



HEREDITARY REPERCUSSIONS

I am an alcoholic, and adult child of chronic alcoholic parents. Alcoholism was a normality and commonplace in the community I was born into. Not only were my parent's alcoholics, but also were my grandparents, close aunts and uncles, family friends, next door neighbors, and many of the everyday people that lived around my locality.

My youngest sister was born with alcohol fetal syndrome and my second sister died recently from a lifelong bout of alcoholism. As a small child I was given alcohol for some of the same reasons they give drugs like Ritalin to children today. It was no big deal to see me drinking a bottle of beer in the evening at seven years old. I can still remember the first time I got really drunk at that age. What stands out most about the experience was that the alcohol allowed me to feel no physical pain.

My mother drank as if nothing else mattered in life. I think her drinking was part of the reason my father abandoned our family. His leaving also caused her alcohol intake to escalate. She would drink straight from the bottle, putting down as much as she could with that first drink. More than half the fifth would be gone. She would then light that cigarette and pass out before it was finished. We children became use to staying up late or being awoken in the middle of the night to find the bottle she had hidden from us kids so we wouldn't hide it from her. Many times she woke us to put out the fires which were sometimes over-whelming and the fire dept. had to be called. One time she burnt herself so severely while passed out, it altered the kinds of clothes she could wear.

...cont on page 6

In This Issue:

- "Hereditary Repercussions"
by Paul
- A.A. Artwork
- "It Never Gets Better"
anonymous
- Meeting News & Updates
- Financial Page
- Joke of the Month
- C.O. Meeting Minutes
- Birthdays
- Calendar of Events



artwork by a fellow A.A. member

CENTRAL OFFICE

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

BOARD@SALTlakeAA.ORG

Chair — Julian G.	Trustee — Brad
Co-Chair — Dave V.	Trustee —Doug R.
Secretary — Rob C.	Alt Trustee — Mike
Treasurer — Arty K.	Alt Trustee - Mitchell
Trustee — Paul M.	

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 — Mike L.
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

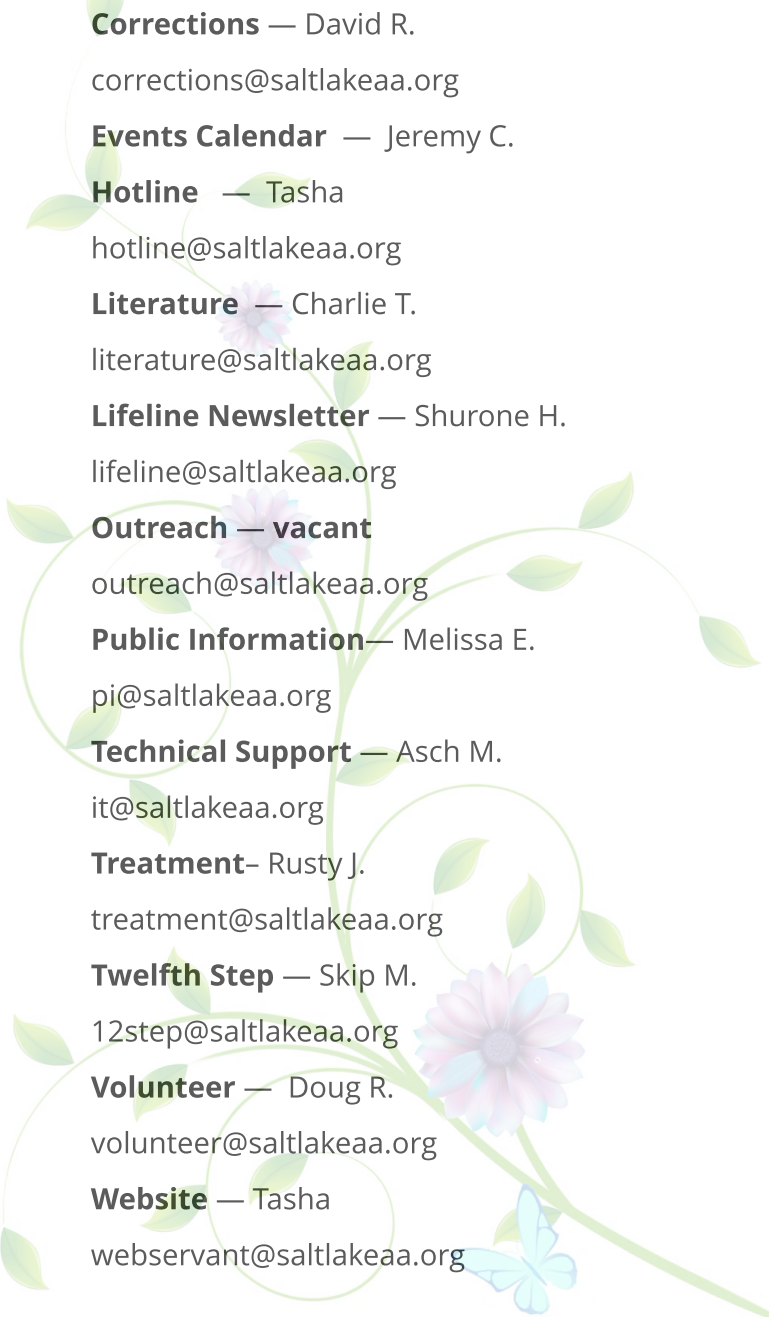
Technical Support — Asch M.
it@saltlakeaa.org

Treatment- Rusty J.
treatment@saltlakeaa.org

Twelfth Step — Skip M.
12step@saltlakeaa.org

Volunteer — Doug R.
volunteer@saltlakeaa.org

Website — Tasha
webservant@saltlakeaa.org



NEWS & UPDATES

NEW MEETINGS:

Tooele Beginners -

Everyday @ 7:00am -1120 Utah Ave. Tooele UT

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:

Murray Group -

Moving to Christ Lutheran Church 240 E. 5600S. Murray, UT 84107 - Wed @ 8:00pm

"Foothill Group" -

is now "Salt Lake Young People"

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 -

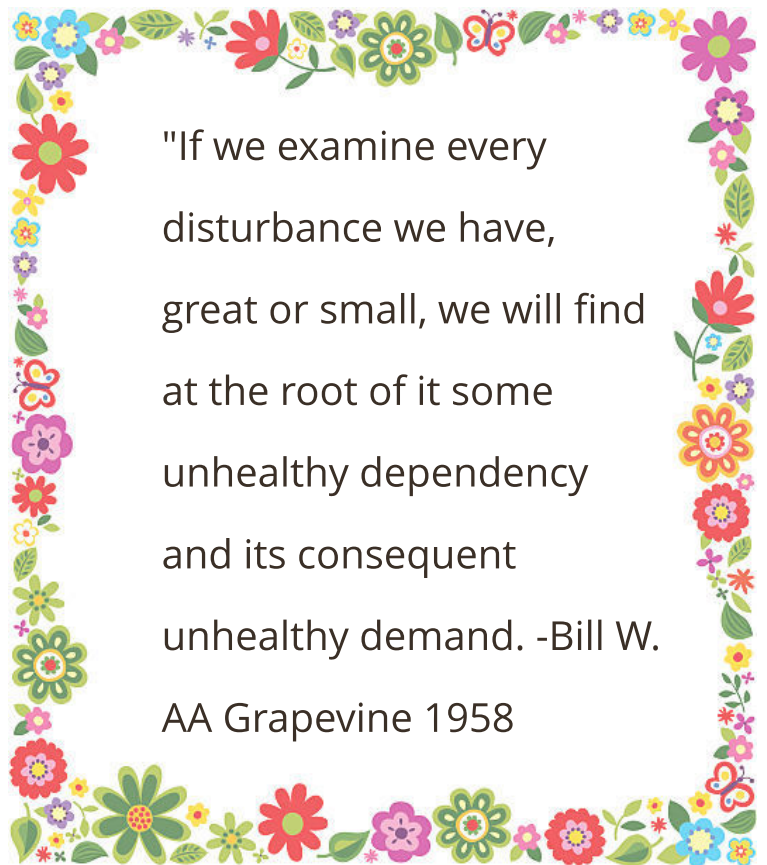
Wed @ noon - Fat Cats Bowling Alley

Monday Night into Action Step Study -

Mon @ 7 pm 2015 E. Newcastle, Sandy

White Flag Group -

Sat @ 6:00pm



CENTRAL OFFICE REPS: MEETING MINUTES

Tuesday April 9th @ 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: Derik, Wes, Teresa, Joey & Jonny.
Welcome to Central Office.

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.

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 books 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 to
come in to C.O. and help with answering phones
etc.

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

Public Information: Mellissa E. - Started reaching
out to High Schools to see where we can be of
service.

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



**Next Central Office Rep. meeting will be held on Tuesday
May 14th 2019 @ 6:30pm**



SALT LAKE CENTRAL OFFICE MARCH FINANCIALS



Income Statement

	2018	2017
<u>Revenue</u>		
Group Contributions	\$2,274.60	\$2,500.92
Copy/Newsletter donations	\$12.50	\$14.52
Individual Contributions	\$	\$
Sales - Literature	\$9,568.58	\$8,887.45
Sales - Coins	\$1,622.25	\$2,370.00
Sales - Other	\$	\$
Total Revenue:	\$13,513.28	\$13,775.98
COGS - Literature	\$9,304.78	\$8,695.67
COGS - Coins	\$1,502.29	\$1,302.27
Total COGS	\$10,807.07	\$9,997.94
Gross Profit	\$2,706.21	\$3,778.04
Operating Expenses	\$3,478.53	\$4,206.85
Other Expenses:	\$	\$
Total Expenses:	\$3,478.53	\$4,206.85
Net Income:	\$(772.32)	\$(428.81)
<u>Bank Accounts</u>		
Checking & Petty Cash	\$20,677.93	\$21,865.51
Accounts Payable Due	\$(6,039.27)	\$(3,385.80)
Money Market - PR	\$24,299.45	\$24,207.63
Total:	\$38,938.11	\$42,687.34

Group Contributions -

90th & 32nd @6:00 -	\$328.32
A Sandy -	\$0.25
Basic Young Peoples -	\$110.68
Bountiful Community -	\$25.00
By the Book -	\$343.08
Counter Donations -	\$181.36
Grub Lunch Bunch -	\$45.00
High on the Hills -	\$646.98
Hillcrest Group -	\$75.00
No Laurels -	\$54.93
Park City AA Group -	\$300.00
Sun Morning Breakfast -	\$150.00
Unity Lunch Bunch -	\$14.00
Total -	<u>\$2,274.60</u>

- 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..."

HEREDITARY REPERCUSSIONS

...cont from page 1

As I got older it felt as if I didn't have parents. It had come to us children to be the parent of the parent. There was no one there to tell me what, when, where or why. I'd go to school - most days tired, hungry, and detached, but still on alert whenever I heard sirens in the distance. Many times when I got home, first thing I would do was look up at the windows. If they were black or broken I knew there had been a fire. It was not unusual to find my mother either passed out or knocked out lying on the floor with cuts, lumps, and bruises all over from just trying to make it to the bathroom. I wouldn't bring friends home because of what I knew might be happening. There were people that knew of her condition which made her and us children easy targets. All was needed was to show up with a bottle. I'm ashamed to say that despicable, despising and inconceivable destructiveness that was forced upon us.

As time went on her condition became inconceivable. I remember her shaking constantly, and when asked why, she would respond with, "it's just nerves" but later I found out it was the early stages of DDT's. She would have massive seizures totally incapacitating her for weeks. She would be in a dream state, not being able to see us even though her eyes would be open, or hear and talk to us, feed herself, or use the bathroom on her own. We had no clue as to that was going on. All we knew was that mom was sick, again!

After a while one of us had to stay with her at all times. We never knew when someone would show up with a bottle. Even though she was sick, she was still the mother and we had to do as she said. Once a month a welfare check would show up. The same thing would happen each time. Mom would get some food for the house and then cut herself off a chunk so she could drink for maybe a week or so.

I never noticed until I was much older that my mother had never left the house by herself no matter what. She would always take someone with her. The reason was because, when she was around 25 years old, and after her four children were born, she left a friends' house that lived less than a hundred yards away across the street, and while walking home, as she had done from the time she was a young girl, an alcoholic transient came out of nowhere, abducting her, dragging her into an ally, beating and raping her and leaving her for dead. Her life was finished at that point. She never was able to enjoy her marriage, her children, family, and friends or see what was beyond the neighborhood she was born into. Alcoholism became all those things to her. She passed away at 38 years old one night while we four children stood around her bed and watched her take her last breath. Even after witnessing firsthand the devastating effects alcohol can have on a person's life, I still gave it access and permission to take mine. Today my two remaining sisters bear the scars left behind from their childhood encounters with alcoholism. They both have massive brain tumors, and one which can't be operated on. Myself, I've been in therapy now for about twenty five years trying to find a way to deal with my pain, and so far alcohol has been my on the spot pain killer, but is always leaves behind a residue like the one that brought me to prison. So far being locked away from it has been the only thing that keeps me from drinking. The same thing has been happening for some ten years now. I'm really terrified! I'll be leaving this safe haven in a few months and I know that king alcohol is waiting at the front gate to give me a ride home, but I'm going to tell him that I've already called HP taxi service for a ride.

-Paul



UPCOMING EVENTS

FIELD DAY

UCYPAA presents:

Third Legacy Field Day

12 Traditions Workshop

May 11th @ 11:30am

Kickball, Lawn Games & More!

Sunnyside Park & Pavillion

1735 Sunnyside Ave. SLC, UT 84108

Everyone is Welcome!

UTAH CONFERENCE OF YOUNG PEOPLE

BRYCE CANYON, UT

JUNE 28 - 30, 2019

PRE-REGISTRATION \$20 AT

UCYPAA.ORG/REGISTER

LODGING AVAILABLE: RUBY

INN R.V. PARK &

CAMPGROUND

"WE WILL NOT REGRET THE
PAST
...NOR WISH TO SHUT THE
DOOR ON IT."

2019 Area 69's

Bridging the Gap Workshop

Hosted by District 2

June 22nd 2019 - 9:30am-3:30pm

3301 E Louise Ave Millcreek, Utah 84109

Lunch will be served - donations welcomed

General Service Conference

New York City, NY - May 19-25 2019



Road Trip to Santa Fe, New Mexico!

2019 Alcoholics Anonymous
Convention NM Area 46

June 7-9 at the Santa Fe convention
Center, W Marcy St. Santa Fe

registration \$15 until April 22 \$25 after
rooms reserved at Dury Plaza Hotel
800-325-0720, group #2340803 and the
Sage Inn, 505-982-5952

Registration form and details at
nm-aa.org

*Please send events to lifeline@saltlakeaa.org

**29th Annual
Bridging the Gap Workshop**

September 6-9 2019

Sacramento Hilton Arden West

2200 Harvard St. Sacramento, CA 95815

register online @ www.BTGWW.org

Post Conference / Area 69

June 7th, 8th & 9th - 2019

Quality Inn / Swains Brothers

1684 W Hwy 40 Vernal, UT 84078

for more information: dkoense8@gmail.com



Come Join us at Defa'sRanch For
the 37th

G.O.D. Camp-Out!

July 12th,13th &14th - 2019

*flyers and registration forms available at
Central Office

**Pre-Assembly Workshop
Area 69**

hosted by District 7

August 17-18, 2019

Ramada Inn

1575 W. 200 N. Cedar City, Utah

for more information call Janet @
435-590-6245 or jhafen@scinternet.net

Fall Workshop / Area 69

November 2nd & 3rd, 2019

Hosted by District 6

Stevens Hotel

20 S. Main St. Fillmore, UT 84631

for questions call: Jim @435-813-8165
or LeAnn @ 801-891-3329

fallworkshop2019@utahaa.org



To all groups in district 2, 10, and 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.

It Never Gets Better

MY true freedom began in the rooms of A.A. at the Utah State Prison. My addiction began at the age of 11 years old. I believe it was 1981. I used to take drinks out of my father's beer and or mixed drinks. It's amazing how well I can remember those times. I remember taking the first swallow. I couldn't wait for the next opportunity. Eventually when the opportunity was there, I would take a can or two to my room and I would drink them. At first it would be slowly but eventually I could not get them down fast enough. I remember the first time I woke up from a black-out. The feeling I had was as if everything was going to be ok from there on out.

My addiction began with alcohol. At first I just drank it because it's what I saw as normal. Everywhere I went with my family, all the adults were drinking, and it's what everyone did. Around the age of 12 or 13 my older sister introduced me to pot which was amazing. I don't think I would have made it through junior high school without it. I did not like school from the very first day. Kindergarten all the way to the 9th grade. I felt awkward and did not fit in. I was bullied and called names like "sissy faggot" and "pretty boy".

There was also some abuse taking place at home; sexual, emotional and physical, which made things even more difficult and overwhelming. But over time I was able to find ways to deal with it. High School went a lot better for me. I got my first job and my driver's license. I met a lot of new people and became more popular. I stopped smoking pot so much because I was working a full time job. I was able to get work release credits which was good. I only had to go to school a half a day. When I was 16 years old I met a 19 year old girl at work, she was my supervisor.



Long story short, she became pregnant. At first I thought things were going to work out for us, however one month after my son was born, something happened between the two of us and we split up. My son was born July 26 1989 and I haven't seen him since he was a month old.

This was around the time I started having run-ins with the law. I got my first DUI when I was 16 years old. By the time I was legally old enough to drink alcohol I had five DUIs. I think I went to jail on my 3rd one for 3 months. My forth one was 1 year but I got time off for

good time, so I only did 9 months. My 5th one I was locked up for a year with no good time. When I got out I was told I had to go to A.A. and DUI classes. I lost my drivers' license so I had to find some place close to my house, and found the Alano Club.

My dad drove me there and dropped me off. When we pulled in I thought to myself, "this is not for me". I was nervous and did not want to go in, in fact I just wanted to leave. I decided to smoke a cigarette before I went in. I was just about done with my smoke when a loud but happy older lady walked up and instantly reached for my hand. She said, "hi there! I'm Nancy, be welcome. Are you a newcomer?" She did not even give me a chance to answer. She said, "Of course you are! Come with me." She showed me around and introduced me to a bunch of drunks.

As this was all happening, I was telling myself, "this is not for me, I'm not like these people". So we went into the meeting room and I was shocked at how many were there, men and women of all ages, in fact I think I remember some young children coloring or crying in the background. The meeting started with a guy that

said, "My name is Mike and I'm an alcoholic. Are there any newcomers here for the first time?" Several people stood and introduced themselves and received newcomer chips, but not me. I was not planning on returning. First a moment of silence and the serenity prayer...what the hell was this? Some religious cult? There were two big signs hanging on the wall. As the meeting went by I looked them over, one was the 12 steps and the other was the 12 traditions.

Step one, that was a given. At the age of 21 I was powerless over alcohol and my life was definitely unmanageable. Step 2 on the other hand was something I was not wanting to do at this point. What power could restore me to sanity other than a set of hand cuffs and a ride to the old SLC metro jail? I guess I could say its possible when I had to wake up and share my breakfast with the cockroaches. Now here was the big one, step 3. Make a decision to turn my will and my life over to the care of God. Not happening. My thoughts were if there is a god and if he is who I am told he is, then why is my life so messed up? If anything I was blaming God for the cards I was delt. My life sucked and I had many resentments and God was one of them. Step 4, what the hell? Make a searching and fearless inventory of myself? Right there in my mind I was at a loss. What does this even mean?

Then all of the sudden my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of chairs scraping against the hard wood floor. Then everyone shuffled their way to the outer edge of the room where a large circle was formed. The next thing I knew, we were saying the serenity prayer. When we were done they said, "Keep coming back because it works if you work it".

I'll be honest, my thoughts at this point were not very positive. As far as I was concerned I was not like all these drunks. I found the exit sign and started to work my way there. As I walked out of the room I looked up and there was Nancy and some guy standing at the bottom of the stairs patiently waiting for me.

Next thing I know I'm backed in the corner of this little restaurant eating the best cheeseburger and chili cheese fries I had ever eaten. The three of us talked for about an hour. The guy with Nancy offered me his number and told me that it would be wise of me to

get a sponsor. I said, "How do I do that?" He said, "My name is John, this is my number and here is a Big Book. Read it and call me tomorrow morning." I was sort of lost for words but replied with an "ok, what time?" He said, "Around 9am". I said thank you and went out to the parking lot to smoke and wait for my ride.

The next morning I called John, he answered and asked me if I had read any of the book. I said yes but not much. He asked how I was doing and what my plans were for the day. I

said, "Not much, I should be looking for a job." John spoke up and said, "Why don't you come to a meeting with me today. It's at noon and there's some people I would like you to meet". I said, "I don't have a drivers' license, can you pick me up?" He said, "Of course. I'll be there around 11:30". I went to the meeting and was introduced to several old timers, and given a job as a hod tender, which was probably the hardest work I have ever done. John became my sponsor and I had about 2.5 years of sobriety when I stopped going to meetings, changed jobs and stopped calling my sponsor. Then I got into a relationship and we moved in together after only 3 weeks...



One Art

BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.



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80 West Louise Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115



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