



"Hook On Chica"

Hi, my name is Kristine and I am an alcoholic. My journey in AA has been a series of lessons. Lessons of growth, through hardships and triumphs. My sponsor always used to tell me that in order to continue to learn and grow in recovery I would need to challenge myself to learn new things. So, several years ago I picked up cycling as a new hobby. I began by riding every weekend, always learning more about this sport called cycling. After a few years I saw an advertisement about an organized race that would take place nearby. I took this as a challenge. I knew I wanted to participate in this race!

So I signed up for this race that, ironically, would take place on my sobriety anniversary. It felt like a "sign" that I should accomplish this 100K ride on the anniversary of my 24th year of being sober. So I set to training. I used basic skills I had learned in AA to ask for help and to be teachable. I signed up for classes and workshops on the "art" of cycling. I learned how to signal my fellow riders if I was slowing down, and how to alert my fellow riders about obstacles on the course. I learned a lot in each class and workshop. Then, finally, the day of the big race came.

AA had taught me to stand in my truth and be proud but, as I stood there with 2000 other riders, waiting for the race to begin, I felt alone and somewhat intimidated by all the fancy bikes and gear of the other riders. My bike didn't look as good, my gear wasn't as fancy, and I was riding alone. As I heard the signal for the race to start; I stepped on my bike pedal with my brand new sneakers and I was off! Five miles into the race I felt good; people were very nice as they passed me. After 15 miles I was starting to feel a little tired but, I had trained for

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For Thanksgiving

The following story was originally published on Jason F. Wright's blog in 2015 and has been republished here with permission.

On Thanksgiving night in 2008, Taylor Richards of Sandy, Utah, sat in his dark car a few miles from his parents' home. He was exhausted, cold, 25 years old, and a raging alcoholic. He was also alone.

This wrong kind of silent night was interrupted by a phone call from his brother Spencer. A few minutes later, they sat together in the front seat of his Subaru wagon and ate turkey and stuffing on paper plates. "I knew I needed to do something," Richards told me during an interview, "but getting and staying sober and happy seemed about as likely building a space shuttle out of the few belongings I had in my car and then orbiting the Earth."

Perhaps fueled that night by both the warm food and the warmth of his

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CENTRAL OFFICE board of trustees

BOARD@SALTLAKEAA.ORG

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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.
coins@saltlakeaa.org

Co-op Professional Community — Joe B.
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Corrections — David R.
corrections@saltlakeaa.org

Events Calendar — Jake
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Hotline — Johnathan
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Literature — Charlie T.
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Lifeline Newsletter — Shurone H.
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Outreach — Schadie
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Public Information— Melissa E.
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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 — Owen
webservant@saltlakeaa.org

NEWS & UPDATES

NEW MEETINGS:

Balkers Big Book Study -

Mon@8:45pm @ Rise & Grind Coffee, 7301 S 900 E. unit 18, Midvale, 84047

Get Right, Late Night -

Sat @ 11:30pm @ Fellowship Hall 2060 S. Windsor St.

Women on Wednesday -

Wed@7:30pm 777 S. 1300 E. 1st Baptist Church

Midday Light -

Thur@11:00am 1270 E. 8600 S. @ Firefly Addiction
9th Street -

Wed @ 7:30pm 6771 S. 900 E. SLC @ Next Level
Recovery. Parking in front & back

Despertar Espiritual -

Everyday @ Alano West. 8:15pm to 9:45pm. 9087 W.
Magna Main St. Magna

7th St. Men's Meeting -

Tuesday @ 7:00pm to 8:00pm. 2487 S. 700 E.

Get Right, Late Night-

Fridays 11:15 PM- 12:15 AM at Fellowship Hall

Magna Friendly Bunch -

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

The Coven -

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

MEETING UPDATES:

Tooele Beginners -

address change to "The Beacon" 60 S. Main, Tooele.
7am, noon & 8pm, 7 days a week.

Wake Up Call -

7 days a week @ 7:00am. 4501 N. Hwy 224 at the
Park City Community Church

Park City A.A. Group -

Moving from Valley Behavioral to St. Mary's Chapel,
121 Park Ave. Tue @ 7:00pm

Trudgers -

Location change on Sept 1st to Anna's Restaurant

4700 S. 900 E. Sun @11:30-12:30pm

Free at Last -

Changing from Wed @ 8:00pm to Fri @ 9:00pm

"Acceptance is the Answer" -

is now named "Women on Wednesday"

Rose Park Recovery

Now in the Northwest Community Center: 1300 W.
300 N. Salt Lake

Park City Speakers Group

Same building, new room, different entrance St
Marys: 1505 White Pine Canyon Rd. Park City

Carpet Slippers

Changed meeting start time from 7:15 to 7:00pm

Last Run w/Bill W.

Last run with Bill W (ski season only) on Fri@4:30pm
changing to summer hours: Sat@1pm

Red Eye Coffee-

is now "Rise and Grind"

Tooele Beginners -

Meets every day from **7-8** am (not 7-8:30)

CANCELED MEETINGS

Millcreek Meditation -

Mon @ 6:00pm 2780 E 3900 S

ESP -

Thur @ 6:00pm St, Vincent Church

Coffee & a Big Book -

Sun @ 10:30am Suncrest Community Center

Sugarhouse at 7 (garage meeting) -

Sat @ 7:00pm 2100 S. 1500 E.

Back Alley Beginners Group

Alpha Alpha -

Tue @ 5:30pm @ the U of U law school

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

CENTRAL OFFICE REPRESENTATIVES: 10/8/19 MEETING MINUTES

Board of Directors Reports:

Chair: Julian G-

Warranties And Statement Purpose. Welcomed All CO Reps

Co-Chair: Dave V-

Welcome to new Central Office Reps. See me for information packets and questions about C.O.

Secretary: Rob C-

Wants to thank all CO Reps for your service and commitment to Central Office as well as your groups.

Treasurer: Arty K. -

Central Office Prudent Reserve is dwindling. Please inform your groups. Thank You

Trustee District 2: Paul M.-

The District 2 Meeting is held at Fellowship Hall on the 4th Tuesday of the month @6:00pm.

Trustee District 10: Brad M. -

District 10 might be split up. GSRs needed!

Alt Trustee: Mike A. -

Please attend the District 10 meeting at the Alano on the 1st Monday of the month @ 6:00pm

Alt Trustee: Serena -

District 2 needs a literature chair. World Service Concepts suggests getting a service sponsor.

Committee Chair Reports:

Activities: Rob C- Our annual Chili Cookoff is Sat. October 12th @ 6:00 - 8:30pm at St. Vincent De-Paul Church, 1375 Spring Lane SLC. Bring your favorite chili and enter to win one of 3 prizes or bring a dessert. Enjoy 3 speakers and laugh with friends. Volunteers needed to set up and clean up. Please contact Rob 801-647-0889 or show up at 5:00!

Archives: Laura- Archives Room Is Available To All. Utah AA History.. Come Down To Central Office During Normal Operating Hours And Check It Out..

Events: Jake- Working on making the website look better. Meeting the 2nd Sunday of the month at the Alano @ 6:00pm - Young People in A.A.

Literature: Charlie T.- Newest book is "Our Great Responsibility" Talks from Bill W.

Corrections: David R- Asked For Volunteers To Take Meetings Into The Jail.. Requirements Are 1-Year Sobriety, Off Paper 1-Year. And Have NO Warrants O

Lifeline: Shurone- Please Ask Your Groups If Anyone Has Stories, Poetry, Artwork, Etc Please Submit To Lifeline@saltlakeaa.org

Treatment: Rusty J- There are issues with people from rehab centers are not respecting our meeting sites and not contributing any money to the meetings they are attending.

Public Information: Melissa E.- Is putting brochures in the city & county Building. We will have a booth at Recovery Days again this year. Project Homeless Connect is in October.

Tech: Asch - We are updating the systems at C.O.

Webservant: Owen - Improved Events Calendar on mobile devices. Updated meeting management software, meeting address updates on national site. 5,778 sessions last month.

NEW BUSINESS -

All service positions are filled.

Please let your groups know the C.O. appreciated their support!



Next Central Office Rep. meeting will be held on Tuesday 11/12/19 @ 6:30pm

THE COP AT THE MEETING

My name's Larry and I'm an alcoholic. I've been going to meetings for the entire 27 years I've been sober, and I want to share a story about one of my all-time favorites. A few months ago, a group mostly in early sobriety started a late-night meeting at 11:15 p.m. on Friday nights at Fellowship Hall. I dutifully drove to the first one, willing to show up for them, but I thought they should be ashamed of themselves for dragging a guy my age out that late. But it was a great meeting. What I saw and heard and felt was a whole bunch of young people who've been down some of the hard roads the world throws at us these days, and they were working their way back to good and decent lives through a real passion for sobriety and recovery.

God, how I love that passion. Partly because it helps me to keep feeling it for myself. I walked out grateful that I'd gone. I've been going ever since.

A couple of Fridays ago, there were four police cars in the parking lot, right in back of the big circle of chairs we set up outdoors. I quickly found out that the cops were there to take care of a mentally ill person who needed help. Their presence had nothing to do with the meeting, which went merrily on its way with birthdays. As if we weren't surrounded by cops. But when the cops had taken care of business, they kind of loitered around. They just kind of sort of didn't seem to want to leave. I think they wanted to hear

the birthdays.

But finally, three cars pulled away. The last one started up, drove a few feet and stopped for a minute, like the cop was debating himself. Then he turned off the engine and got out of the car and walked over to the chairs. I was sitting there watching this armed, uniformed, on-duty cop coming over to join us. First time I've ever seen that in a meeting. He was a tall, gray-haired guy in his fifties. He put his hands on the back of an empty chair and listened. When someone finished sharing, he slowly, almost timidly, raised his hand, as if he didn't know if it was okay to intrude. When he got a nod, he said that he'd been in law enforcement for 32 years and he'd seen all the destruction caused by alcohol and drugs, and he just wanted to share with us how much he admired and respected everyone here, and what we're doing for ourselves and our community. He said, and I quote: "You inspire me and give me hope." You could have heard a pin drop in that parking lot. I will never forget his last line to my gang of young pals. Quote: "You guys are the ones who will get me through my shift tonight." And he turned and walked away, like Gary Cooper in "High Noon."

It was a great moment. It certainly got me through my shift that night.

-Larry D.



City At Seven

Michael G. - 23 years

Audry - 3 years

Josh - 3 years

Karen - 1 year

Lauren - 2 years

Tony M.

40 years on Aug. 15th 1979





SALT LAKE CENTRAL OFFICE SEPTEMBER FINANCIALS



Income Statement

	2019	2018
Revenue		
Group Contributions	\$1,282.25	\$2,111.27
Copy/Newsletter donations	\$9.16	\$22.56
Individual Contributions	\$-	\$50.00
Sales - Literature	\$6,154.40	\$5,598.19
Sales - Coins	\$1,096.25	\$1,411.20
Interest Income	\$-	\$-
Total Revenue:	\$8,542.06	\$9,403.98
COGS - Literature	\$5,992.91	\$5,459.40
COGS - Coins	\$1,005.24	\$909.57
Total COGS	\$6,998.15	\$6,368.97
Gross Profit	\$1,543.91	\$3035.01
Operating Expenses	\$3,329.89	\$3,923.38
Other Expenses:	\$-	\$-
Total Expenses	\$3,329.89	\$3,923.38
Net Income:	\$(1,785.98)	\$(888.37)
Bank Accounts		
Checking & Petty Cash	\$12,253.47	\$11,846.13
Accounts Payable Due	\$(7,198.99)	\$
Money Market - PR	\$19,362.88	\$24,239.09
Total	\$24,417.36	\$36,085.22

Group Contributions -

Bountiful Community -	\$25.00
Eye Opener -	\$50.00
Grub Lunch Bunch -	\$99.00
High & Dry -	\$150.00
Hillcrest Group -	\$100.00
Live & Let Live -	\$55.50
Magna Friendly Bunch -	\$100.00
New Way Group -	\$50.50
Park City Men's Group -	\$210.00
Primary Purpose -	\$40.00
Sharing & Caring -	\$72.00
Step Stones -	\$13.25
Weekend Warriors -	\$59.00
Women In Sobriety -	\$60.00
Women Stepping Up -	\$120.00
Total -	\$1,282.25

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



- 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.



Mark Your Calendars **EVENTS**



Thanksgiving Dinner

will be served at :

The Alano Club -

5056 S. Commerce Dr. Murray

&

Fellowship Hall -

2060 Windsor St. SLC

Thanksgiving Day

(around lunch time)

2020 International A.A. Convention

July 2-5, 2020

Detroit Michigan

*Registration opens: September 9th, 2019
online: www.aa.org or fill out the form at Central Office and mail or fax it in.

AA Informational Classes at Local Senior Centers

- Draper Senior Center: Mon Nov 4th 1:00-3:00pm
- Magna Senior Center: Wed Nov 20th 2:45-4:45pm
- Midvale Senior Center: Mon Nov 18th 2:00-4:00pm
- Murray Senior Center: Tue Nov 19th 10:30-11:30pm

*If you have questions, please contact the T&A Committee at (801)839-5751 or district2txchair@gmail.com

Area 69's 2019

December Committee Meeting

(area inventory)

Hosted by District 2

Saturday December 7th, 2019

8:00 am - 5:00 pm

- 8:00 - Registration
- 8:30 - General Service Orientation
- 9:00 - Area Business
- 12:00 - Lunch
- 1:30 - Area Inventory
- 5:00 - Adjourn

St. James Episcopal Church

7486 Union Park Ave. Midvale UT 84047

***Please send events (or anything else you would like to submit) to:**

lifeline@saltlakeaa.org

"Hook On Chica" *continued from page 1...*

this and I knew I would be okay. I thought about my sobriety and how lucky I was to be able to ride with all these amazing people. Thirty miles into the race I began to feel more tired but, I had known this would be a challenge. Anything worth it has to be a challenge - right? Resting briefly at 45 miles I was feeling exhausted. Forty five miles of sun, wind, and hills pushing against my body. I wondered if I really was going to make it.

As I began pedaling again I remembered my sponsor telling me to draw strength from my higher power. So I prayed for that strength as I continued pedaling. During my months of training I had heard of a riding strategy called "drafting". NASCAR drivers sometimes use it but, I had never tried it. As I approached a hill I began chanting to myself "anything hard is worth it". I just wanted to make it to the finish but, that was still over 15 miles away. I was taking a deep breath and asking for God's help when a group of cyclists approached me on the left. They all seemed so at ease! As if the sun, wind, and hills were not at all difficult! As the last rider began to pass me she motioned to me. I saw her shining blond hair and a big smile on her face as he said "hook on chica". Just then it finally came to me! This is it! I get it! As I slid in behind her I felt the ease of her "draft" carrying me! I continued on the trail of this train of cyclists and felt my tensions ease and my heart get lighter. When I saw the finish line approaching tears began to stream down my face and I realized this race was like my journey in recovery.

I came into AA believing that for anything to be "worth it" it had to be hard. But the men and women of AA wrapped their arms around me saying "hook on chica". We don't have to do recovery alone! Recovery doesn't have to be painful and difficult. We can join those who have gone before us and "hook on"!

- Kristine

Joke of the Month



A seaman meets a pirate in a bar, and talk turns to their adventures on the sea. The seaman notes that the pirate has a peg-leg, a hook, and an eye patch. The seaman asks, "So, how did you end up with the peg-leg?" The pirate replies, "We were in a storm at sea, and I was swept overboard into a school of sharks. Just as my men were pulling me out, a shark bit my leg off." "Wow!" said the seaman. "What about your hook?" "Well", replied the pirate, "We were boarding an enemy ship and were battling the other sailors with swords. One of the enemy cut my hand off." "Incredible!" remarked the seaman. "How did you get the eye patch?" "A seagull dropping fell into my eye," replied the pirate. "You lost your eye to a seagull dropping?," the sailor asked incredulously. "Well," said the pirate, "it was my first day with my hook"

brother's unconditional love, Richards decided that it was time to turn himself in to jail and to make the kinds of sacrifices he'd always resisted. Before saying goodnight to Spencer, he'd decided to sell his most prized possessions — his ski equipment — and promised that the next day he would answer to whatever warrants were waiting for him. He was ready to change. It was time to accept that his destructive journey to that roadside Thanksgiving dinner hadn't been a sprint, but a marathon. And he'd been running since the age of 15.

Richards took his first hit of marijuana when he was a sophomore at Jordan High School. Prior to the experiment that changed his life, he'd been the model young man. He attended church, fulfilled his responsibilities, and had big plans for the future. Soon, that first cloud turned to a storm and he was smoking and drinking on a regular basis. "I found myself changing my social plans to work around alcohol, waiting for hours for someone with an ID to purchase it, and not caring at all about what I did each night, as long as alcohol was involved."

Though Richards enjoyed marijuana — thanks to stealing money from his parents, it was the high-quality stuff so he could keep friends — alcohol was his true love. Before his 16th birthday, he knew he was an alcoholic. Richards' parents soon sent him to his first treatment program. He was in the residential facility for six months and did all the right things to graduate. "But it wasn't about recovery; it was about getting out." His problems followed him to another high school and then back again. He returned to his routines of drinking and drug use, often taking his first drink of the day at 5 a.m. in an empty school parking lot.

After graduating from Jordan — he was not allowed to walk, but did earn a diploma — his parents sent him to Texas to live with an uncle. The plan was to landscape both a yard and a fresh start. Once again, he failed and spent the summer secretly drinking and smoking marijuana. The same night he returned home, Richards was arrested for the first time. Unhinged and unafraid, he kicked out the rear

window of a police cruiser, ran, and fought with the officers. It might have been his first waltz with the law, but it wasn't his last. He'd been arrested and jailed nearly 20 times since.

Richards would go on to attend and drop out of Utah State University. "I was literally blacked out drunk every day." While there, he began using mushrooms and acid and doing the occasional line of cocaine. He also developed a taste for pornography that quickly rose to the level of addiction.

Out of school and living in an apartment, Richards took the first of several jobs at Utah's ski resorts. "This allowed me to ski every day — which I had grown up doing and loved very much. All the while partying every night with others who had the same passion for skiing and alcohol." Predictably, one job after another ended the same way: "You're fired."

Richards later took and lost jobs in Alaska and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. After a serious seizure that could have killed him, his mother, Karlan, rescued her bruised and battered son in a dingy hotel room. She brought him back to Utah and Richards again checked himself into treatment. But once again, he was more committed to the disease than the cure.

One fresh start after another turned sour and Richards found himself living in his car and racing downhill in a type of misery he never knew existed. "It was early winter and I had money for gas or booze, but never both. I always went for the booze because I couldn't function without it. Ironically, I couldn't talk or walk unless I was drunk. I remember waking up in my car and each morning I would slam whiskey until I couldn't hold my breath anymore."

There, on the side of the road, a lifetime of addiction came to a pivot point. There was nowhere else to go. Rather than asking God for a sign, it was time to show one of his own.

It was time to demonstrate to heaven and family he was serious. A willingness to sell his beloved ski equipment to pay warrants and court fines might seem a small thing to most, but to Richards and his loved ones, it was a significant sign of genuine desire.

That Thanksgiving night, his brother Spencer

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For Thanksgiving *continued from page 9...*

returned from their roadside reunion and informed their parents of his brother's plans. Concerned he could suffer another withdrawal seizure in jail, they offered once again to get him into treatment. Together they chose Renaissance Ranch in Bluffdale.

His life has never been the same.

Richards left the residential 60-day program finally a true believer in Alcoholic Anonymous. His first clean year since middle school was brutal, but Richards survived by leaning on his sponsor and attending two to four AA meetings per day. He also surrounded himself with other active AA members skiing the same slopes of recovery.

During this critical time, Richards developed a deep testimony of the power of service. "The more service I did, with no agenda or thoughts of anything in return, the better I felt about myself."

Gaining confidence every day, Richards reconnected with a woman he'd met years earlier in Salt Lake City and never forgotten. Taylor and Brenda are preparing now to enter the temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and be sealed together to their baby boy, Grayson.

To support his family, Richards works at Renaissance Ranch and has dedicated his life to helping others

cross the deep divide from addiction to hope. He says he owes everything to AA and the famed 12 steps. No amount of money could ever repay what the program gave him and this passion explains his courage in going so public with such a private story.

In 2014, Richards also fed his entrepreneurial dreams by launching IZM Apparel. The company makes and sells upscale hats, shirts, and facemasks to athletes at all levels and in all gravity sports. Less than a year in operation, IZM Apparel is already popping up at ski shops and boutiques around the state.

This Thanksgiving, Richards will park his car in the driveway and join his family at the dinner table. He'll give thanks for the parents and siblings who stood by him, even when they took the necessary and inspired tough-love approach. He'll give thanks for his beautiful wife and their life together — a life that not long ago seemed impossible.

When the world would have given up on an alcoholic living in his car and wasting away the prime of his life, the Lord offered one more chance and one unmistakable message. "Real recovery starts with me."

And if it's true for Richards, it's true for all of us.

Another Survival Story

So my story may sound like yours or it may not, either way if you can take something from it please do. So my drug use started at a young age. Let's just say my first word was "ears" "ears" while holding out my hand with pointer finger and thumb pressed together holding an imaginary joint. Cute right? Wrong. Glorifying drugs since day one was a very common thing in my life. Smoking pot at the age of 2 was funny to my parents. Me actually doing it myself at age 6 and from then on.

By the time I was 8 I started smoking meth with my mother. She thought it was cool to do it with me. I thought it was cool as well. (It wasn't). By the time I turned 18 I had tried everything popular, even some

things you've probably never heard of. I got locked up in juvenile jailhouses, rehabs etc. By 18 I was well versed in the drug lifestyle. At 20 I lost everything, beginning with my 2 brothers and 1 sister killing themselves, which killed me.

I went from hot drinking to full blown alcoholic, doing everything in sight. About 12 years later having hitchhiked 22 states by this point, gone to prison for 3 years and losing the only woman I have ever loved. I'm living behind dumpsters with the only brother I have left, not a good scene. We literally lived in dumpsters with bugs and rats. I was pulling out old needles with old blood in them. I lost my best friend to suicide. Fuck it I've given up. I go to jail. Here my

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Life in the Gutter

As the strangers walk by they all stop and stare
It's life in the gutter, you ain't got no prayer
It's life in the gutter, there seems to be no hope
Surrounded by beggars, thieves and whores shooting dope
I've lost my motivation my life and my light
It's life in the gutter, it's a never ending fight
It's life in the gutter, my life they have stole
Where once was my Aiden is a huge gaping hole
A needle in my arm now, meth, heroin and a little cocaine
It's life in the gutter as I try to numb all of my pain
It's life in the gutter, what they did to me is not right
As I hide in my bottle and the smoke from my pipe
Where is the new house, it was to be our nice home
It's life in the gutter, but I am here and all alone
It's life in the gutter, I want off this ride now
Please bring me home Father, I will take any vow
The problems keep mounting, at my feet they are laden
It's life in the gutter, I'll miss you my sweet Aiden
It's life in the gutter, there is never any rest
Then I hear my Father say, "remember this is only a test"
Again my Father's voice, "don't give up we're counting on you lad"
It's life in the gutter, "we're in a fight between good and the bad"
It's life in the gutter, my soul, it will never be sold
I won't give up, my story, it must and will be told
So to hell with you Satan, you chicken, you punk
I'll bury you deep in an old wooden trunk
There is one who has all power, my strength and my might
It's life in the gutter and I've only begun to fight
It's life in the gutter, I won't be pushed any farther
So help me Jesus and my Heavenly Father

by Chris Johns

Another Survival Story

Continued from page 10

enzyme levels are 2,518. Also, I had a heart attack and mild stroke and died. My liver is failing, do I care? Hope, not one bit. Death seems better than what I'm living with.

But then it hits me like a ton of bricks. Something goes off inside of my head - BAM!!! "You're worth it" it says, "You're amazing. People love you. You will be missed." Fuck did I cry, I wailed. You would have thought that someone died. It was the opposite. Someone lived and that person was me. Now I sit here in prison not wanting what I had before. I want everything new. New girlfriend, new car, new house, new life. I know I can do it one day at a time. One minute, one second at a time. Why? Because for the first time ever, I believe I'm worth it.

-Coltrain

Keep It Simple

For me, alcoholic, in order to recover (process of changes) I need to concentrate my life's energy and actions on being free from: alcohol, greed, hatred and violence.

I need to concentrate my prayers and meditations on: No alcohol, good and positive intentions, kindness, compassion, forgiveness and love.

Hector



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

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Salt Lake City, Utah 84115

HOURS:

Monday-Friday: 10-5

Saturday: 10-2

CALL FOR HOLIDAY HOURS