



MY OBSESSION & ITS REMOVAL

I knew I had an addiction that I couldn't escape. I had tried, a myriad of permutations, to stop of my own accord. There was a true experience of awe and terror when that realization began to drown me like the tide coming in. I was going to die, slowly, and I was so vastly under-equipped to address the addiction that panic would overtake me.

I obsessed all day over when, what the exact time and place would be, I could drink. I would imagine and crave to the point of smelling and tasting the drink. I would reminisce, stoke fantasy, and recall the feelings I knew I would enact: that slipping feeling, the place exactly after loss of control, the sweet inescapable point-of-no-return into the void of another blackout. I would hunt for and seek out opportunities to justify drink; I was never without excuse.

My addiction, my mental obsession, was a dark storm that never really cleared from the valley of my life. The dark storm of inevitable inebriation always loomed over me. And I knew I could do nothing to

stop the storm from consuming the whole sky. The storm would happen, with or without my consent. There was absolutely nothing I could do to protect myself or evade the storm's path.

And the storms always came. The sky would darken and experience without record would debit my life and my time in life. Some storms would break by the next morn, while others would pour down on me, unrelenting contiguous darkness, cold and filthy; the longer storms would often persist for months.

One journal entry stands out to me, as I found my lapse of memory to be over a year. There were pictures and videos from the 1.2 years, but my mental faculties were disallowed access to any memories from behind the blackout's veil. There were so many journal entries capturing only fragments of memory during the alcohol and drug induced storms whose lightning was debauchery and thunder depravity. And there were uncounted tear-smeared pages of life hatred.

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by Joe T.

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**CENTRAL OFFICE
BOARD OF TRUSTEES**
BOARD@SALT LAKEAA.ORG

Chair — Julian G. **Trustee**— Brad
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**7TH TRADITION
CONTRIBUTION ADDRESSES**

A.A. World Services

Box 459 Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10163
<https://ctb.aaws.org/Login.aspx>

Area 69 Treasurer

P.O. Box 471
Fillmore, UT 84631

District 10 Treasurer

PO Box 57271
Murray, UT 84157

Salt Lake Central Office

80 West Louise Ave.
Salt Lake City, UT 84115

District 2 Treasurer

PO Box 615
Salt Lake City, UT 84110

District 11 Treasurer

2320 Wood Hollow Way
Bountiful, UT 84010

**CENTRAL OFFICE
STANDING COMMITTEE CHAIRS**

Activities — Rob C
activities@saltlakeaa.org
Archives — Laura C.
archives@saltlakeaa.org
By-laws — Julian G.
Coins — Jim C.
Co-op Professional Community — vacant
cpc@saltlakeaa.org
Corrections — David R.
corrections@saltlakeaa.org
Events Calendar — Jeremy C.
Hotline — Tasha
hotline@saltlakeaa.org
Literature — Charlie T.
literature@saltlakeaa.org
Lifeline Newsletter — Shurone H.
lifeline@saltlakeaa.org
Outreach — vacant
outreach@saltlakeaa.org
Public Information— Melissa E.
pi@saltlakeaa.org
Technical Support — vacant
it@saltlakeaa.org
Treatment- Rusty J.
treatment@saltlakeaa.org
Twelfth Step — Skip M.
12step@saltlakeaa.org
Volunteer — Doug R.
volunteer@saltlakeaa.org
Website — Tasha
webservant@saltlakeaa.org



NEW MEETINGS:

Magna Friendly Bunch - Mon-Thur 9:00am @ the Alano West Club - 9087 W Main St. Magna.

The Coven -

Tue @ 7:00pm @ Fellowship Hall 2060 S. Windsor 840 E. SLC. Women's meeting.

CinemAA -

Mon @ 6:00pm @ Cold Creek, 521 N. Sportsplex Dr. Kaysville, UT 84037

Millcreek Meditation Meeting -

Mon @ 6:00pm @ 2780 E. 3900 S. Risen Life Church. Enter in back of office.

We Agnostics Step Study -

Fri @ 8pm @ Fellowship Hall 2060 S Windsor St. SLC

MEETING UPDATES:

Acceptance is the answer - Moving from Mon to Wed. @7:30. 777 S. 1300 E. Baptist Church

Southenders - Location change to Jims Family restaurant, 1728 W. Park Ave. Riverton. Tue 7pm

Womens 12 x12 & Book Study - location change to 2015 Newcastle Dr. Sandy, Presbyterian Church. Thur @7:00pm

Dist 11 GSR - Moving to S. Davis Recovery Club 220 W. Center St. Bountiful, 84010. 2nd Wed

Carpet Slippers - Sun @ 7:00 (changed from 7:15)

Cottonwood Speaker/step discussion - moving to: 8029 S 700 E Sandy 84070 -Collective Recovery center Sunday at 10:00am

Highlanders - Moving to 7486 Union Park Ave. Midvale, UT 84047. Wed @ 8:00pm

CANCELED MEETINGS:

A Way In For Beginners - Wed @7:15pm Fellowship

Nomadic Lunch Bunch - Wed @ noon - Fat Cats Bowling Alley

Monday Night into Action Step Study - Mon @ 7 pm 2015 E. Newcastle, Sandy

White Flag Group - Sat @ 6:00pm



To all groups in Districts 2, 10, & 11!

I am trying to put together a collection of histories of how your group started.

Please put your heads together and write up a one page story of the origin of your group. These stories will be kept in a binder and available for reading in the new Archives room at Central Office. If possible please type and include a contact phone number.

-Thanks, Laura C.

UCYPAA presents:

THIRD LEGACY



**12 Traditions
Workshop**

MAY 11th @ 11:30AM

Sunnyside Park & Pavilion

1735 Sunnyside Ave

Salt Lake City, UT 84108

CENTRAL OFFICE REPS: MEETING MINUTES

Tuesday March 12th @ 6:30 pm

Chair: Julian - Warranties and statement purpose.

Welcomes all Central Office Reps.

Co-Chair: Dave V - Wants to welcome all the new C.O.

Reps: Quin and Jacob. Welcome to C.O.

Treasurre: Arty- Everything is going well.

Secretary: Rob C - All is going well. Keep smiling & thanks for your service.

Trustee District 2: Paul M - Dist.2 is in search of a volunteer who can do ASL. They also need a DCM and an alt DCM.

Trustee District 10: Brad M - Thanks for the support. Talk to your groups about service opportunities.

Trustee District 11: Doug R - Attended the meeting for District 11. We are looking for a cheaper phone service to help with our non-profit organization.

Activities: Rob C- Bowling Sat April 20th 1:00pm @ Bonwood (2500 S Main St.) Come enjoy 2 games including shoe rental for \$8! Contact Rob @ 801-647-0889 or activities@saltlakeaa.org.

Archives: Laura- The archives room is FINALLY OPEN for all to enjoy! Come check it out.

Corrections: Dave R.- Needs volunteers to take meetings into the jails and prisons. One year of sobriety is required, off paper one year as well.

Literature: Charlie T - Salt Lake C.O. has the best prices on in the state!

Newsletter: Shurone - Always looking for stories, poetry, and art work for the lifeline.

Treatment: Rusty J - Treatment Centers are full this time of year, lots going on. Meeting being held at the VOA detox center. Glad to be of service.

Volunteers: Doug R. - Looking for volunteers Monday afternoons and Thursday mornings.

Coins: Jim C, Sandy A, Chris C - We inventory and order chips on a weekly basis.

Hotline: Tasha - All is going well, running smoothly.

Events: Jeremy C - If anyone has events they would like to add to the calander let me know - events@saltlakeaa.org

Old Business:

Committee Chair Positions still open and available:

- Outreach
- Tech Committee

Central Office Spring Event!

Bowling at Bonwood

2500 S. Main St. SLC

April 20th @ 1:00pm

2 games + shoe rental for \$8.00



**Next Central Office Rep. meeting will be held on Tuesday
April 9th 2019 @ 6:30pm**



SALT LAKE CENTRAL OFFICE FEBRUARY FINANCIALS



Income Statement

	2018	2017
<u>Revenue</u>		
Group Contributions	\$1,823.15	\$5,932.59
Copy/Newsletter donations	\$10.50	\$194.32
Individual Contributions	\$	\$
Sales - Literature	\$6,776.02	\$6,608.72
Sales - Coins	\$1,153.10	\$1,869.00
Sales - Other	\$	\$
Total Revenue:	\$9,762.77	\$14,607.42
COGS - Literature	\$6,562.52	\$6,543.56
COGS - Coins	\$1,112.74	\$1,006.95
Total COGS	\$7,675.26	\$7,550.51
Gross Profit	\$2,087.51	\$7,056.91
Operating Expenses	\$3,918.84	\$3,728.87
Other Expenses:	\$	\$
Total Expenses:	\$3,918.84	\$3,728.87
Net Income:	\$(1,831.33)	\$3,328.04

Bank Accounts

Checking & Petty Cash	\$15,161.29	\$31,480.52
Accounts Payable Due	\$(371.92)	\$(11,822.16)
Money Market - PR	\$24,287.07	\$24,204.54
Total:	\$39,076.44	\$43,862.90

Group Contributions -

Basic Young Peoples -	\$132.90
ESP -	\$80.00
Every Night Firelight -	\$35.00
Grapevine 1 -	\$166.16
Greater Kerns -	\$85.00
Highland Group -	\$54.00
Magna Friendly Bunch -	\$300.00
No Laurels -	\$2.50
One More Sunday Night	\$56.34
Primary Purpose -	\$40.00
Serenity Now -	\$10.00
South Davis AA -	\$75.00
Sun Morning Breakfast	\$200.00
Unity Lunch Bunch	\$59.00
Wake Up Call	\$100.00
Women Stepping Up	\$120.00
Total -	\$1,780.15

- Please note that according to the central office bylaws it is required to have 6 mos overhead in the prudent reserve. Average monthly costs are \$4000/mo, \$24,000 for 6 mos
- A detail of group contributions is available and will be handed out quarterly.
- On-line contributions made in January will be reflected on the February Statement

**"WE ARE SELF SUPPORTING
THROUGH OUR OWN
CONTRIBUTIONS..."**



CITY AT SEVEN

JOHN Y. - 19 YEARS
JUSTIN - 4 YEARS

**HOUR OF HOPE
GROUP**

Wasatch Facility - Utah
State Prison
JAMES - 90 DAYS

Watch your *thoughts*,
they become words.
Watch your *words*,
they become actions.
Watch your *actions*,
they become habits.
Watch your *habits*,
they become your character.
Watch your *character*,
it becomes your
DESTINY.

Joke of the Month



Recently a routine police patrol was parked outside a bar in the Outback. After last call, the officer noticed a man leaving the bar so apparently intoxicated that he could barely walk. The man stumbled around the parking lot for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity, in which he tried his keys on five different vehicles, the man managed to find his car and fall into it. He sat there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off.

Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off; it was a fine, dry summer night, flicked the blinkers on and off a couple of times, honked the horn and then switched on the lights. He moved the vehicle forward a few inches, reversed a little, and then remained still for a few more minutes as some more of the other patrons' vehicles left. At last, when his was the only car left in the parking lot, he pulled out and drove slowly down the road. The police officer, having waited patiently all this time, now started up his patrol car, put on the flashing lights, and promptly pulled the man over and administered a breathalyser test. To his amazement, the breathalyzer indicated no evidence that the man had consumed any alcohol at all! Dumbfounded, the officer said, "I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the police station. This breathalyser equipment must be broken." "I doubt it," said the truly proud Redneck. "Tonight I'm the designated decoy."

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Terror possessed me and each breath was a panicked, jerky tug for air. It truly dawned on me that I was going to die of alcoholism. I could do nothing about it. The storm was going to drown me. I wanted no part in a life of such servitude. But something happened.

I sat on the edge of the sofa in my apartment, gun loaded, cocked, and in my mouth. Drunk, again, tears rolling down my face as the much-too-loud music played suicide-themed songs, I deeply considered taking my final exit. I had lost everything, had nothing left to live for, and the only foreseeable future was one filled with financial obligations, long fruitless hours of labor, and continuous suffering in the storms of my addiction.

I had a metallic taste from the gun in my mouth, as I iterated through lists of reasons to end my life. My eleven-year-old Weimaraner obediently sat directly in front of me, eyes locked on my face. His eyes never really lost the puppy blue coloring. It was as I was squeezing the cold metal handle to extinguish my life, that a thought raced through my mind and hit me with such overwhelming power that I immediately put the gun down and began to cry, weeping like a sobbing child.

I look back on that thought, that feeling, and don't know if it was a voice speaking its words, a rush of images of my life and feelings, or something else, but that thought hit its mark.

I was supposed to go through this. This was all supposed to happen.

I liken this experience to watching a storm finally break and a single thread, a powerful beam, of sunlight cutting through the darkness. With the exception that the beam of light and warmth was now enveloping me.

I went to my first A.A. meeting the very next day. I stayed sober that day. I went to another A.A. meeting the day after. I stayed sober that day, too! This pattern of attending a meeting and staying sober lasted about a week before the next storm rolled over me.

Dark emptiness consumed another month.

When I came to, I was asleep in the master closet of my apartment, sleeping on a pile of dirty clothes. There was vomit down the pile and filling the shoes below. I didn't know what time it was or even what day it was. I was overcome with fear for my employment. However, it was a Sunday afternoon and I still had my job.

That night I went back to the first meeting I had ever attended. It was a speaker meeting; the topic was sponsorship. I don't remember specifics of the meeting, but I was so moved that I asked the speaker to be my sponsor. He said no but pointed me to another man who said yes.

I had one last planned drinking session, which at the time I called a relapse. But have been sober since.

During the next year something wonderful and amazing happened. I honestly wish I knew when or how it happened. But over that year, I kept my head down and did the next right thing, putting one foot in front of the other and taking the next step. When I looked up? To my astonishment, the storm was no more. More accurately, I had hiked out of the valley where the storm remains.

I was now free to see a world with a clear blue sky, filled with miracles and opportunities. And this is the miracle machine where we get to participate as the witness of self in correcting fear with love.

-Joe T.

"When I take my daily inventory, I know that I must stop judging others. If I judge others, I am probably judging myself. Whoever is upsetting me most is my best teacher. I have much to learn from him or her, and in my

2019 PRASSA Experience

Hello my name is Evan and I am an alcoholic. Praasa 2019 was held in Irvine, California. I arrived Friday morning curious as to what this experience would have in store for this alcoholic. Usually it's some kind of god shot or I meet an old friend from the past. For me, I enjoy living in the moment and letting spirit handle the details. Friday afternoon I picked up the name tag and registration packet, while in line I spoke with an alcoholic from So Cal that I met at last years forum, so here we go with the unity the feeling of love and peace, I am at home. I found a seat in the audience and located a couple members from our area 69 and so the weekend begins.

Saturday morning, excited for the days panels and information we would receive. I sat with a friend that I had known for 20 plus years, which I met last year at praasa, we had lost touch for many years only to meet again both trudging the road to happy destiny. We took notes, listened to past delegates, and listen to speakers on events happening and upcoming events in A.A. It's a movement. I see that at these assemblies and forums. Alcoholics working together in unity to carry the message and help the alcoholic who still suffers. Young peoples in Alcoholics Anonymous had a strong showing with ideas to offer. Ideas to better identify and include young members in Alcoholics Anonymous. All-inclusive never exclusive.

Sunday morning open mic sessions. An alcoholic got up a shared that we need as older members to step down and let the youth handle the digital aspect of A.A. I am a little twisted on the subject of "digital world" and "social media", "you tube", etc. I have an

18 year old son who is part of the millennial class, we were having dinner the other evening and he sent me a text, "Please pass the ketchup", well he did say "please", but I am concerned with the power of this device. It seems to me that were loosing touch with our intrinsic nature. Nobody is communicating, we're all busy looking at a screen. The hand of A.A. can't be felt through a text or an email. Its one alcoholic working and communicating with another on an intimate level of love and tolerance. I wouldn't ask these kids to spend another moment behind a screen. I would ask them to get outside in the sun, get those toes in the sand, and their hands in the dirt, get connected with our intrinsic nature.

All be it, the media could be a great source of advertisement, let's run a couple PSA announcements during the super bowl or the World Series, but maybe we could ask for more participation first. My home group has about 30 members on any given day, 3 of which are in general service. That is about 10 percent participation. Maybe in our announcements we can be a little more enthusiastic and passionate to capture more participation. I have heard in A.A. we don't have a money problem we have a participation problem. So before we go down that digital raceway, let's stick with unity and get more participation in our home groups. More love and tolerance, less Facebook, snap chat, and tweets. We can do this together, one day at a TIME.

In loving service,
Evan j.



UPCOMING EVENTS

Area 69 Utah 2019 Pre-Conference Assembly

Sponsored by Districts 11 & 12

Sons of the Utah Pioneers

3301 East Louise Ave. SLC, UT 84109

April 5-7, 2019

Ramada by Wyndham

2455 State St. SLC, UT 84415

(844)301-8617

\$75.00 + tax

code word for reservations - "Area 69"

UTAH CONFERENCE OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Bryce Canyon, UT

June 28 - 30, 2019

Pre-Registration \$20 at
ucypaa.org/register

Lodging, details, and registration available at ucypaa.org/register

"We will not regret the past
...Nor wish to shut the door on it."

General Service Conference New York City, NY - May 19-25 2019



Alano West Club

9087 W Magna Main St.

Speaker Meeting

April 13th @ 11:00am

Featuring: RayJay

24 years + of experience, strength & hope

Potluck brunch & Raffle

Open to everyone, please bring family and friends!

*Please send events to lifeline@saltlakeaa.org

PRIMARY PURPOSE

The Primary Purpose Group (Thursday, Fellowship Hall, 7:00pm) has a colorful history. The meeting was started as a Big Book Study around 1986 with 3 to 7 members headed by Minnesota Bill at the old Dirks Field location. Minnesota Bill delighted in sharing about his sponsor, Joe of the Joe and Charley tapes. Bill returned to his home state of Arkansas and the meeting remained small until resentment rocked the foundation of the little group.

The meeting structure was continually disrupted as new people attended and were not interested in book study but turned the meeting to discussion topics, often not related to alcoholism or recovery. The proverbial resentment and a coffee pot was all that was required for the meeting to move to Fellowship Hall. R.A. brought "his" Tuesday night meeting that he was the secretary of to the Thursday meeting and it was off and running with between 50-60 people in the big room at Fellowship as a discussion meeting.

All was not well though. "Ownership" of the meeting – personalities before principles, began to create dissension in the meeting. The secretary/treasurer absconded with the meeting funds and at the insistence of her sponsor made a tearful verbal apology to the group, however, never coughed up the "missing" money. Muscles were flexed and R.A. pulled his crew. Faced with limited attendance, a small group that included Scottish John A., Brian O., and Bill K. moved the meeting to the small room at Fellowship Hall around 1990.

The meeting attendance bounced from 10 to 12 members but what had originally undermined the Primary Purpose meeting turned out to be what created the foundation that exists today. The "call on" topic structure has grown the meeting to consistently 30 to 35 people every Thursday night. There are several reasons that make the meeting perhaps the

best meeting in the valley:

- The meeting is a closed meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous and topics relate to the disease of alcoholism and the recovery from alcoholism.
 - There is a 12 month waiting list to chair the meeting. The chairperson selects and introduces a topic.
 - Respect. It is rare for a member to speak for more than 3 to 4 minutes which allows more people to share. Talking and texting during the meeting is almost non-existent.
 - Most people in the meeting put money in the basket that is passed. Our treasurer distributes 25% to World Services, Central Office, District 2 and Area 69.
 - There is a good mix of new and long term sobriety. It is not uncommon to have 200+ years of sobriety. The chairpersons do a good job of balancing discussion between new and old members making it a welcoming environment.
 - Most home group members sponsor and are sponsored.
 - It is a profanity free meeting – not by group conscious but by example.
 - A greeter is usually stationed by the door to welcome old and new members.
 - There is a meeting before the meeting at Dee's restaurant just down the street. Everyone is welcome; people start showing up around 5:30 for coffee, dinner, or just water. It is a safe place to discuss things that might be too sensitive for the big meeting.
- The meeting temporarily moved to the big room but people felt uncomfortable speaking from the lectern and the meeting lost the intimacy of the small room. It has since returned to the small room where it will no doubt stay.
- An Old sponsor once said, "If your home group isn't the best meeting in town then you need to get busy." Stop by and join us Thursday nights at 7:00pm

-Tom D.



HAZMAT

I am a hazmat, a has-been who is half-assed.
I've grasped that, and I get it.
Try to live a life of acceptance.
To move passed that; I'm glad that,
I'm here and where I'm at yeah.
Wouldn't take anything back yeah, that's a fact, and-
As I've come to understand,
all I can do is all I can.
And this moment is all I have.
To be my best, a better man.
And dive face first in foreign lands.
With blistered feet and bloody hands.
Beat down bones and broken back.
Bludgeoned brutal butcher slab,
of meat grinder panic attacks.
My mind collapses, synapses crash and-
Snap back to basic primal act.
To fight the world or get out fast.
And freeze if neither paves a path.
'Til all that's left is smoldering ash,
That fits a puzzle of my past.
And leaves my soul alone, at last.

To drink my weakness from a glass.
And marvel at the life I lack.
How could I keep it all intact?

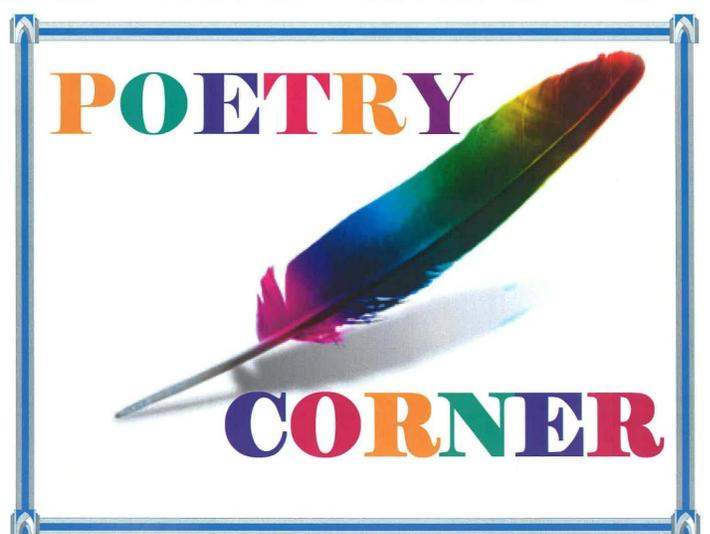
When actually I should be doing the math.
But nothing makes sense, and it all hurts so bad.
Or is this some secret gift
I should grab while it lasts?

These are all questions I've asked.
These are hard times overlapped.
Overwhelmed and under-planned.

Why is this the way I am?
When do I get my great big chance?
Sealed deal settled in a single glance.
'Lest my beating heart be stabbed,
and sabotaged by dreams I had.
Still not quite sure where I stand.
Slipping through the cracks like sand.
Tumbling through the abstract-
An avalanche of catastrophe...
Nuclear blast of reality, then flash back.
Round and round on the track.
Round and round on the track.
I tsunami, then collapse.
Wrecking all within my path.
Gravity suspends and laughs-
Everything I hold onto
just slips right through my grasp.
All I've ever had, and all I'll never have...

Dancing around in my head
Until I'm dead.

-Sade Louise Killpack, an alcoholic



Central Office of Salt Lake Incorporated
80 West Louise Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115



SALT LAKE CENTRAL OFFICE
801.484.7871
80 West Louise Avenue (2850 S)
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115
HOURS:
Monday-Friday: 10-5
Saturday: 10-2
CALL FOR HOLIDAY HOURS