

In This Issue:

- **Forgiveness**
- **central office**
- **announcements**
- **The Unbeliever (pt 3)**
- **humor**
- **various retreats**
- **The Last Page on the Right**

A.A. Central Office of Salt Lake City

**Come be of service and add
a Central Office Rep to
your Home Group!**

We meet on the 2nd
Tuesday of every month at
6:30 pm at Central Office:

80 W Louise Ave
Salt Lake City, UT 84043

- share activities and events
- learn how A.A. works at a local level
- lots of service opportunities
- help share the message

Hope to see you there!

Forgiveness

In 1990 my son, Kris, attempted suicide. It wasn't completely unexpected...I had been concerned enough about his somewhat erratic behavior for a few months. Yet, when he did, it threw me for a loop. So much so that in the ensuing weeks, I returned to my therapist for help in overcoming the debilitating guilt I felt. The one thing I could not get over, was the guilt and recriminations I heaped upon myself. She told me I needed to forgive myself. I, who thought of

myself as fair and just, wondered how I could grant myself something I refused to give to others...my mother and father.

The guilt was physically painful. It hurt to think of all the mistakes I had made, the bad choices that my son, as a child, also had to endure. I tried to remember the boy, who at six, had said with a surety most adults never feel, "the person I love best, is

me." And I had thought, how wonderful to have raised a child who understood that you needed to love yourself first and best. What had happened between the ages of six and 24. The only answer I had, was me. I had happened.



So, in an attempt to stop the pain of guilt, and to learn how to forgive myself, I embarked on what became a two year odyssey of learning to forgive others, in the hope that I could then forgive myself.

I began reading all I could on forgiveness; how it is done, what must be done to let go of past grievances. I can tell you, once you decide on a course of action and learning, the universe brings it to you in numerous ways. Movies I watched, The Edgar Meyers story, where his widow 20 years later is finally seeing his murderers brought to justice, answers her daughter who asks, "how



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Utah Conference of Young People in Alcoholics Anonymous

Hello YPAA fellowship and all who it may concern,
UCYPAA 2020 event

is set for its new dates of **August 21st – 23rd, 2020.**

We hope you will be able to join us, and apologize for the delay in getting these dates confirmed. We felt it best to postpone from our original dates of 6/5-6/7 due to public efforts of social distances. We are excited to be still hosting this event and the location and amenities remain the same.

www.ucypaa.org

ANNOUNCEMENT FROM GSO:

We are now able to accept online Seventh Tradition contributions through PayPal. This additional platform will simplify the process and provide a convenient way for members to make online Seventh Tradition contributions. In addition, we will continue to accept contributions using ACH or Debit/Credit Cards.

Donate at: <https://contribution.aa.org/>



Please check on the Central Office website for up-to-date virtual meeting schedules. Most meetings have been moved to the [Zoom](#) app.

<http://www.saltlakeaa.org> -

As of this printing, the Salt Lake Central Office is **Open**

NEWS & UPDATES

Hiking Meeting!

Monday through Friday

**Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood
if you want to carpool up (masks
required) at 5:30 pm or up top at the
Silver Lake parking lot at 6:00 pm.**

for more information text

(801)450-5600

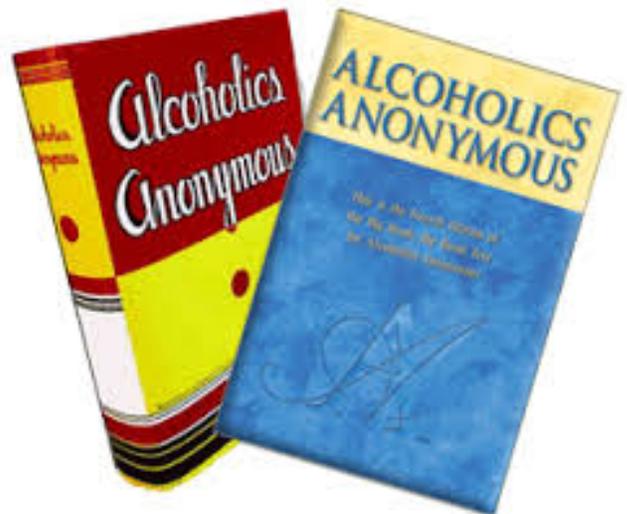
***No words can tell of the loneliness
and despair I found in that bitter
morass of self-pity.***

***Quicksand stretched around me in
all directions.***

I had met my match.

I had been overwhelmed.

Alcohol was my master. - pg 8



"Forgiveness" ...cont from pg 1

can you not hate them, mama?"

She answers, " oh honey, hate doesn't hurt them. It only hurts me. I have to forgive them so I can be okay."

The song by Don Henley, The Heart of the Matter...I've been trying to get down to the heart of the matter, but my will gets weak, and my thoughts seem to scatter. But I think it's about forgiveness...

Articles that just seemed to come my way. And I learned, it IS about forgiveness. It's a decision, a choice. It doesn't just happen. It is defined as "the action or process of forgiving." A conscious and deliberate attempt to release feelings of resentment or vengeance toward another person, regardless of whether they ask for it, or deserve it. This can then lead to understanding, empathy, and compassion.

The steps are:

- Uncover your hurt and anger
- Decide to forgive
- Work on forgiveness
- Release yourself from the emotional prison



I worked hard for two years to forgive and release myself. I found that once I had made it, I no longer was angry with myself, or my parents for mistakes we made. After two years, I was finally able to stop living in fear for my son, in anger toward my parents. My perception of life changed and I was able to live more fully, and experience joy, and was able to recognize the good things in my life, and stop dwelling on the bad. I began to understand that my life was a journey with wrong roads taken, and the ability to get back on the path. I understood that all those things had shaped me and made me the person I was. I finally knew, that though I wouldn't wish my childhood on others, it was what had given me some of the strengths I now had. And I knew that I would not change those things now, because I wouldn't know who I was.....and I finally liked and admired who I was, and how far I had come.

The hardest person to forgive is ourselves, yet it is vitally important for the mental health of those who have been victimized in any way.

My therapist told me I could get to forgiveness without the people saying sorry, but it took longer. But she knew how important it was for MY mental health, and she encouraged me in my journey.

To know how far I had come was apparent to me when I saw my mother two years later, and I no longer felt a need to avoid her, or a need to talk with her with a frozen smile on my face. I was finally able to see her as person with flaws, and sorrows. And I was finally able to see myself as the same, with hopes and dreams and the desire to live a better and meaningful life without hatred and rancor toward others.

When my parents died, years apart, I felt no anger or guilt or shame....that was when I knew I had fought a good fight and had reached forgiveness.

The Unbeliever (Part 3)

...continued from the previous issue

Editor's note: Do you only go to meetings? Do you only have a copy of the 4th edition of the Big Book that you never open unless your Sponsor tells you to? I encourage...No! **I implore you** to become a student of The Program! Find a good Big Book Study. Pick up some literature and **LEARN!** This excerpt begins on page 194 of the **1st edition** of the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous, copyright 1939.

Continued...

And so I'm going to die. Or a wet brain. What was it that fellow said who was here this afternoon? Damn fool thought...get out of my mind. Now I know I'm going nuts. nd science knows nothing about it. And psychiatrists. I've spent plentu on them. Thoughts, go away! No ... I don't want to think about what that fellow said this afternoon.

He's trying ... idealistic as hell ... nice fellow, too. Oh, why do I have to suffer with this revolving brain.? Why can't I sleep? What is it he said? Oh yes, came in and told about his terrific drunks, his trips up here, this same thing I am going through. Yes, he is an alcoholic all right. And then he told me he knew he was cured. Told me he was peaceful... (I'll never know peace again) ... that he didn't carry constant fear around with him. Happy because he felt free. But it's screwy. He said so himself. But he did get my confidence when he started to tell what he had gone through. It ws so exactly like my case. He knows what this torture is. He raised my hopes so high; it looked as though he had something. I don't know, I guess I was so sold that I expected him to spring in some kind of pill and I asked him desperately what it was.

And he said "God."

And I laughed.

A ball bat across my face would have been no greater shock. I was so high with hope and expectation. How can a man be so heartless? He said that it sounded screwy but it worked, at least it had with him... said he was not a religionist... in fact didn't go to church much... my ears came up at that ... his unconventionality attracted me... said that some approaches to religion are screwy ... talked about how the simplest truth in the world had been often all balled up by complicating it ... that attracted me ... get out of my mind ... what a fine religious bird I'd be... imagine the glee of the gang at me getting religion ... phooey ... thoughts, please slow down ... why didn't they givve me something to go to sleep ... lie down in green pastures ... the guy's nuts ... forget him.

And so it's the mad house for me ... glad mother is dead, she won'y have to suffer that ... if I'm going nuts maybe I had better be crazy the way he is... at least the kids wouldn't have the insane father whisper to carry through life ... life's cruel ... the punyminded, curtain hiding gossips ... the "didn't you know his father was committed for insanity?" What a sly label that would be to hang on those boys ... damn the gossiing, reputation-shredding, busybodies who put their noses in other people's business.

He'd laid in this same dump ... suffered ... gone through hell ... made up his mind to get well ... studied alcoholism ... Jung ... Blank Medical Foundation ... asylums ... Hopkins ... maany said incurable disease ... impossible ... nearly all known cures had been through religion ... revolted him ... made a study of religion ... more

Cont on pg 11...

a little Humor for your day

Here's the story of a visiting pastor who attended a men's breakfast in the middle of a rural farming area of the country.

The group had asked an older farmer, decked out in bib overalls, to say grace for the morning breakfast.

God, I hate buttermilk, the farmer began. The visiting pastor opened one eye to glance at the farmer and wonder where this was going.

The farmer loudly proclaimed, *God, I hate lard.* Now the pastor was growing concerned.

Without missing a beat, the farmer continued, *And God, you know I don't much care for raw white flour.*

The pastor once again opened an eye to glance around the room and saw that he wasn't the only one to feel uncomfortable.

Then the farmer added, *But God, when you mix them all together and bake them, I do love warm fresh biscuits.*

He continued. *So Lord, when things come up that we don't like, when life gets hard, when we don't understand what you're saying to us, help us to just relax and wait until you are done mixing. It will probably be even better than biscuits.*



CC & H₂O

(conscious contact and water)

Men's Spiritual Retreat

Lava Hot Springs, Idaho

September 11, 12 and 13 2020

COST - \$20 pre-register.

VENMO - @chronicbeard . Include name(s) and a phone number.

CHECK - Make out to "CC & H₂O". address: 131 J Street, SLC UT 84103. Include name(s) and phone number.

Special plans for COVID and Idaho regulations:

- Space is limited to a maximum of 50 people. If we do not get enough registrations by August 14th, we will have to cancel.
- We will keep the speakers local to reduce cost of travel.
- We will not allow participants to sleep on the floors of the conference center and must limit the number of people sleeping in the conference center.
- Aura Soma will offer a 15% discount on rooms (\$99 and up) with single and double beds. Renting full houses is still an option but is at your discretion.
- We will cancel our usual potluck meals in favor of supporting local restaurants and to avoid close contact.
- We will have in place sanitation supplies, social distancing policies and ask that participants wear masks if social distancing is not possible.
- We will do all retreat events (speakers, conference sessions) outside under rented tents.
- If we cancel, we will return the registration fee.

Woman's Big Book Retreat

31st Annual

Cost is \$75.00
(\$80.00 at the door)

Registration:

Mail your non-refundable check
(Payable to "Women's Big Book Retreat")
to:

Patti I.
1042 E. Ft. Union Blvd. #233
Midvale, Utah 84047

or register and pay online at:
newurecovery.org
WBBR AA tab

Questions:
Call 801-574-8765

Email:
WWBRgirls@gmail.com

CAMP ROGER

SAME PLACE
AS

LAST YEAR

AGENDA

ENGAGE

LEARN

GROW

LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU THERE!
GET THE WORD OUT!

Alano Club Announcement:

The Alano Club will re-open with a modified schedule beginning on June 25.

The operating schedule will be:

**Open on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday
from 6:00 am to 10:00 pm.**

Due to the current Covid 19 restrictions, no kitchen services will be offered.

Only the upper two rooms will be opened.

Main level restrooms will be available.

No traffic is allowed below the Main level.

Social distancing of 6 feet will be observed.

Face masks are mandatory.

The meeting schedule is basically the same as before.

Hard copy schedules will be available at the club.

We are very excited to be able to offer meetings again.

Please be respectful of others.

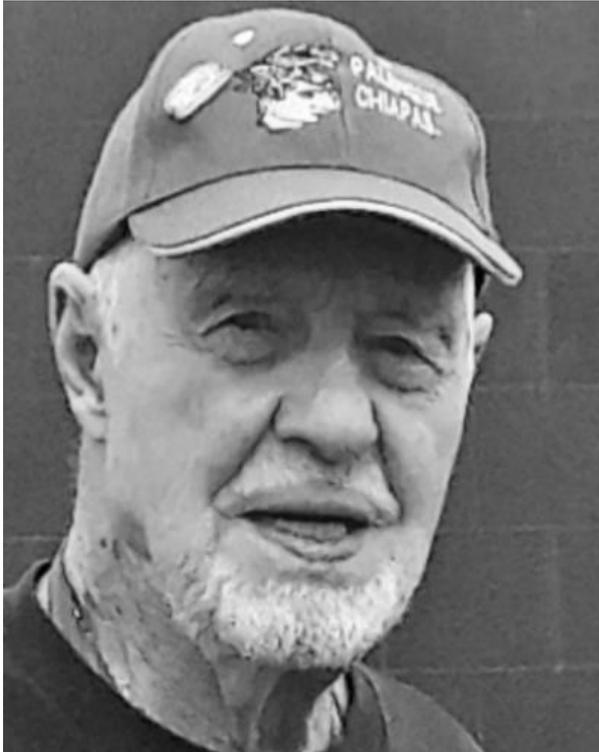
FYI: The financial state of the club could use your help. **During this down period the club has lost over 88% of its normal revenue.** Expenses, while down, are draining the club bank account. We encourage donations or assistance as we go through this tough time.

Thanks for your patience and understanding,

Alano Club Board of Directors

The Last Page on the Right

Stanley Henderson



1926 - 2020

Stanley Henderson of Salt Lake City died at his home July 23. He was the husband of the late Ruth Jameson Henderson of Salt Lake and the son of Robert Woodland Henderson and Winifred Smith Henderson of Arimo, Idaho. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Harold Wenglinsky (Maria) and a grandson, Martin Wenglinsky, of Brooklyn, New York; a sister, and Mrs. Wendel Dunn (Alice), of Pocatello. He taught in the Davis County Schools for nearly fifty years, and had been a friend of Bill W. for thirty seven years and in that fellowship helped many people.

Burial will take place Tuesday, July 28, 2020 at 1:00 p.m. at the Mount Olivet Cemetery, 1342 East 500 South.

To Plant Memorial Trees in memory, please visit our [Sympathy Store](#).

Published in Deseret News from Jul. 26 to Jul. 27,

The Unbeliever (Part 3) ...cont from pg. 6

he studied the more it was bunk to him ... not understnadable ... self-hypnotism ... and then the thought hit him that people had it all twisted up. They were tryng to pour everyone into moulds, put a tag on them, tell them what they had to do and how to do it, for the salvation of their own souls. When as a matter of fact people were through worrying about their souls, wanted action rght here and now. A lot of tripe usually built up around the simplest and most beautiful ideas in the world.

And how did he put the idea ... bunk ... bunk ...

why in hell am I still thinking about him ... in hell ... that's good ... I am in hell. He said: "I came to the conclusion that there is SOMETHING. I know not what It is, but it is bigger than I.

To be continued next month...

This is a story from the 1st Edition of the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous. The author, Henry (Hank) P. was the first man Bill W. was successful in sobering up after returning from his famous trip to Akron where he met Dr. Bob.

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