends, is right here writing this letter to you, the alcoholics who loved my father when I couldn't. My heart is filled with love and gratitude today. I got that at Al-Anon and that's where I learned the problem isn't, and never was, my father. The problem is in me because the disease is in me too. It's a family disease. Today I know it's safe to love an

Alcoholic. I know that because some of you show up at Al-Anon, and that's where I learned to open my heart back up. That's where I learned to love myself, my father, and to love you for the gift of love and acceptance you gave my father.

Blessings and peace on your journey, and thank you for allowing me to express my love and appreciation for the members of Alcoholics Anonymous.

A drunk staggering in the street was struck by a passing car. The driver slammed on the brakes, jumped out and looking back at the drunk shouted, Look out!" The drunk raised his head and asked, "Why? You gonna back up?"



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