



## BLUE MONDAY

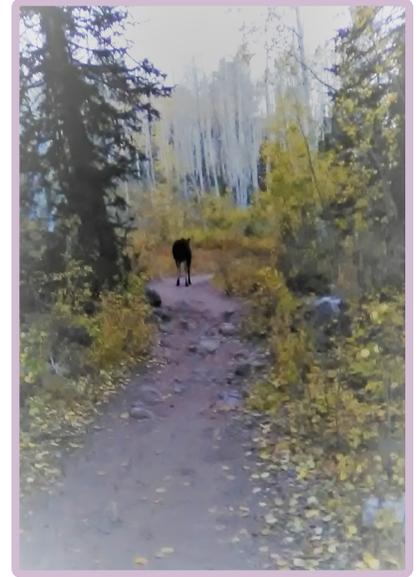
Here it is, Blue Monday, the third Monday of January, the saddest day of the year. Calculated as such by some guy in England, based on length of day, annual credit card billing cycles, weather, flu cycles and time since Christmas. For me, after a decade in SoCal turning me into a "weather wimp," my Seasonally Affected Disorder (S.A.D.) is compounded by looming bankruptcy and the probable loss of my home.

My thoughts constantly wander back to this past summer's hiking meetings up Big Cottonwood canyon, from Silver Lake to Lake Solitude. It was a nooner meeting at the club in June, that some kind soul announced this "new" meeting. On a whim, I actually showed up at the foot of the mountain - the park-n-ride at 2300E/Ft. Union blvd., 5 minutes to 6PM. What a miracle, me arriving five minutes early! I met the lady that announced the meeting and some other friends. We drove up together to that tiny public parking area (below the Solitude resort parking) with the park ranger station. At 6:30PM we started hiking along the wooden boardwalk traversing Silver Lake to the start of the dirt trail.

It was about 100° down in the valley when we started. It felt like 120°. Driving up in the enclosed bed of a pickup truck was even warmer. But as we got out of the vehicles and started walking, the altitude change and weather change was immediately apparent. It was about 85° up there, so I was perfectly comfortable and took my shirt off. Suddenly for me, it was a day at the beach.

Anyhow, we politely greeted other hikers we encountered on the trail, took that right fork that pointed to Solitude (and the frisbee golf) and started off at a good clip. The whispering aspen grove with the white tree trunks started to force me to start appreciating my surroundings. Where were my feet \*right now\*? One girl had some botany training and would identify nearly every type of flower we asked about. For all the hiking I've done over the decades, I'd never seemed to notice just so very many flowers thriving in the forest.

We talked a great deal as we walked. To me, it was an extreme kind of a walk in the park. Having grown up at sea-level, the altitude had me gasping for air, just from walking! But considering how sedentary the internet has made me over the past few years, the delight of getting out and actually using my body was extraordinary.



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**CENTRAL OFFICE  
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BOARD@SALT LAKE AA.ORG

**Chair** — Julian G.      **Trustee** — Patrick  
**Co-Chair** — Dave V.      **Trustee** — Doug R.  
**Secretary** — Rob C.      **Alt Trustee** — vacant  
**Treasurer** — Arty K.      **Alt Trustee** — vacant  
**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**

PO Box 6044 Clearfield, UT 84089  
<http://utah.aa.org/contributions.php>

**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**

9 S 1300 W  
Clearfield, UT 84015

**CENTRAL OFFICE  
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**Activities** — Rob C  
activities@saltlakeaa.org  
**Archives** — Laura C.  
archives@saltlakeaa.org  
**By-laws** — Julian G.  
**Coins** — vacant  
**Co-op Professional Community** — vacant  
cpc@saltlakeaa.org  
**Corrections** — David R.  
corrections@saltlakeaa.org  
**Events Calendar** — Jeremy C.  
**Hotline** — vacant  
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** — vacant  
volunteer@saltlakeaa.org  
**Website** — Tasha.  
webservant@saltlakeaa.org

# NEWS & UPDATES



## NEW MEETINGS:

### 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

### Love Life Hiking Group -

Text (801)792-4292 for day & time

### Fill The Pot -

Wed @5:30pm - 501 W. 300 S. SLC - Open Discussion

### Women in Recovery

Tues @8:15pm - Alano Club: 5056 S. 300 W. SLC

### We Keep it Simple

Thur @7:00pm - Life Church UT: 4700 S. Bangerter Hwy. Big Book study

### Conscious Contact - Meditation Meeting

Tue 7:-8:30 pm - Hilltop United Methodist Church: 985 E. 10600 S. Sandy

### Last Run w/ Bill W

Fri @4:30 pm @10351 E. Highway 210 Alta, UT

### Back Alley A.A. Beginners Meeting

Tue @7:00 pm - 5689 S. Redwood Rd. Ste 30.(S.E. entrance downstairs)

### Hope Group

Sat @8pm - Inspirio Recovery: 8029 S. 700 E., Sandy

### Practice These Principles

Fri @7:00am - Unitarian Church: 569 S 1300 E SLC

### Carpet Slippers

Sun @7:00pm - Fit to Recover: 789 W 1390 S SLC

### Draper Lunchtime Step Study

Mondays @12:00 - Wasatch Grind and Pulp: 1194 Draper Pkwy, Draper, UT 84020 .

## MEETING UPDATES:

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

Seventh Heaven - Time is changing from 7:00pm to 8:00pm. Mon @ 7th st. treatment 2487 S 700 E SLC

Welcome Home - S.W. building, bottom level, room GA05, Tue & Thur @ 7 pm. 500 S. Foothill Blvd.

Free At Last - Moving to Mentor Works on 11978 S. Redwood Rd. Wed @ 8:00pm

Southenderes - Moving to 12411 S. 265 W. Draper UT

The Rising Church - Tue @ 7:00

Homeless Warriors - Mon @ 6:00pm, Weigand Center. 347 W. 200 S. SLC. Enter through the locked gate.

BBT & T - Thur @ 7:00pm 9757 S. 1700 E. Blessed Sacrament Church

7th Street Group - Is now named "Seventh Heaven" Dropping Monday. (Tue-Fri) @12:00pm

Greater Kearns - Moving to Trinity United Methodist Church: 3600 S 4400 W

Women Supporting Women - Moved to Tuesdays @ 6:30pm St. Lawrence Church, Heber.

## CANCELED MEETINGS:

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 @ Presbyterian Church 12 C St.

Came to Believe - 8:00pm Sat @ St Marks, SLC

A Way Out - Fri @ 6:00pm - 2100 S. State St.

Red Barn Group - Sun @7:00pm - Farmington

Women Warrior - Sat @7:00 - Draper

Tooele Women's Meeting - Sun @Oasis Clubhouse

Homeless Warriors - Fri @475 W. 100 S.

Millcreek Womens Group - Wed @Krishna Temple

# CENTRAL OFFICE REPS: MEETING MINUTES

Tuesday December 11th @ 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: Mitchel, Dan, McLain, Lori and Dave. We welcome you all to C.O.

**Treasure:** Arty- Everything is on top and going well.

**Secretary:** Rob C - Keep smiling and enjoy the new year!

**Trustee District 2:** Paul M - Will be attending the Dist.2 meeting.

**Trustee District 10:** Patrick - New corrections chair - Jana. Area assembly February 23rd 2019.

**Trustee District 11:** Doug R - Attended district meeting. Asked if C.O. would donate \$300 in Big Books to a non-profit, we voted and approved the motion.

**Alt Trustee** :Open

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**Activities:** Rob C- We are hosting a Super Bowl pot luck get together on Sunday Feb.3rd @ 5:30pm at Central Office (80 W Louise Ave (2850 S)) Please bring a pot luck goodie, or just yourself and come spend time with fellows and enjoy the game!

**Archives** Laura- Found a great deal on a file cabinet for the archives room, asked for funds for the final touches on the room.

**Corrections** Dave R.- Needs volunteers to take meetings into the jails and prisons. Please fill out applications at Central Office.

**Literature:** Charlie T - New Spanish pamphlets on display.

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

**Public Information:** Melissa - Wants to be a part of all approved festivals and events pertaining to recovery this year and is working on getting into high schools to talk to the youth.

**12-Step** Skip - Lots of calls, one volunteer went and stayed with an alcoholic at the hospital who was in need.

**Volunteers:** Jim C. - All hours are covered at the moment but volunteers are always welcome.

**Web Servent:** Tasha - 2,100 sessions, 921 new users.

## Old Business:

**Elections** for positions still open for Board Members & Chair Positions for 2019-2021

**Coines** - Newly elected "Jim C"

**Hotline** - Newly elected "Tasha"

**Volunteer Coordinator** - Newly elected "Doug R"

## Committee Chair Positions still open and available:

- Cooperation With Professionals
- Outreach
- Tech Committee
- Alt Trustee



**Next Central Office Rep. meeting will be held on Tues February 12th 2019 @ 6:30pm**

We passed underneath the chairlift (the informal half way point) and saw three deer there. What a profound statement of beauty, like an interoffice memo from God. Or maybe those deer were God's version of twitter. At any rate, the deer sighting brought our conversation back to program issues. We each talked about God, about sobriety, about recovery, about the steps, about problem steps and the steps we each were on. Whilst stepping along the trail, pun intended.

We arrived at Lake Solitude a little later than intended. The lake itself is used to supplement it's twin lake, both to supply water for the snow making machines of various resorts there (Snowbird? Solitude? Both?) But after only moments there, we turned around and started the hike back. The next few times I was able to join the hiking meeting, I learned this wasn't normal. Usually we would sit for a while by the lake and do preamble stuff, daily reflection and regular meeting discussion while sitting there snacking. But that first day, (no raw AA newcomers that day) we just continued our informal discussions as we hiked.

Despite sweating on the way up, I did have to don my shirt once the sun dropped below the highest mountain peak. It was still light out, enough to see by, for hours. Perversely, we all had cell phones with signal, so even if someone managed to get lost, they wouldn't be lost for long. Part of me wants to do a hike someday *without* the cellphone, but the convenience of having a camera with me, so far, has outweighed the technological intrusion.

Coming back down the trail, we made much better time. Even though the trail seems almost entirely flat, it actually is a gradual uphill hike on the way up. Coming back down, the gradual slope is not so gradual after all, making it tremendously easier.

For my brain, this was an opportunity to notice nature's glory even more. I could probably write a book about some of the individual trees and how they spoke to me, that hot summer evening.

For the remainder of the summer, until the first snow, I made this meeting as often as I could. Some people get to go every weekday. The meeting isn't held on weekends, due to enormous tourist traffic. Almost every time, I saw deer, chipmunks, squirrels, birds, birds, birds, a gaggle of geese and even a parade of moose. Growing up in New York, I thought moose were either mythical, or extinct. Meeting that family



of moose, I realized that papa weighed more than my car...and those antlers are functional weapons, honed daily, not for show.

An A.A. meeting is any time two or more alcoholics talk. This hiking meeting reminded me of my old home group in San Diego, the Wednesday Big Bonfire meeting on Mission Bay (Pacific Beach) on the

beach. Roasting marshmallows was optional. It reminds me to break out and try new meetings, especially when I feel too comfortable. There are 471 meetings listed on Meeting Guide as I type this, currently *per week* in Salt Lake valley. That implies there are probably 700 to 3,000 informal A.A. meetings per week - just here in SLC. Having a clutch of people that know me is all well and good, but there is no excuse for getting overly attached to any specific meeting. They are all good!

The snow is falling again now. Thank you for letting me escape to these summertime memories. Thank you for being at each meeting in the deep winter, when I need to force myself to get human interaction that I need just to survive another twenty four hours.

-Ed M.



# SALT LAKE CENTRAL OFFICE DECEMBER FINANCIALS



## Income Statement

	<b>2018</b>	<b>2017</b>
<b><u>Revenue</u></b>		
Group Contributions	\$2,246.50	\$5,453.45
Copy/Newsletter donations	\$3.00	\$30.42
Individual Contributions	\$	\$
Sales - Literature	\$7,228.90	\$6,161.82
Sales - Coins	\$1,341.70	\$1,314.00
Sales - Other	\$	\$
<b>Total Revenue:</b>	<b>\$10,820.10</b>	<b>\$6,995.33</b>
COGS - Literature	\$7,070.31	\$6,260.04
COGS - Coins	\$1,224.13	\$735.29
<b>Total COGS</b>	<b>\$8,294.44</b>	<b>\$6,995.33</b>
<b>Gross Profit</b>	<b>\$2,525.66</b>	<b>\$5,964.36</b>
Operating Expenses	\$3,054.27	\$3,579.02
Other Expenses:	\$	\$
<b>Total Expenses:</b>	<b>\$3,054.27</b>	<b>\$3,579.02</b>
<b>Net Income:</b>	<b>\$(528.61)</b>	<b>\$2,385.34</b>
<b><u>Bank Accounts</u></b>		
Checking & Petty Cash	\$15,915.10	\$21,468.48
Accounts Payable Due	\$(3,179.35)	\$(4,648.41)
Money Market - PR	\$24,265.58	\$24,198.66
<b>Total:</b>	<b>\$37,001.33</b>	<b>\$41,018.73</b>

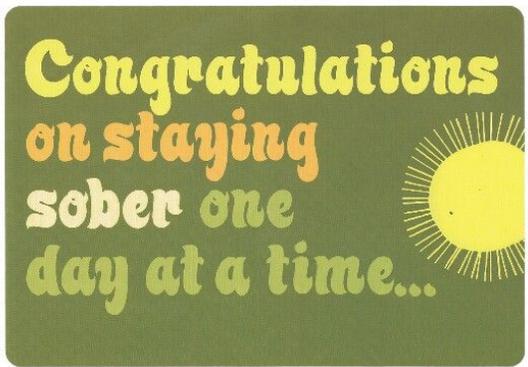
## Group Contributions -

5-15 Happy Hour -	\$150.00
90th & 32nd @ 6:66 -	\$187.75
Area 69 Delegate -	\$.05
Bountiful Community -	\$25.00
Counter Donations -	\$758.70
Every Night Firelight -	\$109.00
Grub Lunch Bunch Cowboy -	\$77.00
Hillcrest Group -	\$1.00
Honey's Breakfast Club -	\$180.00
Park City AA Group -	\$400.00
Park City Men's Group -	\$208.00
Sharing N Caring -	\$100.00
South Davis AA -	\$50.00
<b>Total -</b>	<b><u>\$2,246.50</u></b>

- 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..."**

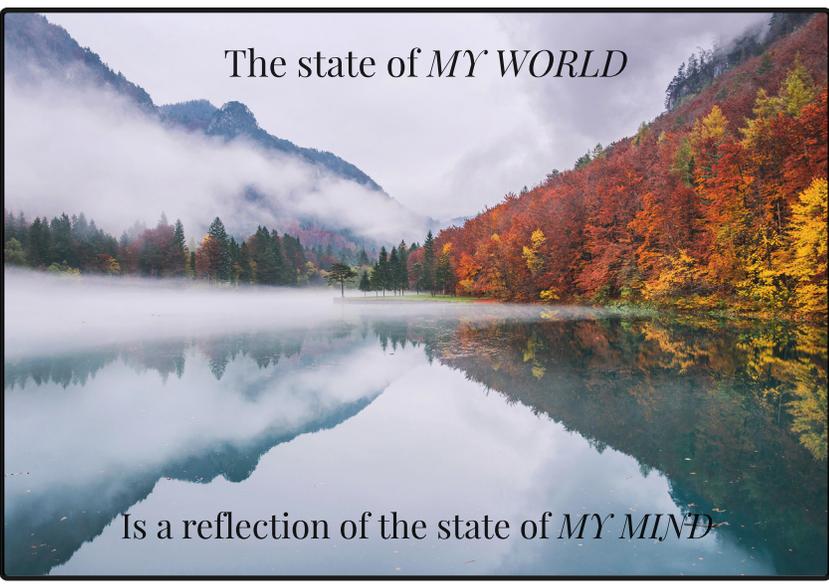




**Hour Of Hope  
Wasatch Facility  
Utah State Prison**  
Dustin R. - 6 mos

**City at Seven**  
Greg - 18 mos  
Martin - 2 yrs  
Andy - 7 yrs  
Nicky - 16 yrs  
Troy N - 27 yrs  
Dave R - 35 yrs

AFTER  
*26 years*  
Nomadic Lunch Bunch  
... is no longer meeting  
*thy will be done*



## Joke of the Month

A man is in bed with his wife when there is a knock on the door. He rolls over and looks at his clock, and it's 3 AM. "I'm not getting out of bed at this time", he thinks, and rolls over. Then, a louder knock follows. "Aren't you going to answer that?" says his wife. So he drags himself out of bed, and goes downstairs. He opens the door and there is man standing at the door. It didn't take the homeowner long to realize the man was drunk. "Hi there," slurs the stranger, "can you give me a push?" "No, get lost, it's 3 AM. I was in bed," says the man and slams the door. He goes back up to bed and tells his wife what happened and she says, "Dave, that wasn't very nice of you. Remember that night we broke down in the



pouring rain on the way to pick the kids up from the baby-sitter and you had to knock on that man's house to get us started again? What would have happened if he'd told us to get lost?" "But the guy was drunk." says the husband. "It doesn't matter." says the wife. "He needs our help and it would be the Christian thing to help him." So the husband gets out of bed again, gets dressed, and goes downstairs. He opens the door, and not being able to see the stranger anywhere he shouts, "Hey, do you still want a push?" and he hears a voice cry out "Yeah please." So, still being unable to see the stranger he shouts, "Where are you?" And the stranger replies: "I'm over here, on your swing."

## CHANGED LIFE

I was sitting in my class. I started feeling like I'm the one being watched - just like a fish behind the glass. As the day rolled on my mind was drifting on. I looked into my past and that's when it hit me. I've been behind these walls for most of my adult life. I really need to get a grip on how I want to stay out of here, and lead a productive life style. The only true way I know how to do that is to stay out of my drug life and I can't do it unless I step into the door of a A.A. or N.A. meeting, and tell my story of what it truly means to want something so bad that you will do anything to strive to have the road of recovery in your everyday life. So let's put our hearts and our minds together so we can help one another to become closer to the light of each others lives. Living the life of our recovery is our way of loving ourselves and others more each striving day in sobriety. -Wes H.



Who am I to negate the struggles of another. Isn't it through doing so that I invalidate my own? We each bear our own onerous burdens. Through listening and empathy I can understand myself and better carry my own load. When a person is critical of me or my message what are they truly saying about themselves. Isn't it please listen I need to be heard; which is rooted in caring? Without empathy we can only hear ourselves think and this screaming quiet blocks us from the commonality we share with every living creature. Caring without empathy is rooted in fear. Its stunted branches reach out in all different directions, forgetting to reach for the light. If I listen without judgement I can better understand not only their suffering but my own. Suffering is the commonality we share with every living creature in our realm. It makes us great. Our roots entwined we all reach for the sun.



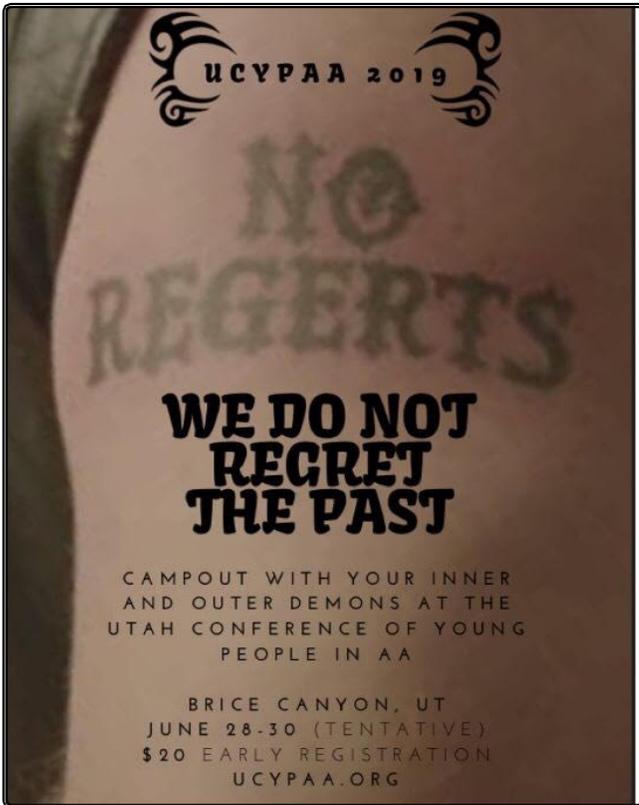
~Andrew W.

# UPCOMING EVENTS



Pacific  
Region  
Alcoholics  
Anonymous  
Service  
Assembly

<https://praasa.org/>



9 am - 5 pm

- Registration
- GSR school
- DCM roundtable starts at 8 am

Location to be determined...



\*Please send  
events to

[lifeline@saltlakeaa.org](mailto:lifeline@saltlakeaa.org)

# AA BEHIND BARS

My name is Franswor Grant, I'm 34 years old, and I'm originally from Charleston, SC. I've resided in SLC, Utah for 3 years. This place is awesome, the views are intoxicating. This place is special. I first moved to Utah in 2016. I thought I had it all together moving from Charleston, SC 2500 miles away. I came to Utah to work in the culinary arts industry. Utah is known for great food. I landed a great job at a local Italian restaurant. I was the lead line cook, working the grill position tempting meats, plating food, and making side dishes. Taste and presentation along with speed was everything. I was happy doing what I loved. Unfortunately, I started drinking heavy prior to the end of my shift, this became a normal thing, then I would fill a water bottle with alcohol and bring meth and cocaine with me to work and take frequent bathroom breaks to take shots and use drugs in the bathroom at work. My excuse was meth and cocaine gave me energy and the alcohol mellowed me out. But all I was doing was feeding my growing alcohol and drug addiction. Things were very bad, but I continued to perform well on the job and hide things from my boss. I was very sad and depressed, spending most of my earnings on alcohol and drugs. I lost everything. First my job, then my apartment, then I lost hope. Living on the streets of Salt Lake City Utah for about 2 years

committing crimes to support my drug habit and alcohol bill. Things got worse. I ended up in prison, Utah State Prison (Draper). To a normal person Prison is a bad thing but for me this was a blessing. Prison saved MY LIFE!! I entered a drug program and I've been attending A.A. at least twice a week, sometimes I go more, especially during those times when things get tough and I want to drink or use drugs. The people at A.A. are like a family I never had. They respect me, show me love, and most importantly they listen to me. Sometimes in life we just want to be heard, express ourselves, well I thank A.A. for that. Also A.A. does not force religion on me, and this has brought me closer to God and now Jesus Christ is my Lord and Savior. Through the power of Christ I will never drink nor use drugs again. A.A. has changed my life and if you're reading this and have any struggles in your life related to alcohol or drugs I urge you to give A.A. a try with an open mind and heart. We are here to help each other. I still get high and drunk, but this time I'm high off life and I'm drunk in love with the Lord and that's very intoxicating. God Bless, be strong, keep smiling

- Franswor G.



If you would like to volunteer to bring A.A. meetings to the Utah State Prison or the Utah County Jail, please contact Central Office @ 801.484.7871 or text 801.450.5600

## THE PERFECT HIGH

There once was a boy named Gimme-Some-Roy... He was nothin' like me or you, 'cause laying back and getting high was all he cared to do.

As a kid, he sat in the cellar...sniffing airplane glue. And then he smoked banana peels, when that was the thing to do. He tried aspirin in Coca-Cola, he breathed helium on the sly, and his life became an endless search to find the perfect high.

He tried PCP, he tried THC, but they never quite did the trick. Poppers nearly blew his heart, mushrooms made him sick. Acid made him see the light, but he couldn't remember it long. Hash was a little too weak, and smack was a lot too strong. Quaaludes made him stumble, booze just made him cry, Then he heard of a cat named Baba Fats who knew of the perfect high.

Now, Baba Fats was a hermit cat...lived high up in Nepal, High on a craggy mountain top, up a sheer and icy wall. "Well, hell!" says Roy, "I'm a healthy boy, and I'll crawl or climb or fly, Till I find that guru who'll give me the clue as to what's the perfect high."

So out and off goes Gimme-Some-Roy, to the land that knows no time, Up a trail no man could conquer, to a cliff no man could climb. For fourteen years he climbed that cliff...back down again he'd slide . . . He'd sit and cry, then climb some more, pursuing the perfect high.

Grinding his teeth, coughing blood, aching and shaking and weak, starving and sore, bleeding and tore, he reaches the mountain peak. And his eyes blink red like a snow-blind wolf, and he snarls the snarl of a rat, as there in repose, and wearing no clothes, sits the god-like Baba Fats.

"What's happenin', Fats?" says Roy with joy, "I've come to state my biz . . . I hear you're hip to the perfect trip... Please tell me what it is. "For you can see," says Roy to he, "I'm about to die, So for my last ride, tell me, how can I achieve the perfect high?"

"Well, dog my cats!" says Baba Fats. "Another burned out soul, Who's lookin' for an alchemist to turn his trip to gold. It isn't in a dealer's stash, or on a druggist's shelf... Son, if you would find the perfect high, find it in yourself."

"Why, you jive mother-fucker!" says Roy, "I climbed through rain and sleet, I froze three fingers off my hands, and four toes off my feet! I braved the lair of the polar bear, I've tasted the maggot's kiss. Now, you tell me the high is in myself? What kinda shit is this?

My ears, before they froze off," says Roy, "had heard all kindsa crap; But I didn't climb for fourteen years to hear your sophomore rap. And I didn't climb up here to hear that the high is on the natch, So you tell me where the real stuff is, or I'll kill your guru ass!"

"Okay...okay," says Baba Fats, "You're forcin' it outta me... There is a land beyond the sun that's known as Zabolee. A wretched land of stone and sand, where snakes and buzzards scream, And in this devil's garden blooms the mystic Tzutzu tree.

Now, once every ten years it blooms one flower, as white as the Key West sky, and he who eats of the Tzutzu flower shall know the perfect high. For the rush comes on like a tidal wave...hits like the blazin' sun. And the high? It lasts forever, and the down don't never come.

But, Zabolee Land is ruled by a giant, who stands twelve cubits high, And with eyes of red in his hundred heads, he awaits the passer-by. And you must slay the red-eyed giant, and swim the river of slime, Where the mucous beasts await to feast on those who journey by. And if you slay the giant and beasts, and swim the slimy sea, There's a blood-drinking witch who sharpens her teeth as she guards the Tzutzu tree."

"Well, to hell with your witches and giants," says Roy, "To hell with the beasts of the sea-- Why, as long as the Tzutzu flower still blooms, hope still blooms for me."

And with tears of joy in his sun-blind eyes, he slips the guru a five, And crawls back down the mountainside, pursuing the perfect high.

"Well, that is that," says Baba Fats, sitting back down on his stone, Facing another thousand years of talking to God, alone. "Yes, Lord, it's always the same...old men or bright-eyed youth... It's always easier to sell 'em some shit than it is to tell them the truth."

-Shel Silverstein

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**80 West Louise Avenue**  
**Salt Lake City, Utah 84115**



**SALT LAKE CENTRAL OFFICE**  
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Salt Lake City, Utah 84115  
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Saturday: 10-2  
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