



THE PIKES PEAK PINT

April 2019

A newsletter for the Pikes Peak Region of Alcoholics Anonymous

An unfamiliar bond

A newcomer discovers kinship in AA

Before I found AA, I tried everything — from years of counseling to support groups and self-help books. No matter what I did, my home, work, friendships, and spiritual life were a mess. Maintaining this mess required picking fights, showing off at work, de-

fying rules, obsessing on being abused as a child and as a teen, throwing tantrums, panic attacks, screaming rages, brewing resentments, recurring bouts of depression, putting others down to prove I was right, self-

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Johannes Plenio, Unsplash

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!

Walk the Talk

Dan G.	4-7-91
Robyn C.	4-29-08
Matt S.	4-10-18!!
Jim R.	4-9-11
John S.	4-17-16
Bob O.	4-2-15
Terry C.	4-11-05
Laura	4-3-18!!
Brian M.	4-27-10
Joel	4-6-08

Friday Women

June W. 4/26/82

We Are Not Saints

March

BJ L.	30 years
Bryan P.	14 years
Joy	7 years
Karyn R.	4 years
Lynne	12 years
Marc A.	2 years
Mary V.	20 years
Ron Q.	29 years
Ruby P.	2 years
Terrie C.	10 years

April

Betsy B.	1 year!!
Carol M.	4 years
Heather B.	7 years
Jan Z.	19 years
Nicole S.	34 years
Rob S.	16 years
Sean M.	2 years

New Woman

Linda C.	9 years
Mary Ann S.	7 years
Sandi S.	3 years
Kimberly H.	2 years

Serenity Hour

Carol M.	4 years
Bitsy D.	6 years
Del H.	30 years

Steel Magnolias

Cindy F. 2 years

Central Group

Dave B.	4-4-06
Bobby Z.	4-15-07
Josh H.	4-25-18!!
Stephanie B.	4-17-18!!

Serenity Riders

Jenn R.	4/22/07	Dan D.	4/13/03
Lisa A.	4/14/07	Dave B.	4/04/06
Toni G.	4/04/06	John S.	4/19/1976
Buzz B	4/05/1984	Lonnie P.	4/09/18

Drinking led to risky behavior, self-pity

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injury, fear of people, temper tantrums, unrelenting perfectionism, fear of poverty, and getting fired often. Trying to hide the above and explaining to family and friends why I moved from job to job required increasing creativity.

For relief, and to forget this misery, I binge drank--always in secret. This continued in irregular bouts for twenty years, marked by months --or even a year--of not getting drunk. At the start of a night's bingeing, alcohol reliably dulled my pain. By night's end, drinking

opened wide the spigots of self-pity and risky behavior. Rolling on the floor in drunken crying jags was a sure bet, as was suffering remorse and shame later over the stupid, risky things I did when drunk.

Hector, a binge beer-drinker I knew, was arrested, convicted, and "sentenced" to AA. Hector, too, had a rough childhood and a quiver full of resentments. After a while in AA, he changed. Hector stopped drinking, stopped stealing, made sober friends, and even camped and hunted with his "sponsor." It was amazing. Could AA help me?

My first attempt at finding a sponsor was a flop. After two months of attending from five to seven AA meetings a week (in another county so no one would recognize me), I had somehow stayed sober. I felt I didn't fit into AA--my problems were paltry compared to some in leads I heard. I had not so much as a DUI or a stretch in jail. A guy at a meeting told me that I needed a sponsor to understand AA. Being a perfectionist, I was apprehensive about making the "wrong decision" on a sponsor. The

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THANK YOU!



The Service Office Remodel has been completed with 100 percent personal contributions.

Not one cent came from the intergroup budget for this improvement.

Stop by, have
a cup of coffee
and see the remodel!

1353 S. 8th St., Suite 209

THANK YOU

to the anonymous members from across the city for your time, talent, contributions, and hard work!

STEP 4:

Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves



TRADITION 4:

Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or AA as a whole.

CONCEPT 4:

At all responsible levels, we ought to maintain a traditional “Right of Participation,” allowing a voting representation in reasonable proportion to the responsibility that each must discharge.

- Do we understand the spiritual principles underlying the “Right of Participation”?
- What does “in reasonable proportion” mean? Do we understand when it is appropriate for A.A. paid staff to have a vote at the General Service Conference or in our local service structure?
- Do we expect that, because we are A.A. members, we should be allowed to vote at any group, even if we are not active members of that group?

TRADITION 4 CHECKLIST:

- Do I insist that there are only a few right ways of doing things in AA?
- Does my group always consider the welfare of the rest of AA? Of nearby groups? Of loners in Alaska? Of internationalists miles from port? Of a group in Rome or El Salvador?
- Do I put down other members’ behavior when it is different from mine, or do I learn from it?
- Do I always bear in mind that, to those outsiders who know I am in AA, I may to some extent represent our entire beloved Fellowship?
- Am I willing to help a newcomer go to any lengths – his lengths, not mine – to stay sober?
- Do I share my knowledge of AA tools with other members who may not have heard of them?

Sponsor called him on his 'drama'

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guy suggested I look for a temporary sponsor as a start.

There was an influential guy, "Stan," who sponsored many at a meeting I attended. Stan talked freely of big-money deals, ran a large company, and hired many new, unemployed AAs--in other words, an ideal sponsor.

I asked Stan to be my temporary sponsor. He agreed to talk with me over coffee at a restaurant. Stan told me, "The only way you'll stay sober in this program is to be born again, accept Jesus Christ as your personal Lord and Savior, and join the Church." Stan was a pillar of a fundamentalist congregation that hosted AA meetings.

I was stunned. I harbored seething resentments against organized religion, and told Stan so. I'd used resentments and buckets of self-pity as excuses for binge drinking. I told Stan I'd get back to him and decided to go somewhere else--fast.

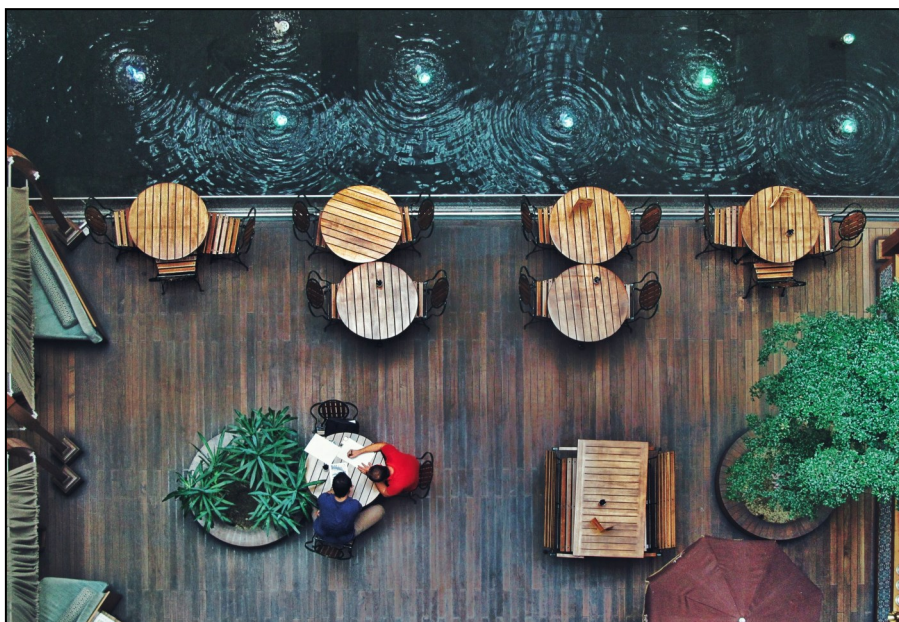
I began attending meetings in yet another county. There, I met Will, a man with twenty-two years' sobriety. He saw I was new and patiently answered my questions. In a bout of tears, I poured out my failure in seeking a temporary sponsor. Will said he came to AA with powerful resentment against formal religion. In AA, Will found a God of his own understanding, a "Higher Power." Will said I would, too, and that this Higher Power would help me stay sober. Will recommended a men's meeting where I could ask the secretary to point out a temporary sponsor. In Will, I'd finally connected to someone like me.

At the men's meeting, the secretary pointed out two temporary sponsors. The secretary knew most of the AAs in the room--those who follow through and those who are just "good talkers." That's when I met Mark

and asked him to be my temporary sponsor. Mark promptly said, "Yes." Then he instructed me to read "The Doctor's Opinion" in the Big Book, phone him in two days to check on how I was doing, join him at a men's discussion meeting, and discuss my homework with him afterward.

As I learned later, this was a test. Mark wanted to see (1) if I would follow through and (2) if I could follow directions. Most guys whom Mark had asked to do this didn't follow through. Mark, with twenty years

of sobriety, met with me regularly thereafter by phone and in person, returning calls for help, assigning more to read in the Big Book, talking after meetings, and started me working on Step One. Mark said he sponsored one or two men at once due to job and home commitments. Mark said I'd need some other AAs as co-



sponsors to help. I suggested Will as a co-sponsor, and Mark said, "Ask him." Now, I count three kind, caring men with long sobriety as co-sponsors. Mark warned me if I spent too much time with these AAs, I'd end up being sober.

Mark worked slowly and patiently. He mercilessly pointed out my "drama," as he called it. Once he deflated the drama, he took on my need to have everyone in AA approve of me, an obsession to make friends I didn't know how to handle, picking and choosing rules I would or would not follow, being disrespectful toward others, identifying my role in creating a problem, and, finally, completely avoiding any situation or person who generated sizzling anger in me.

Mark persistently challenged my alcoholic thinking, pointing out distorted understandings of situations

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Meeting changes



Meeting guide goes with you

The app that helps people attempting to get and stay sober is available free to anyone. Just go to the app store and search for “meeting guide,” and

click to download it. It is free and awesome. When the app is opened, it defaults to the nearest next AA meeting to wherever the phone is anywhere in the world. Tap on the name of the meeting and it will say what type of meeting it is, along with the directions of how to get there and more.

The Solution is not

The Solution, an open meeting Mondays at 6:30 p.m. at Veteran Coffee Roasters, 1003 S. Tejon St., is no longer gathering.

However ...

There *IS* a Solution

There is a new open, discussion meeting called There is a Solution meeting at 11 a.m. Saturdays beginning April 6. It meets at 2010 E. Bijou.

Saturday April AA speakers

Speakers for the 7 p.m. Saturday Night Live meeting at Walk the Talk will be: April 6, Nate G.; April 13, Newell; April 20 John S.; and April 27, Renee.

From discussion to stories

The Tuesday Girls Gone Sober meeting is no longer listed as a discussion group. It is now a Big Book Story Study group.

... and other stuff

Which reminds me ...

... if you have a meeting change, even if it is one single, solitary, lonesome word, (like from discussion to study) please include *all* the other particulars, like time of the meeting and location. Perhaps someone’s reading this and they think, “Hm, I’d love to go to that meeting, but where do they meet and what time?” And because that information isn’t part of the announcement, they decide to not attend the meeting, because they’re lazy, like this editor, and won’t take the time to look it up.

Go swimming; learn how

Make a splash!

A new open discussion meeting, Sink or Swim meets at the Beth-El Mennonite Church, 4625 Ranch Drive on Friday evenings at 7:30 p.m.

Off the Wall meets earlier

The Off the Wall group, an open discussion group that meets at 709 S. Sierra Madre, is now meeting at 7:30 p.m., a half hour earlier than its previous start time of 8.

Serenity Hour moves

Serenity Hour has moved next door. In the same building, that is.

The Tuesday and Friday noon meeting that gathers at the First Presbyterian Church, 219 E. Bijou St., will meet in room 217.

Not room 218 at it had met before this change.

We’re in Falcon too!

A new, open meeting called We Are Here is now meeting at the High Prairie Library Wednesdays at 9:30 a.m. The library is at 7035 Old Meridian Rd., across from the fire department.

Kinship can lead to serenity

Kinship, from page 5

and people. He was quick to voice his sober view on most things--at length. He told me to stop comparing myself with leads as I "had gotten off the alcoholism elevator at a different place from them." He said I didn't have to go to the bottom of the elevator to be helped by AA. Though I had less time drinking and paid fewer consequences than some, my sponsor maintained that I had the same crazy thinking as any other alcoholic, and that this thinking, if not changed, would lead me to a certain and unhappy death.

Weeks passed, and I felt I didn't fit into my home group. At meetings, I sulked, arrived late, and stared at my feet. So Mark told me to clean the coffee pot after meetings. I did it once, and felt better. I had a purpose in the group. I stayed after every meeting and left the kitchen and our things clean. Eventually, the secretary asked me to buy candy for meetings. This increased my feeling of purpose, and the "candy-eaters" quickly learned my name.

Anger and fights at home were problems. Typically, I made my point in family fights by throwing and breaking things. This was preceded by poking at sore spots, dredging up old fights, and so on. Mark taught me that I was half of every fight, and I had to take a walk when a fight began or was about to ignite. If I threw or broke anything, I had to call Mark right away. He had me apologize immediately--"cleaning up my side of the street." Soon, the embarrassment of having to report throwing something to Mark curtailed most of my throwing matches. My sponsor helped me see I could actually control my fighting, first by a little, and later by more.

Mark taught me to pray. When he asked me to kneel at his side and say the Third Step Prayer with

him, I freaked. All I could think of was running away. Though I had attended worship for decades, I had never actually prayed, much less while kneeling next to another man. Somehow, I squeezed by that Third Step prayer with my sponsor and then ran from his house.

A few weeks before, a moment of clarity arrived at a meeting. I was inspired to trash the entire, resentment-choked idea of God I dragged with me to AA. Suddenly, I felt free to choose a brand-new God of my own understanding. Over the next few weeks, my



sponsor helped me sort out my Higher Power: AA, my home group, my sponsor, people who had cared for me, and things I found beautiful. This was a Higher Power I could live with, and I didn't have to drink over it.

Last month, Mark saw me through my Fourth Step. Undertaking this thorough and

fearless moral inventory of my resentments, money problems, sexual problems, and fears caused many sleepless nights. I felt expected remorse for things I easily remembered and unexpected remorse for things I had pushed into the shadows. When done with my Fourth Step, I had both a desperate desire to get it off my chest and an equally strong desire to burn and scatter what I wrote. I, the master of my universe, was surprised to discover that fears drove my actions and ruled my life. Mark assured me it was the same for him. He told me that I was no different from others in AA whose unrecognized fears had orchestrated their lives.

Mark located an AA named Paul for my Fifth Step. I barely knew Paul, but I was told he had long sobriety and survived an abusive upbringing like mine. I was terrified at the prospect of telling my most shameful

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LOCAL SERVICE OFFICE

Open: Tuesday - Friday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Closed: Saturday - Monday
1353 South 8th Street, Suite 209
Colorado Springs, CO 80905
719.573.5020

Email: serviceoffice@coloradospringsaa.org
Web: www.coloradospringsaa.org

COMMITTEE MEETINGS

CORRECTIONS:

9 a.m., 3rd Saturday of the month Sacred Heart Parish
Room 10, southeast corner of 21st & Colorado Ave.

PI (PUBLIC INFORMATION):

1 p.m., 4th Saturday of the month
Sand Creek Library, 1821 S. Academy Blvd.
large study room This group meets with CPC.

CPC (PROFESSIONAL COMMUNITY):

1 p.m., 4th Saturday of the month
Sand Creek Library, 1821 S. Academy Blvd.
large study room. This group meets with PI.

PROGRAMS:

6 p.m., 4th Thursday of the month, Colorado Springs
Area Service Office, 1353 S. 8th St., Suite 209.

TREATMENT:

5:30 p.m., 3rd Thursday of the month, Penrose Main
Hospital, 2222 N. Nevada Ave., board room

NIGHTWATCH:

7 p.m., 1st Tuesday of the month
Sacred Heart Parish, 21st and Pikes Peak Ave.
Room 10, following the New Beginners' meeting

DISTRICT 7:

7 p.m., 3rd Tuesday of the month
First United Methodist Church,
420 N. Nevada, Room 135 (Boulder Street access)

WHERE TO SEND CONTRIBUTIONS

For all, please include your group name and group number on the check

~ AREA SERVICE OFFICE ~

Payable to: Colorado Springs
Area Service Office
1353 South 8th St., Suite 209
Colorado Springs, CO 80905

~ GENERAL SERVICE OFFICE ~

Payable to: GSO
P.O. Box 459/Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10163

~ AREA 10 ~

Payable to: Area 10 Treasurer
12081 W. Alameda Parkway, #418
Lakewood, CO 80228

~ DISTRICT 7 ~

Payable to: District 7,
P.O. Box 26252,
Colorado Springs, CO 80936

~ PINK CAN CONTRIBUTIONS ~

Payable to: Area 10 Corrections Committee
P.O. Box 40368,
Denver, CO 80204

• CASH ACCEPTED IN PERSON ONLY •

How much did *YOU* spend on a drink?

Please help others

Consider throwing \$2 into the basket when it comes around. Also, once a year, donate \$1 for each year of sobriety to the General Service Office, the Area Service Office, or both. It costs money to spread the hope of a new life worth living through AA.

Please see coloradospringsaa.org

He didn't call police ...

Instead, he fed me – chili!

Kinship, from page 8

transgressions and secret thoughts to a total stranger, but Mark told me to trust his word and trust my Higher Power that things would be okay. The way I was brought up, trust was both dangerous and foolish. But somehow, I had begun to trust Mark.

Completing my Fifth Step with Paul took two sessions. It generated overwhelming feelings of both self-loathing and relief--a strange mixture. The Fifth Step opened up things I had welded shut behind steel doors, things not written on my papers, things that pushed me to hate myself, to drink, and to forget. At Paul's encouragement, I spared nothing in my Fifth Step, and in doing so, I was spared.

After finishing the Fifth Step, I was convinced Paul would curse me, phone the police, and throw me bodily from his house. But instead, he served me chili.

I needed a couple of weeks to calm down after my Fifth Step. During that time, I bonded with Paul, asking him about the strange feelings I was having, calling occasionally to add something I'd left out of my

Fifth Step. But Paul assured me all was well. I stopped feeling self-conscious or ashamed in front of him. I began to feel a sort of kinship with others in my home group who had completed their Fifth Step.

I am nearly eleven months sober now, and Mark continues to chip away at my alcoholic thinking as we begin the next Step. He points out that I "melt down" only twice a week now, down from four to five times a week when I started. Recently, he insisted I shake hands with everyone in my home group before the meeting began. I refused, certain I would burst into flames if I did so. As a sober person, I find looking people in the eye and shaking their hands frightening. Not only will I see them, but they'll see me. And, though I was convinced I'd explode, my sponsor was right: I survived shaking hands. Now, I actually enjoy shaking hands. This is totally unlike me. I've begun to change.

— Steve
Elyria, Ohio

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