



The Communicator

NOVEMBER | 2018

Green Bay Area 74 District 01
newsletter@greenbayaa.org
www.greenbayaa.org
HOTLINE - 920-432-2600

"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."

30th Anniversary Alcoholics Anonymous International Convention-Toronto, Canada (July 1965)

BILL'S WIFE REMEMBERS...

"Desperate attempts to quit liquor, fistfights in the house and flying shoes. Early AA had it all"

As the wife of an early AA, some of our experiences and my reactions to my husband's changed life may be interesting to other wives. Bill was an alcoholic, I believe, from the first drink he ever took, just a few months before our marriage. From then on, for 17 years, I did everything I could think of to keep him away from liquor.

I will tell a little of our life before AA to help explain some of my later emotions. Bill and I had no children, so I soon felt that my job in life was to help Bill straighten himself out. As time went on, he earnestly tried to stop drinking. He was always very remorseful and perplexed the mornings after. We would then resolve to lick this liquor situation together, launching off on some new tack.

As his drinking got worse, all decision and responsibility had to be taken by me. It was lucky that we were companionable, for gradually as our social contacts were broken we were thrust back on each other for company. In order to get away from alcohol over the weekends, I used to engineer some sort of outing, as we both loved the outdoors. If our pocketbook was flat, we might take the subway to the Dyckman Street ferry and hike along the Palisades to some scenic spot where we would nibble our sandwiches and gaze at the view. Or we might ferry to Staten Island and walk there; perhaps broiling a steak over a campfire. We have hired a rowboat at Yonkers and, using a bath towel as a sail, floated up the Hudson, to a spit of land near Nyack, where we camped and tried to sleep. We once went so far to get away from alcohol that we both gave up our jobs and took a whole year off. This we spent motorcycling and camping over half the United States.

These trips, although good for Bill's health, did nothing toward his permanent sobriety. In fact, his alcoholism grew steadily more serious. He lost job after job until I became entirely hopeless about him. And then suddenly and finally Bill straightened out through the help of an old friend. At once I was convinced of his complete change and was of course extremely happy. Bill began to go to religious meetings and to work feverishly with alcoholics. I would go to meetings too and would try to share his newfound enthusiasms. He always had some drunk in tow and would work all night or get up in the middle of the night to go to the suburbs if one called him. We had drunks all over the house; sometimes as many as five lived there at one time.

One drunk committed suicide in the house after having sold about 700 dollars worth of our clothes and luggage. Another slid down the coal chute from the street to the cellar when we refused him the front door. Two others took to fighting, and one chased the other all around the house with a carving knife. The intended victim was saved by a third drunk, who delivered the knife-minded one a knockout blow. An alcoholic who was living in the basement was invited up for a pancake breakfast. After eating his share, he suddenly put on his hat and started out of the door remarking that he was going to Childs for plenty of pancakes.

Bill had found himself a job about this time; and it used to take him away from home a great deal and I was left with one or more alcoholics to look after. Once one of these boys lay in the vestibule all night and screamed invectives at me because I would not let him in. He was so loud the passersby all stopped, looked and listened. Another time it was 4 a.m. before I succeeded in towing a drunk home. He was anxious to be at his job the next morning and we had gone out around midnight to look for a doctor, having been unable to get one to come to the house at that hour. I helped his shaky steps up and down stoops, lit his cigarettes for him and finally, when we could not rouse a doctor, held a drink to his lips in a bar. When I asked him how he then felt he said, "Well, a bird can't fly on one wing." After a few more drinks I managed to get him home, but he did not get to his job the next morning. I was once suddenly taken sick, and when my sister arrived to nurse me she found five men milling around in the living room, one of them muttering, "One woman can look after five drunks but five drunks cannot look after one woman."

Now to describe my reactions to it all. When Bill first sobered up I was terribly happy but soon, without my realizing it, I began to resent the fact that Bill and I never spent any time together any more. I stayed at home while he went off somewhere scouting up new drunks or working with old ones. My life's job of sobering up Bill with all its former responsibilities was suddenly taken away from me. I had not yet found anything to fill the void. And then there was the feeling of being on the outside of a very tight little clique of alcoholics into which no mere wife could possibly enter. I did not understand what was going on within myself until one Sunday, Bill asked me to go with him to a meeting. To my own surprise as well as his I burst forth with, "Damn all your meetings," and threw my shoe at him as hard as I could.

This bad display of temper woke me up. I realized that I had been wallowing in self pity; that Bill's change was simply miraculous; that his feverish activity with alcoholics was absolutely necessary to his sobriety; and that if I did not want to be left way behind I had better jump on the bandwagon too! ~Lois W. Bedford Hills, New York

Stories reprinted with permission AA Grapevine: The Int'l. Journal Alcoholics Anonymous
www.aagrapevine.org

Unity

* *Indicates an online detailed flyer or registration form at www.greenbayaa.org*

OPEN SPEAKER MEETING (weekly)

WEDNESDAYS 8:00 P.M.

The 218 Club
218 S Oneida Street
Green Bay, WI 54303

DISTRICT 01 MEETING (monthly)

2ND THURSDAY OF EACH MONTH

6:30 p.m.

All Alcoholics Anonymous members are Welcome

Alcoholics Anonymous Central Office
1270 Main Street #102
Green Bay, WI 54301

CENTRAL OFFICE BOARD MEETINGS (monthly)

LAST TUESDAY OF THE MONTH

6:30 p.m.

(CENTRAL OFFICE VOLUNTEERS NEEDED)

Alcoholics Anonymous Central Office
1270 Main Street #102
Green Bay, WI 54301
For details: (920) 432-2600

GREEN BAY AREA CENTRAL OFFICE ANNUAL FUNDRAISER:

BOOYAH BLOWOUT

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 2018

5:00 pm Booyah & Fellowship - 6:30 pm Open Speaker Meeting
8:00 pm Candlelite Meeting

Bring a dish to share - with \$5 donation take some booyah home

BYOC (container)

The Bridge
2514 Jenny Lane
Green Bay, WI 54311

COMBINED LOCKS INTERGROUP

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 2018

Doors open at 5:00 p.m.

Dinner at 6:00 p.m.

Speakers at 7:00 p.m.

Please bring side dish/dessert to pass!

St Paul's Church

410 Wallace St.

Combined Locks, WI 54113

DISTRICT 1 INTERGROUP

SATURDAY JANUARY 19 2019

4:30 Fellowship 5:30 Dinner

6:30 Speaker

Bring a dish to pass

Silent auction / 50-50 Raffle

Redeemer Lutheran Church

210 S Oneida Street

Green Bay, WI 54303

4TH AND 5TH STEP SPRING RETREAT*

MARCH 8-10, 2019

Friday night to Sunday noon

\$150 - includes 2 nights/5 meals

Registration deadline is... Feb 22, 2019

Questions? Call 920-737-2330

St Norbert Center for Spirituality

1016 N Broadway, De Pere, WI 54115

AREA 74 SPRING CONFERENCE

MAY 17-19, 2019

Hosted by District 02

Save the Date - See District 02 Website for more information

Liberty Hall and Conference Center

800 Eisenhower Dr.

Kimberly, WI 54136

GREEN BAY AREA CENTRAL OFFICE

It is time for our AA community members to

help save the Green Bay Area Central Office

(GBACO) from closing.

The GBACO is suffering from the lack of individual

and group volunteers who aid in its daily operations.

We are also suffering from a decline in financial support.

Please Act Today:

Green Bay Area Central Office Board of Directors meeting:

Last Tuesday of every month

6:30 p.m.

1270 Main Street, Suite 102

Green Bay, WI 54301

(920) 432-2600

Service

CORRECTIONS OPPORTUNITY

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED TO CARRY THE A.A. MESSAGE BEHIND BARS

Discover How Rewarding 12th Step Work Can Be

MALE CORRECTIONS: Adam B. (920) 680-9496

FEMALE CORRECTIONS: Theresa D. (920) 490-7889

CORRECTIONS@GREENBAYAA.ORG

WWW.GREENBAYAA.ORG/SERVICE.HTML

ACCESSIBILITIES

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED TO BRING THE A.A. MESSAGE TO THE

HOMEBOUND, HOSPITALIZED, ETC.

(typically due to illness or old age)

ACCESSIBILITY CHAIR: Joe H. (920) 569-2053

ACCESSIBILITY@GREENBAYAA.ORG

WHEN THE KIDS ARE SLEEPING

Once they were tucked in bed, she could drink the way she wanted. She just couldn't stop

When I was in my teens and 20s, and literally partying with rock stars, my drinking seldom caused me any problems that I noticed. There were the occasional horrific hangovers. I lost a beloved job because of a two-day hangover, but mostly I felt like I was really having fun. I had lots of friends and freedom, and I just enjoyed life. We drank and drugged plenty and somehow felt healthy and joyous. When I didn't feel OK about myself, I drank and drugged some more, until I felt better about myself and those around me. It all seemed to work. I was beautiful, athletic, smart and funny. I had enough money to get by and no worries. Worrying and guilt were just not anything I knew or understood. "Party on!" I said.

Then came my 30s and I realized I didn't want to go through life without being a mother. I could hear the old biological clock ticking. It worked out. I attracted a husband at age 31 and was married and a mom at age 32. As soon as my dear baby was born, I could not wait to get loaded. The baby could drink formula for a few days while I got back to drinking and feeling like "the real me." I had to have a buzz to identify with myself. Soon, I had another baby. Then things got worse. I drank more than ever, calling my mother to take care of the kids. "I have the flu again," I would tell her. My hangovers were so crippling, I couldn't do anything but crawl on my hands and knees back from the bathroom to the bed. I'll never drink again, I promised myself. This was definitely not the kind of mother I wanted to be. By sundown though, I would be drinking again.

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GENERAL SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE (GSR) MEETING

October 11, 2018

District Committee Member (DCM) Report-Summary:

(Meeting Minutes Online: www.greenbayaa.org)

DCM Report: Hello District Chairs and GSRs, I attended the fall conference in Wausau and enjoyed the company of several of our districts members. At the area assembly on Saturday we once again struggled to complete the agenda items in the time allowed. We did however start off with a sharing session which generated numerous questions and very few answers. The treatment and accessibility's motion for ASL interpreters was recommitted, and the now and then to electronic was again left unanswered. The area did confirm a new webmaster and approved most of the dates for the 2019 schedule. The area committee meeting the following day was similar in its function, other than it was determined that we should have another sharing session at the spring conference open to all members of AA to allow for discussion of the areas service to the members. I also attended the Central Office board meeting and am able to report that they have a new hotline chairperson and a new merchandise chairperson. Hopefully we will see improvement in the coming weeks to both these areas of service. Yours in service. Matt B., DCM

Secretary, Theresa D. The September 2018 minutes were reviewed by those present. A motion was made and seconded to accept the minutes. The motion passed.

Accessibilities, Joe H. Nothing new to report.

Archives, Bill D. No report available.

Bridging the Gap, Marian K. Bridging the Gap is running smoothly. We are receiving responses from those who are applying. (Report via email)

Central Office Coordinator to the District, Pat T. C. No report available.

Cooperation with the Professional Community, Vacancy-No report available.

Corrections - Men, Adam B. No report available.

Corrections - Women, Theresa D. Five new volunteers are scheduled to take the Safety Training Course at the Brown County Jail. There is a need for additional monies in the Corrections budget in order that AA literature (mainly Big Books) can be provided to the women inmates attending the jail meetings. Further discussion re this was tabled until the next meeting.

District Events Co-Chairs, Tamra D. and Lloyd Z. The recent golf outing was discussed. Potential new outings may include "movie night."

Grapevine, Mary B. No report available.

Newsletter, Ronald M. Going well.

Webmaster, Debbie P. & Sam J. She is looking to step down from her position by the end of this year. Sam has agreed to work with the new Webmaster and take on more duties in keeping the site up and running. Still researching other hosting companies. Reaching out to other districts in the Area for their opinions/experiences with hosting companies.

Treasurer's Report, Patrick H. Prepared for the September 2018 Meeting

Starting Balance as of 8/1/2018 \$6,958.94

Deposits		Expenses		Ending Balance August 31, 2018	\$6,989.64
Golf Outing (Events)	60.00	Matt B. (DCM)	110.50	<u>Prudent Reserve</u>	<u>-1,300.00</u>
Brewer's Bus (Events)	100.00	Central Office (Golf)	118.27	Total Funds Available	\$5,689.64
Serenity Now	650.00	DigiCopy (Newsletter)	250.56		
<u>Early Birds.</u>	<u>91.00</u>	Redeemer Church (Events)	75.00		
Total Deposits:	\$901.00	Chase Bank (Treasurer)	27.95		
Subtotal:	\$7,859.94	Vanessa M. (Events)	30.00		
		<u>Laura H. (Events)</u>	<u>258.02</u>		
		Total Expenses:	\$870.30		

A motion was made and seconded to accept the September 2018 Treasurer's Report. Motion passed.

Old Business:

Discussions re Budget for 2019 and ASL Interpreter were tabled.

New Business:

Open chair positions were discussed: Grapevine, CPC, PI and Webmaster. It was suggested that job descriptions/duties for each position be provided to the GSR's to bring to their home group. Renae S. has agreed to get these duties from the GSO and provide them to Theresa D. who will circulate this information to the GSR's. Debbie P. indicated that Sam J. will be available to assist with the Webmaster duties.

The Jackie Nitschke Center is looking to appoint a GSR for one of their meetings. It was suggested that they find the information needed to do this by visiting the GSO/AA website.

GSR Reports:

- Never on Sunday, Bruce K. Meetings are going good and are well attended.
- Fishermen's Paradise, David S. Meetings are going well -- attendance is up.
- Promise Seekers, Tim D. Going great.
- Sisters in Sobriety, Violet B. Meetings are well attended -- going well.
- Letting Go, Pat T.C. Meetings going well. The Central Office hotline has been fixed.
- Women in the Present, Renae S. Going good, well attended. No business meeting this past month.
- Road to Recovery, Gwen J. The meetings are going well.

WHEN THE KIDS ARE SLEEPING

(Continued from page 2)

One night, bored with the humdrum of domestic life, I set out to party with friends 30 miles away, leaving my husband home with the babies. Suddenly, blind drunk at two in the morning, I was seized by the idea that I needed to drive home to feed my babies. I said goodbye to my friends and left. On the way, I was stopped by the police and ended up incarcerated. The next morning, I had to watch my husband and babies come to get me out of jail. He wasn't even mad at me, but I was beginning to think drinking wasn't working for me.

My husband, my mother, my friends—none of them seemed to think I had a problem. Maybe I needed to cut down, they assured me, or stop drinking earlier in the evening, or be sure to eat enough before drinking. But I knew I had a problem. I had developed a sense of guilt for the first time, “mom guilt.” I hated the drunken mother I had become. I loved my children more than anything or anyone, but couldn't wait for them to go to bed so I could be free to drink all I wanted. I was a slave to alcohol and I knew it. So I resolved to stop.

No one endorsed my cold-turkey approach but me. Friends and family wished me luck and kept on drinking “normally.” I managed to go three months sober and then went on a killer binge with a friend in some seedy motel in a nearby town. I hated myself.

After continuing to hate my drinking more and more, I managed to pull off another dry spell for three months, which ended in another long bender and weeks of remorse and self-hatred. I prayed and prayed to stop. That prayer was not answered. Finally, we moved back to my favorite town and I got the dream job for a mom of young children, a job at their school. I had the same schedule as my children so they wouldn't have to go to daycare during school vacations. We would have carefree summers and Christmas breaks. How perfect. But there was one big problem: How was I going to show up at school with these mind-boggling hangovers ... or maybe still drunk? I decided I would rather die than be that drunken person anymore. So I went to the phone book and looked up AA. I needed help.

I found a women's meeting and went. I hated the women there. They were not cool and I would never hang out with the likes of them, I knew. But they seemed to have something I wanted. They were sober. So I went back. I got a sponsor who helped me work the Steps. She was mean, I thought. She could see through my lies, my excuses and my self-pity. She was just what I needed. The Big Book says we are not saints. I disagree. These folks in the AA meetings were my saints, here on earth, and my Higher Power wanted me to learn from them how to be sober. My prayers were answered, after all. God definitely did for me what I could not do for myself. I began to feel better about myself; the self-loathing got better. I could take care of my children, even on weekend mornings. My husband kept drinking. He was bewildered by the loss of his drinking-buddy wife. But I knew I would kill myself if I went back to drinking. I kept going to AA and he was willing to put the kids to bed while I went to evening meetings.

One evening after dinner, I was in the bathroom combing my hair before a meeting. My young children were taking a bath together. They asked me why I was going off to these AA meetings all the time. Would I stay home and read a bedtime story to them? I told them I went to the meetings because it helped me be a better mom. My children both answered, “Then you go.” How grateful I am for AA. How my life and relationship with my children has been saved is not something I can really put into words. Now I have six grandchildren and my grown kids really want me to be in their lives. When one of my children had serious problems with alcohol abuse, he knew where to go—AA. He'd seen his mom go there and stay sober. Nothing could be better than carrying the message to my own child.

~Anonymous, Salida, Colorado

Stories reprinted with permission AA Grapevine: The Int'l. Journal Alcoholics Anonymous

www.aagrapevine.org

District 01 Committee Contact Information

District 01 Chairperson	dcmdistrict01@greenbayaa.org	Archives	archives@greenbayaa.org
Matt B. 920-217-6864		Bill D. 920-621-1258	
Alternate District Chairperson	altDCM@greenbayaa.org	Bridging the Gap	bridging@greenbayaa.org
Henrietta D. 920-530-3297		Marian K. 920-366-5950	
Newsletter	newsletter@greenbayaa.org	Public Info	PI@greenbayaa.org
Ronald M. 920-593-2915		Tim K. 920-737-1959	
Corrections Chairperson	corrections@greenbayaa.org	Grapevine	grapevine@greenbayaa.org
Adam B. 920-680-9496 (Men)		Mary B. 920-771-0124	
Theresa D. 920-490-7889 (Women)		Coop with Prof. Comm.	cpc@greenbayaa.org
Meetings List	meetinglist@greenbayaa.org	Events	events@greenbayaa.org
Ronald M. 920-593-2915		Lloyd Z. 920-713-0760	
Treasurer	treasurer@greenbayaa.org	Tamera D. 920-321-4910	
Patrick H. 920-819-5284		Webmasters	webmaster@greenbayaa.org
Secretary	secretary@greenbayaa.org	Debbie P. 920-676-7585	
Theresa D. 920-490-7889		Accessibility	accessibility@greenbayaa.org
Hotline		Joe H. 920-569-2053	
Tom M. 920-562-2689			